

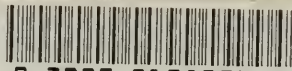
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GAZLAY'S



INV. 1836.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

VOLUME I.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1865.

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1865.



## INDEX TO VOLUME I.

---

ACCOMMODATING A FRIEND, . . . . .	523
ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN, . . . . . <i>Dr. F. N. Otis.</i>	17
ADVENTURE IN THE WILDS OF CALIFORNIA, . . . . . <i>John Penn Curry.</i>	5
AGRICULTURE, . . . . .	74, 105
ALL ABOUT HAIR AND BEARDS, . . . . .	308
AMERICAN INTERESTS IN EASTERN ASIA, . . . . .	361
AMERICAN MARRIAGE MARKET, . . . . . <i>L. Spottswood.</i>	519
ANCIENT MEXICANS, . . . . .	355
ARIZONA GOLD AND SILVER MINES, . . . . .	353
ARIZONA, SKETCH OF, . . . . .	250
ARSENIC, A MINE OF, . . . . .	247
ART, PROGRESS IN AMERICA, . . . . . <i>B. Frodsham.</i>	45
ASPHALTUM TRADE, . . . . .	260
AUSTIN-NEVADA, MINES OF, . . . . .	254
AUTHORS, IMPERIAL AND ROYAL, . . . . . <i>S. B. Gould.</i>	440
BANKING AND MINING TOGETHER, . . . . .	247
BATS, CALIFORNIA, . . . . .	245
BELLOWS, REV. H. W., BIOGRAPHY OF, . . . . .	3
BRIGHAM YOUNG, VISIT TO, . . . . . <i>Dr. S. P. Bell.</i>	209
BULWER ON MILTON, . . . . .	163
CALIFORNIA, . . . . . <i>H. W. Bellows, D.D.</i>	130
CALIFORNIA, DISCOVERY OF, . . . . .	226
CAMEL, AS SUITABLE TO THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA, <i>J. W. Fabens.</i>	410
CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA, . . . . .	166
CANTON RIVER, CHINA, VOYAGE UP THE, . . . . . <i>H. W. Jones, U.S.C.</i>	279
CAPTIVE'S LAMENT—A POEM, . . . . . <i>Mrs. Elizabeth Van Santvoord.</i>	409
CASAS GRANDES OF THE COLORADO, . . . . .	349
CATTLE HUNTING ON HAWAII, . . . . .	344
CHILDREN'S ARMS AND LEGS, . . . . .	169
CHARITABLE SUBSCRIPTION, ART OF PARRYING A, . . . . . <i>Felix Oran.</i>	122
CHEMICAL QUALITIES OF WATER, . . . . .	164
CLIMATIC INFLUENCES ON WATER, . . . . .	348
CONSOLATION—A POEM, . . . . . <i>Mrs. B. F. Frodsham.</i>	40
COTTON, PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF, . . . . . <i>Hon. Frederick A. Conkling.</i>	381
CREATION, PART OF THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF, . . . . . <i>Professor J. S. Mapes.</i>	292
CRYSTAL CAVE OF EL DORADO, . . . . . <i>D. M. Gazlay.</i>	81
CURIOSITIES FROM IDAHO, . . . . .	559
CYCLONE IN MEXICO, . . . . .	443
DIAMOND BRACELETS, . . . . .	91
DISCOVERY OF A NEW LAKE, . . . . .	443

279-282, 407-411

DEPTH OF THE SEA, . . . . .		557
DOMESTIC LETTERS FROM THE PACIFIC COAST, . . . . .	<i>H. W. Bellows, D.D.,</i>	294, 426, 528
DOTTINGS ON FOREIGN COASTS, . . . . .	<i>John Penn Curry.</i>	123
EDITORIAL SANCTUM.		
January, 74. February, 162. March, 255. April, 353. May, 452. June, 562.		
ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR SIGNALS, . . . . .		161
EMIGRATION BY SEA, . . . . .	<i>H. W. Bellows, D.D.</i>	197
EVELEEN O'CONNOR, ROMANCE OF, . . . . .		54
EXPLORATIONS THROUGH THE WALLA WALLA COUNTRY, <i>Capt. J. Mullan, U.S.A.</i>		60
EXPRESS BUSINESS AND ITS ORIGIN, . . . . .	<i>Henry Wells.</i>	133
EXPLOSIVE SUBSTANCES, . . . . .		558
FASHIONS.		
February, 172. March, 266. April, 363. May, 459. June, 572.		
FAT PEOPLE, . . . . .	<i>Horace Smith.</i>	114
FOLLIES OF FASHION, . . . . .	<i>John Penn Curry.</i>	109
FROM OUR EDITOR ABROAD, . . . . .		567
GENERALS, PROMINENT FROM CALIFORNIA, . . . . . <i>John Penn Curry,</i> 257		
GIGANTIC PROJECTS AND PIGMY POWERS, . . . . .	<i>Felix Oran,</i>	499
GOLD AND SILVER ON PUGET SOUND, . . . . .		246
GOLD VERSUS PAPER, . . . . .	<i>W. L. Ormsby, Jr.</i>	97
GOLD AND SILVER MINES OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA, . . . . .	<i>R. M. Evans.</i>	203
GOLD IN ANCIENT TIMES, . . . . .		527
GOLD AND SILVER THROUGHOUT THE WORLD . . . . .	<i>J. Smith Homans.</i>	287
GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, . . . . .	<i>Erastus Allen.</i>	220
GLORY—A GLEE, . . . . .	<i>G. R. O.</i>	163
GREAT AND GOOD, . . . . .		555
HISTORY OF THE CAUCASIAN RACE, . . . . .		450
HOW IS GOLD TO-DAY? . . . . .	<i>G. C.</i>	76
HOW WERE THE ALPS FORMED? . . . . .		451
IDAHO ITEMS. . . . .		253
ITALIA. . . . .	<i>By the Author of "Strathmore."</i>	534
ILLUSTRATIONS,		
Rev. Dr. Bellows, 3. Departure for Panama, 16. Mount Hope, Panama Railroad, 17. Basaltic Cliff, Panama Railroad, 17. Stephens' Tree, Panama Railroad, 17. Bridge, Chagres River, 17. San Pablo Station, 24. Maunuel Station, 24. Gatun Station, 24. Stephens' Cottage, 24. Paraiso Station, 24. Terminus at Panama, 25. City of Panama, 25. Mining Stock Mania in San Francisco, 80. Sunday Morning, Missouri, 80. Crystal Cave of El Dorado, 81. Sherman's March through Georgia, 166. Front Windows of a Fashionable Club, 171. Collecting Mining-Tax in California, 171. Fashions, 172. View of San Francisco, 179. Congressional Debate on the Whisky-Tax, 265. Perils of the California Pioneers, 265. Fashions, 267. Major General Irvin McDowell, 273. Entrance to First Narrows, North River, China, 274. Grotto Temple to "Koon Yam," North River, China, 277. Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, 361. Fashions for April, 363. Virginia City, Nevada, 371. Street Scene in Siam, 374. Production of Cotton Throughout the World, 382.		
INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY, . . . . .	<i>John Penn Curry.</i>	88
IN THE SUNSHINE—A POEM, . . . . .	<i>A. M.</i>	219
JONESES, BROWNS AND ROBINSONS, . . . . .	<i>Howard Barstow.</i>	94
KAMULIS, PIONEER PLACER OF CALIFORNIA, . . . . . <i>A. J.</i> 254		
KISSES—A POEM, . . . . .	<i>George W. Birdseye.</i>	301
LAKE SUPERIOR, . . . . .	<i>Adrian S. Ebeel.</i>	465

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

May, 459. June, 571.

LATEST WRINKLE, . . . . .	165
LAWS OF TRADE, . . . . .	556
LITERARY NOTICES.	
Irvington Stories, 79. Twice-Told Tales, 79. Oswald Gray, 79. Grant and His Generals, 79. Love and Duty, 264. Family Secrets, 264. The Empire City, 264. The Brother's Secret, 264. Following the Dram, 264. Cape Cod, 453.	
LOVEABLE WOMEN, . . . . .	259
LUXURY, CONSEQUENCES OF, . . . . .	J. P. C. 137
LOST FOREVER, . . . . .	Mrs. W. H. Cole. 334

MAJOR-GENERAL IRVIN McDOWELL, . . . . .	273
MARINER—A POEM, . . . . .	Lieutenant Commander Jonathan Young, U.S.N. 87
MARIPOSA QUARTZ MILLS, . . . . .	248
MARIPOSA MINING COMPANY, . . . . .	167
MASSIVE MINING MILL, . . . . .	350
METEOROLOGICAL STUDIES, . . . . .	450

## MINING AND SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

March, 246. April, 347. May, 444. June, 556.

MINING DISTRICTS OF IDAHO AND EASTERN OREGON, . . . . .	351
MINING IN ARIZONA, . . . . .	449
MINERALS IN CALIFORNIA, . . . . .	247
MINERAL BELTS, . . . . .	561
MOTHER-VEINS, OR DEPOSITS OF THE PRECIOUS METALS, . . . . .	347
MUSICAL WARBLINGS—FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A } STROLLING AMATEUR, . . . . . }	John Penn Curry. 320
MY FIRST VISIT TO CONGRESS, . . . . .	Tigg Montague. 327
MYN HEER VAN VLUYTEN, THE OPTIMIST, . . . . .	Felix Oran. 329

NATIVE SILVER, . . . . .	348
NEVADA, TRIP TO, . . . . .	R. M. Evans. 212
NEVADA, POPULATION OF, . . . . .	169
NEWBURG-ON-THE-HUDSON, . . . . .	Tyvernoc. 533
NIGHT-TRAIN, BY THE, . . . . .	145
NOTED REGICIDES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES, . . . . .	John Penn Curry. 504

OBSERVATIONS ON CALIFORNIA, . . . . .	H. W. Bellows, D.D. 41
ODD NAMES, . . . . .	S. T. 51
OIL PRODUCTS, . . . . .	260
OLD AND NEW SCHOOL, . . . . .	256
OURSELVES—INAUGURAL, . . . . .	D. M. Gaslay. 1
OUR SOLDIER—A POEM, . . . . .	George Cooper. 153
OUTWITTED, . . . . .	167

PARKS OF COLORADO TERRITORY, . . . . .	Hon. William Gilpin. 487
PASSING STRANGE—A SKETCH, . . . . .	L. W. 229
PEARL FISHERY, . . . . .	442
PERILS OF A REVIVALIST, . . . . .	569
PETROLEUM IN BURMAH, . . . . .	449
PHYSIOLOGY OF DROWNING, . . . . .	451
POWDER-WORKS, CALIFORNIA, . . . . .	253
PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION IN SIAM, . . . . .	Rev. George B. Bacon. 374

QUICKSILVER, HOW TO TEST, . . . . .	254
RED HAT, . . . . .	<i>George Augustus Sala.</i> 397
RIVER IN PACIFIC OCEAN, . . . . .	<i>William Coventry H. Waddell.</i> 48
ROMANCE OF REALITY, . . . . .	<i>Miss Mary Cleaveland.</i> 241
SAD EXPERIENCE OF A FIRST-FLOOR LODGER, . . . . .	<i>George Cathcart.</i> 30
SALE OF MINES BY GOVERNMENT, . . . . .	254
SAN FRANCISCO, PAST AND PRESENT, . . . . .	<i>D. M. Gazlay.</i> 179
SAN FRANCISCO, DISCOVERY OF BAY OF, . . . . .	<i>Missing.</i> 260
SATURDAY EVENINGS AND SABBATH MORNINGS, . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Emeline Sherman Smith.</i> 512
SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS, . . . . .	248
SELECTED PAPERS, . . . . .	<i>Felix Oran.</i> 118
SHERMAN'S MARCH IN GEORGIA, . . . . .	166
SHODDY IN ROME, . . . . .	163
SIDE SCENE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, . . . . .	563
SILVER AND GOLD MINES OF NEVADA, . . . . .	<i>R. M. Evans.</i> 34
SILVER MINE IN MEXICO, . . . . .	557
SINGULAR PHENOMENON, . . . . .	91
SINGULAR BIRD OF CHINA AND JAPAN, . . . . .	356
SONORA, ITS RESOURCES, ETC., . . . . .	<i>R. M. Evans.</i> 302
SONG BIRDS, EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF, . . . . .	261
STADDON FARM, . . . . .	<i>Julia Stone.</i> 431
STEAMER-DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO, . . . . .	<i>D. M. Gazlay.</i> 47
STONING THE DESOLATE, . . . . .	<i>Mark Manly.</i> 153
STRANGE WIND, . . . . .	350
TAVERN-KEEPER AND RAFT-WALKER, . . . . .	257
TIME—A VISION—A POEM, . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Emeline Sherman Smith.</i> 395
TIN MINING IN ALTA CALIFORNIA, . . . . .	251
TRANS-PACIFIC TELEGRAPHY, . . . . .	448
TWO LIVES IN ONE, . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Charlotte Van Arsdale.</i> 158
TUTOR FOR A PRINCE, . . . . .	256
VENICE AND ITS PRINCIPAL STREET, . . . . .	<i>George Augustus Sala.</i> 235
VIRGINIA CITY AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, . . . . .	371
VILLAGE BELLE, . . . . .	<i>S. F. Wells.</i> 498
VOICES OF THE WIND—A POEM, . . . . .	<i>P. Fishe Reed.</i> 486
WASHINGTON TERRITORY, . . . . .	250
WASHOE, SALT TRADE OF, . . . . .	249
WASTED SWEETS—A POEM, . . . . .	<i>George Cooper.</i> 319
WEALTH OF SIERRA MADRE, BATOPILAS, CHIHUAHUA, . . . . .	<i>R. M. Evans.</i> 404
WHEAT GROWING IN ENGLAND, . . . . .	93
WITNESS-BOX, IN THE, . . . . .	521
WOMEN IN PARAGUAY, . . . . .	170
YO-SEMITE SCENERY SURPASSED, . . . . .	449
YUBA RIVER, . . . . .	252
ZANZIBAR AND ITS SLAVE TRADE, . . . . .	<i>William C. Hines, U. S. C.</i> 191

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# GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1865.

No. 1.

## OURSELVES.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY is the culmination of a long-cherished ambition of the writer during a six years' residence on the Pacific Coast; while there he saw the great necessity and importance of a first-class illustrated monthly periodical of this character, devoted in chief to the promotion, and furtherance of the best interests of the Pacific States and Territories. Since his return to the Eastern States, and during a residence of over two years, that ambition has not diminished, but, *per contra*, has increased, until it has resulted in the establishment of the PACIFIC MONTHLY, and which he is happy to say makes its *debut* under most favorable auspices, and to make our enterprise a success needs only similar evidences of encouragement in the future that we thus far have received in its incipency. The absence in the Atlantic States of a reliable and interested medium of disseminating facts and home truths in reference to the vast interests of the Pacific States has been a want long experienced here among persons directly interested in the success and welfare of California, Oregon, Nevada, and their contiguous territories. We should have had *long ago*, what we now have in the PACIFIC MONTHLY, a representative press in the Atlantic States, a medium through which we could speak directly to the capitalist, and the masses of the great commercial cities of the older States of the Union and of Europe, where our claims could be properly set forth, our rights maintained, and our wrongs vindicated. The States of the Pacific Coast should be populated to-day with six mil-

lions instead of six hundred thousand souls, their taxable property should represent billions instead of millions. The construction of the Pacific Railroad should occupy (after this sad war is over) the first and most active attentions of the Government. The road should be built as a national road, as a national necessity, the hidden treasures of the Pacific States should not lie dormant for the want of labor and capital to develop them, the bane to our prosperity, wealth, and happiness; we lack not the enterprise, the courage, the indomitable will, the moral status, but we do suffer from the want of the consolidation of labor and capital, quick and easy transit across the continent, that the tide of immigration may flow directly and continually onward, that the capitalist may not feel as many of them now do, that the intervening distance is too great, increasing the hazard, and their investments not accessible to their personal observation and attention. We shall endeavor to make the interests of the Pacific States our interests, and shall faithfully and candidly devote our columns mainly to placing before the world, and more particularly our brethren, friends, and kinsmen of the Atlantic Slope, such facts in regard to them as will interest, instruct, and benefit. We shall also give full and reliable information in reference to their mining, manufacturing, agricultural, commercial, educational, social and national interests. We shall eschew all political and sectarian animosities. We stand as we have always stood, firm and unwavering for an undivided country. This Monthly, in the conduct of which no

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, by DAVID M. GAZLAY & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. I,—No. 1.—A.

*means*, effort, or *expense* has been spared, brings to its aid and assistance literary ability of a high order. Among our present and future contributors we have the gratification of naming Rev. H. W. Bellows, D.D., Prof. J. J. Mapes, Dr. L. W. Ogden, Wm. H. Coventry Waddell, Esq., of the Geographical Society; Mr. George Cathcart (Felix Oran), Mrs. B. F. Frodsham, the poetess; Mrs. Emma Rigel, of Philadelphia; Mr. Frodsham (the art critic), John Penn Curry, Esq., for twelve years connected with the California Press; R. M. Evans, Esq., mineralogical contributor, and a number of other talented and popular writers, whose contributions to future numbers will adorn the pages of our work.

In the first issue we have been limited in time, and have been forced to hurry up the intellectual, as well as the mechanical labor. We predict that our future numbers will present among their contributors an array of names and intellect that will secure for it the warmest support of all who have the interests of our Pacific States at heart, or are disposed to encourage and sustain national pride, progress, and prosperity. For we do claim, and most justly so, that there is now, and should be, a stronger affinity between the people of the Atlantic and the Pacific States than ever before. For upon the latter eventually depends the liquidation of our great national debt. They are gold and silver producing States. The National Government has necessarily become the great consuming reservoir into which those States must deposit their glittering wealth. The national debt must be paid dollar for dollar, and the hidden wealth of the Pacific States will act an important part in its final redemption. We candidly believe the State of Nevada alone can, from one quarter of her area, pay off every dollar of the expenses of this war, could she bring to bear a proper consolidation of labor and capital.

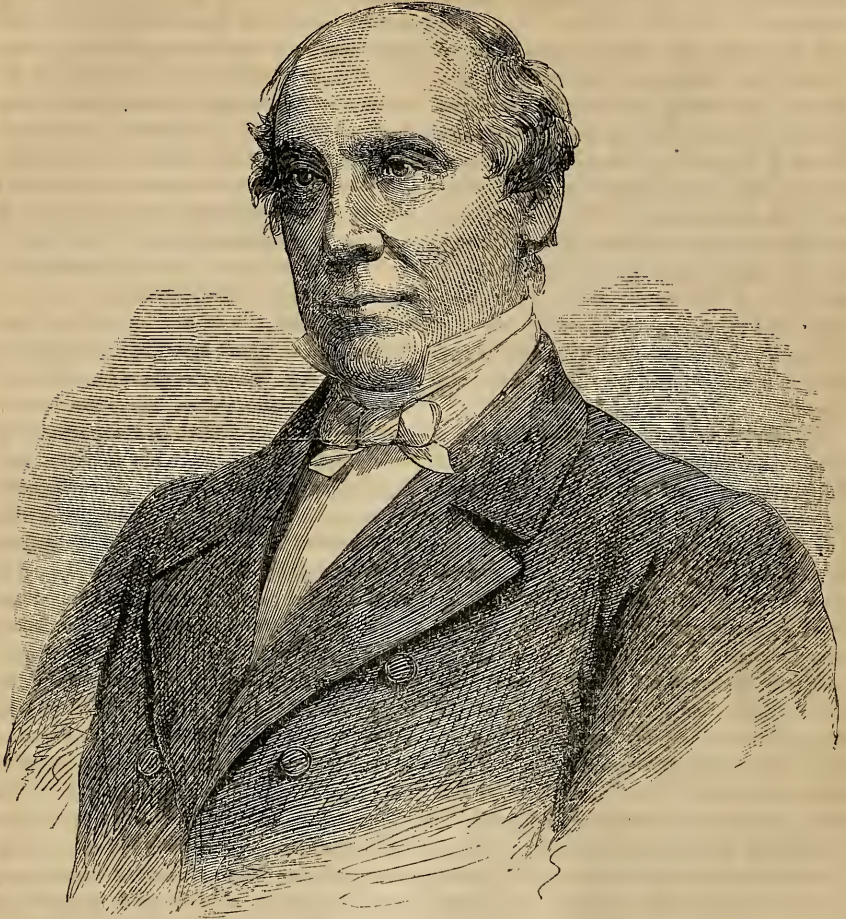
We shall make a special feature of our Monthly the illustration of objects and scenes of interest connected with the Pacific Coast, done in a creditable manner.

You have many objects of local and general interest that the hand of progress and civilization may remove from you, but their

record and portraiture should be committed to an indelible tablet, that, in days to come, your children and your children's children may look at and read about. You are framing the destinies of a new but unparalleled country, and it will in years hence be a source of great satisfaction to them that come after you to glance over our Monthly, and draw the comparison between what you now are and what then you will be as a country and a people.

We shall be happy to receive contributions upon any subject of importance and public interest, in reference to the Pacific States, and, if used, will pay liberally for the same, and the particular attention of photographers and artists throughout California, Oregon and Nevada is called to our illustrated department. We shall be, likewise, under great obligations to them, and will, in like manner, compensate them for any contributions they may make to our Monthly. We cannot close these few personal remarks in reference to ourselves and our enterprise without alluding to the fact that the services of John Penn Curry, Esq. have been secured for our Monthly, and who assumes the charge of the editorial department. The well-known name and reputation of Mr. Curry in California, in connection with the Press, will be a sufficient guarantee that the interests of the Pacific States will be ably set forth, and practically handled in our columns. In conclusion, we hope to hear of a favorable reception, and a liberal support, of our Monthly, by our friends on the Pacific as well as the Atlantic, and trust the day is not far distant when every individual, fire-side, or household, every merchant, manufacturer, mechanic or miner, will make it a welcome guest. Reflect whether you have not a brother or sister, father or mother, kin or friend, at home in a far off land that would welcome, with tears of joy, a *memento* of this character from you, an encyclopedia of interesting information, descriptive and illustrative of the great and glorious country you live in, and whose prosperity and progress you are so actively engaging in developing; in this way valuable information may be diffused, and our Monthly practically sustained.





REV. H. W. BELLOWS, D. D.

THE above illustration which adorns a niche in our portrait gallery of eminent men of the present day and generation, will at once be recognized as a *fac simile* representation of Dr. H. W. Bellows, the distinguished divine and Christian philanthropist by those of our readers who know him more intimately. His ancestors settled in the infant days of the Republic the old town of Walpole, New Hampshire, from whose family name that of Bellows Falls in the immediate neighborhood was derived.

His father, John Bellows, subsequently removed to Boston, Massachusetts, where he became extensively and honorably

known as a leading and prosperous merchant, and in which city the subject of our sketch, was born a twin June 11th, 1814. His brother died at the early age of 23, just as he was about to embark in a career of usefulness and enterprise. The father fully imbued with the progressive spirit which characterized the leading men of that period, and laid the foundation of our vast commercial intercourse with foreign nations, determined to obtain for his children the benefit of a classical education, such as the institutions devoted to learning then afforded.

None offered greater inducements than that of the celebrated Academy of Bancroft

(the historian,) and Cogswell (Astor Librarian,) at Round Hill, Northampton, Massachusetts.

It was here that H. W. Bellows at ten years of age was placed. Under their fostering care and mental guidance he completed his first course of studies. Later he entered Harvard University, where he graduated in 1832, with distinguished honors. Armed with the credentials which the professors of Harvard conferred upon him, he started in the world with the full intention of carving out his own career. That he has succeeded in accomplishing his purpose, so far satisfactorily his present exalted position as a minister of the Gospel can well attest.

At one time he opened a flourishing school at Cooperstown, New York, where he was quite successful in instructing the young idea. From then he journeyed to Louisiana, and became private tutor in the family of Judge Baldwin. Returning North, in 1834, he entered the Theological Seminary at Cambridge, where by close application and high moral attributes of character and mind he was soon enabled to complete his clerical studies, which fitted him for the pulpit. In 1838 we find him a traveller throughout the Southern States, preaching at various places, obtaining a clear insight into the institutions of the South, the character of the people, the formation of its society, and in drawing around him many devoted and faithful friends. He remained for some months at Mobile, Alabama, and when called North again left a prosperous church and large congregation of sincere admirers whom he attracted to his faith by his persuasive eloquence and logical reasoning, a trite memento of his earnest endeavors in the cause of Christianity. Dr. Bellows was first ordained January 2d, 1839, as Pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church of New York, where he has continued with only temporary interruption for over a quarter of a century. One year was devoted to travelling in Europe. In the summer of 1864 he departed for California, and resided several months in San Francisco, preaching in the same church and to the same congregation of the late and

much beloved and lamented Thomas Starr King. He became at once exceedingly popular with all classes of different religious creeds, not only as an eminent divine, but also as President and Founder of the United States Sanitary Commission, whose noble charity and disinterested services in the relief of sick, maimed and dying soldiers and sailors, has made its name a lasting and endearing one among the humane, the patriotic, and philanthropic throughout the land, and justly celebrated among Christian nations the world over.

Dr. Bellows' labors, like many other gentlemen who have associated themselves with him, have been wholly and entirely of a voluntary and gratuitous character to this Commission. With his copartners in humanity, he has worked steadily and faithfully for its proper advancement. That they continue so to do we point with gratification to the great results already so happily obtained. By their united endeavors, backed by such magnificent donations, which the benevolent of all classes have so generously placed at their bestowal, they have been the self-imposed willing instruments of the people in alleviating much of the hardships and sufferings of thousands of our fellow-creatures whom the surging tide and shock of a hundred battles in this sad desolating war have thrown upon their hands, and required their aid and assistance at times of the greatest emergency, when surgeons, nurses, and supplies of medicines were either in too limited number or difficult to obtain. In hospital, on the march, and in the field, they have never been appealed to in vain. Their large corps of indefatigable and energetic agents brave every danger at the sacrifice of health and comfort to give their services where most needed. By their united efforts many and many a life has been almost miraculously spared on the brink of eternity to render a family fireside happy and contented hereafter, restored hope to the afflicted, nourished with tender and filial care the weary and exhausted, bound up the wounds of the helpless, and ministered to the dying, sweet words of consolation and prayer, as the last breath of life bubbled and flickered serenely out of exist-

ence, and glimmered stealthily away upon the faint whispers of the evening breeze.

The transcendent good deeds perpetrated by this splendid charity of our fellow-citizens is one of the bright spots in the ocean of misery and wretchedness the war has produced. The memory of its mercy and benevolence to the sick and disabled of both armies, who have been brought to their notice, will be perpetuated long into the dim vista of years when the record of other passing events will have almost been obliterated.

Dr. Bellows celebrated his fiftieth birthday in the valley of the Yo Semite, California, where, on that occasion, Bellows's Butte, a lofty mountain near the Nevada Falls, was formally named after him and designated as such among the surveyors and miners of that State.

As a fluent and graceful writer on a variety of topics, he is well and generally known. Most of his writings, however, have been sermons, of which he has published near fifty pamphlets, besides several on other subjects. One in particular, on "The Theatre," in which the whole theory of popular and innocent public amusements was frankly and boldly handled, gave the author a wide celebrity, and had a beneficial effect among an element who heretofore could see nothing but evil in this sort of pastime and recreation. His argument in favor of the theatre, when plays of real merit were produced, was sound logical and unanswerable. Another of his publications was on the "Suspense of Faith." He also published a volume of discourses entitled a "Re-Statement of Christian Doctrine," now out of print, together with many fugitive pieces contributed at various times to the daily and weekly press of the country. He established and edited for several years the *Christian Inquirer*, a newspaper specially devoted to religious subjects, now in the fifteenth year of its existence.

In 1856 the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him, at Harvard University.

For twenty-five years he has been a prominent member of the Sketch Club and a companion and patron friend of artists.

Dr. Bellows may be said to be a sincere and earnest man in all he undertakes, without cant or superstition, to cultivate broad and Catholic relations with all sects and order of men, to harmonize duty, purity and geniality, the pursuit of truth and goodness, with the true use and judgment of life, of art, and of nature, coupled with an endeavor to carry religion into statesmanship, into philanthropy, into pleasure, and into everything human, as a friend of universal enlightenment, justice, and brotherhood.

## AN ADVENTURE IN THE WILDS OF CALIFORNIA.

WHETHER one sits on a huge boulder, at the foot of Mount Shasta, to cool himself on a hot sultry Summer day, in the refreshing shade of the natural caves which penetrate its towering heights, or walks beneath the giant shadows of the mammoth trees of Calaveras, or starts, in awe, when looking upon the frowning precipices of the Yo Semite, he feels that the Californian's home, in the wilds of the interior, will compare in picturesque magnificence with any of the far-famed Alpine scenery of the old world.

There are but few countries that possess more of the beautiful in nature than the isolated region of the Yo Semite. A jaunt there, in the pioneer-days of the gold discovery, made an indelible impression upon me, long to be remembered—never to be forgotten.

Little, if anything, was known in those days, of the valley and falls of the Yo Semite, with its seething cataract, that fretted and tumbled headlong from a lofty mountain-summit, a distance of two thousand five hundred and fifty feet; or of the section of country through which I afterwards passed.

The frequent repetition of Indian forays upon the miners, on the Fresno and head waters of the San Joaquin Rivers, made it necessary, as a matter of self-preservation, to organize several armed expeditions against them, with the hope that a severe chastisement would keep them in proper subjection for the future.

A display of force, it was thought, would only be necessary, at first, to impress upon the savages a proper respect for our superior martial prowess, and our capacity to make war upon them for any length of time they should choose to invite it. A salutary lesson, however, was taught them before they concluded to sue for peace. That lesson they have never forgotten—and, probably, the living members of the tribes it was taught to, never will.

Having had considerable experience among the Stanislaus and Troulunne Indians, I was selected, at a "Camp Meet-

ing," to command one of these expeditions, and beat up a belt of country in search of the savages who made the valley of the Yo Semite their abiding place of retreat.

My little command consisted of only fifteen souls in all—but what they lacked in numbers, they made up in stubborn fighting qualities, and unflinching endurance. They were skillful shots, too, the best to be found in the mining settlements, and as hardy a set of trappers, miners, and *voyageurs*, as ever sprung the trigger of a rifle, or wrestled the death-lock with a wounded grizzly.

A good horse, with a revolver, hunting-knife and rifle, to each man, made up our warlike equipment; while a few pounds of the indispensable *pinola*, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and salt, with enough "hard tack" to preserve us from absolute want for such great luxuries—fishing tackle, several salmon spears, and with well filled pouches of ammunition, sufficed to complete our traveling outfit. Surely an abundance of creature comforts, you may well say, reader; but certainly not as extensive as a party of tourists, bound to the same destination, would require at the present day, to make their trip either comfortable or agreeable; or as limited in quantity as when, a few years later, I undertook a similar errand among the rascally Pi-Utes of Utah.

The country, however, was full of game of all kinds—from a diminutive quail to a full grown grizzly; while the streams abounded with the most delicious speckled trout, and inviting salmon; and on the abundance of these we were mainly to depend for our more substantial subsistence.

Nothing worthy of mention marked our progress from camp, for several days, beyond an occasional skirmish, at long rifle shot, with a few prowling bands of the enemy, who scattered at our approach, killing and drying a week's supply of bear meat, and making a *cache*, in a convenient ravine, of such provender as we had to spare. This was done to save us the extra load in packing our supplies for the home journey, as we advanced further from the settlement, and to provide against contingencies, in the event we should suffer by

neglect, a portion of our subsistence to be stolen from us.

As a general rule, a hunter usually depends entirely upon his skill with the rifle, as long as his ammunition holds out, for his edible supplies, if the section of country he traverses is filled with game. So could our little party, but to trust to the fortunes of a hasty retreat, should our wily foe, ever on the alert with a cunning stratagem, meet us in anything like overwhelming force, and repel our onset before we could possibly save the bulk of our luxuries; or, probably, loose the whole of them, was a risk to be guarded against by sound generalship—skillful management, and the exercise of every proper and diligent precaution.

None but those who are compelled to subsist, mainly through sheer necessity, exclusively on wild game—week in and week out—without his allowance of salt to make it more palatable; his dainty pot of strong coffee to refresh him, and his pipe and smoking tobacco, to serve him as a dessert and solace after his morning and evening repast, can at all appreciate the eternal craving after them one undergoes that is habitually used to them—until he is suddenly cut off from enjoying their comforting pleasures.

Deprive a party of hunters or trappers of these, and discontent at once begins to manifest itself, with a longing desire to stray back to such places where they can be obtained, as speedily as possible.

The merry camp stories would cease at once, and the rollicking jest, that at any other time would provoke the most uproarious laughter, fall stale and flat, among those who huddled around their joint of fat venison or sumptuous trout; and, while they silently and moodily watched the cooking process going on, stir up the embers of their fire, and conjure up sweet dreams of the savory dishes, of much coarser fare, being indulged in by their old associates, around the domestic fireside.

Such luxuries, then, as I have mentioned, once got rid of, no matter how, might have destroyed, not only the efficiency of the command, but, probably, jeopardized our whole campaign to the Yo Semite.

The art of stealing, however proficient

the Indians of California may excel in—for with them it is undoubtedly considered an art, as well as a rare accomplishment, brought to a high state of perfection, like it is among most of their copper-colored brethren of other localities—nevertheless, may be considered as yet in its infancy when compared with the thriving propensities of the cayotes, a small vindictive animal of the wolf species, inhabiting the mountain ranges of the far West.

It was more from the guerrilla-like depredations of thousands of these skulking pests that hung around our encampment all night long, like sharks in the wake of a sinking ship, ready to make off with every thing portable they could snap at, that we had most to fear for a wholesale diminution of our scanty supplies.

Indeed, as one of my favorite scouts, Joe Downey, expressed himself on the occasion, “they’d chuck a moccasin from a fellar’s foot, and untie his buckskin legging, and hev ’em clar off, and shared among thar gang afore you could see yerself awake,” was almost literally true, though Downey somewhat exaggerates their proficiency. Joe Downey—for by that familiar name he was best known—was a character in himself, a sort of strolling vagabond of the plains, with as strongly marked traits of individuality about him as a person well could have.

He was a trifle above the medium height, compactly put together, with a powerful muscular development, and as lithe, quick, and active in his movements as a cat. Of fair complexion originally, he looked now almost like a mulatto, so sunburned and tanned was his weather-beaten countenance,—light unkempt hair, which looked as if it was a stranger to any other comb than that which he daily made, at his morning toilet, out of two or three small twigs, dexterously held in his fingers, with which he ran the “gamut” over his bullet-shaped head, and a most unprepossessing pug nose.

His face, however, bore none of the unpleasant indications of the terrible ferocious disposition which, in his camp stories, he always endeavored to impress upon his listeners. In fact, two thirds of the time, it was on a broad grin, bespeaking the utmost

good humor towards everybody, and satisfaction with himself. Neither did his actions display any other sign than the utmost amiability, yet there was a something about the expression of his small gray eyes, and curl of rather a finely-cut lip, which showed there was considerable firmness and decision of character about him. Joe was slow to anger, and seldom allowed an unkind word to escape him, though he was made the constant butt and laughing-stock of our whole party.

He was entirely uneducated, could neither read or write, and, as he would frequently say, come from nowhar, and was’n’t much account nohow, except to trap bears and skin buffaloes. He was of American parentage; his father, also a trapper, was for many years in the employ of the American Fur Company, and his mother lived in a cabin near where Chicago, Illinois, now stands. In this cabin Downey was born in 1826. While not more than twelve years of age, he went with his father on an expedition to the North-west to hunt buffalo and beaver, and when he returned after eighteen months’ absence, he learned to his sorrow that his mother had been killed by a band of Sioux Indians, and his old homestead burned to the ground. His father fell by the same tribe years later, but he terribly avenged the mother’s death before he himself was slain.

Left to his own resources, he became permanently connected with the American Fur Company, and rose to the dignity of head-trapper, and was placed in command of eight men for several years. He often recounted his exploits among the Sioux, Arapahoes, and other tribes, and it was only when he related his thrilling stories, and told how he made eternal war upon them as long as he remained on their hunting-grounds, that his whole countenance betrayed the terrible earnestness of his nature when fully aroused.

As soon as the news of the gold discovery in California, in 1848, reached the Western States, Downey conducted a large party of emigrants from Illinois safely through, and he took evident pleasure and gratification in speaking of his administrative and legal abilities in handling them.

"Thar whar no fiting and, er wrangling, and er growlin' in that ar crowd o' mine," said Downey to me one night as we lay quietly and snugly stretched in our blankets, side and side.

"What was the reason!" I asked.

"I give 'em all to onderstand, Cap'n, afore we started, that I whar judge, and would lick the fust one that begun it, and chuck him out o' camp to be skalped."

"You would certainly not have done so," I replied, wishing to draw him into conversation.

"Yes, I would, Cap'n, ef I'm alive. They'd knowed me too, and they knowed I keep my word if it cost me the fortin' I expected to get in this ere gold kentry."

I smiled at his allusion to the fortune he had anticipated when I contrasted it with his present dilapidated and penniless condition.

"Wall, yer see, Cap'n," continued Downey, "thar whar no fiting nor agrowlin' among 'em like thar whar among other emigrants that cum across the plains arterwards. I giv 'em the lor too whenever thar whar a difference about poker, and that whar the ony time they wanted it. One day a hoosier and a sucker whar going it rather heavy on poker, when the sucker drew four aces. Wasn't that ar the biggest streak o' luck you ever heerd of. It don't come often yer know, Cap'n."

"No, I believe not," I replied.

"He axed the hoosier to show his hand, and axed him what he had, says he 'four kings an' a bowie knife,' an' as he said this the hoosier made a grab for the stakes, an' at the same time gev a wicked slash at the sucker with his bowie, but I whar on him afore he could use it. I seed the whole game behind a wagon, but they didn't see me yer know."

"What did you do with the hoosier?"

"I called a council o' war—that's what you call it, aint it Cap'n?"

"Yes," I answered, "go on."

"An' we decided to make an example of hoosier, so I tied him to the tail-board of one of the wagons, an' he had to foot arter it the balance of the journey. When we got near to Salt Lake he tried to shoot me in the back, but I forgiv him when he

missed fire and begged for his life. Arter that I turned the sneaking wolf loose, and I never heard whar he drifted to arterwards, till about two months ago, but thar whar no fiting and er growlin' in that ere crowd."

"You got along very well, then."

"Amazin' well after I druv the culprit away."

"You laid over occasionally?"

"Every Sunday, when we washed up and fixed things, mended the wagons, and hunted game. Some o' the chaps that could read would lay down the Scriptor to us. I'd join in the chorus when the gals would sing. I'm great on the chorus, Cap'n."

"No doubt of that I imagine."

"I b'lieve that's why I've had sich a heap o' good luck ever since, Cap'n, for I havn't been grazed by a bullet for more'n four years."

"But how about the fortune you expected to make on your arrival?"

"Wall, you see, Cap'n, I tried mining, but it warn't no use. I couldn't, somehow or t'other, stay around the mining camps long enough to make anything."

"How's that? The surface diggings were profitable in those days."

"That's so ef I'm alive."

"Most of the miners done well."

"All but me. I couldn't save what I'd git, Cap'n. If a hungry or a sick chap come along, somehow or another they'd ollers make for me fust."

"They knew you would help them by instinct."

"I aint the heart to refuse 'em when I knowed they couldn't shoot a rifle, and git anything to eat. I'd feed 'em best I knowed how, Cap'n; keep 'em along till they whar smart again, give 'em an ounce or two of gold dust just to help 'em in the world agin."

"That's to your credit, Downey. Never refuse to assist a fellow being in distress."

"That's so ef I'm alive. Then the Injuns whar ollers sneaking round loose, stealing an' murdering wherever they got a good chance."

"You assisted in punishing them, I suppose?"

"What's that ere?"

"Assisted in punishing them."

"Licking 'em?"

"Yes."

"That's so. I had to do it all meself most of the time; t'other miners were heaping up bags o' dust, and didn't care who was murdered as long as it whar none of them. I couldn't see a feller critter hev a bullet dropt into him by one of these yer red varmintins without bringing 'em up afore the lor."

As he said this, he tapped his rifle with his hand as it lay alongside of him, and as a sudden flash from the dying embers of our camp-fire flung its sickly glare across his face, his eyes reflected back the flash with a look I could not fail to understand.

"You have been known as an Indian fighter for many years?"

"Yes, Cap'n," he continued, "but not bucause I like it. They made war on me, an' all my kin, an' ony friends I ever had. I don't fight 'em; except when they comence fust."

"What did you try next, Downey?"

"Wall, fust one thing, an' then another. I hunted for the miners, an' sold deer, and bar meat, for a while."

"You obtained a good price for it?"

"About thirty cents a pound; rough guess."

"And was not satisfied, even then?"

Oh, yes, I whar, Cap'n; but Bill Simonds—poor Bill—he whar a chum o' mine, when we hunted for the Hudson Bay Company; arter I left the American Fur Company. Bill cum along one day, when we whar both in Stockton, an' says he, 'Joe, I've got sixty mules, join me, an' half the profits youin'. Thar's a fortin for us both, sure,' says he."

"In what? I inquired, interrupting him."

"He whar what they call a merchant, in them days."

"A packer of merchandise and provisions, you mean?"

"Yes; same thing, Cap'n, we whar to load the mules, an' pack the provisions across the mountains, to Carson Valley, to sell to the settlers over thar. So, says I to Bill—it's a go; I'm your man—an' we shook hands over it. Poor Bill."

"How much capital did you put in?"

"What's that suthin' to——"

"Eat. Oh! no, I replied—the necessary money to load the mules."

"Oh! Bill did that, Cap'n. I whar only to go with him an' share the plunder. Wall, yer see, Cap'n, the fust trip Bill put in all his money in feed, an' him an' I, an' four diggers we had with us, got nearly across the mountains, when we see'd a lot o' women an' young 'uns an' not mor'n one man to every four of 'em from Injiany. Thar they whar on the mountain divide without anything to eat; snowed in the werry night we camped with 'em; no money, an' they whar the greenest set of men I ever see'd, as green as a sucking-calf alongside of a buffalo bull. It snowed for twenty days clar through. We couldn't see 'em starve afore our eyes, or freeze neither, so Bill an' I took charge of the camp, showed 'em how to build snow-huts, cut pine twigs, an' piled 'em in the huts for 'em to lay on, made 'em black thar faces to keep 'em from getting snow-blind, an' doctored 'em up nicely. They told us thar animals, with all they had, had been stolen by Injuns, led by a white man. An' who do you suppose, Cap'n, that man whar?"

"I really don't know," I replied.

"Why, the same bloodthirsty hoosier that I tied to the tail-board of one of my wagons. The same cussed whelp I drove out of camp."

"Can it be possible?"

"His name was Langdon. Sneaking Seth they ollers called him. And is now base enough to lead a band of savages against his own countrymen. The villain!"

"What became of the emigrant party he robbed," I asked.

"Bill and I got 'em all safely through when the trail was opened; but they eat up everything we had, so they did. Left us nothing. They whar welcome to it," says Bill to me, and I said, "Yes. So they was, Cap'n. That's how I lost the second fortune I expected to get. Poor Bill! it took all we both of us had."

"What became of your companion afterwards?"

"Why, would you b'lieve it, Cap'n," continued Downey, raising his head as he

spoke, and resting it on his arm, while his eyes seemed to glare with a fixed and steady look into the flickering flames that were spitting and hissing from the half-burned pine faggots in front of us, "it was only last month, this very day, and near about this very time o' night, that Bill Simonds, while setting a bar-trap over thar," and as he said this, he pointed nervously with his finger out into the surrounding darkness in the direction of our last encampment, "that he was brained by one of the very red devils we're trailing up now."

"The remains of whom we found and buried yesterday," I inquired.

"The very same, Cap'n. Poor Bill."

"How do you know the deed was committed by Indians," I asked, wondering by what means he was able to judge so correctly.

"From the crack in Bill's skull," he promptly responded.

"A blow from a tomahawk!"

"Oh, no! it was'n't a tomahawk, Cap'n. It was made with the butt of a rifle."

"Are you quite certain?"

"As I'm alive. Look! look, Cap'n; thar, thar," ejaculated Downey, in a choking voice, and at the same instant he seized one of my arms, as it lay extended towards him, and held it tightly in his iron-grasp—while he directed my attention in front of him.

Somewhat startled by his strange and violent manner, I raised myself partly up, and reached forth for my revolver. "Look where?" said I.

"In the fire. See him!" responded Downey. "Look, the scar across his face—the very man I'm looking for,"

"Who? I see nothing. Quiet yourself, man, lest you alarm the camp. No enemy is near us."

"Yes," said Downey, "the murderer of Simonds," and as he said this he sprang, with a sudden bound, bolt upright to his feet, unsheathed his glittering knife, and, with a terrible lunge among the expiring flames, sent the hot embers flying around in all directions. To say that I was almost blinded by the smoke and ashes he flung about him, and which came whirling in my face, and over my person, would hardly

describe it. I was almost choked in the bargain; yet, I could not help laughing heartily at his strange fantastic antics. He looked bewildered, for a second or two, and completely dumbfounded at what he had done—and was only recalled to his senses by my bidding him, sharply, to lay down again—go to sleep, and cease his nonsense.

"It's gone, now, Cap'n, axing your pardon," said he, as he set himself down near my person; "but I'll know that face again, I seen in the blazing fire, out of a thousand—shure as I'm alive. I ax your pardon, Cap'n, for disturbing you," and with this apolegetic explanation for his singular conduct, he replaced his knife in his belt, coiled himself up like a snake in his blanket, and stretched himself on the ground, into his former position near my side.

Ignorant and superstitious as I knew Downey, like most of his class to be, I could not repress my surprise and astonishment at what I considered, at the time, his foolish and absurd belief. He insisted, over and over again, that he saw a phantom face in the fire, and recognized it as that of the person who murdered his friend and companion Bill Simonds. On this score he seemed positively certain—he could not be mistaken.

Nothing that I could say or urge, or no matter how much I endeavored to reason with him, could convince him to the contrary. I explained to him the nature and effect of optical delusions; and that what he thought he saw was simply one of these. It was of no earthly use. I could not change the current of his thoughts, or dispel the illusion.

He even detailed to me all the minutest particulars of how, when, and where the deed was committed; the day and the hour; and what his friend Simonds had on his person at the time. Among these articles, I remember particularly and distinctly, his description, to me, of a peculiarly worked bullet-pouch—such as the hunters and trappers usually carried. "This was worked in circles and stripes, with red and yellow beads," said Downey, "and Simonds had this with him on the fatal day."



By what means he obtained all this secret knowledge of the murder, was a mystery to me—for he was two hundred miles away from the spot where the occurrence took place, and no living soul had ever communicated with him about it.

Downey, in the course of his remarks, even went so far as to tell me how he, himself, should fall; but when and where, and at what time, he could not exactly explain.

Was it a presentment, or merely some idle conjecture of his, proceeding from a fevered and oppressed brain—brought on by his constant thinking and brooding over the loss of his former boon companion and friend. Whatever it might have been, it was from that night Joe Downey seemed forewarned of his fate.

"Poor Bill," he would exclaim, as he tossed over in his blanket, "he was as true as a flint that never missed-fire; with a heart like a woman. We tramped many a hundred, and hundreds of miles together; he's got a home at last." And hardened, and indifferent as he was to life, and apparently with none of the fine sense of feeling about him, Downey could not choke down the sob of anguish that escaped his lips for the loss of his best and only friend—poor Bill.

After giving a few orders to the guard, in a moment after I was in a sound slumber—lost in the lethargy of forgetfulness of all that Joe Downey had been telling me.

The morning awoke bright and beautiful, and long before the lark had warbled its sweetest matin lay—or the quick, sharp "chirrup" of the quail saluted our ears, the camp was aroused, the animals fed, breakfast cooked and eaten, arms inspected, and we were in the saddle again on the march. The picturesque wildness of the scene on every hand—the exciting wonders of so romantic a journey in a section of country hitherto almost unknown, the difficulties in traveling we had to surmount, and the dangers to be overcome, lent an additional charm to the pleasures of the trip.

Here was a rapid to be flanked—there a stream to be forded—which we would flounder through sometimes up to our necks in the chilling water, made so by the

snows melting in the summer sun on the adjacent mountain summits. Very often we would have to exhaust an hour or two in originating a raft to cross the deeper and wider streams, and more than once was the safety of my command almost jeopardized when crossing the rivers on a temporary raft, made out of six or eight logs, fastened together with wooden pegs, by being sent whirling and humming with frightful velocity through some unknown, narrow cascade.

We were now nearing the great Yo Semite or Yo Hamite valley, as the Indians call it, and falls which lay about a day's journey beyond, and near which we were almost certain of finding the enemy—we were in search of. We made good progress on this day, the fourteenth out from the settlements, and soon came in sight of the three points of headland called by the Indians as "Eleacha," named after an indigenous plant which grows luxuriant near by, and much used by them as an article of food.

I sent Downey ahead with two men on a scout, with orders not to return till the day following, unless he had some information as to the locality and whereabouts of the Indian rancheria we were looking for, to furnish, but to be careful by all means not to alarm them, or let them know he was present on their hunting grounds.

At every step the short stunted pine was seen, and every crag seemed crowned with some wild shrub, or scrub oak. New shapes and shadows from cliffs, and patches of wood and mountain, were thrown out in strong and glaring contrast to form chaste and beautiful combinations of light and shade, while all the colors of the rainbow was reflected from them by the clear, bright sunlight overhead. Far in the distance loomed the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, whose glistening white crests were relieved by the deep and sombre blue and violet tints of the intervening valleys.

We lay over at noon in a lovely vale, shut in by towering cliffs, thirty-five hundred feet high, and amused ourselves by sketching different views of the scenery, spearing a few salmon trout in a crystal stream which rippled and gurgled across

our path, and in making small collections of the wild flowers that filled up every nook and cranny of the rocks, ever blossoming and ever green. So the time passed, only to be interrupted occasionally by the rather unfriendly intrusion of a wandering grizzly, or by surprising or stampeding a few deer with a flying shot.

Every object around us had an interest. The "Eleachas;" or, Three Brothers, as they are sometimes called, are three thousand four hundred and thirty-seven feet high. After a while we reached the splendid "Bridal Veil" Fall, nine hundred and forty feet high; or, the "Pohono," which is the Indian name for it. This is the first waterfall, of any magnitude, which attracted our attention on entering the Yo Semite Valley. Here the river is about sixty feet wide, and from twelve to fifteen feet deep—a clear, limpid stream of sparkling water, into which the falls of Pohono tumbled.

As we rode along at an easy gallop, the rich beauty of the enchanting landscape where the great Falls of the Yo Semite Proper is located, began to open up before us. This is known as the Lower Falls, and is two thousand five hundred and fifty feet in height. It has, however, much greater volume than the others—and, although it shoots over the mountain, amid a forest of oak, dogwood, maple, cottonwood, and other trees, nearly seven hundred feet above it falls almost in a solid body—not in one continuous stream exactly, but having a close resemblance to an avalanche of snowy rockets, that appear to be perpetually trying to overtake each other in their descent, and mingle their infinitesimal particles together, the whole composing a torrent of indescribable power and rare beauty.

Huge boulders and large masses of sharp angular rocks are scattered here and there, forming the uneven sides of an immense and apparently ever boiling cauldron, around and in the interstices of which numerous dwarf ferns, weeds, grapes and flowers are ever growing, where not actually washed by the falling stream. On every side the valley is hemmed in with precipitous and darkly frowning mountain walls of solid granite, with jagging points that

looked as if they threatened us with destruction for our intrusion into the weird-like solitude they guarded.

Looking to the left of us we espied Sentinel Rock, a lofty and solitary peak, three thousand two hundred and seventy feet high, upon which the watch fires of the Indians have often been lighted to give warning of the approaching danger, and which can readily be seen from all the principal points within and around the valley.

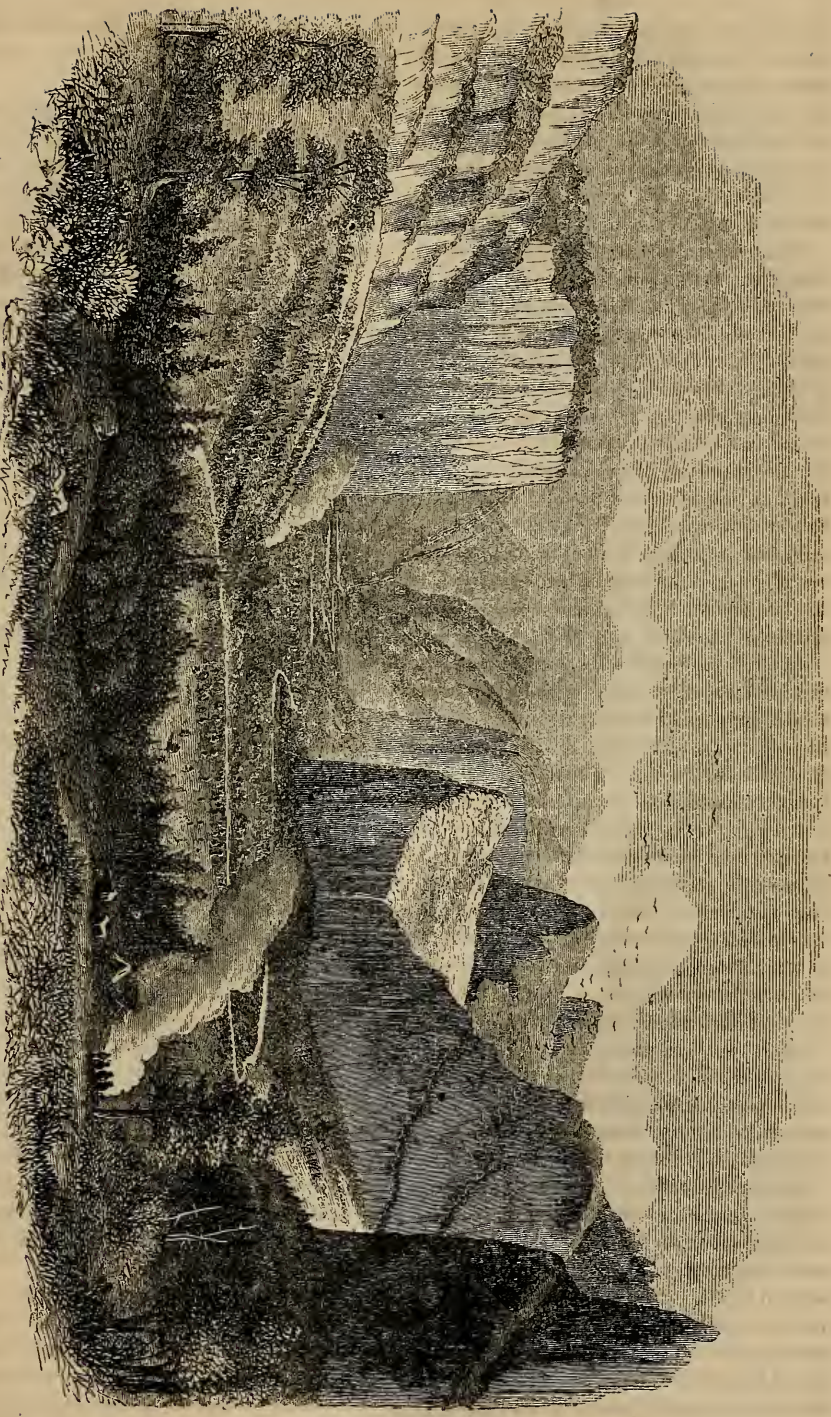
Further on we noticed a remarkable group of peaks that will resemble almost anything we can conjure up, according to the time of day we may be passing, as every change in the position of the sun on the clouds overhead, will give a new set of shadows. That which it most resembles, however, is the dilapidated front of some grand old cathedral, with its tower and buttresses, in the fashion of bye-gone centuries.

Other falls of two and three hundred feet in height sparkled and glistened on the landscape. One of these was named the Pi-wy-ack, or Vernal Fall, of three hundred feet; another, the Nevada Fall, of seven hundred feet, and beside these there are hundreds of jets and water courses to be seen from Sentinel Rock which astonish and dazzle the beholder.

The great falls of Yo Semite is the highest water-fall in the world, yet discovered. As you behold it as we did from the valley below, it looks like the train of a great comet, with its head towering over three thousand feet among the glorious cliffs and perpetually climbing into the blue vault of the heavenly zenith above.

The main valley we found almost one continuous meadow, covered with oak and pine. Near the towering cliff, and at its base, the soil was sandy, and mixed with granite and boulder stones, and decayed vegetable matter thrown upon it by the high winds, water and other causes. Farther from the base of the mountains, in what might be called the central valley, the grass and wild oats grew in luxuriant profusion, offering a bountiful repast to our animals. Strawberries of the most delicious flavor covering many acres of the valley, grew in the ripest profusion. One

A GENERAL VIEW OF YO SEMITE VALLEY.



of our party, a bit of a wag in his way, remarked that any man of the company might have the pleasure of shooting a bullet through his hat, while on his head, at fifty yards, if he could find a space three feet square in a thousand acres, where we halted, that did not have the strawberry on it. Boynton, another of my men took the wager instantly, and I half suspected at the time from the eagerness with which he accepted it, that he bore a secret ill will against the former, and would not hesitate to wreak his vengeance had he the opportunity. The search, however, was made for the place, but it could not be found, and so the hat never received a bullet hole in it, or the body of the wearer possibly had I permitted the shooting to take place from that proposition.

It was on a clear and blooming Sunday morning as I reclined half dreaming, half awake, beneath the shadow of a grim and stately cottonwood, enjoying the felicity of a pipefull of fine tobacco, building air castles for the future, and thinking over the wandering, adventurous career I had led since early boyhood, that my thoughts suddenly—I do not know why—turned upon the conversation I had had but a few days previously with my favorite scout, Joe Downey. As the little puffs of white smoke formed strange fantastic figures before me, and then curled lazily and drowsily heavenward, the exciting story that he related to me with so much earnestness of manner, of the phantom face he saw in our camp-fire, was brought vividly to my recollection.

There was scarcely a breath of air stirring, except at times by fits and starts, which came in little gushes and whirlpools, and swept dismally through the unexplored cavern at the mouth of which our camp was formed, only to return laden with gloomy moans and long drawn sighs, as if portending some coming evil which was about to befall us, we should endeavor at once to avoid. A strange silence too, prevailed. Not even the sweet music of the meadow-lark, or the sharp quick "chirrup" of the hundreds of dainty quail that danced and hopped nimbly and merrily about, to keep us company on every other day was heard to break the dull monotony of the

never-ending, still unceasing sullen roar of falling waters.

It was a solitude in which we were encamped. Most of the men of my command were lounging about, some sleeping, while several others busied themselves in dressing and preparing a young deer for our noon-day meal, when suddenly we heard the crack of a distant rifle, followed by another in quick succession, and then a third and fourth immediately after. All were up and on their feet in an instant, pieces looked to, horses speedily saddled, and ammunition examined, while every one prepared himself with commendable haste to meet the anticipated foe.

"Has Downey and the two men whom he took with him returned," I inquired.

"Hark! what's that?" cried Rawlings, my lieutenant, as he rose from his recumbent position.

"What?"

"That shriek! Did you hear it, Captain," he replied, addressing himself to me.

"A war-whoop probably. Let us be prepared for them men, and I hastened to make such disposition of my limited force as the nature of the ground would admit of, for a vigorous defense in the event we were attacked by superior numbers."

"Oh no, Captain, not a war-whoop," continued Rawlings, "but a cry for help from Downey. I heard him distinctly, and recognized his voice."

"Absurd, Rawlings," said I, looking around to discover the presence of the enemy, but none were visible in any direction, "besides Downey's too far away on the other trail for us to hear him. Moreover, Rawlings, you were sound asleep when the camp was alarmed. I saw you so myself."

Asleep or awake Captain insisted Rawlings I heard him shriek Langdon, Langdon, and then cry help—help three distinct times as if in mortal agony. Of that, sir, I'm quite positive.

You were dreaming very likely. It was only a false alarm, and I turned to retrace my steps. Am I not right, he called to me. Look! See there replied Rawlings eagerly, and at the same instant he drew my attention to the edge of a monstrous precipice directly facing us, about a quarter of a



A NEAR VIEW OF YO SEMITE FALLS—2,550 FEET HIGH.

mile off from where we stood with a frightful yawning abyss beneath.

As I strained my eyes ineffectually toward the spot indicated, I could plainly see the forms of two men standing out in bold relief against the blue ethereal sky locked in each others arms in a deadly embrace, and struggling frantically and desperately to master each other upon the very brink of it. One had his arm raised aloft, and was making repeated blows and lunges at the body of the other with what appeared to be a knife as it glistened with renewed lustre in the bright sunlight.

I stood appalled at the sight.

Directly a huge boulder loosened from its resting place of ages became detached from under their very feet, and came toppling over, and fell with a noise like distant thunder with a heavy crash into the deep chasm below.

Each of the combatants wrestled madly to free himself from the grasp of the other, but it was only for an instant, a second perhaps, when they reeled and tottered—another step they seemed standing in mid air directly above us, and then plunged headlong down, down over the towering cliff, still locked together with a deadly clutch as their bodies leaped and bounded with a sickening thud from crag to crag in the fearful descent, and then became lost to view in the wide gulf open at our feet to receive them.

I breathed again.

It was impossible at the distance from where we stood to distinguish either their persons or faces, yet the truth somehow flashed vividly across my mind when I recalled again the story of the vision of the phantom face in our camp fire.

To convince myself more fully in the matter, I had the abyss into which they plunged searched, and there among the pulp and mass of torn flesh and splintered bones now scarcely to be recognized the peculiarly worked bullet pouch in red and yellow beads was found, as were also all that remained of Joe Downey, my favorite scout, and his mortal enemy Seth Langdon, the murderer of Simonds, and the white leader of the band of Indians we were following to their lair.

Downey's wonderful presentment was *verified*. The same day the two men who accompanied him from camp returned, and from them I learned that Downey left them to keep watch in a ravine, while he trotted off, as they supposed, to find the enemy. They could discover none, and their comrade remaining away so long, believed he had made his way back to camp without them, and had arrived before them. Did you discharge your rifles to-day at anything I asked?

Only two shots, sir, at a grizzly cub, they replied.

Did you hear two other shots fired immediately after yours?

Yes, sir, but we thought it was nothing more than the echo of our own among the cliffs.

No echo, it is well to state, could by any possibility be raised at the place we were encamped, except by shouting down the cavern, so I came to the conclusion that Rawlings, my lieutenant, was near about right in his assertion, and that the other two shots heard were fired by Downey and his antagonist. The meeting near the edge of the cliff, apparently so accidental, had been anticipated a week previously by Downey at least, for he had notified me at the time when, where, and under what circumstances it would take place, and what would be the result.

It was precisely as he had predicted.

They met; and as soon as they recognized each other, although Langdon was disguised as an Indian warrior, they discharged their rifles with skillful effect into each others bodies; then threw them aside and closed with their knives, and in the violent struggle which ensued for the mastery, both were lost over the frowning precipice, exactly in the manner as he related to me would be the case. The fate of each was sealed, but one at least, if not both, had been forewarned of the frightful ordeal through which he had just passed.

As the twilight of that lovely summer evening began to wane, and the gathering shades of night to fleck the sward, all that was mortal of Joseph Downey, were consigned to their last and final resting-place adown the valley of the Yo Senite, in the wilds of California.

In twenty days more of successful campaigning we retraced our steps homeward.

occupied one hundred and forty-three lodgings, running the gauntlet twice through all New York City, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken. As two "removes" are as bad as a fire, it follows that I have gone seventy-one times and a half through the horrors of conflagration! And in every place where I have lived, it has been my fate to be domiciled with a monster. But I have determined that my voice shall be heard, as a voice upon the house-top, crying out until I find relief. I have been ten days already in the abode that I now write from, so I can't, in reason, look to stay more than three or four more. I hear people talk of "the grave" as a lodging, at worst, that a man is "sure of;" but if there be one resurrection—man alive when I die, as sure as quarter-day—I shall be taken up again. The first trial I endured, when I came to New York, was making the tour of all the boarding-houses—being deluded, I believe, *seriatem*, by every prescriptive form of "advertisements."

First, I was tried by the pretence modest—this appeared in *The Herald* all the year round—"Desirable circle," "Airy situation," "Limited number of guests," "Every attention," and "No children."

Next was the commanding, conspicuously, in *The Tribune*: "Fashionable vicinity," "Two persons to increase society," "Family of condition," etc., etc.

Then came the irresistible: "Widow of an officer of rank," "Unprotected early in life," "Desirous to extend family circle," "Flatters herself," etc.

Moonshine altogether!

"Desirable circle." A bank clerk, and five daughters who wanted husbands. Brandy and water after supper, and segars till bed-time. Little boy, too, in the family, that belonged to a sister who "had died." I hate scandal; but I never could find out where *that* sister had been buried.

"Fashionable vicinity"—the fire to the frying-pan! The worst *item* (on consideration) in all my experience. Dishes without meat, and beds without blankets; terms, "twenty-five dollars per week," and no charges for extras. And as for dinner—as I am a Jerseyman—I never knew what it meant while I was in Fourteenth street!

I have had two stepmothers, my dear reader, and I was six months at Mrs. Tickletooby's preparatory school; but I never saw a woman, since I was born, cut meat like Mrs. Catharine Skinflint. There was a transparency about her slice, which, after a good luncheon, one could pause to look at. She would carve you a whole plate with fillet of veal and ham, and not increase the weight of it half an ounce.

And then the Misses Skinflints—for knowledge of anatomy, their cutting up a fowl! In the puniest, half-starved chicken, that ever brooked the heart of a brood hen to look at, they would find side-bone, pinion, drum-stick, liver, gizzard, and merry-thought! and even beyond this critical acquaintance, with all admitted, and Apochryphal divisions and distinctions, I have caught the eldest of them actually inventing new joints, that, even in speculation, never before existed.

I understand the meaning now of the Persian salutation: "May your shadow never be less!" I lost mine entirely in about a fortnight that I stayed at Mrs. Skinflint's.

Two more hosts took me "at livery"—(besides the "widow" of the "officer of rank,") an apothecary, who made patients of his boarders, and an attorney who looked for clients among them. I got away from the medical gentleman rather hastily, for I found that the pastry-cook who served the house was his brother; and the lawyer was so pressing about "discounts" and "investments of property," that I never ventured to sign my name, even to a washing-bill, during the few days I was in his house. On quitting the which I took courage and resolved to become my own provider, and hired a "first-floor," accordingly, ("unfurnished,") in Brooklyn.

The *premier coup* of my new career amounted to an escape. I ordered a *carte blanche* outfit from an upholsterer in Broadway, determined to have my "departments" unexceptionable before I entered them; and discovered, after two hundred dollars laid out in painting, decorating, and curtain-fitting, that the "ground landlord" had certain claims which would be liquidated when my property "went in."

This miscarriage made me so cautious, that, before I could choose again, I was the sworn horror of every auctioneer and house-agent in New York. I refused twenty offers, at least, because they had the appearance of being "great bargains." Eschewed all houses, as though they had the plague, in which I found that "single gentlemen were preferred." Was threatened with three actions for defamation for questioning the solvency of persons in business. And, at length, was so lucky as to hit upon a really desirable mansion. The "family" perfectly respectable; but had "more room" than was necessary to them. Demanded the "strictest reference," and accepted no inmate for "less than a year." In to this most unexceptional abode I conveyed myself and my property, sure I should stay for ever, and doubting whether I ought not to secure it at once for ten years instead of one. And before I had been settled in the house three quarters of an hour, I found that the chimneys—every one of them—smoked from the top to the bottom!

There was guilt, my dear sympathizing reader, in the landlord's eye, the moment the first puff drove me out of my drawing-room. He made an effort to say something like "damp day," but the "amen" stuck in his throat. He could not say "amen" when I did cry "God bless us." The whole building from the kitchen to the garret, was infected with the malady. I had noticed the dark complexion of the family, and had concluded they were from the West Indies—they were smoke-dried!—

"Blow high, blow low."

I suffered six weeks under excuses, knowing them to be humbug all the while. For a whole month it was "the wind," but I saw "the wind" twice all round the compass, and found, blow which way it would, it still blew down my chimney.

Then we came to cures. First, there were alterations at the top—new chimneys, pots, coal grates—and all making the thing worse. Then we kept the doors and windows open; and in one day I got a fit of the rheumatism. And in spite of doors or windows, blowers, registers, precaution in putting on coals, or mathematical man-

agement of poker—down the enemy would come to our very faces—poof! poof!—as if in derision, till I prayed heaven that smoke had life and being, that I might commit murder on it at once, and so be hanged; and at length, after throwing every moveable I could command at the grate and the chimney by turns, and paying "no cure, no pay" doctors by dozens, who did nothing but make dirt and mischief, I sent for a respectable architect, paid him for his opinion before hand, and heard that the fault in the chimneys was "radical," and not to be remedied without pulling the house down.

I paid my twelve months' rent, and wished only that my landlord might live through his lease. I heard afterwards that he had himself been imposed upon; and that the house from the first fire ever lighted in it, had been a scandal to the neighborhood. But a whole volume would not suffice to enumerate the variety of wretchedness—and smoke chimneys the very least of them—which drove me again to change my plan of life; the numberless lodgings that I lived in, and the inconveniences, greater or lesser, attending each. In one place, my servants quarrelled with the servants of "the people of the house." In another the people of the house's servants with mine. Here my house-keeper refused to stay, because "the kitchen was damp." There, my coachman begged I would "provide myself," as there were rats in his "cock-loft." Then somebody fell over a pail of water, left upon "my stairs;" and "my maid" declared it was "the other maid" had put it there. Then the cats fought; and I was assured, that mine had given the first scratch. On the whole the disputes were so manifold, and always ending to my discomfiture—for the lady of the mansion would assail me—I never could get the gentleman to be dissatisfied, (and so conclude the controversy by kicking him down stairs,) that seeing one clear advantage maintained by the ground-possessor, viz.: That I, when we squabbled, was obliged to vacate, and he remained where he was, I resolved, once for all, to turn the tables upon mankind at large, and become a "landlord" and a house-keeper, in my own immediate person.



"*Sir, the gray goose hath laid an egg. Sir, the old barn doth need repair. The cook sweareth, the meat doth burn at the fire. John Thomas is in the stocks; and everything stays on your arrival!*"

I would not advise any single gentleman hastily to conclude that he is in distress. Bachelor's are discontented, and take wives; coachmen and footmen are ambitious and take eating-houses. What does either party gain by the change? "We know," the wise man hath said, "what we are; but we know not what we may be."

In estimating the happiness of householders, I had imagined all tenants to be like myself—mild, forbearing, punctual, and contented; but I "kept house" three years, and was never out of hot water the whole time. I did manage, after some trouble, to get fairly into a creditable mansion, and sent a notice to the papers, that a bachelor of sober habits, having "a larger residence than he wanted," would dispose of half of it to a family of respectability. But the whole world seemed to be, and I think is, in a plot to drive me out of my senses. In the first ten days of my new dignity, I was visited by about twenty tax-gatherers, half of them with claims that I had never heard of, and the other half with claims exceeding my expectations. The householder seemed to be the minister's very milch-cow—the positive scape-goat of the whole community. I was called on for house tax, land tax, government tax, city tax, and ward tax! Poor's rate, sewers' rate, pavement rate, scavengers' rate, gas rate, and water rate. I had to pay for watering streets on which other people walked—for lighting lamps which other people saw by—for maintaining policemen who slept all night—and for building churches that I never went into. And, I never knew that the country was taxed till that moment. These were but a few of the "dues" to be shared off from me. There was a sewing society in my neighborhood, the secretary of which solicited "the honor" of my "subscription and support." Then there was another society near me, composed of "philanthropic females," for the "protection of lost and strayed dogs," to which I was "invited" to become a "contributor." One

scoundrel came to inform me that I was "drafted!" and offered to "get me off," on payment of a sum of money. Another rascal insisted that I was "chosen alderman;" and had just dropped in to inform me of it. Then I had petitions to read (in bad writing) from all the people who chose to be in distress; personal beggars were continually beseeching my aid. Windows were broken, and "nobody" had "done it." The key of the street-door was lost, and "nobody" had "had it." Then my gutter ran over, and flooded my neighbor's garret; and I was served with notice of an action for delapidation.

And at Christmas! Oh, it was no longer dealing with ones and twos, the whole hundred on that day ran up by concert to devour me!

"Host! now by my life I scorn the name!"

All this was child's play to what I had to go through in the "letting off" of my dwelling! The swarm of crocodiles that assailed me on every fine day—three-fourths of them to avoid an impending shower, or to pass away a stupid morning—in the shape of stale "old ladies," city coxcombs, "professional gentlemen," and "single ladies." And all (except a few that were swindlers,) finding something wrong about my arrangements! Gil Blas' mule, which was nothing but faults, never had half so many faults as my house. The finest house in Fifth Avenue, if it were let to-morrow, would be objected to by a tailor. One man found my rooms "too small," another thought them rather "too large," a third wished that they had been loftier; a fourth that there had been more of them. One lady hinted a sort of doubt "whether the neighborhood was quite respectable;" another asked if I had any children; and then "whether I would bind myself not to have any during her stay!" Two hundred after detaining me an hour, had called only "for friends." Ten thousand went through all the particulars, and would "call again to-morrow. At last there came a lady who gave the *coup de grace* to my "housekeeping." She was a clergyman's widow, she said, from Boston—if she had been an "officer's" I had suspected her; but in an evil hour I let her in, and—she had come

for the express purpose of *marrying me!*

The reader who has any spark of sympathetic feeling in his or her heart, will yearn for my situation.

"No you don't," I exclaimed in agony; but what could serve me against the ingenuity of woman? She inveigled me—escape was hopeless—morning, noon and night! She heard a mouse behind the wainscot, and I was called in to scare it. Her canary bird got loose—Would I be so good as to catch it. I fell sick, but was soon glad enough to get well again, for she sent five times a day to know if I was better; besides pouring in plates of *blanc mange*, jellies, cordials, raspberry vinegars, fruits, fresh from the country, and hasty puddings and apple dumplings made by her own hands. And, at last, after I had resisted all the constant borrowing of books, the eternal interchange of newspapers, and the daily repair of goose-quills, the opinions upon wine, and the recommendation of a barber to the poodle dog—at last—Oh, the devil take all wrinkled stair carpets, stray patterns, and bits of orange peel dropped upon the ground, Mrs. F. sprained her ankle, and fell down at my very drawing-room door.

All the women in the house were bribed, there was not one of them in the way! My coachman, my only safeguard—was sent off that minute for a doctor! I was not married; for so much let Providence be praised!

I can't go through the affair! But about six months after I presented Mrs. F. with my house, and everything in it, and determined never again—as a man's only protection against female cupidity—to possess even a pair of small-cloths that I could legally call my own.

This resolution, my patient reader, compelled me to shelter myself in "furnished lodgings," where the worst accommodation (sublunary!) after all, I believe is to be found. I had sad work, as you may imagine, to find my way at first. Once I ventured to inhabit, (as there was no board in the case), with a surgeon. But what between the patients and the resurrection men the "night-bell" was intolerable; and he arranged with policemen on duty in that

"beat" to pull it privately six or seven times a week, in order to impress the neighborhood with an opinion of his practice. From one place I was driven away by a music-master, who gave concerts opposite to me; and at a second, after two days' abiding, I found that a mad-man was confined on the second floor. Two houses I left because my hostess made love to me; three, because parrots were kept in the streets; one, because a cock, (who would crow all night), came to live in a yard at the back of me; and another in which I had stayed two months, (and should perhaps have remained till now), because a boy of eight years old—there is to me no earthly creature so utterly intolerable as a boy of eight years old—came home from school to pass "the holidays." I had thought—I don't care who knows it—of taking him off by poison; and bought two raspberry tarts to give him arsenic in, when I met him on the stairs, where he was up and down all day.

Experience, however, gives light; and a "furnished lodging" is the best arrangement among the bad. I had seven transactions last month, but that was owing to accidents; a man who chooses well may commonly stay a fortnight in a place. Indeed, as I said in the beginning, I have been ten days where I am; and I don't up to this moment see clearly what point I shall go away upon. The house is in Amity Street, and is known as "The Temple of Peace, and the Abode of Virtue," and if the name is typical of the character of the house, as it seems to be, the probability is that I will remain here for ever. Besides I have got a new coachman, who plays upon the fiddle, and the amiable young hostess makes a capital toddy, so I fancy upon the whole that I am to be, henceforth, a happy man.

#### THE SILVER AND GOLD MINES OF NEVADA.

OF all our metaliferous pursuits, silver-mining is the one that, for the time being, engages the public attention and absorbs the largest amount of capital. Five years ago the discovery of the Comstock lode, in what was then called Washoe, opened up a new era and a new business in

the life of the miner, and gave a spur to the almost dormant energy of the California mining interests. This new branch, at first, was one of difficulty, hardship, and unproductive, but, once entered upon, has proved the richest and, I may say, the most certain of all mining pursuits. There is, perhaps, no other portion of the globe of like extent containing such a variety and abundance of mineral products as the State of Nevada, bordering on the great basin of Utah. Within its limits there is scarcely a metal or mineral known to science but what is found in quantities sufficient to justify their being worked, if not at present, at least when labor becomes cheaper, and greater perfection shall have been attained in the modes of extracting the metal from the ore. Here may be found also gold free, and in combination with other substances. Silver in all its varieties, of which there is twenty-six recognized by metallurgists, and in such abundance that in a few years the world will be astonished at the amount that can be annually produced from the mines of Nevada.

In 1849, a few gold-seeking adventurers visited the localities of Virginia and Gold Hill, and prospected Six Mile Canon to the foot hills, and Gold Canon from its source to mouth. In the latter part of 1850, not less than one hundred and fifty miners, chiefly Mormons, were at work upon these ravines. Some of the miners in Gold Canon made fortunes in 1850, and the most of them washed out from one to three ounces per diem. We can point to the spot, near Gold Hill, where gold to the value of \$30,000 was gathered in less than a month by one man, and to a "pocket" (near the "Devil's Gate") which yielded to the laborers in a single day six hundred ounces of gold dust, valued at that time at \$14 the ounce. Near where Carson City now stands, a trading post was established in 1850, and at Genoa and Dayton others were erected for the purpose of supplying the immigrant who crossed the plains in those early days. Around them camps were formed, and adventurous spirits explored the range of mountains in the vicinity; but, the placer-diggings giving out, the miners departed for California, and

nothing more was heard of this locality again until 1858.

In the Fall of 1859, the rush for Washoe commenced with unabated ardor, to culminate in the following spring and summer. Those who could provide themselves with a proper outfit of mining implements, camp furniture, and provisions, together with a horse or mule, to pack their supplies, tramped across the bleak Sierras to the new El Dorado of their hopes. It was in the dead of winter when the new emigration set across the mountains, the snows were deep, the path choked up with drifting avalanches, and the trails obliterated. There were no friendly guide-posts, or even stopping-places, in the way of inns, ranches, or encampments, to point out the proper route for the hardy adventurer to follow across the mountains. Indeed, it was one of the severest winters known on the Sierras, and old trappers and voyageurs would have hesitated to leave their snug cabins in the adjacent smiling valleys to embark on so perilous a journey, amid the heavy snowstorms almost daily occurring, had any other allurements but that of chasing the Will-o'-the-Wisp of fortune enticed them away from the summer scenes by which they were surrounded. Providence, however, seemed to guard with His all-protecting will the hardy emigrants. Of some ten thousand men who crossed the mountains during the months of December, January, and February, camping in the snow night after night, and subjecting themselves to the chilling blasts which beset them on their hazardous journey, not more than a score of men, if even that number, perished from cold—the drifting snow—or the incidents of travel through a heretofore almost unknown region. They were without organization, and had but limited supplies of subsistence; but where one party of adventurers were in danger, hundreds were ready to start forward to dig them out, succor, and relieve them.

Many of the early adventurers to Washoe were amply rewarded for the hardships they endured, but thousands who came after them wandered about after the hidden treasures, sadly disappointed at the sorry prospects which, in the future, loomed

drearily before them. A few dilapidated tents and wretched hovels marked the spot where the thriving, bustling city of Virginia is now located. Provisions were difficult to obtain, even at exorbitant rates, and but little of the actual necessaries of life. The country traversed was sparsely wooded, the water impregnated with alkali, and arsenic, and copper, while from the few settlers in Carson Valley no supplies could be expected to feed such a legion of men that overrun them. Beneath their feet, however, rich auriferous metals of fabulous extent were known to exist, while the facilities for opening the mines were of the rudest sort. Ragged millionaires, half-starved for the want of proper nourishment and comforts of life, sickened and died, and were buried in nameless graves. The original discoverers of some of the richest silver lodes perished of exhaustion. Instead of reaping the benefits of their labor and energy, they sleep on the hill-sides and in the canons of the icy Nevadas, while now dead men's bones rattle along the sluice-boxes of the late comers as the old landmarks are rapidly swept away from the graves of the pioneers by the irresistible, onward, and mighty tide of progress and civilization.

Virginia City, at present, is not the only place of prominent importance in Nevada. New districts have been formed in every portion of the State. First, the Humboldt District was discovered in 1860, and many fine ledges were found to yield abundantly. Then Esmeralda and Silver Mountain Districts, and later the Reese River country, at the extreme eastern part of the new State—all rich in glittering wealth beyond calculation.

The great Comstock ledge, or lode, which first brought Washoe into notice, is situated on the hills a little east of the Sierra Nevada, and is supposed to extend under the whole of Virginia City, Gold Hill, American Flat, Devil's Gate, and Silver City. The Ophir, the first located, being at the extreme north end of the range at Spanish ravine; it contained, originally, 1,500 feet, but 100 feet was given to some Mexicans for a spring of water, flowing from the ravine; this 100 feet is called the Mexican lode, and has proved to be the richest portion of the whole mine.

The companies on the Comstock lode are—the Ophir, north 1,200 feet; Mexican, 100; then Ophir, 200 feet south; next Central No. 1, 150 feet; California, 300 feet; next South Central No. 2, 150 feet; then the Kinney ground, 60 feet; White & Murphy, 210 feet; Dick Side's Company, 500 feet; then Best & Belcher; then the famous Gould & Curry, 1,200 feet; Savage, 800 feet; Hale & Norcross, 400 feet; Potosi, 1,400 feet; Chollar, 1,400 feet; Fairview and Bullion, 1,200 feet. All these claims are in Virginia Proper, and on the Comstock lode. They are extremely rich, although some are more developed than others, and, therefore, are better known to the world. On the south of Fairview lays Gold Hill, with its rich portion of the Comstock lode upon it.

The Moray Company, Milton Company, Croesus Company, Omega, 290 feet; Superior Company, 300 feet; Minerva Company, 300; Alpha Company, 300 feet; and next follows south, what is known as Gold Hill proper. The companies are small; the mines are well worked, and yield rich returns. Apple & Bates, 10 feet; Imperial Alta Company, 118 feet; Bacon Company, 45 feet; Empire Mill and Mining Company, 32 1-2 feet; Hamilton & Co., 22 1-2 feet; Grissam & Co., 30 feet; Sparrow & Co., 20 feet; the Plato Mine, 10 feet; Bowers' Company, 20 feet, entirely owned by Mr. Bowers, said to yield very largely; next the Hamilton Company, 20 feet; Winters & Booth, 20 feet; Coover & Co., 21 feet; Rice & Co., 13 1-2 feet; Imperial Holmes Company, 63 2-3 feet; Winters & Co., 50 feet; Ball & Davis, 25 feet; Johnson & Laddam, 25 feet; Rogers & Whipple, 25 feet; Arrington & Co, 25 feet; Irvine Company, 30 feet; Burk & H. Co., 40 feet; next Stewart Company, 30 feet; Yellow Jacket, 1,200 feet; these are on what is known as the Gold Hill claims on the Comstock lode. Here the ledge seems to be broken into three parts as it enters into American Flat, at Crown Point Ravine. All along American flat are very rich ledges, some of them held very high by the owners, who have found them very valuable. The Crown Point Ravine Company is known to be extremely rich; also Uncle Sam, Over-

nan, Baltimore American, North American, and hundreds of others. This place was lately discovered to be a profitable paying district, and a large mining town has sprung up in consequence. The activity among the miners in a new location, soon makes a change in the aspect of affairs, as can be seen here. All along the range gigantic works are erected for the various companies. One enterprise is worthy of note. The Gold Hill and Virginia Tunnel Company, which will drain the whole Comstock lode, commenced at American flat, and will run through Gold Hill and Virginia City to the Ophir, at the extreme north. The draining of the mines will save to the company working them a vast amount of money, that would otherwise have to be expended for pumping purposes. The United States Tunnel, which was commenced in 1860, in Spanish ravine, is, also, an extensive work, and will develop the resources of the various rich ledges, above the Comstock, on Virginia Hill.

The mills are pouring out their treasure with unfailing and constant regularity.

It is not simply the present yield of the silver mines which contributes to enrich us, but still more, the confidence in their future, in their permanence, and in their constantly increasing production.

The Virginia district is now the greatest and most productive mining district in the world. I do not say the richest, for many others have richer and more abundant ores. But the advantages which others have in the quantity and quality of the ore, and the cheapness of labor. In the established character of the lodes, and the experience of centuries, are more than compensated by our superior and improved machinery, intelligence, enterprise, and industry.

No other silver mine now produces so much silver annually, as the mines on the Comstock lode—nor does any other district equal it. Capital has been freely invested in the Comstock, and that has made them so productive. There are other districts, that must have capital, and they will show that they can produce even more than the far-famed Comstock. I will instance Reese River, which lies on the great mineral belt that runs through the entire Pacific Conti-

nent. The mines of Reese River are the richest I ever visited. I have seen rocks taken out of various ledges—have seen it worked, and found that they yielded over an ounce of silver, rich, in gold, to the pound of ore, and in some instances three ounces to the pound.

The famous mines known to the world are the San Luis Potosi, Cerro Paseo, Guanajanto, Zacatecas, Sombrerete, Catorce Durango, Copiapo, are the principal silver districts of Spanish America; and not one of them yields more than \$2,000,000 annually. Whereas the Gould & Curry, in the Virginia district alone, yields \$6,000,000 annually; and the Virginia district together \$14,000,000.

Potosi, at one time, produced \$10,000,000, and many of the Mexican mines have, for short periods, run up to \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000, but then they had immense beds of ore, worth \$3,000 to \$5,000 per ton.

Where ever any one mine has yielded one third as much as the Gould & Curry, the ore has been three times as rich. A few small parcels of ore, worth \$4,000 per ton, have been found in the Comstock lode, and large deposits of the same quality will, undoubtedly, be found in the lodes all over the territory—now State of Nevada.

The history of every great silver lode in Spanish America, shows alternations of rich and poor ore; the poor occupying by far the greater space. It is not unlike, when great depths are reached, that the richest deposits may confidently be expected.

The principal mines in Virginia City are only about four hundred or five hundred feet in depth. Whereas, in nearly all the principal mining districts of Spanish America, a depth of two thousand feet has been reached; and when the mines of Washoe are so deep, we may find ore as rich as ever was found in any country in the world.

The "Reese River Country" contains more thousands of square miles of mineral lands than mere conjecture could designate. It takes in more mines than the most imaginative brain could well enumerate. It includes every variety of physical and topographical structure to which the caprices of Nature have subjected the forms and di-

mensions of mountains, valleys and plains, and it includes, beyond all doubt or peradventure, an amount of mineral wealth beyond the intelligence of man to conceive, laying, as it does, in the great basin of Utah, and in the range of the far-famed Sierra Madre, which is known as the richest range of mountains in the world. Time can only develop and bring to light its vast mineral wealth. The discovery of silver mines in this portion of Nevada is so recent that as yet the world knows but little of them; nor do all know where Reese River is. It lays about 180 miles from Virginia City, almost due east, and on the road to Salt Lake. All the emigrant trains from the States must pass through it, and a vast population is now filling up its borders. Austin, the first town ever located there, was laid out in the spring of 1863, and has become the centre of trade and population for the whole of Reese, and to say that it is destined to be the metropolis of Nevada is no stretch of imagination. The numerous districts already laid out on Reese River are so numerous that it would be almost impossible to give even a passing description of their extent and resources. Almost every week a new one is formed, and ledges of great richness are discovered. The Amador district was thought to be the richest, as some ledges were found immensely productive; but others have been opened far surpassing it. The first ledges were very auriferous till they reached the water level, where they widened, and increased in extent. Yankee Blade district is situated about four miles north of Austin, with a fine and growing town located upon it. A number of valuable mines, on the hills, surround the town. Big Creek district is south of Austin, and some twelve miles from Clifton, and, as its name implies, is one of the best watered sections in the whole county. The creek is bordered with willow and elder bushes, and famed for its saw mills and brick yards, and all over the hills are rich ledges, many of them yielding \$500 to \$600 per ton.

Simpson's Park district, east of Austin, has become quite a mining country. Many rich ledges have lately been discovered, and promises to take a high rank. Here

may be had full scope for the miner, as rich ledges are known to exist all over the district, the climate is fine, and wood and water in abundance.

Mount Hope district, north of Austin, has also many rich ledges. The valleys in Reese River can be highly cultivated, and where water is abundant, as fine crops raised as in any of the Western States. Last year the hay crop alone was very heavy and luxuriant. A new county has been formed out of the Southern portion of Lander, and named after Governor Nye. The county seat lies about one hundred miles in a straight line, and one hundred and twenty by the traveled road, E. S. E. from Virginia City. It is sixty-three miles S.S.W. from Austin, and forty miles S. S. E. from Middle Gate, on the overland route, with which places it is connected by good wagon roads. The Union district lays on the westerly declivity of the Shoshone range, extending some twelve miles south of "Ione." The ledges are very rich in silver, with wood in abundance, which is a great desideratum in Nevada. The new district, Clan Alpine, is probably the richest of all on Reese River: the ledges are wide, well defined, and exceedingly auriferous. Mr. Veatch, who discovered it, was fully impressed with the idea that he had found the richest section of country in Nevada.

The Humboldt mines lay north-east of Virginia, and is near to the Humboldt river. It has some very fine ledges on the range of hills on which the mines are located. Various mining claims have been laid out, and extensive work has been accomplished on some of them. The Cuba and Sheba are the great ledges of the county, and bid fair to hold up the reputation of Washoe as a mining region. This section has had many drawbacks, but at present is looking much better than ever before. Capital, the want of which has kept back all the mining operations outside of the Comstock, is being more freely invested, and when the canal now being constructed to carry the water to the various districts, is fully completed, a new era will dawn upon miners in this locality. The country around about possesses good grazing and farming land, and in a few years more will furnish all the

cereals that can be consumed by the sturdy population.

"Nevada" ranks as one of the last in our glorious Union, and although the youngest in the constellation, may yet see the day when for wealth producing it may rank the first. Its immense extent, its known richness in all minerals, and the completion of the great Pacific railroad will send multitudes to seek employment in her mines, and develop her vast resources. In no portion of her wide domain can any adventurer go but that he can find almost anything of value that ever came from the earth. Coal is known to exist in many localities; granite can be found almost in any portion; marble of the finest quality for building purposes; cinnebar has been already found; salt is in extensive basins, at Sands Springs, five miles square, and although it has been opened to the depth of fourteen feet, there seems to be vast deposits far below even that distance, and as silver ore cannot be reduced without the aid of salt, another article is added to her already great sources of wealth. The salt is cut in solid blocks, pure and white as the driven snow.

Palmyra district is a good paying one without doubt. The Constitution is the principal ledge, and is claimed to be extremely profitable to work. A fine town has been erected here called "Como," which boasts of a newspaper. The town is higher in altitude than Virginia, and has plenty of timber and water, and becoming quite a place of importance, this district is south-east from Virginia, about fifteen miles.

The Sullivan district is about six miles from Como, and on the west side of Eldorado Canon, partly in Lyon and partly in Ormsby counties. This district was discovered in 1860, but abandoned on account of Indian depredations and other vexatious causes. The principal ledge is the Etna, which is a very fine one of ten feet in width, traceable for nearly a mile. The quartz of this district is a fine, hard white, filled with very rich sulphurets. The country is heavily wooded with pine nut, and well watered.

Washington district adjoins Sullivan, is very mountainous, well wooded and wa-

tered, but has been very little developed. In my travels through this section I have (now since I have seen the oil-wells of Pennsylvania) noticed in two places in Nevada previously the same indications of the oil on the water of streams flowing through certain localities, and no doubt petroleum exists as well in Nevada as elsewhere. A few more years, and then the State will exhibit to the world that she has every element within herself of greatness, progress, and prosperity. Nature has been bountiful to Nevada in everything. Where she lacks soil, it is made up by a bountiful supply of the precious metals. Those looking for petroleum had better study this section; it is known to be a hydro-carbon compound of two gases; these gases are primary elements, indestructible and exhaustless in quantity. One of them—hydrogen—is a constituent of water, and of course is as inexhaustible as the ocean; the other, a constituent in all vegetable forms, and, in many of her rocks, one hundred pounds of limestone when burned will weigh but sixty pounds.

The part driven off by burning is carbonic acid, and in many parts of the State and in California are stratas of limestone underlying the old rocks. The water falling on the surface, and percolating through the porous sandstone that overlies the old rock, becomes charged with salt, potash, saltpetre, and other chemical ingredients, and finally reaches the limestone rock and decomposes it; the carbon in the rock, and the hydrogen of the water, uniting to form oil, while the oxygen is set free to ascend to the atmosphere to unite with minerals and form oxides. The reverse of this process is seen in burning the oil in a lamp; the oxygen in the atmosphere uniting with the carbon in the oil, forming carbonic acid, and with the hydrogen forming water, thus completing the circle. To those who are looking through Nevada for ledges, it would not be amiss to pay attention to petroleum, and they may be rewarded by making a discovery that will not only enrich themselves, but be a lasting benefit to the inhabitants of the State, who would, were it easily obtained, consume a large portion.

The route and expense of travel to Reese River, in general terms, may be set down as from San Francisco to Austin, at about five hundred miles, divided as follows:—From San Francisco to Sacramento, one hundred and thirty-five miles, by water; from Sacramento to Virginia City, one hundred and eighty-five miles, by stage; from Virginia City to Austin, one hundred and eighty miles, also by stage; at a total expense of about seventy dollars, exclusive of hotel bills and incidentals. From Virginia City to Austin there is one main traveled route, known as the Old Emigrant Road, which touches Carson River for a distance of about forty miles.

There is, also, a branch road, south, leading by Fort Churchill, and the New Overland route on the north; both of which diverge soon after leaving Virginia City, but come into the main road again at different points on its line. All along the

route can be found, in the hills, ledges that will pay all the way from two hundred to five hundred dollars to the ton.

I have prospected many of them, and was not disappointed in the bright anticipations I had formed on setting out on my pilgrimage—of the vast deposits of the precious metals—underlying the whole surface of the country I passed through.

With increased facilities for opening up these new sources of wealth; the lands peopled with a hardy, industrious population, and the avenues of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard lessened by the great overland railroad and the telegraph, Nevada becomes the modern mecca of fabulous wealth and importance; rising in glittering majesty between its white-capped mountain-sentinels, to command the homage and attention of the civilized world.

#### L I N E S

SUGGESTED ON SEEING CONSTANT MAYER'S PICTURE OF  
C O N S O L A T I O N .

READ on! read on! for in my heart  
Each word like dew on flowers doth fall,  
Henceforth no more I'll dread death's dart,  
It cannot now my soul appal—  
For thou, good sister, thou hast won  
My thoughts from Earth to Heav'n by prayer;  
Oh, perfect then the work began—  
Read on! for *Consolation's* there.

Sister of Mercy—rightly named—  
Thy gentle teachings by God's aid,  
A wand'ring sinner have reclaimed;  
Heav'n grant their impress ne'er may fade!  
Thy task of life, oh, let this cheer  
A soul thou'st sav'd from dark despair,  
Thy words have taught me nought to fear—  
Read on! for *Consolation's* there.

As oft I list with upturned eye,  
Unto those truths that book reveals,  
'Tis not from fear I soon must die,  
That down my cheek the tear-drop steals;  
To die is but to live again,  
For so His word it doth declare,  
There is the balm to soothe all pain—  
I find my *Consolation* there.



## OBSERVATIONS ON CALIFORNIA.

REV. H. W. BELLOWS, D.D.

*To the Friends of the U. S. Sanitary Commission on the Pacific Coast:*

DEAR FRIENDS,—The establishment of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY gives me an unexpected opportunity of communicating with you in a manner most agreeable to myself, and I hope not wholly unacceptable to you. The thorough kindness of hospitality extended to me by the people of your coast during my recent four and a half months spent among you, gives me a feeling of belonging to you, and a disposition to hold on to the hearts I found beating so warmly for country and for humanity in your far-off part of our land. I am going to assume your interest in my journey home, my re-establishment in my old duties, the workings of the Sanitary Commission, and my reflections upon what I saw and learned in your region.

But, first, let me congratulate you on the beginning of an organ or medium of communication between your coast and ours, in THE PACIFIC MONTHLY. You know far more of us than we do of you, and I do not so much value this new magazine for what it is to carry you from our side, either of information or stimulus, as for what it is to teach our people here concerning the resources, the climate, the scenery, the social and civic character of the Pacific side of our American continent. You might say, then, that THE PACIFIC MONTHLY ought to be edited and published in California, and sent freshly to us. But I cannot agree with you. It ought to be edited *here*, where the ignorance of our people in regard to you can be fully appreciated, the nature of the doubts or difficulties affecting your interests perfectly understood, and such light thrown upon the subject as our Atlantic population need. It is not so much fresh news regarding mines and claims, or Pacific interests, that our people require, or that your progress demands, that we shall here understand, as it is old and familiar facts to your apprehension concerning your coast, its topography, geologic peculiarities, the nature and character of your population, and the present state of your civilization.

Intelligent men who have been long enough in California to see and understand these things, and who now live here and devote themselves to setting forth all that concerns the substantial interests of the Pacific slope, will find in THE PACIFIC MONTHLY a fine organ and vehicle for their thoughts. You will be curious to know what they say about you, and will judge whether they speak wisely and faithfully, and so you will have to read THE PACIFIC MONTHLY. On this side, we shall read it, because the interests, resources and possibilities of your region are beginning to attract a new attention, and any reliable sources of information are sure to be visited. THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, if edited as we hope and believe it is to be, cannot fail to command an extensive and increasing patronage at home. For local information, or even current news, you have your enterprising newspapers, some of which are equal to any in our country. As journals supplying a weekly encyclopædia of all that a thoughtful man needs to know of what is going on in his country. I know no where the superior or equal of several of your leading ones; their judicious editorials, and still more their wise and careful selections, filled me with constant admiration. I found, too, a steady satisfaction in your daily newspapers in San Francisco, which I confess seemed to me better than their reputation among you. It seemed to me that most of your papers had a vast amount of wit, humor, and sparkling ability in them, and the fugitive verses in their columns constantly excited my surprise at the number of nascent poets on your coast, who were already tuneful in their voices, and some of whom might any day be expected to break out into song that would be heard across the continent. But I found no organ among you which could furnish an outsider, an Atlantic slope man, with the meed of general information he required. A Californian who has been steeped five years in your atmosphere, really loses his sense of your peculiarities, and ceases to talk about, and finally to know what is strange and important in your resources and character. His letters home leave out all the flavor of your life. I rarely ever heard any "pioneer" on your coast

talking of his early experiences; everybody there had had those *same* experiences, and it was carrying coals to Newcastle to recount them. But nothing could equal in interest to the rest of our country and the world, the genuine story of the settlement of your State and coast; the hardships of the first comers, their modes of life, and their early mining explorations. Unless they are garnered up speedily, with diligence and skill, and put on record, the world will lose a chapter of its history, whether in the unspeakable greatness of its sacrifices, its intolerable hardships and cruelties, the oddities and humor of its accessories, the moral force and dignity of its efforts, and the magnitude and significance of its results render it the only Arabian tale, with Aladdin's carpet, lamp and all, ever fairly acted out in actual experience, and on a scale of immense magnitude. It is to be hoped that THE PACIFIC MONTHLY will make it an early and serious part of its work to revive, before the colors fade, this brilliant story, and to give it in a permanent canvas and a convenient frame.

I have been amazed, since my return to New York, at the number of inquirers who have visited me for reliable information concerning your coast, and not so much with personal ends and objects as from national anxiety to know how your coast is affected toward ours; what your real resources are, and how they are developing; what the obstacles to your progress are, and how they may be removed. It is not that our papers are not full of California stories; that our people do not hear enough about metallic resources, and mining stocks, and big trees, and monstrous pears, and great-hearted sanitary contributions; but that they know not how much or how little to believe about all these things, and that the exaggeration, not uncommon among travelers, disposes them to deduct so largely from current reports, as to leave the real truth in the shade, and in a very diminished form, as well as a very dull shadow. When, therefore, any one of responsible character, who has the public ear, returns from California, it becomes him to take special heed unto his words, for they are sure to have all the weight they merit, and

perhaps even more. Thus the eloquent and excellent Bishop Simpson, so patriotic and so justly influential, in a speech made in the Academy of Muaic, a fortnight since, made, in what I suppose were intended for rhetorical exaggerations, some remarks about chambers of solid gold, which have inflamed the imaginations of the people more than anything said about California for a long time. Doubtless, the interest aroused will do good, but the solid golden chambers are not near so likely to be found as the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem paved with pure gold. Yet it shows how eager the people are for trustworthy information about the Pacific slope.

I have told the people here that my full conviction was that the metallic resources of your coast were inexhaustible, and within scientific reach to a fabulous extent; that I had no idea you had touched a millionth part of them, and that they would employ the energies of successive generations to dig them from your soil; that you needed two things equally essential to the development of your mineral resources, capital, and population; and that you would get both of those things together, or not at all; that the way to get both was to build the Pacific Railroad at the earliest possible moment, and that now was the time to do it. Build that road with any necessary expense to the government—a thousand millions, if necessary—and it would repay the nation its whole cost every five years. And this, because only so, can the Pacific coast be speedily furnished with population, the one thing essential to that cheapening of labor, without which mining on a grand and extensive scale is impossible, and to the creation of that home market, without which agriculture can not thrive nor commerce flourish. Want of population, more even than of capital, is the poverty of the Pacific Coast. It is no answer to this to say that there are more people there now than the actual business of the country calls for. That is true. And there never will be any *more* business until a great influx of population, by the Pacific Railroad, creates an entirely new standard of things; makes it possible from the cheapness of labor to undertake a thousand things

now wholly out of the question, and to develop industries, mining and otherwise, that now languish or lie latent. Because many men in San Francisco are out of employment, and in other parts of California too, it is not to be inferred that labor is abundant. The cost of living is so high that nobody can afford to work for low, or even moderate, wages. Wages are so high that only the most sure and profitable businesses can afford to pay them. Men who can't make from \$3 to \$5 a day in gold refuse to work at all, so long as their old savings will support them. And so, in this vicious circle, labor and capital, both intensely high, smothering each other, the great and rich interests of the country are brought to a comparative stand. Intense efforts are meanwhile making to correct this difficulty by encouraging capital to go where the rate of interest is from one and a half to five, and even eight, per cent a month. But prudent men know that there must be very perilous reasons for such rates of interest, and that it is very doubtful whether anybody, risking his money in such a market for it, does not every now and then, in a loss of capital more than extinguish all his great gains in interest. Capital never did, and never will, sacrifice safety to hope of excessive returns. There is nothing so bad for a community, morally and economically, as this excessive usury. It is the bane of the whole Pacific Coast, converting its business-life into one great gambling concern, and making any accumulation of wealth there next to impossible. The sole correction for the evil is the increase of the population, and the consequent cheapening of wages, which would at once rectify all other evils, and this brings us back to the Pacific Railroad as the great moral, as well as economic, necessity of the nation, and especially of the other slope.

There is another necessity for building this road at once, which few seem yet to appreciate: We want, and we have got, finally, to rely upon the gold and silver got out of the great auriferous and argentiferous chain that forms the axis of our Pacific possessions for the payment of our vast national debt, and the resuscitation of our business and trade after the war. We can

not wait for the slow development of time. We can not develop the times without population; we can not have that population there without the Pacific Railroad. It is an expense of time and money to reach our mineral lands, which absolutely forbids any rapid emigration. Considering the attractions of that golden soil, it is a marvel that only 600,000 people have found their way from all nations to California in the last fifteen years, and 50,000 to Oregon. We must not compel our enterprising people to go round the Horn or over the plains by a three or four months' passage, or by the Isthmus at a cost of \$250 in gold. We must create a cheap, swift, attractive way to get them to the place where they can, in the soonest time, dig out for us the national wealth essential to save us from bankruptcy.

But there is another reason for hurrying up the Pacific Railroad. Our great army, when it is disbanded, will find its veteran soldiers, through their long habits of dependence on military orders and supervision, very much unfitted to contend with civilians in the old trades or occupations to which they were bred. They will, too, have acquired roving habits, a love of danger, excitement and enterprise, very fatal to their return to the sober drudgery of ordinary life and business, in old and fixed communities. A good many will remain in the country they have so long fought over, and drive the plough where they pulled the cannon, or carried the musket. But, at first, there will be an immense proclivity to emigration. The plains will be covered with bands of old soldiers, going to invade the region of gold and silver, and to substitute for the risks and the comradeship of war, the good-fellowship and the possible prizes of the mining region. But all the emigration that will reach the Pacific Coast in this laborious way is small, compared with what might be secured, were the road to the Pacific built while this taste for emigration is alive among the disbanded soldiers. It will die out in five years.

Another reason for starting the Pacific Railroad at once, with the largest governmental subsidies; is, that the people are

now in the mood of great enterprises, and that this mood is a rare one in all peoples, and is likely to die out in a very short time. With our treasury, of late, disbursing hundreds of millions every year for military purposes, we are not frightened at expensive civil undertakings. We ought not to be frightened at any time, for our resources are fully equal to them. But in ordinary times, the cry of *economy* in the public expenditures, meaning a parsimonious policy that denies governmental support to any internal improvements, is so easy a road to a vulgar popularity, that it is sure to be raised by those who have no other means of gaining distinction.

Now, we are above such miserly prejudices, and shall continue so for a short time. Patriots should seize the occasion to devise and execute "liberal things," and, among them the Pacific Railroad should have their first attention.

I rejoice to be able to bear testimony to the strong feeling of nationality that sways your hearts towards your whole country. I sincerely think you love us better than we love you. Simply because you have the graves and altars, and hearth-stones of your parents on our soil. But we are not half as important to you, as you are to us! You have got all our best in your blood, antecedent history, memories, and proclivities, derived from us. We want your commerce, your metallic resources, your climate and your coast.

Our nation will be paralytic, and hobble on one limb, dragging the other after her, until she establishes that true circulation from the common heart to both sides of her frame, which will first show itself when the Pacific Railroad has made the Western slope of this Continent as populous and as fully developed as the Eastern slope.

You are doing all you can, I know, to execute your part of this vast national work. I had the pleasure of going over its proposed line from Sacramento to beyond Virginia City, Nevada, and was amazed at the ease with which the Sierra Nevada was surmounted. From all I could learn from travelers over the road, the Rocky Mountains themselves are rather swelling plains than abrupt risings, in the parts where

crossings are proposed, and the difficulties are greatly exaggerated, in the public mind, of the whole construction. Its length, and the absence of any population along its proposed route, are its real obstacles. But they are obstacles only to private enterprise, and to our expectation of immediate profit from the road itself. The road should be built without the smallest regard to profit, as the essential bond between the two coasts of a common country, now separated by a vast desert. These two coasts are absolutely essential to each other's development. National wealth, national unity, national commerce, national safety, cannot be secured without the speedy *unification* by this great bond; and if the Pacific Road never returned the Government a dollar, but reckoned only with its navy or its fortresses—it would be a madness not to build it, and a folly to delay it a minute. I write this only to encourage those of you who look at this subject from a high national point of view, to believe that there are friends of California on this side of the Continent, who are willing to echo your sentiments, and sound them through the North and East. Let the economists, the traders, the calculators of all description, follow in the *second* train. I do not care to consider either the cost or the difficulties, or the commercial advantages of the road. I know we must have it at *any* cost, in spite of all obstacles, and, were its pecuniary returns, either to its builders or owners, *nothing*. It is a national necessity, and an immediate one, and I feel that I can delay every other subject, vital to your interests, to urge this upon all persons in authority in the Government, upon Congress, and the nation generally.

When I began this long letter, I intended to say something about sanitary matters, but I have left myself no space. I rejoice in the general organization of the whole Pacific Coast in the interest of the Sanitary Fund. I hear that the California Branch, with Governor Low at its head, and your lately elected Congressman from San Francisco, Mr. McRuer, as the Chairman of its Executive Committee, is pushing its business with the utmost zeal and success.

Now that the election is over, I am expect-

ing every day to hear that San Francisco has repeated her great annual feat of subscribing, with nearly universal consent, to the Monthly Subsidy of \$25,000, which she has so long paid into our Treasury. Let there be no slackening of effort while this terrible, yet glorious war holds out. In future numbers, you will hear in some detail, of the operations of the Sanitary Commission, to which THE PACIFIC MONTHLY hopes to give in its columns, that proportionate space it has always had in your hearts.

With a thousand longings to see you all again, and with little expectation of doing so until that Pacific Railroad is built,

I have the honor to be

Your obliged friend and servant,

HENRY W. BELLOWES.

New York, December, 1864.

#### THE PROGRESS OF ART IN AMERICA.

THE love of Art, and the study of all that is best therein, having been my aim for more than twenty years of my life—even from my boyhood—may excuse this public expression of opinions or ideas formed from studying the productions of the best artists in Europe and America, by one whose fortunate chance it has been, during that time, to stand by some of the “shining lights” on the other side of the broad Atlantic, and listen to their teachings, and to whom both England and France have given friends in the exalted region of Art. Few of the leading artists of the first-named being unknown, either privately or publicly, and the latter having afforded to the writer the proud privilege of clasping the hands of Amy Scheffer, the poet-painter; Rosa Bonheur, the Queen of Limners—for, oh! how she feels, how she loves all that is true to Nature; of Troyon, that great and wondrous soul of color—Lambiret, that reveller in glorious sunny skies—whilst in the school of Jeure painters—I would recall Meissonnier, who stands unrivalled and alone—Charet, Plassan, Edward Frere—that faithful observer of things as they are—putting no gloss upon the rude yet honest life of the poor peasant—whose hard-earned meal tastes sweeter far than the rich banquet of many a noble of the land—but let

me pause, for space admonishes, else I could go on recounting the names of many more of those bright constellations, which fate has kindly given me, to lighten up my path, that I might better find the true, straight road which tends to that pure temple, dedicated most solemnly to Art, and thus avoid the crooked, thorny path leading to nought but ignorance and error.

To *feel* a picture, it is not absolutely requisite to possess a thorough asthetical education—but to properly appreciate its beauties, *it is* positively necessary to have studied, with care and thought, the works of the best masters—those great teachers of the divine art—Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Domenichino, Guido, Correggio—names as undying in the History of Art, as are those of—Noah, Moses, Joseph, Pharaoh, or the like, in the History of the Bible. This, I do not mean irreverently—for be assured, the sincere worshipper at Art’s pure shrine, fails not in reverence to his Maker. Who can stand before the work of some great master-mind—if he possess the slightest purity of thought or soul—and not be benefitted by its study. Nay, more—does it not tend to educate his mind, expand his brain, enlarge his heart, and make him, from his task, rise up “a wiser and a better man?” I think it must! In the “Art Studies,” which that accomplished writer and connoisseur, Mr. James, Jackson Jarvis, gave to the public, in 1861, (a work by the way, I would advise all Art lovers to obtain and keep, ever by them for reference and study,) will be found the true reason why Art has progressed so slowly in America—the want of a proper Governmental patronage and support.

Let Mr. Jarvis speak: “What Nature is to God, Art is to man; his interpretation of beauty—the reflected image of his soul. Beauty comprises not merely form and color to please our senses, but every degree of moral truth and intellectual gratification that can be represented or suggested by artistic skill, inspired either by imitative or creative faculties. In its ordinary acceptance, it is too much confounded with pleasure. True delight, in Art, depends

upon its fidelity to noble truth. Art, which is merely external, is ever wanton or superficial." Who can doubt this? and, yet, where shall we seek and find our Public Art Galleries? Where, indeed! It is true that many of our wealthy citizens have, of late, expended much money in the purchase of works of Art—both American and Foreign—but how frequently, from want of a proper knowledge of what is great and good in Art, have they suffered fine pictures to remain unsold, upon the easels of too many artists, whose names are not numbered with their more fortunate and more fashionable brethren—because there was no notoriety to be gained by such purchase. Yes, these men of wealth can give one, two, three, and more, thousands of dollars for a single picture, if it but bear the name of some idol of the hour—whose talent, in many cases, has been much exaggerated—but who has had the wit to obtain for himself a fleeting celebrity—procured, too often, by venal and fulsome praise, in some one or other of the papers of our day—the rich man reads—and, in his pride, pants to become the possessor of the work—that so his name shall go forth unto the public as the proud patron of "this great and novel artist." He cares not what the subject of the work—"Tis a real Jenkins, sir! His first work—only read what that great Art critic Snoben, says of it. It cost five thousand dollars—and considered a prize at that."

This is no fancy sketch. I it is occurring in our midst from day to day. 'Tis true, and sad that 'tis so! Yet how can this be remedied? By honest, fearless criticism! Let once the art critic rise up amongst us—and we have able men enough in our midst—who setting one side all friendship, or personal love of the beautiful, will proclaim the truth, not gloss over faults with words of gentle caution or advice, but who will, like the good and trusty surgeon, use the scalpel boldly, cut it never so deep. He must be no member of the "Mutual Admiration Society," whose fulsome praises of each other's work, whether of pen and pencil, is so repulsive to the true lover of art. His duty is most plain. What though his path may be strewn with thorns awhile, yet he shall find full many roses by

the way, and when his journey it is o'er, many who will most truly love and honor him will sing his praises. Is not this reward enough to tempt some bold and fearless man to do and dare? I trust, full soon, to see such an one spring into life, and Oh, how gladly I, for one, would hail his advent. Let him "go forth and preach unto the multitude" how Art ennobles those "who wait upon her footsteps." Let him advocate the building of public free galleries, where rich and poor alike may gaze upon her, and see how beautiful she is—when the young child shall oft be brought that it may learn the truth of that oft-quoted line:

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Build up such homes for Art, and soon your prisons and reformatories shall need to be less spacious than we find them now, for Art never fails in its refining influence. How does Art refine? Again let Mr. Jarvis speak: "No one is so simple as to doubt that Science is conducive to progress. Neither would any one in regard to Art, were its nature and principles as well known as are those of the former. But while the laws of matter have been attentively studied, those of the faculty which takes cognizance of the language addressed to the soul, have been either thrust aside, or made of accidental or secondary importance. Yet, in the scale of humanity they are higher in origin, and loftier in purpose. They speak directly, through the imagination and feeling, to those aspirations which bind human nature to immortality. They assuage man's thirst for beauty; they stimulate his idealization; they incite his desire for perfection; they connect by symbolization all material nature with the nobler existences of futurity; the seen becomes the intelligible correspondence of the unseen, and the panting soul finds peace and joy in the present, inasmuch as, with the prophetic eye and ear of Art, it beholds the windows of heaven opened, and hears celestial voices calling to it therefrom.

"Without these images of truth and beauty, shown either through the imagination, or created by Art, there can be no real refinement of soul. Indeed, there can

be no soul, for there is no immortality for it to live upon. Vicious artists there have been; unbelieving artists, never. Art is significant of faith. Wherever Art has been purest and noblest, religious faith has been most active."

And again he says: "Finally, Art, by refining the forms of religion, lifts the soul by the ties of beauty to the unseen, where all 'goodness descends like gold, it blesses him whose heart and hands are clean. Like gold, if wedded to vileness it taints all that it touches.'"

I find I have exceeded far the space allotted me, carried by feeling and the love of Art away from what I first intended should be the subject of this paper. Yet, in quoting so full from the "Art Studies" as I have done, I can rest assured that what is expressed therein will tend more to the advancement of Art than could any words of mine—a humbler, but no less warm advocate for all that can elevate, refine, and educate the people of this mighty nation.

#### STEAMER-DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

AMONG the important peculiarities of business-life in San Francisco, is the "steamer-day" custom, which has arisen from the necessities of our commercial and financial connections and relations, has made the day *prior* to the departure of the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. for Panama a day of universal liquidation between debtor and creditor, and hence is called "Steamer-Day," an irrepressible conflict that is inexorable and sure, regular and unrelenting, is waged on this eventful day between those who have bills to pay and those who have bills to collect. A persistent hunt for cash is the order of the day, and the whole community seems absorbed with the state of the money-market at this time; money easy, money tight, high rates or low rates. How much will the steamer carry away, etc., are the prevailing salutations that meet you everywhere on the street, at the exchange, in the counting-house, at your hotel, the topic of your dinner conversation, even your barber scarcely commences his tonsorial attentions before his tongue interests you with his comments

upon the money-market, and reminds you that *collections are dull to-day*, and that the little amount of your account of soap-suds and personal attentions to date will be very acceptable. The "steamer-day," although periodically sure as death and the taxes, (especially the *infernal* revenue tax,) has been susceptibly changed during its historical record among California institutions, and each change tends more and more to reduce things down to a strictly cash basis. The steamer-day of earlier times was once a month, then semi-monthly, and at present tri-monthly.

The steamers now leaving the 3d, 13th, and 23d of each month, makes necessarily the day previous "*the steamer-day*" for business-men, as increased facilities have been furnished for steam communication and correspondence between the great metropolitan and commercial marts of the Atlantic and Pacific States, (and the rest of mankind,) so has the number of our steamer-days increased, and the time of credits *reduced*. Experience in the early days of San Francisco business-life made it essentially necessary that some general and universal day of settlement should be established and recognized among them, and as the bulk of their payments were foreign in their nature, drafts and exchange had to be purchased, and shipments made, consequently the day before the sailing of the steamer for Panama was adopted as the commercial steamer-day, and for years has been recognized as such, and has been attended with all its peculiar epochs, interests, and incidents, and had the record been preserved of what has transpired on this important day, commercially, financially, politically, and socially, it would fill a volume of huge dimensions of interesting reading-matter, indicative of the growing progress of a new country and of American civilization, unexampled in the history of the world. In this connection we give place to an amusing description of steamer-day in San Francisco, furnished by a contributor, an old resident of San Francisco:

"The day has arrived—as the sun sheds its beams on the morning of the 2d, 12th, or 22d of the month, book-keepers and clerks are busily engaged in making out

bills and memoranda; at nine o'clock a shower of collectors is poured forth on the drowned town. From every counting-house, every store, every shop, they pour forth, rushing around in eager haste in search of that which is to form somebody's quota of the regular tri-monthly contribution of California to her *pauvre* relations of the Orient. Helter-skelter these gatherers-in rush around from pillar to post in search of the yellow gold. B's collector rushes in frantic haste to C's shop for the 'little balance due,' while C's man wildly dashes into B's office for the amount of 'that trifling bill.' Thus the collectors go through all the mazes of the dance—'forward and back,' 'cross over,' 'all hands around,' etc., until the hour of four arrives, and the weary limbs have rest. Happy is the man who finds, on footing up accounts, that he is 'easy.'

"It is amusing sometimes to watch the progress of collections on 'steamer day,' and it is also instructive, as affording a striking illustration of our dependence on each other. A owes a bill of \$100, which he has to meet on 'steamer day;' he depends on B, (who owes him) for the money, B must collect from C, and C from D, and so on through the alphabet. It reminds us of a row of bricks set up on end—if one falls, down they all go. The old nursery story has a counterpart in collections on 'steamer day.' We refer to the pig which wouldn't go. 'The mouse began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox,' and so on, till the 'pig began to go.' So with 'steamer day' bills. M pays L, L pays K, K pays J, and so on to A, when the 'steamer begins to go,' and our State is left nearly two millions in gold poorer than it was when the army of collectors commenced their raid upon the commercial world of the city.

"As the dawn of 'steamer day' brings anxiety and expectation, the sailing of the steamer produces quiet and repose. The people having sent off all their cash, feel that a weight is off their minds as well as off their pockets, and that season of relief which comes over him who has nothing to care for, takes possession of their minds, satisfied with the conviction that we, who

stand in so little need of money and capital, are paying our regular tri-monthly devotional shrine towards erecting marble and brown stone fronts on the avenues of New York, and increasing the bulk of treasure reposing in the vaults of the Bank of England.

### A RIVER IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN

BEARING RICH TREASURES TO THE GOLDEN FIELDS OF OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

SO lately has California and Oregon, in their rich fruitage, loomed upon the thoughts or imagination of mankind, that it is not strange that many geographical and statistical features relating to that interesting region should be but little known; but even the great Pacific, lying on its western border, encompassed as it is by nations which, if not semi-barbarous, are at least quite low in the scale of modern civilization, has received but little attention or elucidation from the scientific mind, or at least has not, by popular publications, become available to the masses. With these views, I have thrown together some interesting material which has come under my observation in publications of small circulation, but of much scientific merit, and of researches which have not appeared in print. It has been known since the days of Benjamin Franklin (who was the first delineator of its course) that a great gulf stream existed in the Atlantic Ocean, although, as he has beautifully observed of earlier days, that the Norwegian peasants who found upon their coasts strange fruits or grains of kinds which the earth in that region did not produce, and carefully preserved them as curiosities, were in the possession of evidence that the waters of these seas had at some time reached the shores of the tropics. The fishermen of Scotland had, in the logs of the cotton-wood thrown upon their shores, the same proof. The route by which the fruit or the tree came were in a sense conjectural, but the botanist knew that it had grown in a more genial climate than that to which the current had brought it. They were generally recognized even then as proving the presence of the waters of Southern North America upon the shores



of Northern Europe. The lack of intelligent inquiry, on the part of the earliest settlers on the north-eastern coast of the Pacific, had not elicited from them any similar observation as to the mildness of those northern shores, or any indication of southern remains brought from the tropical seas, and it was left to Lieutenant Bent, of the United States Navy, an officer of much scientific merit, and who was attached to the expedition to Japan under Commodore Matthew C. Perry, to discover a *river* in the ocean—of the Pacific—flowing northward and eastward along the coast of Asia, corresponding in every essential point with the Gulf stream of the Atlantic, and impinging on the north-west coast of America—imparting its southern influence to the coasts of Oregon and California, to that degree, that the winters are so mild in Puget Sound, in latitude 48 degrees north, that snow rarely falls there, and the inhabitants are never enabled to fill their ice-houses for the summer; and, *per contra*, the vessels trading to Petropaulovski, on the coast of Kamschatka, when becoming unwieldy from accumulation of ice on their hulls and rigging, run over to a higher latitude on the American coast, and thaw out in the same manner that sailing vessels, frozen on the Atlantic coast of America, retreat again to the Gulf stream, until favored by an easterly wind.

The fountain of the great Pacific “river in the ocean,” from which this stream springs, is the great equatorial current of the Pacific, which in magnitude is in proportion to the vast extent of that ocean, when compared with the Atlantic. It extends from the tropic of Cancer on the north, to Capricorn on the south, and has a width of near three thousand miles; and with a velocity of from twenty to sixty miles per day, it sweeps to the westward in uninterrupted grandeur, around three-eighths of the circumference of the globe! until diverted by the continent of Asia, and split into innumerable streams by the Polynesian Islands. It spreads the genial influence of its warmth over regions of the earth, some of which now teeming in prolific abundance, would otherwise be but barren waste. One of the most remarkable

of these offshoots, as described by Lieutenant Bent, is the one termed by the Japanese, as it passes their shores, the “Kuro-Siwo,” which, separated from the parent stream by the Bashee islands and south end of Formosa, in latitude twenty-two degrees north, and longitude one hundred and twenty-two degrees east, is deflected to the northward along the east coast of Formosa, where its strength and character are as decidedly marked as those of the gulf stream on the coast of Florida. This northwardly course continues to the parallel of twenty-six degrees north, when it bears off to the northward and eastward, washing the south-east coast of Japan, as far as the Straits of Sangar, and increasing in strength as it advances, until reaching the chain of islands to the southward of the Gulf of Yeddo, where its maximum of velocity as shown by observations made by the United States Government expedition, was thirty miles per day. Its average strength from the south end of Formosa to the Straits of Sangar, was found to be from thirty-five to forty miles per twenty-four hours, at all seasons. This gulf stream, or river, is contracted between Formosa and the Majico Sima islands to a width of one hundred miles, and here takes the name of the Kuro Siwo; but to the northward of this group of islands it expands on its southern limit, and reaches the Loo Choo and Bonin islands, giving it a width to the northward of the latter of about five hundred miles. To the eastward of the meridian of one hundred and forty-three degrees east, in latitude four degrees north, the stream, or river, takes a more easterly direction, passing by the mouth of Behrings Straits, and trending south-easterly until it impinges against the coast of North America, allowing a cold current to intervene between it and the southern coast of Yeddo, where the change of the temperature of the water is from sixteen to twenty degrees. The impression prevails that this current, running counter to the Kuro Siwo, is a current through Behrings Straits from the Arctic Ocean. It passes to the westward through the Straits of Sangar, down through the Japanese sea, between Corea and the Japanese islands, and feeds the hyperborean

current on the east coast of China, which flows to the southward, through the Formosa channel, into the China Sea. For to the westward of a line connecting the north end of Formosa and the south western extremity of Japan, there is a flow of tropical water to the northward; but on the contrary a cold counter current filling the space between the Kuro Siwo and the coast of China was distinctly shown in these scientific examinations. As far as this cold water extends off the coast of China the soundings are regular, and increase gradually in depth; but simultaneously with the increase of temperature on striking the Kuro Siwo, the plummet falls into a trough similar to the bed of the gulf stream, as ascertained by the United States' coast survey in the Atlantic. The surface of the counter current is influenced by the south-west monsoon, and during that season of the year a portion of it is forced to mingle its waters with the Kuro Siwo, between Formosa and Japan: but so well is its existence known there to vessels trading on the coast of China, that they rarely attempt to beat to the northward through the Formosa channel, but pass to the eastward of Formosa during the prevalence of adverse winds, though these winds may be stronger there than in the Formosa channel. A similar current, flowing southwardly, intervenes between the gulf stream of the Atlantic and the coast of the United States, corresponding thus with this important counter current of the Kuro Siwo, and the main coast of Asia.

In connection, and in further elucidation of these currents, it becomes interesting to note the views entertained by Commander Rogers, United States Navy, who made some interesting experiments in Behring Straits, not only as to the effect of these currents in ameliorating the climate of the North West Coast of America; but, also, as a basis for establishing a reasonable theory as to the existence of the Open Polar Sea, as shadowed forth by Kane.

This great Open Polar Sea, as Kane says, is "a great Mediterranean draining of the northern slopes of three Continents, and receiving the waters of an area of 3,751,270 square miles. Indeed the river-system

of the Arctic Sea exceeds those of the Atlantic."

Commander Rogers, as I intended to remark, passed through Behring Straits during the Summer of 1855; and, though he remained within but a few days, he availed himself of the opportunity to try the temperature and specific gravity of the water at the surface, midway, and at the bottom of the Arctic Ocean. These observations were highly interesting, and his observations show, uniformly, this arrangement or stratification in the fluid mass of that ocean—warm and light water on the top; cold water in the middle; and warm and heavy water at the bottom. These observations, if extended, would go far towards the final settlement of the question of an Open Sea, in the Arctic Ocean. For it is likely that this warm water went in as an under-current; that, though warmer, it was salter, and for that reason it was heavier. It was made salter, as conjectured, by evaporation; and, while it was in some latitude where it received heat, while it was giving off fresh water-vapor. This substratum of heavy water was, therefore, probably within the tropics, and at the surface, when it received its warmth.

Water, we know, is transported to great distances by the under-currents of the sea, without changing its temperature but a few degrees by the way.

Beneath the Atlantic Gulf Stream, near the tropic of Cancer, in the month of August, with the surface of the ocean above eighty degrees, the deep-sea thermometer of the Coast Survey reports a current of cold water only three degrees above the freezing point—a difference of fifty-one degrees. That cold current, or the water that it bore, must certainly have come from Polar Regions. We know of numerous currents flowing out of the Polar Basin and discharging immense volumes of water into the Atlantic; we know of but one surface-current, and that a feeble one, around the North Cape, that goes into that basin. All these out-coming currents are salt water currents, therefore we cannot look to their ogenesis to the rivers of hyperborean America, Europe, and Asia, and the precipitation of the Polar Basin; for all the water

from these sources is fresh water. The salt that these upper-currents bring out is sea salt; hence, we should be forced to conclude, were there no other evidence to warrant the conclusion, that there must be one or more under-currents of salt and heavy water flowing into the Arctic Basin. A considerable body of water, at the temperature of forty degrees, rising to the surface there—as come to the surface it must, in order to supply the out-going upper-currents—would tend greatly to mitigate the severe cold of those hyperborean regions. Turning, then, from this digression, to the subject noticed in the commencement of my remarks, I would conclude by observing—that this tropical river has ever borne its genial treasures of warmth and life, to the golden shores of the Pacific States; will ultimately bear the accumulated treasures and varied products of the Indies—to be transported across the United States to Europe, by one of our Pacific Railroads; and with the prevailing westerly winds, ameliorated, as they are, by the warm waters of this wonderful stream, causing the precipitation of moisture to the westward of the Rocky Mountains; and those prolific rains, which make these Western lands surpass in agriculture, as they do in golden products, all regions of the temperate zone. Who can foretell its future, or fail to look, with wonder and awe, upon these marvelous workings of His mighty power, who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand.

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### ODD NAMES.

**G**REAT care should be exercised by parents in selecting names for their children, especially if the surname should happen to be an odd-sounding one. By neglecting this precaution many ridiculous results have followed.

Many of my readers doubtless have heard how a Mr. Ashe had a son of his christened Caleb, and how the school-boys perverted the youngster's name into "Calabash," by which cognomen he was known even after he had grown to manhood.

Also, a Mr. Rose, romantically inclined, who called his daughter Wild. When she

became a young woman her name was admired by all the young folks. But alas! she married a gentleman by the name of Bull, and was changed from a "Wild Rose" into a "Wild Bull."

Again. A Mr. Frogge desiring two given names for his son and heir, decided on calling him after an old friend of his. The result was that before the ridiculous blunder was discovered the boy was christened James Bull Frogge, which the companions of the boy finally curtailed into Bullfrog.

Having given the reader a few instances of odd names so as to prepare him or her for what they may expect, I shall now lay before them such cases of a similar kind as have come under my notice:

I have an intimate acquaintance who rejoices—no, he suffers—under the singular name of Abraham Street Sleeper. Dropping the first name and using the initial only, he becomes A. Street Sleeper. Should he get disgusted with either of his names and resort altogether to initials, he would write himself an A. S. S. He had once thought of having his name entirely changed, but finally resolved to retain it at all hazards.

The oddity of his name created in him a desire to ascertain how many more such could be found in the city, and to make the search thorough he had recourse to a directory, which, with strolling around town—he being a man of leisure—gave him great facilities for gratifying his suddenly acquired taste. He was as fond of a joke as any man living, and never missed an opportunity whenever or wherever it presented itself. This new field—namely, odd names, of men and women—was calculated to be varied and highly amusing.

Passing along the street one day Abe saw a tailor's sign, which read thus: John Fell, tailor—the word "tailor" being beneath and quite pale. Going in, he saw a woman alone attending the shop; he asked:

"Did John hurt himself?"

The woman became excited. Her husband, who bore the odd name, had gone to a fire an hour ago, and she of course thought by Abe's question that he (John) had met with some mishap. She asked

our joker where her husband was and how he had come to hurt himself.

"Madam," said Sleeper, solemnly, "I know nothing of your husband; never saw him to my knowledge. I noticed on a sign at the door that John Fell, so I humanely called on you to ascertain the extent of his injuries."

Of course when Abe pointed to the sign and explained, Mrs. Fell saw the joke. They parted with great indignation on her part, and a deal of merriment on his.

Seeing one day on a door-plate the name "I. C. Jones," he could scarcely resist the desire to ring the bell and inform the inmates of the dwelling that he also saw Jones.

The next name that attracted him was that of a dancing-master called Malon Colley. "If I were in his place," thought our hero, "I would change, either my name or my profession. He ought to be an undertaker or a sexton, but a dancing-master can scarcely be inclined to melancholy."

Abe knew a very large, fat man, who rejoiced in the title of Isaac Mathew Livingood. But the gentleman usually wrote it "I. M. Livingood." He handed a card to our joker one day, with the above name on it. Abe read it, then remarked:

"One would think that you were living good, judging by your appearance."

A sign reading "Adam Good, shoemaker," came under his observation soon after. By erasing the first letter in "Adam" and marking a large A immediately above it, on the sign, he caused it to read "A dam Good Shoemaker."

Next morning he called on the man and ordered him to measure him for a pair of shoes, remarking at the time:

"If you really are all that your sign says, I think I could scarcely find a more suitable man for my purpose. But I'd advise you to be less profane, for you might lose many good chances from pious folks, who would object to patronizing you on that account."

Abraham pointed to the sign, and roared as he saw the consternation of Mr. Good, who suspected the joker to be the culprit. The last words that saluted the joker's ears, as he left the shop, were, "A dam good licking!"

Another time he read a sign having on it

"B. Ware." Rushing into the store, he anxiously asked the proprietor:

"Beware of what?"

"Of a chastisement!" exclaimed Mr. Ware, seizing a yard stick, and making towards our hero, who made a hasty exit. The man had had that joke played on him before.

He saw a sign once, which read "M. T. Head, attorney at law," and observed to a friend who was with him, that, "the gentleman was not the only lawyer in the city who could boast of an empty head!"

Abraham's uncle was named Horne. He had a son born, and gave our hero the privilege of naming him. Now Abe knew that this same uncle had chosen the abominable name of Abraham Street for him, so he vowed to pay him off by selecting a ridiculous name for his infant son. The child was accordingly christened Abraham Green Horne, which was eventually abbreviated into "A Greenhorne."

"I rather think," remarked our hero afterwards, "that A. Street Sleeper sounds as nice as A. Green Horne."

A family named Goodman christened a son after the surname of a wealthy bachelor uncle, who was called Solomon Avery, in hopes of having him become the legatee of that relative.

Mr. Avery heard of it, and wrote the folio to the father:

"You have called a son of yours after my surname, which gives him a right to style himself Avery Goodman. But fearing he might grow up a bad man, despite his name, I decline most respectfully to make him my heir.  
SOLOMON AVERY."

When our joker heard of this he remarked:

"I called that man a very Solomon to make so wise a decision.

Once seeing pasted on a wall the name of "B. A. Goodfellow, for Alderman," he remarked: "That's just the fellow we all ought to vote for: there are so very few good ones in office."

Entering a cigar store once, Abe remarked to the tobacconist that he ought to be a minister.

"Why so?"

"Because you are good enough," was the

reply. The man's sign read: "U. R. Good-enough."

For this pun our hero was presented by the proprietor with half-a-dozen of the best cigars the house afforded, and Abe went on his way rejoicing.

However, his jokes did not always terminate so happily. He stepped into the store of a Mr. Dampman, and asked one of the clerks to weigh him a pound of tea.

"We don't sell groceries," was the remark.

"What then?" asked Abe, with a simple stare.

"Dry goods," was the curt reply.

"What!" exclaimed Abe, affecting astonishment, "a Dampman professing to sell *dry goods!*"

"Young man," said the proprietor, seizing him by the arm and pushing him towards the door, "you had best leave right off, or I may turn you into a piece of damp goods by tossing you into the gutter!"

Abe needed no second bidding, but speedily lengthened the distance between the irate Dampman and himself.

Not long after that he called upon an old cobbler, and informed that person that he was wanted at a certain broker's office. The old fellow hastened to the place named, but no one there seemed to be aware that he was needed. Abraham, who was outside, now came forward and addressed the broker and his attendants thus:

"Gentlemen, I saw you very busy in packing up gold, silver, and pennies, and it occurred to me that you might require aid; so I made bold to send this man to you as a most suitable person, for he is a Pennypacker!"

Before the laugh had subsided Abe was around the corner. He had grown cautious since the threat of Dampman, the dry goods man.

He once remarked to a friend that their mutual acquaintance, Mrs. Havisham, never wore a real diamond ring, although her husband was a millionaire.

"Why not?" asked the other.

"Because she is bound to Havisham" (have a sham)!

He entered a pawnbroker's shop one evening, and offered a ten dollar watch in

pawn, and asked twelve on it. The broker examined it, and offered two and a half.

"Your sign made me drop in," remarked Abe, and I expected to make a fine thing out of you because you are E. Z. Jacobs. But I find you are a confounded *hard* Jacobs—nothing easy about you!"

As our joker stepped out he heard the man muttering a word that would rhyme with "lamb;" the broker, being evidently angry, had grown profane.

Once he noticed a sign hanging at a door reading Miss C. Mann, Dressmaker. He took it down and altered it so as to read, "Wanted, A Man Dressmaker."

Abe had a lady friend who married a man named Nathan Ellwood Husband. He once remarked to her—

"I should judge, Mrs. Husband, that you were not very hard to please in selecting a partner for life."

"What makes you think so?" asked she, half angry.

"Because you were satisfied with N. E. Husband," replied Abe. But the lady required a full explanation before she would be pacified.

He once incurred the displeasure of a friend of his by remarking:

"Mr. Ball, I am surprised to learn that in spite of your well-known strong Know-Nothing proclivities, you have married an *Emma Grant.*"

Mr. Abraham S. Sleeper came near being knocked down one day by a man on whom he called, saying—

"I've heard that a celebrated oculist has just arrived in town, and I'd advise you to call on him; he may possibly render you essential service, if not effectually cure you of your unpleasant infirmity."

"There's nothing the matter with my eyes," said the man in astonishment.

"then take down your sign," said Abe, "for I am sure by it you acknowledge being cross-eyed."

The sign read, "I. S. Quint."

By a timely duck of the head our hero escaped being knocked into the gutter.

Only a week ago he advised a lady friend not to walk along the streets during the day if she would avoid being annoyed.

"Why, what have I to fear?" asked she.

"Because," replied Abe, with a grin, "you know the city authorities have of late shamefully neglected their duties, which has resulted in the accumulation of piles of ashes in the streets. And should the folks see you promenading along, they would beset you with all manner of vessels filled with ashes, expecting you to take them away."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked the lady in supreme astonishment.

"Because you are Ann Ashman," was the reply.

At another time he electrified a tailor named Owen, by remarking—

"Why are you never out of debt?"

"Mr. Sleeper," replied the tailor, "what do you mean? I do not owe a penny."

"Yet you are 'Owen the tailor,'" remarked Abe, with a laugh.

Again, he said to a person he presumed he would never reach a ripe old age; on being asked why he thought so, he replied, "Because you will always be a Greenman."

A man was once committed to prison for shamefully beating another. Abe remarked that this was the first instance he ever knew of a person being imprisoned for beating A. Drumm.

The last joke he uttered was a pun on his own name. He was on his death-bed, when he called to a friend and said:

"I am not an Irishman, but promise me to observe the custom of that country after I am no more; have a jolly wake over my body."

"Why do you make such a strange request?" asked all who heard him.

"Because it is the most natural thing in the world to wake A. Sleeper," was his reply.

### EVELEEN O'CONNOR.

**E**VELEEN O'Connor was the daughter of an Irish farmer who might be said to be well to do in the world, and who derived more importance among his neighbors from the honors of his traditional ancestry than from the number of acres he was able to farm.

Brian O'Connor, on the authority of his family tradition, and in the pendent

language of the hedge schoolmaster, could boast of being descended in a direct and mathematically straight line from the ancient kings of Ireland; his claim was considered too clear to be disputed: he was an O'Connor, and, therefore, a descendant of the famous Roderick O'Connor, who, in Brian's most eloquent phraseology, "was the renowned and unfortunate king of a renowned and unfortunate land." His hereditary pride was, however, chiefly displayed in the harmless garrulity of a good-hearted old man: in his only son, who, after their illustrious ancestor, was named Roderick, though always called Rory, pride assumed a darker character, because it was allied to a disagreeable and even repulsive disposition—a character scarcely comprehensible to the plain and plodding English farmer who might possess ten times his wealth.

Brian was a widower; he had remained so from the time when his youngest child—a girl some years younger than her brother—had been born. The neighbors said "he doted down on Eveleen, who took more after him than dark Rory did, and hadn't one bit more pride nor stiffness than if she had come of nobody and wasn't to have a fortune;" for Eveleen grew up to be eighteen years of age, and was gay, handsome, happy and willful.

His sister's demeanor was often a sore grievance to Rory; she shrank from his dark looks when he reproved her, and if she saw he was really angry; but, when she could venture to do so, she tossed her handsome head defiantly, laughed at his vexation, and repeated the conduct that gave him displeasure, winning her own way or taking it, and showing no more conceit or haughtiness at wake or wedding, rustic dance or evening walk, than any country beauty might do independently of pride of pedigree or portion.

Eveleen O'Connor was the natural product of her country; open-hearted, impulsive and thoughtless; entering heartily into all present enjoyment with utter recklessness of future consequences, yet full also of deep passionate feeling, and keenly sensitive to what others thought of her. She was believed to have had a first-rate educa-

tion; she could read, sprig muslin, and it was said she could write; it was a fact that she had worked something like a deg in worsteds, which was framed and hung up in the parlor or "room," as that seldom-used apartment of an Irish farm house is commonly called; and which, in addition to that ornament, boasted a boarded floor and a mahogany table, while the deep window-seat held the whole family library, consisting of four smoke-browned volumes of a fabulous history of Ireland in days, I believe, before the flood, and having the pages relating to King Roderick much worn by frequent and very laborious perusal.

One Sunday dark Rory came into dinner with a countenance still darker than usual; the thunder-cloud soon burst. He was furious at having heard that his sister had been again seen walking with Jem Delaney; "a fellow she ought to scorn to look at the same side of the way with, and whom she had so often been warned to drop."

Eveleen did not now toss her head, or laugh or scoff at her brother's queer notions. She colored, and then grew pale; shrank from his angry and searching gaze, and looked to her father as if for help. The timid old man, always anxious to conciliate the exasperated pair, began a sort of exhortation with the words—

"There now, alanna, have done, will ye? it can't be helped now. You won't be after doing so again, Eveleen, astore; don't now, agra."

"You won't go for to side with Rory against me, father dear?" cried the girl in a voice of supplication that came from the heart. Its tone was enough for Rory; he threw back his chair, and, stopping for a moment before he left the room, he swore a deep and deliberate oath to be the death of Delaney if ever his sister demeaned herself by thinking of him.

Eveleen knew well what thinking of him meant; she knew she was thinking of him just in the way her brother wanted her not to think; the dish she held fell from her hands on the floor, and he, looking at her white face, added, as an additional warning, a fresh asseveration to his horrid vow, and set off to the next market town, where

he intended to stay that night. An hour or so afterwards Eveleen walked out to a hazel grove near the house, leaving her father asleep in his large chair. It was a shady, pleasant place; the boughs formed a canopy over tangled brushwood, wild flowers and short shiny grass. There the young folks of the neighbourhood often met; but the hour was too early for such meetings, and the girl's heart was too heavy for their mirth.

For the first time in her young life the heart of Eveleen O'Connor was heavy; full to oppression with an undefined sadness, the shadow of a coming sorrow was upon her. She raised her arm to pull down a branch of hazel nuts, unconscious that she did so, for she was thinking of something quite unlike nut gathering; yet still she tried and tried again to lower the bough that was too strong for her. An arm was stretched over her head; the bough was swept almost to the ground, her head was then turned, and her black tearful eyes fell before the bright and honest ones that laughingly met them.

Tears in those of the gay and admired Eveleen no one remembered to have seen; and the answer—"Not much Jem"—made to Delaney's anxious enquiry as to what had happened did not satisfy the enquirer. The truth was soon found out, and the cause of the unusual tears discovered. Thus, as a few words often lead to a great many, the three already quoted led finally to a declaration from Jem Delaney that Eveleen O'Connor might indeed get a richer husband, but none that could love her better; and these words again, led to the declaration on her part, that she would take no other husband than poor Jem.

Eveleen's love was not misplaced, barring—as the Irish say—the fact that it was contrary to the wishes of the family; but her brother had no right to oppose it, and her father was only guided by him. Delaney was a young man of whom every one spoke well; every one but Rory O'Connor would say he was a clever, proper boy, which meant a well-grown, handsome, unmarried man. He was true-hearted, intelligent and good. All the objections even Rory could entertain against him were

three—he was come of nobody, he had no money, yet he was a greater favorite than the descendant of the kings of Ireland, and the heir of a little sum of money in the county bank.

Neither Eveleen nor her lover were much given to consternation or exhortation; caution and reserve are not Irish qualities, and certainly appear very disagreeably in an Irish character. Our story might have been a different one, or rather might not have had an existence, if they had formed any part of those of the young couple who passionately and hastily arranged their destiny beneath the shadow of the hazel grove.

Not many hours afterwards Eveleen was some miles distant from her home; they were both in Sunday dress, and quite ready for the priest, who was the bridegroom's relation, to make them one for life.

If there are no people who more naturally act on what is termed the impulse of the moment, there are also none who, in general more keenly and deeply suffer the penalty that often arises from allowing feeling to conquer judgment. Eveleen O'Connor was possessed of all the keen, passionate, yet variable feelings of her country. No sooner was the step taken which her brother had so terribly denounced, than a dread of its results to him she so truly loved, seized upon her heart, and caused her to implore him not to return home with her as they had originally agreed should be the case. The loving bridegroom readily yielded to such a solicitation, and instead of taking her back as soon as the ceremony was performed, and asking forgiveness for a runaway marriage, he brought the trembling bride to an old house on the hill side, of which he kept the key, while the owners, who sometimes worked with him were on what is called "the tramp."

It was a miserable sort of place in which to celebrate the wedding of a young, handsome and hitherto happy couple. But love was there, and the gloom of inward fear or outward wretchedness was brightened when Eveleen looked on the happy, joyfully smiling husband, who built up a pile of turf on the wide, grateless hearth, placed her in an old chair beside it, and declared himself to be as happy as a king.

"It is a poor place to bring you to, mavourneen," he said, "but sure with the morning's light we will be off, and it's myself will be proud to take you back in honor and happiness to the people that owned you."

Eveleen shivered—not at the thought of remaining, but of going; to stay in that poor house with Jem Delaney was all she wished; all the rest of the world might be a blank; within those four clay walls was all to which her heart clung now in its wild and passionate devotion; and she shivered, not at the thought of remaining days, months, years, with him in such an abode as that, but at the prospect of leaving it to expose him to her brother's fury. Still, when she met his beaming eyes, and looked at his honest face, she smiled, and got over her fears, and helped him to spread on the bare table the provisions he had carefully brought, and they made their marriage feast by the light of the blazing turf, and tasted, it may be believed, all the sweetness that a dinner of herbs, where love is, can be supposed to yield.

The morning's light, however, did not find them at all more ready to take their departure. Eveleen trembled even more at the prospect of meeting Rory O'Connor, and used that tender yet impassioned persuasiveness which Irish women can employ, as well, at least, as any others, to induce her husband to remain where he was. The light of her eyes, the pulse of her heart, and whatever else Jem Celaney was to her, did not, indeed, require so much tender entreaty. He really did not feel in any haste to encounter "dark Rory," but still, when he laid her head on his breast and soothed her like a child, he would say, "Hush, mavourneen astore, hush! and never fear that any one can harm us now. No, my colleen, you are my own now; and since I have you safe Rory may keep the money, and leave me all I wanted, and that's your own self, acushla machree."

Yet the wedded lovers stayed all that day in the old house. The rain fell, and Eveleen was glad to see it; the wind swept down the hill, and she started and trembled each time it shook the crazy door. Jem Delaney piled the turf on the hearth,



drew out the white ashes, and told their fortunes in them. Everything was drawing on; the day had been dark and dreary, and the light without the house was fading away; the blaze of the turf danced in the small window-pane, the young couple forgot their care, smiling at each other, while the husband, with a piece of old iron drawing out the turf ashes on the hearth, told the most wonderful fortunes he could invent for himself, his wife, and perhaps for a generation yet to come. Eveleen had nearly upset the rickety stool he sat on by a vigorous push, intended to interrupt the flow of his predictions, when she grasped the arm she had pushed away, with the utterance of the Irish word, "Whisht!" All her warm young blood left the glowing cheek, and ran curdling to the heart. A heavy trampling step was heard coming quickly on before the lonely house; a shadow fell over them as a figure passed the lighted-up window; a hasty blow drove in the half-shattered door.

Delaney threw himself before his bride, believing the object was to take her from him. He cried out, "She is my wife! we were married!"

They were the last words he ever spoke; a shot fired by his wife's brother lay him dead at her feet. Rory O'Connor dropped the musket from his hand, lifted up the girl, who lay almost as lifeless on the bleeding body of her husband of a day, and, carrying her out, placed her on the car that waited for them, and brought her back to her father's house.

The circumstances we relate are not so strange in reality as they appear when read in a story. Many a wilder one, however, has often been known in the country of poor Eveleen O'Connor.

With the recklessness so often remarkable in persons who have just forfeited their lives to the law, dark Rory not only returned to his home after this deliberate murder, but, apparently satisfied with the vengeance he had taken, was insensible to the penalty he had incurred. It was only when he was warned that the "polls were out" that he began to think about it, and he was taken prisoner before he attempted flight.

At the inquest on the unfortunate Jem

Delaney, his wife's brother was charged with the murder. The prisoner maintained the same surly, repulsive pride and stubbornness that had earned for him the appellation of "dark."

This apparent indifference only at one moment gave way. At that moment his dark eyes flashed a vivid light; he clenched his hands; his limbs shook, not with fear, but with passion. His sister, the wretched young widow, a wife for less than twenty-four hours, was brought in as a witness. That she would be an incompetent one was almost evident. She was deadly pale, with the exception of one deep red spot high up on the cheek, that burned as if with hectic fever. At the first question but to her, the large, dark, and once saucy eyes that had stolen poor Jem Delaney's heart away, wandered, with a helpless, pitiable expression, from face to face, till they rested for a second on that of the prisoner, when a shiver shook her whole frame, but her lips were silent.

Seeing her state both of bodily and mental illness, it was resolved to put to her only one leading and decisive question. So they said: You were at Ballymack on the evening of the murder. Who fired the shot that killed James Delaney?"

"Who killed James Delaney?" said the unhappy girl, as if repeating the words to herself. "Who killed James Delaney?" she reiterated more slowly, looking round to the coroner and jury, and all before her, as if making the inquiry herself: then bringing round those wonderful eyes to the prisoner scowling at her, she repeated them once more, and stretching out her arms, she cried with an exceedingly bitter cry: Who? Oh! Rory, Rory—you killed James Delaney!" She dropped down while that cry, yet made the ears that heard it to tingle, and, unconscious of what she had done, she was carried back to her father's house.

And there she lay, and knew nothing more. The words that she had repeated seemed to have set fire to her brain; and yet, while she lay raving on her bed, her ravings were not of the frightful scenes in which she had lately been. No; as the prisoner in his horrid dungeon might recall the vision of green fields, and flowing

streams, and freshening breezes, so her mind wandered back to careless, happy times, and her rambling talk was either of her childhood's happy hours, or of the days of her maturer vanity, of new dresses and slighted lovers, of dances and merriment, and all that was farthest removed from the fearful reality of the present time.

Persons who knew what it is to have gone through the delirium of fever, induced by some mental shock or violent agitation, may recollect, as the writer of this story does, the peculiar sensation of gradually awakening, as it were, to the recovered power of preception, to a feeble sense of existence, whence the mind only seemed to be slowly awakening, and the pains or langour of the body were as yet unfelt. Such a state might almost appear to resemble what we may fancy an arising from the dead to be. There is a faint stirring again to life, a wondering, an oblivion of what we are, or where we are.

It was the evening hour, and the season was the end of autumn, when Eveleen lay in that state of semi-consciousness. All was deep quietness; the mournful song of the robin, "the last lone songster of the fading year," perched on the topmost bough of the brown-leaved tree outside her window, was the only sound that broke the stillness, and its song was in unison with the gathering twilight and melancholy stillness of the house.

The girl, who had not yet lived nineteen years, had suffered long and fearfully; she lay scarcely restored to reason, and incapable of exerting its powers. Her long black hair hung neglected over the bed; the once bright eyes were only partly open; but gradually they moved inquiringly around the room, till they rested on the figure of her father. The old man sat on the family "chest" once an invariable article in an Irish farmer's house, containing the family wardrobes of perhaps two or three generations. On the chest from which his favorite child used to array herself in holiday finery, Brian O'Connor sat sunk in gloom. His once easy, good-natured face was marked with lines of care and grief; the long frieze coat hung loose from his shoulders, his hand was plunged within the open

waistcoat, and his gray hair hung down on the breast over which his head was bowed. He was changed, much changed, poor man. All trouble seems sometimes to fall at once on those who have known little or nothing of it. Brian had rarely known trouble, except when some refractory pedagogue disputed the mathematical accuracy of his line of descent from what he called "the ancient ould kings of Ireland, who were the greatest kings that ever sat on a throne;" nor had a care ever marked a line on his brow, except when, after a long argument on the point, he felt unable to convince an antagonist that the Irish sceptre must one day revert to that ancient line, and Dublin Castle be once more the palace of the O'Connor race, as it had been before Henry II brought over his Saxons to ruin the land.

Poor Brian was not now perplexing himself with any historical difficulties or speculations. He was changed, good man! a short time had wrought the change of years. His hair was gray, his figure bent, his eyes dull and glassy. Eveleen looked at him, and tried to recall some recollection of the past—to recollect how she had come to be as she was—and why her father sat thus miserably in her sick room. This she did feebly, and for a moment remained silent. He raised his eyes and met hers. Then she said—"Father!"

It was the first rational word she had uttered. At another moment it would have thrilled his heart with joy, for he was a tender father, and it is sweet, when the voice that was as music to our ear has been only heard to utter the incoherent ravings of delirium, to catch the first soft whisper of affection, to hear even the simplest word that indicates returning reason. But if pity for his child was then in poor Brian's breast, there was also grief and shame—corroding grief, and bitter, burning shame, which she had caused; and they were not more lightly borne because brought upon him by one who had been the pride of his heart. No hand can wound deeply save that of one we love—no reproach fester in the heart like that of a friend.

Eveleen repeated the word "father!"  
"Oh, then, you miserable girl, is it com-

ing to your senses you are, this day of all the days in the year? And wouldn't it be well for you if you had lost them entirely, and well for me and for those that are gone if you had never had them? And is it coming to yourself you are this day, of all the days in the year, when you have brought your only brother to the gallows? Oh, that I ever was born, or lived to see this day!"

Thus he ran on, never looking to see the effect his words were taking on the still unrecovered girl.

Eveleen was now sitting up erect in her bed, staring at him with wild and wide open eyes. He had kept alone in his sorrow and disgrace, and it was a relief to pour out some part of the grief that devoured him. He broke into a long passionate cry, covered his face with his hands, swaying his figure back and forward in the energy of his anguish.

"Oh, Rory! my son Rory! you that were my pride, and should have come after me! did I ever think to see the dark day when you'd die on the gallows—when your own sister would take your life on account of her low-born lover? Oh, Jem Delaney! Jem Delaney! what have you brought on us all this day! Rory's life has gone for having taking yours. You are dead, and Rory's dead; and she that brought it on us all is lying there."

He might have gone on longer; Eveleen seemed altogether changed. She no longer stared wildly at him; she looked quite calm. Her aspect alarmed him when he did remark it. He spoke to her at first gently, then affectionately, entreatingly, imploringly; she looked in his face with a sort of tender sadness, but she seemed to search for something she could not see, and only asked about it by a look that pierced his heart. She never uttered a word. Worlds, if they had been in his possession, might Brian have given to hear again that one word—Father—so faintly uttered, so unregarded when it was heard.

It was never spoken again; from that moment Eveleen spoke no more. The frightful images he had brought before her mind had a rather singular effect on a scarcely settled brain; from that hour she

remained just as she was when I saw her at the country inn; not mad, but as the waiter said, "not right in herself." Perfectly harmless, gentle, quiet, submissive, and silent. The only way her voice was heard was in singing a wild Irish air, something like the more plaintive tones of the Irish cry when heard at a distance. She assiduously attended her father, seemed to understand his looks better than his words; sat with dark, melancholy eyes fastened on his care-worn face, and would rise and get what he wanted without his asking for it. She followed all his movements, got up when he rose, sat down when he sat, and went after him when he went out—like some pet animal following its owner. The poor father felt his punishment was heavier than he could bear. He thought he must be a sinner above all sinners, because he suffered such things. In his prosperity he thought he had few sins on his conscience; he attended to his religion, paid the priest all his dues, was good to the poor, and did wrong to no one. Now, in his adversity, he was of those who write bitter things against themselves. He gave up all for lost; did nothing; let his farm go to ruin; and sought to atone by humility for the pride that had yielded to him such deadly fruit. After many penances, he at last made a vow of voluntary poverty; gave the small store of money that remained to him for religious and charitable uses, and, attended by his unhappy child, went forth literally to be a pilgrim and stranger on this earth, wishing only to arrive at the city where the inhabitants no more go out—"the city that hath foundations; whose maker and builder is God."

Poor old man! He may have mistaken the road thither. Some may think he took a roundabout one; certainly he chose one much more hard and thorny than other people take who are much more sure in their own minds of coming in right at last. We know not how that may be. Perhaps by the side of the broken-hearted old man and his smitten child may have walked the Man of Sorrows—the Saviour of all who seek Him; who draweth nigh to them that are of a humble heart, and saveth such as are of a contrite spirit.

The pilgrim wandered with his quiet child, praying for her, perhaps, far more than for himself; receiving food for both and shelter when they wanted them; asking a blessing for the givers; making the sign of the cross, and pursuing his way until his hour came, when, having, as his country people believed, "made his soul," his worn-out body was found as if asleep by the roadside, his daughter seated quietly beside it watching it like a faithful dog, neither crying nor lamenting; but calm as if—as the waiter had said—she were watching an infant sleeping in its cradle.

They took the old pilgrim, whose pilgrimage had ended, and laid him in an ancient burying-ground, to which the ivied ruins of a very old church, gave a peculiar sanctity; for that church, they said, had been destroyed by Cromwell, and might, the people believed, have witnessed their own worship in the days of poor Brian O'Connor's ancestors—"the renowned and unfortunate king of a renowned and unfortunate land."

And the once handsome Eveleén, the willful and gay, remained as I had seen her. She would sit beside the wooden cross that marked her father's grave, and sometimes hang on it a curiously cut paper wreath, or a bunch of wild flowers; but if she prayed, it was in her secret heart alone, for her lips were ever silent.

## EXPLORATIONS

BETWEEN THE PACIFIC AND THE HEAD  
WATERS OF THE MISSOURI THROUGH  
THE WALLA WALLA COUNTRY.

THE United States Government have recently received a very voluminous report from Capt. John Mullan, of the U. S. Army, who had been charged with the duty of opening a road through that interesting country. The extent of this great undertaking cannot be more correctly stated than by quoting the remarks of Capt. Mullan, made before the American Geographical Society, at a recent meeting of that body—He says: "I would simply state, that in this line of 624 miles of road we cut through 120 miles of the most dense forest a width of thirty feet; 150 miles

through open pines, and 30 miles of excavation in earth and rock, occupying a period of five years, and at a cost of \$230,000. In addition to performing this special labor, we explored and surveyed the country to our either side, covering a belt or zone of three hundred miles."

The magnitude of this great work, and the deeply interesting features which it it was in the power of Capt. Mullan to portray upon the relations now existing, and which must continue to be strengthened between the Pacific and the Atlantic borders—by laying before our readers the enlightened views of such talented travellers—will be our excuse for quoting largely from Capt. Mullan's remarks on that occasion.

In opening his subject, Capt. Mullan beautifully sets forth the earliest days of our Western border, viz:

In compliance with your polite invitation to lay before the Society such new geographical facts as my explorations in the Rocky Mountains have developed, I desire to make in brief outline a few references to the early history of a region replete with wild romance, from the date of its first exploration, when the red man reigned alone in its solitudes and its wilds, to the present period, when it has become the home of our friends and brothers, and men that are laying the foundation of a mighty empire, adding wealth and strength to our national structure.

When the existence of the western world was demonstrated to the mind of Columbus, it was not astonishing to know that his highly-wrought imagination revelled in pictures of golden wealth, which the survey and exploration of this world would develop; though even at this day we are astonished to know, that for a period of nineteen years he was allowed to importune his Government for permission to verify his own firm, unalterable convictions that great Nature had here carved a new continent, where man, in time, was to solve a new problem in human destiny.

Though the American continent was discovered in 1492, three hundred years were allowed to elapse before the geography of of its western half attracted attention,

either in public councils or private circles, and it was for a period of thirteen years more that endeavors were made and set on foot that should prove to the world the importance of that vast area which to-day we are carving into new States, the power of which is fast revolutionizing the direction of the commerce of the world. English, Spanish, and Russian navigators had coasted along the shores of the North Pacific as early as the sixteenth century, but, with the exception of marking in a very general and incorrect manner the coast line from Mexico to the Russian possessions, no special discoveries were made. No navigator had pointed out the existence of our majestic Columbia, nor could give us an idea of the character of the interior of half our continent.

A mythical river, called San Roque, it is true, had existed in the wild imagination of Jonathan Carver many years before our great Pacific feeder was discovered, but nothing sufficiently authentic was believed that warranted the geographical world to put forth measures to confirm the truth of the statement. The importance of the North Pacific to the geographical world, therefore, may be said to date from the discovery of the Columbia river, but to the American people it became of marked interest only from the date of the Louisiana purchase.

Before Mr. Jefferson was accredited to the Government at Paris as our Minister resident in 1792, his attention had been called to the geography of the North Pacific, and it was his own philosophical mind that pointed out the necessity of the existence of some such river as the Columbia.

He reasoned thus: That where the Eastern water-shed of the Snowy mountains, as the present Rocky range was then called, poured the meltings of its snows in such a reservoir as the Missouri, there must be a corresponding shedding of waters on the Western slope that must feed some large reservoir where the Columbia has since been discovered to exist. While representing our Government in France, he lost none of his interest in this, to him, most interesting subject, but he carried it to the extent

of inducing Ledyard, the famous traveler, to change the scene and locale of his labors, and leave the Old for the New Continent, to link his name to a field of exploration destined to immortalize any man that would initiate it.

The enthusiastic mind of Ledyard grasped the gigantic idea, and through letters from Mr. Jefferson was duly accredited to the Empress Catherine, then upon the throne of Russia, reached St. Petersburg, and started through Western Russia for the Pacific, intending to come down along the western slope of the continent until he should discover the mouth of this philosophical river, the existence of which no navigator had discovered, and of whose wealth no explorer had dreamed until our own day and generation. The necessary passports were granted by the Empress, and Ledyard was in full progress to fulfill his glorious mission, when the Empress recalled her authority, had Ledyard followed, overtaken and ordered back to Paris, on the ground of being a spy in the joint interests of the French and American Governments.

The short vision of the Russian Government was not allowed thus to interpose itself as a barrier to the full development of this philosophical problem. Though Ledyard was forced to give up his much-coveted mission and return to the exploration of the Nile, the waters of which finally gave him a burial, yet Jefferson determined to pursue this project with unabated zeal and with new incentives, for now was formed for the first time the determination on the part of the national government—through Mr. Jefferson—to purchase the territory of Louisiana, which, however, was not effected until 1803.

The Columbia River was in the interval (1798) discovered by a Boston shipmaster, Grey, who, in honor of the first ship that its majestic waters bore, he named the Columbia. When this discovery was made and an American purchase had been effected, an American exploration and occupancy was determined upon. The purchase of the territory of Louisiana, which the entire country, (excepting the Mexican domain,) from the mouth of the Mississippi to its sources and westwardly to the Pacific, was

called, was effected not only in demonstration of the principle of territorial expansion within the limits of the North American Continent, but in vindication of the determination that the Americans as a people alone are to occupy and govern the major portion of the North American Continent, untrammelled by foreign friends and unmolested by domestic foes. Though Mr. Jefferson had some scruples as to his right to make the purchase under the authority given to Congress in the Constitution, these scruples were all passed over and lost sight of in the importance and magnitude of the legacy he desired to bequeath his country. Even before the purchase was complete and the French flag had given place to our own national colors, the project was set on foot to explore and make known, not only to us but to the geographical world, the character and importance of this vast area, the solitude of which had never yet been invaded by either the tramp of the pale face, or his invigorating influence.

This project of exploration was conceived, initiated, its details supervised and put into execution by Mr. Jefferson himself, who, as President of the United States in 1804, called Captains Lewis and Clark to its exploration, and gave them unlimited authority to open and reveal the contents of this new book of geographical and physical wonders.

From this exploration, which occupied a period of three years, dates, therefore, the time when it attracted an additional attention from the American public. Lewis and Clark, starting from the then small French village of St. Louis, traced the Missouri to its sources in the Rocky Mountains, crossed the range by a practicable though difficult pass, reached the head-waters of the Columbia, and followed this noble stream to its junction with the ocean. Though much was done for the geographical world by this exploration, it was left for future years to point to this region as one where we should build up an element of strength in our national progress. Though the record of these celebrated travelers found many readers and admirers, it had not the effect to attract to the shores of the Pacific a colonial outpost, for it was not till a much

later date that an American occupation was had: not, indeed, until the subject of the American right to the region was being discussed in our legislative halls, with a fair prospect of a war with England being upon our hands, did we find ourselves compelled to assert our right, to maintain our supremacy, and people with Americans this our Pacific domain.

It was not till 1834 that we found the western frontier emigrant determined to take up his abode on the shores of the western sea, and evince a willingness to wend his way over sterile plains and miles of arid wastes, the pioneer of thousands who have since followed in his wake. But so few had taken up their abode as late as 1847, that Congress, both in its liberality and in the spirit of inducement to form an American colony, offered munificent bounties of land to those who would take up their abode in Oregon. It was not, therefore, until the conclusion of the Mexican war that, as a nation, we appreciated that importance of our Pacific possessions, which their location then, and wealth since, have so fully entitled them to. In 1837, a territorial organization was given to Oregon, and on the conclusion of the Mexican war we gave to California a military government, preparatory to affording her the civil machinery which, during a period of fourteen years, has worked smoothly and efficiently for her own interests, and the nation's advancement.

The exploration of Fremont that had preceded our difficulties with Mexico, all tended to show that the great chain of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains interposed themselves as great physical barriers to such an extent, that a journey across the continent was only to be made at the risk of comfort, privation, difficulty, if not life itself; and it was natural to suppose that when the first gold discoveries were made, attracting to their workings thousands of hardy miners, that some route fraught with fewer discomforts and difficulties would be sought, by which its population could be largely added to, and by which their various wants would be supplied.

The route *via* Cape Horn was, of course, the first thought of and the first traveled,

but the length of the journey and the loss of time all determined upon the nearer and better route of the Isthmus of Panama and Nicaragua; and for four years did a wave of population, concentrating from all quarters of the globe, flow over this narrow neck of land, *en route* to that new El Dorado, the importance of which is marvellous, and which increases as time advances. But though these lines were had and traveled, our wants were far from being subserved; and the question how to reach them in the safest, best and shortest time was discussed, until the discussion eventuated in a resolve on the part of the General Government to explore the entire continent from the Mississippi to the Pacific, to discover a practicable route for a railroad line to supply this desideratum. From this date, my own connection with the exploration of our Northwest interior, which, continued as it has been for the greater portion of the last ten years, has familiarized me somewhat with the geography of the Northwest Pacific, and which, in no spirit of disparagement to other sections, is, in my judgment, destined to occupy an important place in the growing interests of our nation.

Captain Mullan was connected with the expedition under the late General Isaac S. Stevens, in exploration of the route for a Northern route for the Pacific Railroad, and set forth many interesting incidents therein, which, at a future day, we may lay before our readers. We cannot, however, omit quoting that, during his explorations in the Winter of 1853, his attention was specially called to one fact—"A meteorological phenomenon as useful now as it was then, which is destined to have a most marked bearing in the future settlement and development of the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. It is what I have termed an atmospheric river of heat. I first noticed this feature in the Beaver Head Valley, on the Jefferson Fork, a region which to-day is being rapidly peopled by a hardy, thrifty class of miners, and which point in time is destined to be a marked geographical and populous centre." This river of heat seems to begin somewhere southwest of the Black Hills in Nebraska,

and coursing along the eastern base of the Wind River Mountains, crossing the tributaries of the Upper Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, reaching the main chain of the Rocky Mountains in latitude forty-six degrees, and longitude one hundred and thirteen degrees, then crossing the range follows the Hellsgate River to the Clark's Forks of the Columbia, and thence along the valley of this tributary, till it diffuses itself in a fan-like shape on the plains of the Columbia. Its width is from one mile to two hundred miles, depending upon the configuration and character of the face of the country over which it passes.

It warms up the entire eastern slope of the mountains, giving this region pleasant and genial Winters. I have more than once asked: Why the name of the Wind River Mountains in this section of the general Rocky Range? Has it arisen from the presence of this marked wind or Wind River of heat, or from some other cause? The Wind River Range rising from the Laramie Plains in latitude forty-two and a-half degrees, and longitude one hundred and nine degrees, where it has an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea, trends northwestwardly as a curvilinear wall, with its concavity turned towards the northeast, gaining in altitude, till it has attained at Fremont's Peak an elevation of thirteen thousand feet. Its altitude falls off gradually, till in latitude forty-five degrees, it has an elevation of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

This atmospheric river of heat courses along this range, and in its passage traverses a region where are located a number of hot sulphur springs, and where exists on the Big Horn River a coal oil spring, similar in all respects to the coal oil springs of Western Pennsylvania. This phenomenon, I say, is as curious as it is useful, in pointing out a new route of travel, and passing, as it does, over a region capable of settlement, already locates upon our chart of the settlements of the Rocky Mountains a line of population from Fort Laramie to the head waters of the Columbia River. When it is remembered what marvelous results and conclusions have been arrived at, and what deductions made in the study of the

isothermal laws, which are here especially and distinctly marked, we shall not be surprised, at no distant date, to be enabled to trace a line of settlement from the valley of the Platte to the plains of the Columbia, with a people holding kindred views, filling kindred occupations, and aiming at a kindred destiny.

The duty imposed on Capt. Mullan by the government, of making the explorations referred to in the head of this article, was commenced in the Spring of 1858, and was completed in the Fall of 1863, a period of five years. He says:—

In its prosecution we were compelled to pass three winters on the road. Our line from the main Columbia sought for its location the valley of the tributaries of that stream, as far as their position lent themselves to our proposed direction, till reaching the summits of the Rocky Mountains, traversing which we crossed the tributaries of the Missouri, following along its northern bank until we reached the head of steam navigation on that stream at Fort Benton. The country through which we traveled for two hundred miles, is a high rolling prairie, or table land, two thousand feet above the level of the sea. When we reach the western foot slopes of the Bitter Foot Range, or as it is termed by some, the Coeur d'Alene Mountains, we find ourselves in this bed of mountains for three hundred miles, following lines of water courses, and making practicable locations wherever natural ones did not offer. Crossing the main chain of the Rocky Mountains in latitude forty-seven degrees, we take advantage of the minor and lower spurs of the Main Range, and at once enter upon the broad swelling prairies or plains of the Missouri. The line of location as traveled by us is as follows:

On leaving the Columbia at Wallula, or Old Fort Walla Walla, we pass up the valley of Walla Walla to the New Fort; thence to Dry Creek; thence to the Touchet; thence to Snake River, at the mouth of the Palouse; thence along its valley to the Coeur d'Alene Lake; thence to the Coeur d'Alene Mission; thence to the St. Regis Borgia, and by its valley to the Bitter Root; by its valley to the Hellsgate; by

its valley to the little Blackfoot; by its valley to Mullan's Pass; thence to the Big Prickly Pear; thence to Fir Creek; thence to Soft Bed, Silver and Willow Creek, and the Little Prickly Pear, to the Dearborn River; thence *via* Birdtail Rock to Sun River; thence *via* the Lake to Fort Benton.

The Missouri has its rise in longitude one hundred and twelve degrees, and in a line of seventeen degrees of latitude. In a distance of seven hundred miles this stream flows nearly due east, along the forty-eighth degree of north latitude; when reaching the one hundred and second meridian it trends south westwardly, and continues on this course till it has reached its reservoir, the Mississippi. It will, therefore, be seen at a glance, that the Rocky Mountains constitute the great heart of our interior, from which arteries and veins flow for thousands of miles, pulsating with life, activity and vigor, and upon the bosoms of which are floated the golden products of the bowels of the Rocky Range on the one side, and the rich offerings of Ceres on the other.

Any one who will study the geography of the North Pacific will observe this fact, that the Columbia is the only stream, which rising in the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, breaks through the coast range that extends from British Columbia to Mexico, and empties into the ocean; that its head waters and tributaries interlock with the head waters and tributaries of the Missouri; so that, standing on the summit of the mountains at any point, you can see the waters that flow into two oceans, and that nowhere on the continent do we find such a perfect network and ramification of watercourses as we find here. The large volume of water, giving off heat, as it does, must necessarily tend to temper the climate of the mountain valleys. This we find to be the case, as evinced in the uniformly mild and genial winter climate, where stock can graze on the side-hills in winter, without any forage being provided for them. Another feature that the geographer and explorer develops in this region is the infinite number of sheltered valleys found embosomed in the mountains. These valleys constitute the home and abiding places of the Indians, and promise to be important



nuclei in the settlement of the country. These valleys are all more or less connected together by natural wagon roads, and are already indeed being taken up by farmers and graziers.

The Missouri river is navigable for two thousand five hundred miles from its mouth. When we reach the great falls of that stream, there for thirteen miles the river, in a series of cascades, falls, chutes and rapids, has a total fall of three hundred and eighty feet. The land to the north, and for four or five miles back from the river, is much broken by coules and ravines, but to the south, and distant three miles, the country is a flat plain, affording every advantage for a first-class stage line, and over which a portage of seventeen miles can be had, when we reach the head of the falls, where the river is a broad, placid sheet, looks like a silvery lake. The banks here become low, fringed with cotton-wood, and from this point we can have one hundred and seventy-five miles of further navigation which will bring steamers near three thousand miles from St. Louis, and to the Beaver Head Valley in Idaho Territory.

The Yellowstone, one of the principal feeders or tributaries of the Missouri, is said to be navigable for nearly 700 miles. Capt. Maynadier, an energetic and capable officer, made a survey of this stream three years ago, and both he and General Warren, an old and efficient explorer in that region, are of the opinion that this large river is eminently practicable for steamers. Should this be the case, 700 additional miles will be added to the 3,000 miles stretch of the Missouri. There are a few tributaries to the main Missouri, where steamers might be used to advantage for short distances, and among others I would mention the Sun or Medicine River, the Jefferson Fork, and probably the Gallatin and Madison Forks of the Missouri.

The country bordering these last mentioned streams is among the most beautiful to be found west of the Mississippi. The country is a gently undulating prairie, dotted here and there with clumps of timber. All the streams are beautifully fringed with forest growth, the soil is rich, climate mild and invigorating, and all the elements

for happy homes are here to be found. Indeed, I do not speak my own experience alone, but that of all whose fortune it has been to traverse this great area, dating from the exploration of Lewis and Clark to the present period, and this experience is that no region in the far west offers such inducements to the farmer or grazier, or sites for more beautiful, pleasant, or healthful homes, than at the three forks of the Missouri River. When the entire country was a wilderness, and occupied solely by Indian bands, it was both folly and madness to suppose that permanent settlers would wend thither their way with a view of making homes, and especially when there was no market for the produce of the soil. But when the hardy miner had prospected the hidden golden resources of the bowels of the mountains, and made known the wealth of this new El Dorado in our midst, inducements of no ordinary character were offered the farmer and grazier. Numbers now constituted security, and the mines a market, until this great system of mountain valleys are to-day teeming with an industrious, energetic, and laborious population, and the newly organized territory of Idaho promises at no distant date to be incorporated as one of the Golden States of the Confederacy. The Columbia River is navigable with two portages, both made now by rail, for 450 miles from its mouth, where we reach its South Fork, which steamers have navigated as far as Lewiston, the proposed capital of Idaho, running from early spring to late winter, and the proposition is now on foot to add three hundred miles more to its navigation by running steamers as far as Fort Boise, for the double purpose of supplying a military post, which it is proposed to build there, as well as the mines recently discovered in its vicinity.

Many are sanguine that the project is feasible, and for one I have no doubt but that the experiment will be crowned with success. These streams are seldom blocked by ice, only during the severest winters, and then only for a short period, so that we might say we have a season of uninterrupted navigation. Many towns and villages have already sprung up along the rivers,

the principal one of which is Lewiston, named in honor of Captain Lewis, the pioneer explorer in 1804. It is rapidly increasing in wealth and importance, has a vigorous, industrious, and capable class of citizens, who have taken the lead in all those developments that look towards the early and rapid settlement of the country, and being the capital of the newly organized territory of Idaho, must at an early date be a city of note. In the interior we have the cities of Florence, Elk, Oro, Fino Pierce, Millersburg, Auburn, and Placerville, all nuclei in rich and extensive mining districts. On what we term the Upper Columbia we now have seven steamers running, all of which debark their freight at a landing on the Columbia, called Wallula, or Old Fort Walla Walla, from which point everything is freighted by wagons and pack trains into the very heart of the mountains. From a survey of the main Columbia, we are led to believe that with few portages this stream is navigable for many miles northward, probably to and beyond the 49th parallel of latitude. But as yet the mineral wealth in this quarter is so limited, so far as discovered, that not sufficient inducements exists for private enterprise to test the river by steam. The Oregon Steam Navigation Company is the pioneer steamboat company in this region, and deserve much credit for the bold and vigorous prosecution of all those projects that have so greatly added to the development and the wealth of the interior of the Pacific Slope. As soon as inducements shall offer, this company will have their steamers ploughing the waters of the main stem of the Columbia, even into British territory. The agricultural resources of many sections of the North Pacific, and especially in the interior, compare favorably with those of California, where everything would seem to grow under a climate so varied, that we find the grape and the orange blooming in sight of perpetual snow and ice. The Cascade Range of Mountains, which in Oregon and Washington are an extension of the Sierra Nevada, and Sierra Madre Mountains of California, run parallel to and distant from the ocean line about 300 miles, and rising to an altitude of 5,000 to 6,000 feet

above the level of the sea. This ridge or backbone of mountain system acts as an effective wall or barrier in the rainy season to throw back the moisture and rains, so as to give to the interior a totally different climate.

As is well known, we have all along the coast from the tropics to the North Pacific a wet and dry season, continuing each for six months. But this line of mountains rising to a higher altitude than the rain clouds, prevents the moisture from passing over to the interior plains of the Columbia, and the consequence is we have an equable and uniformly pleasant temperature during the entire year.

During the past spring the farmers at Walla Walla were ploughing on the 8th of February, and planting on the 15th of the same month—this in latitude 46 degrees north, while we in latitude 38 and 40 degrees were still blockaded by a long, dreary, and threatening winter, from which we have now only emerged. Wheat, oats, barley, and corn are here produced in rich abundance. Wheat 30 to 40 bushels to the acre, barley and oats the same, and corn 80 bushels to the acre. Apples, pears, and peaches here grow well, and both climate and soil would seem to favor the largest yields. Potatoes yield 400 to 600 bushels to the acre, and I have seen 800 grown. The market for all this produce at present is in the mines, where the demand is so great that California is called upon to supply that which the farmers do not produce.

The section of Oregon and Washington to the west of the coast range, with the exception of the meadow or prairie bottoms, is a dense forest, timbered with the fir, pine, and oak—the last being of a scattered and mostly scrubby growth, and not suited for or used in the mechanic arts, and hence one of the great commercial interests along the Columbia and Puget Sound is that of the timber trade. The lumber is shipped to China, Japan, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands. The finest spar and mast timber to be found in the world is here grown and shipped to all quarters of the globe. It is from here that the ship-yards of France and England are largely supplied with their spar-timber, and to all quarters of the globe

is a similar trade being rapidly built up, This, together with the great coal trade from Bellingham Bay, and the fishing interests of Puget Sound, is destined to render this great inland sea one of our richest possessions in the North Pacific. The agricultural scope of country bordering its waters is not large enough upon which to base large expectations ; but this interest, small though it be, when compared with others, must tend to swell the geographical importance of this great commercial door, through which eventually will pass the trade from the east and the isles of the Pacific to our Atlantic seaboard.

The country to the interior or between the Coast and the Rocky Range is more flat or prairie, and though it is not continuously cultivable, we find many agricultural areas, where every want of man can be supplied. There has existed a fallacy as to the true agricultural capacity of this quarter which exploration and examination have radically dissipated. This applies not only to the section west of the Rocky Mountains, but to a large area to the east of this range, and extending on both sides of our northern boundary.

In reading the reports of Captains Palisser, and Blackstone of the English Army, and that of Dr. Hector, the English Geologist, I noticed a remarkable feature to which they refer with special stress, and which they have delineated on the maps that accompany the reports of their explorations through the Saskatchewan county and the region lying between Lake Winnikeg and the Rocky Mountains.

Extending to the south of our boundry, they discovered a broad belt of fertile soil of the first quality, where the winters are represented as mild, and where the Hudson Bay Company have produced every crop grown in our Northwestern States. In one body Captain Palisser, an old and experienced traveler, estimated 11,000,000 acres of beautiful soil. I was astonished at the facts and figures as given in his report published by the House of Parliament three years ago. In conversing on the subject with Dr. Whittlesey, of Cincinnati, who has spent many years in the geological examinations of Northwestern states, he confirm-

ed the views entertained by these English travelers, and in giving me his conclusions of the agricultural capacity of this scope of country westward from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, he says, in a letter to me of the 23d March, 1863 :—The following is a succinct statement of my views in reference to the portions of the Western States to which we must look for a permanent supply of wheat. In the fall of 1848 I was at Red Lake in Northern Minnesota, when Mr. Ayres, a very intelligent missionary, came in from the British Settlements on Red River. He brought some unbolted flour from wheat grown upon the banks of that river, at the Pembina Settlement. It was the sweetest and most nutritious flour I ever ate. He stated that the employees of the Hudson Bay Company had for a quarter of a century produced all the wheat they needed, that it was a sure crop, the grain sound, and that it would yield 40 bushels to the acre. The result of my examinations at that time on our northern frontiers, was a conviction that the true wheat-growing country of the United States lies north of the St. Peter's River, and west of the Mississippi. Since then the State of Minnesota has settled rapidly, and in confirmation of my views to the Commissioners of Statistics for the State reported, in 1860, that there was then a surplus of (3,000,000) three millions of bushels of wheat.

The agricultural statistics of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin show that wherever corn is a thriving crop, wheat is a diminishing one.

In Europe, wheat is more profitable and sure in those counties where it is too cold for Indian corn. On this continent, I am convinced that the territory north of our boundary, including the valley of the Saskatchewan river and Lake Winnipeg, is destined to be a region of wheat. I have sometimes thought, if Great Britain covets the Cotton States, we might make a bargain by exchanging them for this great field for the cereals, to which our people would emigrate in great numbers if it was ours.

It will not be long in the future when wheat will be as much more powerful than cotton as food is more necessary than rai-

ment. Though I do not fully coincide with the Doctor in reference to his rate of exchange or the feasibility of the barter, yet I do think that in the settlement of our north boundary question we actually gave away what the Doctor would now barter back, and that in this adjustment we were in a great measure shorn of our territorial heritage.

In case of a war with our neutral friends, we may yet be enabled to send them bread-stuffs raised from a soil where the English flag now floats in triumph.

With a Russian civilization on one side and an American civilization on the other, the day cannot be far distant when this territorial sandwich will be devoured by the one or the other, or jointly, at the great feast-table of national necessity.

The map of the region would also show another feature, which, in the gradual settlement of the country both by Americans and Englishmen, must play an important part in the commercial economy of the interior of the Northwest Pacific. This is the number of large and navigable rivers, which, rising in the Rocky Mountains, pour their tribute eastward, near our own boundary, and finally find their reservoir in Hudson's Bay. The principal of these is the Saskatchewan, with its two main fork rising in the main range, and flowing with navigable stretches for near two thousand miles. These rivers, with a proper system of connection by locks and canals with the chain of great lakes to their east, would give us water communication from the St. Lawrence to the very bases of the Rocky Mountains, and is a project worthy the earliest and earnest attention of those who would connect New York with China and Japan by a route across our own continent.

The field explored by Palisser and Blackstone connects with our own, and hence in my general map, now on exhibition, I have extended my limits sufficiently far northward to include, partially at least, their new and interesting field of labors.

The principal object of the exploration of these gentlemen, which was inaugurated in a measure under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, was to dis-

cover, if practicable, a route for a railroad line to the Pacific, in order to connect West British Columbia with the Canadas. Their labors, though enlarging greatly the field of Geographical Science, failed in developing the feasibility of such a route; the physical difficulties of the country drove them nearer our boundary than they expected to travel, and finally compelled them to cross it, in order to reach the Pacific, thus proving conclusively that no pass exists in the Rocky Mountains where the iron rail will be laid north of the forty-ninth degree; if there was a pass in the main range, the spurs and mountains to the west of this range are so broken and difficult as to preclude the possibility of a direct route to the ocean. Those who will study the geography at the head waters of the Columbia River will not fail to observe this marked feature, that for many miles from its sources in the mountains, the principal fork of the Columbia rising in British Columbia, flows along the bases of the mountains first northwardly, till finding a practicable gateway through the mountain defiles, flows southwardly as an immense canal, and in echelon, and it is only after crossing our northern boundary that the physical character of the country enables it to tread westwardly towards the Pacific, which it does through the natural gateway of the cascade portage, the keys of which, fortunately, are in our own possession.

Outside of their agricultural capacities, our North Pacific possessions attracted but very little attention until 1858; at this time much to the surprise of even experienced miners, gold discoveries were made on Frazer's River, in British Columbia, that attracted to them large numbers of miners from California and Oregon. The country was but little known; there was little disposition to explore, outside of the immediate gold localities; in addition to all other troubles, the Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company expired just at the time, and the project under discussion before the English Parliament, was either to renew the charter of this company, or to give a colonial organization to British Columbia. While the matter was involved in discussion, and all action was kept in abey-

ance, the disposition of the Hudson's Bay Company was to deter miners, and especially Americans, from either prospecting or entering the country.

The friends of the Colonial project succeeded; British Columbia was organized, and the country thrown open to settlement both to Englishmen and Americans. The door of settlement once opened, the hardy miners from California and Oregon ramified in every direction, until the mines were thoroughly prospected and worked; until steamers ploughed every navigable stretch of water; until wagon roads and stage lines were in successful operation; until villages, towns and cities reared their heads in the wilderness; until Victoria became a free port and a rival of San Francisco, and Vancouver's Island about to become a golden possession to the English Government; and British Columbia bids fair to-day to become our peaceful friend and ally, or our dangerous enemy and neighboring foe.

It was while the subject of routes of travel to and from these mines was being discussed, that a shorter and more economical route of travel to them was found—it was while the miners were passing to and fro across the British border in 1858, that gold discoveries were first made in Washington Territory, on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains, and on the minor tributaries of the Columbia. The miners worked these localities until hostile bands of Indians drove them off, and they were compelled to search in quest of new discoveries. Gold continued to be found in 1859 and 1860 along the Upper Columbia and its tributaries, and in the summer of 1860 the first gold discoveries were made in the Nez Percés mines, on the western slopes of the Bitter Root Mountains, by a party under captain Pierce. These mines were worked until 1861, when the miners in their prospecting tours discovered the Salmon river mines, and continued their search over the mountains until they have successively discovered and are now working gold mines on the John Day Powder River, Grand Ronde River, Burnt River, Boise River, Fayette River, Salmon River and Clearwater River, all on the western slope of the Bitter Root Mountains. In and on the

east slope of the Bitter Root Mountains my party had found gold as early as 1853, but not in sufficient quantities to warrant parties working the mines. Discoveries were again made in 1860, and in the summer and autumn of 1861 for the first time did the miners feel authorized to go extensively into mining operations. It was not long, however, before we found parties out prospecting in all directions, and now mines are being successfully worked in the Deer Lodge Valley, Beaver Head Valley, Big Hole Valley, and the Prickly Pear Valley, at the head-waters of the Columbia and Missouri rivers. It would be safe to say that we have a population of 50,000 men now engaged in developing the wealth of these mines, the annual yield from which may be safely estimated at \$20,000,000. As yet no traces of silver have been discovered, but when we compare the features of the great interior basin of the Columbia with those of the Colorado, we are so forcibly struck with the many elements of similarity between the two, that we make bold in saying that what we have discovered in the one, we have a right to anticipate discovering in the other.

Though it has pleased many persons, for reasons which I am not charitable enough to think were even satisfactory to themselves, to term the great plain of the Columbia River an immense desert, I am still sanguine to believe that in this same plain or so-called desert we shall find as rich a wealth as the desert of Colorado is now sending forth to the commercial world. This desert, and the river flowing through it, for its agricultural capacities alone has been favorably compared by Judge Edmonds, of the General Land Office, to the Nile, the enriching influence of which has made Egypt the granary of the East since the earliest period of man. In its primeval days twenty millions of people dwelt in that region, and tilled its spacious and fatty acres. These people did not limit themselves to what Nature had done for them, but by a mighty system of irrigation, which even invaded the Lybian desert, rescued from the dominion of burning sands extensive tracts of country, making them arable by throwing upon them enriching waters,

which the industry of man effected through canals, lakes, and aquaries, some a hundred miles in length, and counted by hundreds and thousands. Their fertilizing power, as stated by Edmonds, is shown in the fact that under the Pharaohs, the rule of the Ptolemies, Roman or Mohammedan, Egypt has paid even as a colonial dependency immense tributes to the support of its people and their arbitrary rulers. The memorials of its triumphs still exist. Its piles of architecture, covering acres and rising to the clouds—its avenues of sphynxes, colossal figures and archways—are there. We have a right, therefore, to take a lesson from the past, and for one I am fain to believe that what has proved true in regard to Egypt and the Nile, will prove equally true of California and Colorado—of Washington Territory and the Columbia—and that we shall yet see a bold, numerous, thrifty, wealthy population peopling the vast area lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast line. In our exploration through the mountains we discover other minerals besides gold. We find the red hematite iron ore, traces of copper and plumbago. Then along the main Bitter Root River we also find iron ore. Also along the Clark's Fork. Lead for miles is found along the Kootenay River. Coal is found at the Three Buttes, sixty miles northwest of Fort Benton, and it is also said to be found on the Clearwater River. It is also traced throughout the length of the Missouri River. We find limestone in great abundance in the Rocky Mountains, on the head-waters of the Columbia, and on the Little Blackfoot. Also on the Hellgate, the Clearwater and Touchet Rivers, iron pyrites were found at many localities, and I am sanguine to believe that when the mountains are thoroughly explored we shall find the mineral wealth of this region to compare favorably with that discovered in California and Nevada. This singular feature would seem to hold both in the Rocky, Sierra Nevada, and Cascades ranges, that on both slopes of the mountains we find similar mineral deposits at the same altitudes above the level of the sea. The Indians on the head-waters of the Missouri have reported the existence of cinnabar, and

from the reports made by General Lander ten years ago, I am sanguine to believe that we may look for rich quicksilver mines on both slopes of the Rocky Mountains, in the regions where the gold mines are being now opened.

Captain Mullan continued :

The first printing press introduced on the Pacific, within the limits of our possessions, was brought thither in 1836, by a missionary of the name of Spalding, and put in operation among the Nez Perces Indians, in the new territory of Idaho. A log hut still stands to mark the place and spot dedicated to the diffusion of knowledge. Flowers bloom about the cabin, trees of his own planting here yield their delicious fruits. Since that date how the press has advanced in power on the Pacific coast ! Throughout its length and breadth sheets of light now gleam, and its voice, weak and feeble then, but mighty and powerful now, is heard not only in the cabin of the the pioneer, wherein the as yet unbroken forest the smoke curls up to Heaven, but in the Cabinet Council of the Nation our Chief Magistrate is forced to catch its notes from that distant shore. But change has not only stamped the press, but has invaded the lethargy of all nature in her deep sleep, even down in the very bowels of the hoary-headed mountain. The waters, on the bosom of which the canoe of the savage yesterday quietly glided, are to-day vexed by the prows of heavily freighted steamers, as they plough and furrow their depths of blue ; the farm blossoms in the valley, the rude hut erects its head to dot the entire land, and the woodman's axe is heard in the primeval forest ; villages, towns, and cities have sprung up, as if by magic, and the visible fruits of the invisible alchemist surround us on every side. From every harbor and roadstead, from every inlet and indenture along the coast, the white sails of commerce are spreading their pinions to the breeze, and where yesterday stood bare, bleak, brown sandhills, with the rude village of Yerba Buena as their pride, to-day rises a cupolaed city, with a hundred thousand beating hearts to give new life to a region redolent with the songs of thrift

and plenty, rising from the waters of a majestic bay, at the threshold of a golden gate, wearing a coronet upon her brow, adorned with jewels gathered from the beds of her own rivers and creeks, and glittering with gems plucked from the bowels of her own noble Sierras. Glorious, Golden State, vigorous and active, healthful and generous, young and ambitious, with one hand laying the iron track on which to send you her trade and her treasure, and with the other stretching her commerce across the seas, to grasp the glittering and opulent wealth of the Indies and the East. May thy future be as great as thy past has been poetical, and may thy sons and daughters be proud to own thee for so noble a mother!

But we are not dependent exclusively upon the press for our intelligence from the East; for the telegraph having placed New York and Oregon under the same meridian in point of time, we find the thought, as uttered to-day in Wall street, printed in the *Pacific Bulletin* by to-morrow's sun. The telegraph to us is now a material necessity, and already are we extending our lines northward, and the next movement will be to connect Puget Sound and the mining localities in the eastern section of Washington and Oregon, thus preparing the way for the Russian connection, which must some day be *un fait accompli*. St. Petersburg and San Francisco will then hold their matinees, and their friends at the Aleutian islands affords a resting spot for the conferences of Russia and America. This once accomplished, San Francisco will contend with New York for the mastery of the intelligence of the world; for already, by political antagonists, she is pronounced the brain of or cerebral centre of the earth, where all the terrestrial nerves report to be re-distributed. London and Paris will be but ten days distant. Hence, if it is not so now, it must soon become to us a fixed necessity. It can no more be permanently destroyed, when once completed in a circuit around the globe, than the grown oak can be crowded back into the acorn. The long anticipated luxury, once enjoyed, becomes a necessity that must needs be gratified.

Among the marked features found in the

wilderness region of the Rocky Mountains, one will not fail to note that of the presence of the Catholic missions, established for the benefit of the Indians. These establishments so many St. Bernards in the dreary mountains, dispense their kindness and hospitalities not only among the Indians, in whose midst the Cross has been thus erected, but to the weary traveler and emigrant, as he wends his way to the shores of the distant western ocean. These noble fathers have resided in the country for nearly half a century, endeavoring to reclaim the Indian from the wild nomadic life which seems to be a part of his very being. Though the efforts of these zealous Jesuits have been great and untiring, I regret that the results of their labors have been as few as they have. The Indian has but seldom appreciated the poetry that surrounds the erection of the Cross in the wilderness, for the salvation of man. His life is devoted to the material things of this world, and drinks in no poetry from the teachings of the Gospel. When the buffalo shall cease to give him sustenance, the Indian will disappear from the face of the Continent, and live only in the records of the past.

Though the field of our exploration was mostly confined to the Rocky Mountain system proper, still there was a large area east of the mountains which it fell to our lot to explore, and though here and there large tracts of good soil were to be found, fit for cultivation, yet the major part of the soil lying between the Missouri and the North and the Big Horn River is an immense bed of *mauvaises terres* unfit for cultivation, and upon which for miles nature does not smile with either a tree or a shrub, and where not even a blade of grass seems disposed to grow. This tract begins to the North of the Niobrara in Nebraska, and continues to the Yellowstone, and westward to the more eastern spurs of the Wind River Mountains, and is now and ever will be unsuited to the habitation of man. Though this region acts as a break to the continuous settlement and population of the country, yet it does not act as a barrier to a direct communication to the Pacific from the Northwestern States.

In the study of this region, I have been

forced to the conclusion that our best Northern route across the continent would be to start out from Lake Superior and take a line direct from Fort Clark on the Missouri and thence to the Valley of the Yellowstone, and to follow this valley to its sources in the Rocky Mountains, and thence cross the range either by the Valley of the Jefferson Fork and Deer Lodge, or *via* Salmon River and the South Fork of the Columbia. A very special examination, however, should be made *via* this route, and its feasibilities practically determined. The geography of the country would seem to point this line out as feasible, and passing as it does through the mineral regions of the central sections of the Rocky Mountains, would become one of the most agricultural and mineral development. When the question is to be determined what route it is best to follow in order to reach the North Pacific by means of the iron rail, this region will occupy a large share of the attention of the railroad world. For one, I have always contended that the Valley of the Columbia should not be ignored in any line of location that should seek the Pacific; its position and the great mineral resources now found along its head waters, all warrant us in thinking that either this valley will enjoy an independent northern route, or be the location for a branch to the present central line from St. Louis to Sacramento, and when the beautiful broad entrance to the Puget Sound, with its magnificent proportions of an inland sea, are compared with the difficult entrance of the Columbia, where lines of breakers as monsters of the deep, stand as sentinels at its portals, to contest our right to its navigation, we are forced to the conclusion that a branch line from the Columbia River to Puget Sound must be established at no distant date, even at the risk of a difficult two miles tunnel through the Cascade Mountains. In reference to our connection with California direct, it is only a question of time, and not one of cost or feasibility. When Sacramento will be connected with the Columbia by a line of seven hundred miles of rail, a line so located will pass through a rich region of the Sacramento Valley, and through the extensive mineral

districts of North California and South Oregon, and tap the rich and large agricultural valley of the Willamette River, where we have the largest bodies of agricultural land to be found on the Pacific, where tracts of from one thousand to eleven thousand acres are under cultivation. One of the largest of these is to be found in the Sacramento Valley at the estate of Major Bidwell, where grain is reaped, not by the acre nor by the mile, but by the league. His estate is in fact the beautiful village of Chico, where in rural wealth and in rural simplicity live a happy and contented people, all more or less supported by the means of this bachelor millionaire, whose residence is one of those beautiful architectural gems hid away amid shrubs, trees, orchards and forests, as if to avoid the gaze of him whose residence is of crowded cities, and is almost unworthy to breathe the sweet perfume of a region where such bowers grow. I do not know him, but may such a noble almoner long live to dispense heaven's bounties to a people who love him for the liberal and generous manner in which he shares his wealth with those not similarly blessed.

In a word, on the Pacific are found all the natural elements for the happiest homes, and it is only the long distance and dangers of reaching them that have deterred many from making it their permanent homes, and especially during our political and civil troubles. As yet the waves of civil discord have not reached that distant land; but on the contrary, with few exceptions, the spirit of unity and brotherly affection seems to bind the people together.

Oregon and California are among the youngest sisters of the Confederacy, but none the less zealous and devoted to all those constitutional measures which are deemed vital to the perpetuity of the liberties of the Nation, and the day that civil war shall invade her soil will be as sad to the nation as it will prove disastrous to herself. Our population is as proud and bold as they are free and generous, and knowing their rights in all things, in all things will maintain them. Political charity has been to us a social necessity; populated as we are from every quarter of the globe, where the Chinaman, with all his



uncouthness, dines side by side with the French voyageur with all his innate mannerisms, or the burly Englishman, with his peculiar views of elegance and gentility; and hence where so many heterogeneous elements exist to so harmonize them, that political homogeneity shall result, has been a problem which could not have been solved, had not political charity existed to a happy degree. May the older States take a lesson from the younger, so that in our present troubles a broad, Christian, and political charity may yet bring us safely out of our political war.

To me the study of the geography and resources of the North Pacific States and territories has been one of mingled pleasure and satisfaction, and no one, be his profession what it may, can pass over this region without experiencing a thrill of pride in seeing what energy and capital have accomplished during the past fourteen years of its occupancy; and even now picture in imagination what the next fourteen years may produce, would almost lay me liable to such a doubtful criticism that I forbear to enter upon a theme so pregnant with interest; suffice it to say, let those who have never traveled through this interesting region, make once at least the journey, if time and means be theirs, and see for themselves pleasant homes and well-tilled fields, grand mountains and useful rivers, forests of orchards, and oceans of grain, miles of sluice-boxes and tons of gold, and the beauty of a region reclaimed from the wilderness, and now enlivened by the merry songs of industry, contentment, and thrift; or if they prefer to view a region not yet subjugated to the uses of man, or the sites of his happy home, let him traverse the Rocky Mountains, and see them clad in all their noble grandeur. Where the primeval forest has never yet heard the woodman's axe; where the deer, the bear, the buffalo and elk, alone claim a residence; where Nature has erected her temples far from the presence of man, and where natural religion is breathed in every visible element of her solitudes; and if in the study of either picture here found, he is not well paid for all the toil and expense of his journey, the fault will certainly be his, and not the

bounties of generous Nature, who, with a liberal, lavish hand, has spread so many pictures of the grand and beautiful in this distant region, nor yet the fault of the inhabitants by the wayside, who by culture and improvement have framed these pictures in gilded casements, and where contentment and happiness are the visible garments in which everything would seem to be enrobed. Here the church and schoolhouse have erected their steeples, the barometers of the morality and intelligence of the people, and where warm, generous hearts bid a welcome to the residents of a clime where civilization boasts other, though no more worthy monuments. These people have gone forth to plant your outposts on the Pacific, and keep sentinel over your commerce that extends to the Indies; they have gone forth amid difficulties and dangers that have made many sturdy hearts hesitate, to there found for you new, permanent and peaceful homes. Be to them kind and generous, and extend to them the right hand of social and political charity; join them in their pride and boast, that as the Atlantic has given birth to New York, an elder commercial emporium that looks towards the marts of the Old World, that the Pacific claims the parentage of the younger New York in the golden City of San Francisco, the commercial window of which looks out upon the ports of China and Japan, that until to-day have been closed to the world, and we shall ever cherish the hope that as the elder and younger sisters, we may be seen linked in bonds of peace, friendship, and commercial unity.

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LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS received from the PACIFIC COAST, by the U. S. Sanitary Commission, to December 1st, 1864:

California, . . . . .	\$1,030,402 73
Oregon, . . . . .	64,731 02
Nevada Territory, . . . . .	95,761,01
Washington " . . . . .	20,449 92
Idaho " . . . . .	5,301 31
Colorado " . . . . .	1,025 00
Vancouver's Island, . . . . .	2,195 61
	\$1,219,866 60

GEO. T. STRONG,  
Treas. U. S. San. Com.

## OUR EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

WE wish with all our heart, gentle reader, that we were able to say, in this our first number of the *PACIFIC MONTHLY*, that our editorial drawers were full to overflowing with good things for this department. But, alas! we are afraid that, were we to say so, we would be mistaken. We know that you will bear lightly with us until our next, when we promise such a dish of excellencies as will satisfy the most fastidious palate.

Christmas has come and gone, and though we have always been one among those who, during these jovial holidays that "come but once a year," throw dull care to the wind and make merry; still this Christmas, we have seen others luxuriating while we sought solace and consolation in revising, correcting, and re-arranging for the first number of the *GAZLEY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY*. We hope that you all have had a fine time, and will live to see and enjoy a hundred returns of the day. We hope that *Santa Claus*, that dear old friend of the children, has been bountiful in his gifts this Christmas, and that all the little ones have found their stockings sufficiently loaded with "goodies," as to satisfy them for the next twelve months; and we also trust, and fervently too, that ere the glorious old days shall again roll round, peace, joyful peace, may be restored throughout our distracted country, and that the old flag, with all its stars and stripes, may again wave proudly over the entire country, from the mountains of Maine to the shores of the Pacific; that the heat of party strife may cease, and wisdom and statesmanship govern the minds of our public servants; and that the whole country may unite in one voice: "Peace on earth and good-will towards men."

**THE P. G. OF THE C. C. AND THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.**—Among the many humorous things from the army, the best we have heard is one related of a certain pious gentleman connected with that good and worthy institution, the Christian Commission, which is to this effect: The P. G. of the C. C. was on a visit to the hospitals near Yorktown, giving consolation and courage to the poor fellows who had been wounded, or taken ill while in the trenches before Richmond. Seeing one soldier who seemed to be almost dying, the good man approached him, and after inquiring as to his disease, he in a most pious and feeling manner beseeched the dying man to resign himself to his fate, and to ask forgiveness for his sins, and closed the exhortation by asking him if he knew who his Heavenly Father was? This was too much for the exhausted condition of the wounded hero's

intellect, and with a look of the most perfect astonishment and contempt, after viewing the pious pilgrim from head to foot, he exclaimed in a feeble, sickly voice, "Well, now, aint this a purty time to be askin' a feller *conundrums!*" The P. G. of the C. C. has returned home, and laments the demoralizing tendencies of camp life.

**AGRICULTURE OF CALIFORNIA.**—The opinion of most agriculturists in California has been that from the peculiar richness of the soil in organic and inorganic components, it might be cultivated for a long time without amendments. They have overlooked, however, that many soils in the North have originally been of similar characters. Thus the average crop of wheat forty years ago in New York State was thirty-five bushels to the acre, and those of the Genesee and Mohawk valleys over forty bushels. The average crop of the State at this time is less than ten bushels, and of those valleys less than fifteen bushels per acre. The average crop of wheat of Ohio thirty years since was forty bushels to the acre, and of the rich Miami valley, a still greater rate. The official report of that State shows the present crop to average less than eleven bushels per acre. The same causes must produce the same effects, and California is neglecting the lesson taught by her older sisters. Fertilizing materials in California are not properly husbanded, and, a proper system should be immediately adopted. We intend that our journal shall collate from the experience of the world all those mechanical treatment of soils which will maintain them steadily and untiringly at their present status of excellence, and which, while they clearly explain the rationale of the action of natural laws, as occurring in the processes of under-draining and subsoiling, plowing at the same time, tend materially to lessen the cost of cultivation, which must be of the greatest importance in a country where labor is so high-priced. The improvements of the last three years in agricultural implements, has been very great, and even the English colonies in Australia, Cape of Good Hope, &c., get their supplies from the United States. With these new implements the California growers should be intimate, and we are now having prepared exact engravings of all agricultural novelties of merit. We have engaged the assistance of some of the best practical and scientific agriculturists of the North, one of which at least is thoroughly intimate with the peculiar wants of California, and perfectly capable of writing a series of articles sufficiently popular in their character to be generally useful.

Among the very first proofs of the dawn of civilization in the Sandwich Islands, the erection of a temporary gallows may be mentioned. The occasion is worth relating. The crime of murder was committed by two of the natives on a Spanish sailor merely for the sake of the clothes he wore. They were apprehended immediately after, and confined in a "corral," from whence one of them contrived to escape. They were at first at a loss how to deal with the remaining culprit, but finally were persuaded by the missionaries to proceed according to European law. A gallows thereupon was constructed. It consisted of a rope extending from one cocoanut tree to another, and to the centre was attached a block through which was rove the halter by which the criminal was to be drawn up by the natives. The man was brought to trial under the gallows, where the chiefs and native missionaries were assembled. While these were deliberating and doubting the propriety of hanging him, the natives anxious to witness for the first time so novel a spectacle, put the noose adroitly over his head and saved the judges all further trouble of a trial by running him up amid the loud acclamations of those assembled. Some time after this his accomplice, thinking that all was forgotten, ventured to return from his place of concealment to his own hut. He, too, was apprehended, and again confined. Weeks and months elapsed in consultation and in palavers, what to do with him. The chiefs could not be made to understand why two men should suffer for the murder of one, and ultimately the man was set at liberty. From that day to this the gallows became a permanent institution as a means of punishment at the Sandwich Islands. The missionaries were the first to inaugurate the death penalty for murder, by hanging. On the Pacific, many years before the Mexicans in California, or the South Americans, had ever heard of such a thing, clubbing the culprit to death among the Islanders, and shooting among the Anglo-Spaniards, were, and among the latter continues to be, the favorite method of punishment.

A WESTERN editor, not noted for his brilliancy, says that he "would rather put questions than respond to them." He is perhaps right. He has probably read that fools may ask questions, but that it takes wise men to answer.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, in a recent sermon, told the Mormons that it was more important to raise saints than to raise crops. No doubt he thinks it the more agreeable husbandry of the two.

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know whether fat men are not more kind and compassionate than lean ones. Perhaps they are, as a general rule, but all bowels are not bowels of compassion.

STATEMENT of the number of Passengers and the amount of Treasure transported by the Panama Railroad Company from January 1855 to October, 1864, nine years and nine months. Number of Passengers, 313,533. Amount of Treasure, to New York, \$288,430,109 54 : amount of Treasure, to Europe, \$219,374,047 73 ; Total, \$507,804,157 27.

### A W A R B L A S T .

Didn't it blow last night,  
Didn't the rain pour down ?  
Didn't the pavements get well washed,  
Throughout the filthy town ?  
O, my, oh !  
Didn't it blow, and rain, and snow ?  
Didn't it, though ?  
*Well, it did !*

Didn't the women run ?  
Didn't they scream with fright ?  
Didn't the shutters slap and bang  
Through all the livelong night ?  
O, my, oh !  
Didn't it blow, and rain, and snow ?  
Didn't it, though ?  
*I'll bet you !*

Didn't the police swear ?  
Didn't they stay in the house ?,  
Didn't they until the morning  
Keep shady as a mouse ?  
O, my, oh !  
Didn't it blow, and rain, and snow ?  
Didn't it, though ?  
*I rather guess !*

Didn't it do great good ?  
Didn't grow the grass ?  
Didn't the price of butter go  
To fifty cents ?—alas !  
O, my, oh !  
Didn't it blow, and rain, and snow ?  
Didn't it, though ?  
*You'd better believe it so !*

Didn't it aid recruits !  
Didn't it aid the cry  
"On to Richmond, now, my boys,  
And things wont be so high."  
O, my, oh !  
Didn't it blow, and rain, and snow ?  
Didn't it, though ?  
*That's so !*

A GENTLEMAN having a horse that ran away and broke his wife's neck, was told by a neighbor that he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," said the wretch, "I intend to marry again myself."

We have heard of men celebrating their country's battles, who, in war, were celebrated for keeping out of them.

A FRIEND of ours, not the mutual friend we portrayed in a late novel, but an occasional companion whom we meet in our wanderings and driftings about in every-day life, thus attempts to explain the origin of the habit of touching glasses in drinking—of course, we mean lemonade or ice water.

He says:

"One branch of my ancestry was Scotch, and devoted adherents of Charles Stuart. While a boy, my father possessed a heavy cut and thrust, basket-hilted sword, which one of the Richardson family, my father's maternal ancestor, had used at Culloden. From him this tradition descended to the family, as to touching glasses.

"When, after the failure of the expedition of the so-called Pretender, Prince Charles, in 1715, that Prince crossed to France, his supporters were beset with spies on every hand, it frequently happened that they were placed in situations when they could not with safety refuse to respond to the common toast, 'The health of the King.' It was understood between the faithful that when the King was drank, it was the 'King o'er the water;' and, to express this symbolically, one glass was passed over another. This, in time, was modified in the silent touching of glasses. In the lower part of South Carolina, and in Virginia, generally settled with cavaliers, the habit has prevailed and spread wherever their descendants have gone in the South and West. It is the habit of men to-day in drinking to touch glasses invariably, but I have never known the custom explained by any one else. You may rely upon this being its true exposition."

OUR citizens have by this time learned many new war phrases, but the new order recently issued by General Grant has been construed as follows:

"On tu Richmond," that's tu say, if the kussed rebels will allow it'

"Parallel lines," are them kind of lines that never cum together.

"Militara necessita"—ten offishers and a galon of whiski to every three privates.

"Onluce the dogs of war;" but muzzle the darn kriters; if you don't, somebody will get hurt.

"War of Exterminiashun"—this fraze belongs holey tu the Kommissara Department.

"Advance Gard"—this is a gard tha hav tu hav in our army, tu keep our fellers from pitchin in tu the enema fruntwards.

"Rere Gard"—this is a gard that hav tu keep our fellers, when tha are surrounded, from pitchin in tu the enema backwards.

"Awl quiet on the Pottermuek"—this shows what perfect subjekshun our fellers are under.

"Pickets"—these are chaps that are sent out tu borry turbakker of the enema, and tu see if the kussed rebels has got a pass.

Two persons who had not seen each other for some time met accidentally, and one asked the other how he did. The other replied that he was very well, and had married since they had last seen each other.

"That is good news, indeed," said the first.

"Nay," replied the other, "not so very good either, for I married a shrew."

"That is bad."

"Not so very bad neither, for I had ten thousand dollars with her."

"Ha! that makes it all well again."

"Not so well as you think, for I laid out the money on a flock of sheep, and they died of the rot."

"That was hard, truly."

"Not so bad neither, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me."

"You were lucky, at any rate."

"Not so lucky as you think, for I bought a house with the money, and the house burned down uninsured."

"That, indeed, must have been a great loss."

"Not so great a loss, I assure you, for my wife was burnt with it."

#### "HOW IS GOLD TO-DAY?"

THERE was a time when if we met

A friend upon the street,  
He talked on common themes—the war,

The cold, or else the heat,  
And took an interest in one's health:

That time has passed away,  
Now, no one asks us how we do,

But, "How is gold to-day?"

These words pervade the atmosphere,

At weddings, funerals, balls,  
No matter where; upon your ear

The anxious question falls.

You go to see the girl you love,  
To drive your cares away;

You kiss, and then she sweetly says  
Oh! "How is gold to-day?"

If gold is up or gold is down,

What good for me to know?

There is no jingle in my purse,

My funds are *statu quo*;

And so I hate the endless cry,

And long to soar away

To lands of peace where no one asks,

Well, "How is gold to-day?"

A JUDGE in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

IMPORTANT geological discoveries have been made of late in California. A number of unique fossil shells were found embedded in slate in Bear Valley, Mariposa county, to which particular interest is attached, as they are believed to be of marine origin, and of the cretaceous era. If so, they fix the era of the origin of the gold-bearing quartz veins, a subject of much interest to geological science. The bones and teeth of the fossil elephant, large quantities of petrified teeth of the fossil horse, and the jaw of a distinct variety have been discovered embedded in hard cement and the sandstones of the Coast Range. It had been supposed until recently that the horse had never existed on the American Continent till it was introduced in the fifteenth century by the Spaniards.

THE Vicksburg *Herald* relates the following incident: "On the late trip of the steamer James Watson from this city, bound for Memphis, when nearing a dangerous point about fifty miles from here, she was hailed by about sixty guerrillas on the bank of the river. The captain, thinking discretion the better part of valor, requested some officers and soldiers, who were standing upon the deck at the time, to go below, and he ordered the tune of Dixie to be played on the callopie. Instead of the rebels firing, they commenced cheering the steamer, and she passed on her way unmolested.

THE manager of a Berlin theatre got up a drama in which a human head was to be offered to a tyrant. In order to produce as much effect as possible, he resolved to use a human head. On the stage was placed a table covered with a cloth, on the table was a basin, and an actor, concealed under the cloth, poked up his head through a hole in the table, so as to seem to be placed in the basin. The effect was prodigious, the audience applauded and trembled. Unluckily a wag, who was behind the scenes, sprinkled some snuff on the basin, and just as the tyrant finished his address to the severed head of his enemy, the head replied by a hearty fit of sneezing, changing the audience "from grave to gay" with remarkable expedition.

"At the time when Sydney Smith, the Reverend Canon of St. Paul's, was denouncing the 'drab-coated men of Pennsylvania' for neglecting to pay the interest on their State Stock, of which he held a considerable amount, he was visited by a young author, exceedingly lavish in his compliments and flattery, who declared that if he could only hope to attain to even a small degree of the fame and honor which he (Sydney) enjoyed, he would be the most happiest man on earth. 'My dear young friend,' said the Canon, 'I would that you were not only almost, but altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*,' laying

his hand at the same time on the certificates of his Pennsylvania Stock lying on the desk before him."

THE following story gives a lively idea how the Russians govern Poland. A Jew met a Cossack in the forest, and the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town, he lodged a complaint with the major in command, who was (with what truth we shall see) reported to be a most rigid disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when, with the utmost effrontery, he remarked that he had *found* the horse. "How?" replied the Jew, "I was upon his back!" "Yes," retorted the Cossack, "I found you, too; but, having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you." The excuse was admitted, and the poor Israelite was dismissed, minus his steed.

A WATCHMAKER in San Francisco named Otto Weiderow, has succeeded in producing a most ingenious piece of mechanism. He has invented and manufactured a watch that has only one wheel. This is so arranged that the watch, when set going, winds itself up, and it will run for two years. It would run forever if the material would hold out, but the ingenious inventor says it is necessary to take it apart once in about two years for the purpose of cleaning and repairing the worn parts. It is certainly a very ingenious, yet a very simple and successful piece of work. Mr. Weiderow is also the inventor of a new sort of clock, with engine movement, the pendulum of which is on top, and works like the walking-beam of a steamboat.

SNOBOCRACY ON THE PACIFIC.—Under this heading some time since was published an excellent burlesque on the American love of titles, peculiarly applicable to California, a portion of which we reproduce for the amusement of the public.

With us a lawyer is called general, colonel, doctor, etc., etc. We have General McDougal, Colonel Crockett, and Captain Lippitt; General Hambly, Colonel Inge, and Captain Ryan; so also Doctor Heselpe, and Doctor Barstow, among our practising lawyers.

A negro wood sawyer styles himself a carpenter, a carpenter calls himself architect, a sign painter is an artist, a stone-cutter is a sculptor, a waiter must be addressed as steward, Snip is a merchant tailor; a consignment of a bag of onions, a firkin of butter, and four cheeses, establishes a commission merchant; a vendor of Teas is a merchant. In passing through our streets one sees more titled men than would have been found in the camps at Balaklava, or at the general review in the Place Vendôme—through the entire day you hob-nob to title.

Yesterday morning we were shaved at the

Washington Street Baths by the Hon. Mr. Schmidt, and a little darkey called Doctor, blacked our boots; we went around to Col. Loring's, and took our morning cocktail with Gen. McDougal and Judge Burbank; stepped into Captain Samuel Soule's office, and read the general news; breakfasted with Dr. Parker at General Winn's branch saloon, where we were waited upon by the Steward, in an attentive white apron; took a cigar with Col. Washington, Judge Thompson, and Chief-Engineer Hossefross; after breakfast called upon Col. Doane, (Sheriff,) to know if Judge Duer, (Clerk,) belonged to the Union or Pacific Club; saw Capt. Hanna, and was informed that he had left the state; stepped into the Police Court, saw Dr. Coon upon the bench, and Colonel James defending Colonel Childs for resisting an officer, Captain Moore; Dr. Burke, (the Chief of Police,) was on the witness stand—when the Court adjourned in respect to the memory of Judge Scarborough, on the motion of Col. Tingley, and the cases of Col. Hayes and Dr. Hitchcock were postponed for sentence. Saw Col. Baker off for U. S. Senator in Oregon; Dr. Hathaway, Hon. James A. Banks, and other distinguished Republicans being present. Capt. Ryder and Capt. Shockley, thought of going up to look for a Port Wardenship, but Gen. Anderson, inspector of Liquors, having been superseded by Col. Ross, determined to remain until after the next election, when Major Graham, Col. Washington, Judge Tilford, Gen. Denver, and all the balance of the titled Democracy will take a *pleasure trip* up Salt River.

On our way up from the boat we had a chat with Gov. Wainwright about the Dashaways, and ascertained that several distinguished generals, colonels, judges and honorables, had fallen from grace to whiskey. Dined at Col. Alden's restaurant, took a drink with Judge Chamberlain, went to hear Col. Crockett lecture on young mechanics, having heard Judge Tracy on eminent ones. Saw Major Burr, Col. Pearson, Judge Powers, and other titled individuals.

After listening to an animated political discussion between Col. Gift and Col. Snowden, on the comparative merits of General Jackson and Judge Botts, which was referred for settlement to Col. Clarkson and Capt. Baker, took a night-cap with Major Roman, Major Solomon, Major Sinton, Purser Webb, Col. Hoge, Capt. Brenham, a snob of a dentist who called himself "Doctor," and Col. Freelon,—after which we retired to dream of the Emperor Norton, and the vanity of all human greatness.

A CORRESPONDENT in Nevada Gulch, Colorado Territory, writes to the Drawer, and modestly begins:

"Unfortunately most all our 'good things' are rather too rough for the society into which your high-toned periodical finds its way. Here is one, however, which shall stand on its own merits:

"Mr. Salamon is a long, slab-sided, flat-footed, buttermilk-eyed, thick-lipped and conceited Dutchman, perfectly worthless except for gassing and destroying lager-beer.

Not long since Salamon was in Buckskin Joe, (a mining district on the head waters of South Platte River,) vaunting the many advantages of Canon City over every other locality in the Territory—descanting upon its salubrious climate, splendid scenery etc. While thus employed, John Riley, a facetious ranch-man interrupts him with,

"But, Mr. Salamon, what kind of people have you down at Canon?"

"Mr. S. 'Oh! we've got de Norderens, de Suddeners, 'de de Missourians.'

"Mr. R. 'But have you no foreigners? no Dutchemen?"

"Mr. S. 'Yes, dere ish *von*, but you dont know it if somebody not dells you vot he ish. Now vot condrymans you takes me to be?"

Mr. R. 'Why, an American, Sir of course!"

Mr. S. 'Ha! ha! ha! I spects I fools more as a hundred tousand beples! I beesh a *German!*'"

EVERYBODY about Wilmington, Delaware, remembers poor Tom Joslyn, as clever a fellow as ever lived; but like a great many other clever fellows, he was too much addicted to the "Oh be joyful!" In fact, he had done so much at the business, a red nose, somewhat swollen, was the consequence. At length, all at once, Tom seemed to see the error of his ways, and attempted, as his friends all hoped, a *bona fide* reformation.

While he was still firm, and his resolution as yet had remained unbroken, he happened one day to go into a public house in Wilmington, and an old acquaintance insisted on his taking a smile with him.

"No, I thank you," Tom replied with that snavity of manner which was so natural to him. "I do not drink any more; I have reformed."

"Not drink!" ejaculated his friend, at the same time gazing on his rubicund nose with astonishment.

"No," replied Tom, "I have quit it entirely."

"Then why don't you take in your sign?" his acquaintance asked, pointing at the same time to Tom's red nose.

This was too much. Tom immediately smiled with his friend, and continued to smile ever afterward, feeling, no doubt, that when a man has a sign hung out, it is sheer nonsense to attempt to gainsay it.

A VIRGINIA lawyer once objected to an expression of the Act of Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania, that "the State-house yard should be surrounded by a brick wall and remain an open enclosure forever." "But," replied a Pennsylvanian who was present, "I put it down with that Act of the Legislature of Virginia, which is entitled 'A supplement to an Act to amend an Act making it penal to alter the mark of an unmarked hog.'"

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE IRVINGTON STORIES.—By M. E. Dodge. New York; James O'Kane. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

We hail with sincere pleasure this New Book for the young—a book indeed suited to the youthful hearted whatever may be their years, for our author does not stoop to the too common error of writing down to juvenile capacity. On the contrary she assumes that a bright child is quite as bright while reading, as while being talked to, and what uncontrolled boy or girl would not indignantly burst away from one who should attempt to regale them (verbally) with such stuff as most books for the young are made of? The Irvington Stories are evidently not intended for very youthful people, but very few of those young men and ladies between the ages of ten and twenty years, can take them up without deriving both pleasure and profit from their perusal. Some of the stories are indeed fine, not only in their conception, but as shewing an amount of tact and ingenuity in working out the incidents, which many writers of much greater fame might well be proud of. "The Hermit of the Hills" is one of this class, as is also "The Drummer Boy." In the first of these the character of a sweet little girl is beautifully sketched—a noble child indeed, well fitted to prepare "Old Pop," the hermit, for the visitor who came to him in the stillness of that Christmas eve, and smiting the rock that was crushing him, turned it into a fountain of living light. Christmas trees will teach a beautiful lesson ever afterwards to the child who reads "The Hermit of the Hills;" for the author has hung the golden lesson on every bough, yet with such genuine love, and hearty recognition of young natures, that the toys and beautiful things seem all that were intended to be seen there. We shall put this little book away (albeit childness now) for the future Smith, junior, to read. He shall take thrilling draughts of truth and patriotism from Captain George, the Drummer Boy; shall receive a good moral shaking from "Cushamee's" terrible wooden arms; glean knowledge and heroism from the Indian story, "Po-nq-kah," be preserved from boasting by Brave Robby; and taught to use God's gifts wisely, by the beautiful legend of "The Golden Gate." His sister, too, shall take delight in Elsie, Lulu Laffer, and Bessie Hedden, lovely characters, well drawn.

We like the Irvington Stories very much, and heartily commend them to all those young people who like good stories, well told. If we were captiously inclined, we would remonstrate against the insertion of "The Artist and the News-Boy." It is cleverly given and amusing, but it scarcely deserves the dignity of a place among the other stories. The illustrations are

by Darley, and are in his best style, and the mechanical portions of the work are a credit to the taste and skill of the publisher.

TWICE-TOLD TALES.—By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Complete in two volumes. Boston; Ticknor and Fields, 1865.

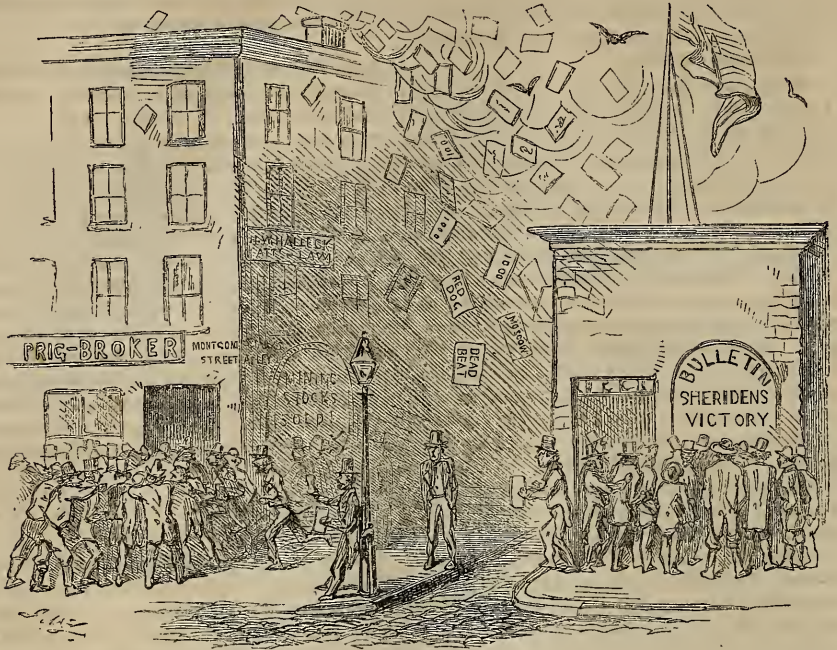
This is a beautiful blue and gold edition of these graceful stories, told, the most of them, many years ago, and representing the whole literary labors of the author's young manhood. With the exception of two or three tales, they made no impression on the public, and have only been insured a general reading by the subsequent fame of him who wrote them. Perhaps the most curious piece of the work in the volumes is the preface, wherein the author gets successfully out of himself, and plays the critic to his own productions. We welcome the Twice-Told Tales, in their becoming garb, to a warm corner of the library, for the sake of the author and lang syne.

OSWALD GRAY.—By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson Brothers.

Mrs. Wood is an unwearied spinner, and "Oswald Gray" is the thread of the nearest interminable. It is that sort of a story commonly denominated a "yarn." The authoress is not without a certain aptitude at "making up." Many of her delineations are rigorously and effectively done, and she possesses the power of holding you up by the chin, as young swimmers are sustained, until she is done at once with her reader and her story. "Oswald Gray" had ups and downs enough to keep the dullest people awake, and odd corners sufficient to stock several old monasteries.

GRANT AND HIS GENERALS.—John Durand and Co., Publishers, 34 Liberty Street, New York.

This great national work about to be published by Messrs. Durand & Co., bids fair to be the most popular work of the kind ever published. It will make a large quarto volume, handsomely bound, gilt embossed, and will be produced in splendid style. The work properly, is a novel advertising medium, and is intended for *gratuitous* circulation on board of steamers, in hotels, reading rooms, libraries, &c. &c., will contain Portraits and Biographical Sketches of Lieut-Gen. Grant and his subordinate generals, interspersed alternately with these will be placed business cards of our mercantile and manufacturing houses. The work will have a *free* circulation of Ten Thousand copies, and a large extra edition, for sale at the bare cost of publication, thus offering the most desirable advertising medium extant, popular, indestructible, and extensively circulated. The engravings are excellent, and the whole will be produced without regard to expense.



MINING STOCK MANIA IN SAN FRANCISCO.



SUNDAY MORNING IN MISSOURI.



# GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1865.

No. 2.



THE CRYSTAL CAVE OF EL DORADO.

WHENEVER nature bounds out of her usual course to make any thing very beautiful, or wonderful, it is not unreasonable to suppose that men and women generally will be gratefully willing to go out of their way to see it. True it is that many men love money more than they do nature. Others are found who love nature more than they do money, and yet often feel too poor even to gratify that love; others again have become so habituated to the same stool in the counting-house, the same old chair in the office, the same familiar standing-place in the store, and the same spot in

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VOL. I.—No. 2.—A.

the workshop, mine, or field, that nothing short of an earthquake or revolution could turn them aside from the old beaten path of habit to witness anything beyond themselves, or their usual vocation of daily routine. In their eyes it is the Alpha and Omega of life, the beginning and end of all things. Unfortunately, habit unfits them for any thing beyond the man-machine. The blue sky, the bright sunshine, the flower-carpeted earth, the foliage-clothed trees, the moss-grown caverns, the mighty hills, or the gloomy forests, touched by the fingers of the wind and playing their grand old anthems of praise, have an inviting and suggestive voice, that "man was made for enjoyment as well as duty—for happiness as well as business;" and the probability is apparent that the faculties bestowed upon him, enabling him to hold communion with the beautiful in nature, would not have been if man were not expected to be something loftier than a mere humdrum business-machine.

Nature sometimes turns over some new and wonderful pages in her glorious old volume. On such occasions there are many persons who will find time to open their sight-seeing eyes and take a cursory glance, if only to say they have seen them, lest they should be deemed behind the age, or out of fashion; but there are others, again, and their name is legion, who adore the beautiful, the grand, and the astonishing—from the handful of soil that gives out so many varieties of rare and fragrant flowers and luscious fruits, to the vast cathedral-formed arches and intricate draperies of stone, produced by chemical agencies and mystical combinations, in one or more of nature's great laboratories beneath the surface of the earth. With the latter class it is always a pleasure to be in company, as a pleasure shared is always doubled, besides kindred spirits have a happy faculty of reproduction denied to others. The discovery of the great Crystal Cave in El Dorado, in April, 1860, attracted much attention at the time. A ledge of limestone rock, resembling marble in appearance, cropped out by the side of the El Dorado Valley turnpike-road, which after testing was found to be capable of

producing excellent lime. Upon further investigation, a piece of rock was found on the side of a hill, which had become detached from the main body. On removing it a dark aperture was visible that was sufficiently enlarged to enable the party of explorers to enter. A flood of light pouring in through the opening made, they proceeded inward some fifty feet. Before venturing further Mr. George S. Halterman and his companion, Mr. John Harris, the original discoverers, threw several stones forward, which, falling into water, determined them to procure lights before advancing beyond their present distance.

At this juncture Mr. Gwynn, the owner of the land, joined them, and on being informed of the strange discovery, sent for candles to enable them to prosecute their explorations, and hunt up the hidden treasures in the mysterious labyrinth under mother earth they expected to find.

On their first entrance they descended about fifteen feet, when they came to a magnificent chamber one hundred feet long by about thirty feet wide, at the north end of which was a huge pile of crystal-formed rocks, having much the same appearance, as it stood boldly out from the side of the cave, of a splendid pulpit, such as we often see in our Episcopal churches. All around it, and from the overhanging projection above, alabaster sterites of all colors, varying from the purest white to the most delicate pink, were formed, lapping and interlacing each other like beautiful drapery. Immediately under this pulpit there is a large lake of water extending to an unknown depth and distance. On arriving at the center of the first chamber, which they named the "Holy of Holies," they saw an inner one even still more dazzling than the first. On proceeding into it they found it was some two hundred by one hundred feet, with similar hangings of sterite drapery as the former, assuming every possible shape. Here stands magnitude, giving the impression of a power above man, grandeur that defies decay, antiquity that tells of ages unnumbered, and beauty that the touch of time makes even more beautiful.

As soon as this interesting announcement was noised abroad, and even before

the work of exploration had fairly commenced, hundreds of people flocked from far and near to see the newly discovered wonder. Many, we regret to say, possessed a larger organ of acquisitiveness than of veneration, and laid their Vandal hands on some of the most beautiful portions within reach near the entrance. For a while it was closed by the owner, until arrangements were made for its protection and systematic illumination the better to see and touch not. Barricades were erected, platforms constructed, and a large number of lanterns were placed at convenient intervals for the better illumination and inspection of the different chambers. The discovery being made in the spring, considerable water was standing in some of the deepest of the cavities, but signs were already visible of its secession at the rate of six inches per day. In a few weeks, however, it entirely disappeared, leaving the cave perfectly dry. This afforded an opportunity for further explorations, when it was found that a more convenient entrance could be made with but little labor, from an unimportant recess within a few feet of the road overhead, beside which it would admit a free circulation of pure fresh air through the cavern, which at the time was much needed. The work of opening the new entrance was soon after satisfactorily completed, and found to answer all the requirements for which it was commenced.

Having thus given a brief sketch of the discovery and opening of the cave, with the means taken for its preservation and management, we shall now endeavor to take the reader along with us, at least in imagination, while entering into a description of it.

Folsom—an interior country town, with a half-mining, half-agricultural population, a blacksmith's stall, a church or two, a school-house, and several grogeries, with a doctor's office, where teeth are extracted and every sort of disease cured, with all the "modern improvements," several lawyers waiting for a client, who divide their time studying the statutes of California, caucusing for a nomination to the legislature, and prospecting for new gold discoveries—is our starting-place.

It has a straggling, dilapidated appearance, as do most of the citizens we see upon its muddy and uninviting thoroughfares. It derives its importance from being a stopping-place for the cars of the Sacramento Valley Railroad, and as a central depot for miners bound to the paying gulches and canons of the interior, and those on their way to Placerville and across the Sierras to Washoe.

Folsom is a perfect stage-coach Babel. We find here conveyances to almost every section of the central mines. As our destination is for the Alabaster, or, as many term it, the Crystal Cave, let us be on the lookout for a quiet-looking, open-faced, and honest-hearted middle-aged man, who is patiently sitting on the box of his stage, his good-natured countenance invitingly saying: "If there are any ladies and gentlemen who wish a pleasant ride to-day to Crystal Cave, let 'em come this way, and then it shall not be my fault if it is not one of the most agreeable they ever took."

We are not long in selecting such a pilot in the person of Captain Seth Winkle—a jolly Jehu, who handles four strapping mules, hooked to a dusty, weather-beaten Concord-shaped coach, with as much care and solicitude as he would the same number of pet Newfoundland dogs trained to a like service. We ask somewhat hastily if his is the conveyance to the cave. "Yes, sir," he replies, with the blandest of smiles, at the same time cutting off a huge piece of tobacco; "but don't hurry yourself, I won't start for a few minutes, and the day is before us."

Quietly and snugly we ensconce ourselves in the back part of the lumbering and rickety coach, and await patiently for the few promised minutes to expire. Either the large "bullet-eyed" watch of Captain Winkle is sadly out of time, or we have failed from some cause to refresh our memory with the inducements he held out to us to take his vehicle in preference to three others at our selection, before half an hour has elapsed, and we hear the welcome shout of all aboard. With a loud whirr of the wheels, the locomotive portion of our apparatus starts ahead, to flounder and pitch forward through the

slough of mud which surrounds us, and full another half hour is consumed before we can fairly consider ourselves on our journey to our new destination. We push on at a rattling pace, sometimes over a hard flinty road, and at others creeping at a snail's pace through a sea of stagnant water left miring on the road by the last rain.

Crystal Cave is situated on a spot known as Kidd's Ravine, on the north fork of the American River, and twelve and a half miles from our starting-point, by what is termed the "Whiskey Bar" pike, a name suggested probably by the vast number of tents and shanties, with suspicious-looking sign-boards attached, that we see on the route, and where so-called refreshments for man and beast are announced to be served up at the shortest notice. Occasionally the landscape is relieved by a few modest, unpretending white cottages, surrounded by well-cultivated gardens, and a peach-orchard or two, reminding us of the peace and contentment of rural life in much older communities. Crossing the south fork of the American River, by a long, high, and well-built suspension-bridge, we ascend, on an easy grade, to a mining camp, named Negro Hill. Threading our way among mining claims, miners, and ditches, we pass through the town, into the open country beyond, where "buckeye bushes," scantily clad in dry brown autumn leaves, the nut pine, and the dark, rich foliage of acres upon acres of white oaks, dot the rolling surface of the ground.

Presently we reach the foot of a long hill, covered with a dense and tangled growth of chaparral, composed mostly of chemical bushes. As we ascend the narrow causeway leading through them, we feel the advantage of having an intelligent and agreeable coachman, who not only knows, but kindly explains to us, the various localities of interest visible from the coach, while at the same time we are made to feel more fully assured of our safety to life and limb by the dexterous and professional manner he handles his shying mules along the edge of a steep declivity, or the brink of a precipice, on our route to the cave, than we were led to believe when we first started out. From the summit of Chap-

arral Hill we have a glorious prospect of the country for many miles. There is Mount Diablo sleeping in the purple distance; yonder we see "Sutter's Buttes," which bespeak at once their prominence and altitude over the surrounding hills, while the rich valley and the clear silvery sheen of the Sacramento and its tributaries are spread out in luxurious beauty before us. The descent to the cave on the other side of the hill is made very picturesque by the shadowy grandeur of the groups of mountains, rearing their giant-like heads far around us.

Arriving about noon, a good appetite will most likely urge you to partake of a substantial lunch, or dinner, on game of some kind, on fresh trout and salmon, or whatever mine host of the crack hotel where the stage stops is always ready prepared to offer you. This being quietly over to your entire satisfaction, let us indulge in a good rest before venturing to look upon the marvels we have come to witness.

On leaving mine host's establishment, you will find it is but a short and pleasant stroll to the mouth of the cave we are in search of. At our right hand, a few steps only before reaching it, there is a limekiln, which, being interpreted, means one in which the article in question can be continually made, without the necessity of cooling off, as under the old method. Here a large portion of the lime consumed in the larger cities of California is manufactured. On our left, under the bluff of a large mound of earth, evidently pitched there without shape or order by some volcanic action, we come at once to the entrance of the cave. We descend three or four steps to a board floor. Here is a large oaken door, that is always carefully locked when no visitors are within. Passing on we reach a chamber about twenty-five feet in length, by seventeen feet in width, and from five to twelve feet in height. This is somewhat curious, although very plain and uneven at both roof and sides. Here also is a desk, on which is a book marked the "Coral Cave Register," where every one who enters is expected to register his name, pass on, and examine for himself.

As we advance along another passage, or

room, several notices attract our eye, such as "Please not touch the specimens," "No smoking allowed," "Hands and feet off," but which — as our guide facetiously remarks to us, by way of explanation and encouragement, no doubt—means that no amputation of our extremities will be necessary or is really intended. Assured of this we continue our search. Here the roof becomes low and shelving, and near the end of the passage is covered with coral-like excrescences resembling bunches of coarse rock-moss. Moving on still further, we arrive finally at the entrance of the Dungeon of Enchantment. Before us is a broad, oddly-shaped, low-roofed chamber, about one hundred and twenty feet in length, by seventy feet in breadth, and ranging all the way from four to twenty feet high.

Bright coral-like stalactites hang down in irregular rows in almost every variety of shape and shade, from milk-white to pink and cream-color. Standing in inviting relief to the dark arches above and the frowning buttresses on either hand, we see deep ridges, some almost black, others of a reddish brown, stretch from the sides, between which the space is ornamented with a peculiar coloring that we can find nothing to compare it to except a grotesque kind of graining. Descending toward the left we approach one of the most beautiful stalactitic groups in this apartment. Some of these are fine pendants, no larger than pipe-stems, tubular, and from two to five feet in length. Three or four we notice as over eight feet long, but nearly all have been broken off by the early-admitted Vandals. Others resemble the ears of white elephants, while others again present the appearance of long and slender cones inverted.

By examining this and other groups more closely, we ascertain that at their base are numerous coral-like excrescences of great beauty: here they seem like bunches of petrified moss, brilliant and almost transparent; there a pretty fungus, tipped with diamonds; beyond they look like miniature pine-trees, which, to accommodate themselves to circumstances, have grown with their tops downward.

In other places the formations bear the

appearance of being fleeces of the finest merino wool and floss silk.

Leaving these, by turning to the right, we can ascend a convenient ladder, and behold other combinations of such mysterious and dazzling beauty as to well repay and gratify us for the trouble of climbing. It is here we discover that we are in the loftiest part of the chamber.

Journeying onward and looking at every thing of note that attracts our eye, our attention is drawn to a large stalagmite which resembles very distinctly a "tying-post" for horses, and which has been dignified or mystified by such names as "Lot's Wife," "Hercules' Club," and "Brobdignag's Forefinger," though what direct resemblance it bears to what we would suppose these to be, if really in existence, it would be difficult to imagine. This stalagmite is some four feet three inches long and a trifle over three feet in circumference at its base. Again we take up our march over a small rise of what apparently looks like a snow-congealed petrified floor, and gaze down into an immense cavernous depth, whose high arched roof is ribbed with icicles and pendent coral, hanging in fantastic shapes. The sides of the cavern is draped in jet, as if in mourning for the sins of the outer world.

In one of these awe-inspiring solitudes is suspended a rocky formation exactly resembling a heart that, from its size, might be imagined to belong to one of a race of human giants.

On another side there is an elevated and nearly level natural floor, upon which we wend our way over an easy grade. Here we find a rude table, with seats temporarily erected close by, for the accommodation of visitors. Could we have heard these vaulted hills resound the symphonies of some grand anthem from Mozart or Haydn, or Mendelssohn, what melody and harmonious echoes they would send forth! The place looks inviting enough, you may well say, for such a choral festival. Many of the pendent harps we observe throughout the whole of these rock-formed vistas seem only waiting for some magic touch of life to swell them into a grand and flowing volume of the sweetest music. But we must

not linger here too long, but enter the many other little chambers in whose roofs are strange formations that resemble liquid streams of water arrested in their flow by the magic wand of nature and suddenly turned to ice. In another we look with astonishment at the perfectly-formed feet from one point of view, and from another the front of a small elephant's head. Thousands of coral excrescences, that jut out and protrude themselves in every direction wherever the eye may wander, seem bent and turned, and carved into as many different devices and festoons, as if the work of moulding had been done by human hands. A beautiful bell-shaped hollow, wreathed in white and black drapery, as if woven into the finest lace, near by, is called the "Bower of Love," though we should think Cupid would rather ply his darts more nimbly on the earth above than in such a secluded spot as this appears to be.

Advancing again along a narrow passage which requires us to stoop as we progress, if we would avoid coming in contact with the frescoed ceiling, we emerge into the "Crystal Chapel," the most magnificent chamber of all we have seen.

The sublime grandeur of this imposing place fills us with wonder as we tread softly through its enchanted isles. Myriads of the most beautiful stone icicles, long, large, and brilliant, meet our vision on every hand. Between these are squares or panels, the mullions, or bars of which seem to be formed of diamonds and other precious stones as the light of the lamps and torches shines upon them, while the panels themselves resemble the frosting upon window-glass in the very depth of winter. Even these are of many colors, the most prevailing one being of a light pinkish-cream. Moss, coral, floss-wool, trees and flowers, in form, appearance and abundance, adorn the interstices between the larger of the stalactites. At the farther end of the chapel is one vast mass of rock, resembling congealed water, apparently formed into many folds and little hillocks of ice, and connected in many instances by white pillars with the roof above. Deep down and underneath this is the entrance by which we reach this "Chamber of Elegance," for

such it really appears. At our right stands a large stalagmite, dome-shaped at the top, covered with undulating and wavy folds of superb richness. The drapery is arranged in every imaginable graceful design, as if carved in alabaster by the Great Architect of the Universe. This is appropriately named "The Pulpit," for the resemblance to one will strike you at once.

In order to examine this object with more minuteness, a temporary platform has been erected, which detracts somewhat from the general effect, and lessens, to a great degree, the brilliant illusion with which we would encompass ourselves, but affords, in our opinion, a nearer and better view of all the beautiful objects in detail it is composed of and made up from. This singular and gorgeous spectacle, certainly the most superb and attractive of all we have seen in our subterranean wanderings, is brilliantly illuminated with a large number of lamps, that are magnified and exaggerated in the myriads of pendent jets of crystal more than a thousand-fold, and which give a peculiar charm and fascination to the whole aspect of the enchanted spot.

The many-colored prisms and angles of light which are thrown out and reflected in a variety of different shades have a deliciously-grand and imposing effect, and remind one of those exquisitely-wrought dreams of the imagination, delineated with such glowing colors of ideality and in charming and picturesque language of oriental fable, which we find in the entertaining pages of the *Arabian Nights*.

Other departments we saunter through, and there are several more, designated by various names, bearing a striking resemblance to those we have already described; none, however, throughout the vast cavern more enlist our admiration, or wherein we make a longer pause, than the chamber we have just mentioned.

The unique-looking pulpit is decidedly the most attractive feature of the famous grotto. All it requires to make it more perfect, and the illusion to be faithfully carried out, is a divine to preach in it and a congregation to listen. It stands there as a monument of ages long since elapsed, but nevertheless is entitled to as much ce-

lebrity and renown as many of the far less prominent and pretentious objects of natural wonder in the new El Dorado, which since their discovery have riveted the curious attention of the geologist, the man of science, and admirer of all that is beautiful and novel in art and nature throughout the civilized world.

## THE MARINER.

SOFT came the breath of Spring, smooth flowed the tide,  
 And blue the heaven in its mirror smiled ;  
 The white sails trembled, swelled, expanded wide,  
 The busy sailors at the anchor toiled.

With anxious friends, that shed the parting tear,  
 The deck was thronged—how swift the moments fly !  
 The vessel heaves, the farewell signs appear ;  
 Mute is each tongue, eloquent each eye.

The last dread moment comes—the sailor-youth  
 Hides the tear-drop, and smiles amid his pain ;  
 Soothes his sad bride, and vows eternal truth—  
 “Farewell, my love !—we shall—shall meet again.”

Long on the deck, with waving hand, he stood ;  
 The crowded shore sinks lessening from his view,  
 As gradual glides the bark along the flood :  
 His bride is seen no more—“Adieu ! adieu !”

The breeze of Eve moans low, her smile is o'er ;  
 Dim steals the twilight down the crimsoned West ;  
 He climbs the top-mast head, to seek once more  
 The far-off coast, where all his hopes do rest.

He views its dark line on the distant sky,  
 And fancy leads him to his cottage-home—  
 He sees his weeping love—he hears her sigh—  
 He soothes her griefs, and tells of joys to come.

Eve yields to night, the breeze to wintry gales—  
 In one vast shade the seas and shores repose ;  
 He turns his aching eyes, his spirit fails,  
 The chill tear falls, sad to the deck he goes.

The storm of midnight swells, the sails are furled ;  
 Deep sounds the lead, but finds no friendly shore ;  
 Fast o'er the waves the bounding bark is hurled—  
 “Lurline ! Lurline ! we part to meet no more.”

Lightnings that show the vast and seething deep ;  
 The crash of thunders, as they onward roll ;  
 The howling winds amid the tempest-shriek,  
 Shake the firm nerve, appall the bravest soul !

Ah ! what avails the seaman's toiling care ;  
 The straining cordage bursts, the mast is riven—  
 A wail of terror groans along the air,  
 Then sinks afar—the wreck on rocks is driven.

## INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

WOMEN are, if I may use the expression, another soul of our being, which though enveloped in a separate covering, accords most uniformly with all our sentiments, which they inspire, with all our happiness, which they participate in, and with all our weaknesses, which they can commiserate, without yielding to their influence. If man be unhappy, he requires of his soul an energy to enable him to support the load of physical sufferings and of moral evils still more difficult to sustain. But as this assistance must originate within himself, it necessarily partakes of the dejection which pervades his whole being. Should he resort to his other soul, he then feels how much the women deserve his admiration. He observes these participators of his joys and sorrows unceasingly near him, who make him anticipate consolation, even before it is offered, whom he assents to at once, without waiting for the argument of persuasion, and who appear an asylum against all misfortune. But because we are endowed with corporeal strength, is it to follow that the gentle sex are to be born to slavery, or submission? that they are to be dependent on our passions and caprices, awaiting the arbitrary decrees dictated to them by the forms of government and the prejudices of men?

Here adored as divinities, there esteemed as companions and equals, and again may we see them condemned to servitude and looked upon simply as a household auxiliary. Under all these different circumstances, however, we see them still retaining their characteristic distinctions, submitting with inexhaustible patience, and enduring with inconceivable fortitude. Their faults are not augmented even under the pressure of distress and humiliation; and which of our qualities do they not possess?

Various have been the opinions of celebrated writers with regard to the female sex: some have considered them equal, and even superior, in many attributes to the male sex, while others have tyrannically condemned them to perpetual frivolities. No doubt many examples might be quoted in

support and refutation of both these modes of judgment, yet I must frankly confess that the number of those who have written in their praise is much greater than that of their calumniators. Some have denied them any share of political talents, yet how much address, shrewdness, and intelligence have they not evinced in important intrigues and even in matrimonial negotiations, as well as in the art of skillful diplomacy, when their services have been employed! How many treaties and un-hoped-for alliances have they conducted successfully of which the men received the honor, but the merit belonged to the women! If men generally can boast of more prudence, women have really less egotism. So entirely do they devote themselves to others, that they have at length given reason to believe that nature ordained the sacrifice, and hence many of our laws oppress them, and of them are all privations required.

Among no people, even the most savage, have we seen the men obliged to offer themselves up as a sacrifice on the tombs of their wives, as the women have been on the funeral piles of their husbands, and the history of mankind affords us no instance of an illustrious and voluntary victim of pure love, such as Dido, and many others that might be mentioned.

It is asked: "At what time of life does a woman shine most conspicuous?" A very fair question, but rather an odd one for the ladies. Are not the men better able to judge of us, they exclaim, than we ourselves? Will they not be less partial and more adequate to the task of answering so serious a question? Pardon me, says our lady, if I say, I think you have imposed too weighty a burden upon us, and beg you will not suppose that I think myself equal to it. It is only my opinion on the subject which I offer. It is like a problem hard to solve, that of showing the ladies when and where they shine most, and by that means excite a spirit of emulation among them beyond the rivalry of dress.

The query opens a field for argument as large as that of beauty, for they both depend on opinion, and when that is the case, nothing decisive can be said; for there



are as many opinions in the world as there are persons. One may think a woman is more brilliantly conspicuous in the bloom of youth, beauty, and accomplishments, with the additional advantages of wealth and education, to set her off. She charms and captivates the heart of man, and tempts him to make her legally his own, and that forever. He then thinks himself blessed, indeed, and feels as if nothing could make her more amiable in his eyes; yet the following supposed-possible case may soon convince him of the contrary.

Misfortunes assail him, poverty depresses him, some trifling misdemeanor may send him to prison; she follows him where her smiles shine like a sunbeam, with double lustre to those in which she had wreathed her face on the morning of her espousals; she illumines every corner of his gloomy cell, charms him with her affectionate eloquence and composed behavior, soothes him with her endearing words, and, in fact, she inspires a fortitude till then unknown to himself. She seems not only to be a mother of his children, but also a guardian of his virtues, and by rousing him of his lethargy, enables him to retrieve his fortune, and re-establish his position in society, if no criminal taint clings to him to forever bar his entrance to the association of the virtuous and refined among his fellow-men. Her efforts will then take another turn; she makes a home comfortable for him, and feels all the hopes and fears of a tender mother and anxious wife.

Bright as woman appears in this point of view, there is yet one in which she outshines them all. Suppose her daughters now grow up, (the boys she leaves to their father,) what a task has she then to perform! See her at the head of her table, surrounded with those who have no one else to look up to for example and support. She looks round with a tear caused by this reflection. "On my example," she exclaims, "depends the future happiness of these dear children, and shall I not exercise every attention to set a good one before them? For, what would my feelings be on seeing them act wrong, with the additional pang of self-reproach! I trust their virtues will procure them protectors who

shall succeed me in treating them with the same tenderness."

Her prayers are heard; she lives to see her daughters worthily bestowed in happy wedlock, and her circle is enlarged by sons-in-law, unable to be sufficiently grateful for the precious deposits she has placed in their possession, owing all their value to her care and example. What, then, are her husband's sensations, if he be a true man, who, revolving in his mind the period when she, (as her daughters are now,) all blooming with youth and beauty, made a surrender of her charms, finds those joys inferior to what he now tastes, and rapturously exclaims: "This is the period of life in which a woman shines most conspicuous, for her children, like so many brilliant diamonds, reflect back her lustre, and surround her with a blaze of splendor."

The generality of women are ever disposed to commiserate our distresses, as well as to participate in our joys, and to offer us every addition to our happiness, evincing only the fear of poverty in the means of assisting us, and if slighted, or neglected in our prosperity, yet ready to return at our call, if fresh misfortunes oppress us. In this view, how can we choose to love them? In other respects, how can we cease to pity them? Withheld from the pursuits of many occupations, scarcely allowed to regulate the concerns of their own family, bringing us wealth which they never command, and as a class occupy a subordinate position, even to an untutored male emigrant from Europe, who, after a few years of residence among us, exercises rights of citizenship to which our women are entirely debarred, and forever excluded.

It can not be denied, however, that if one seems endowed with peculiar qualities not possessed by the other, we can not deny the other advantages equally to be valued; that where corporeal strength is wanting, women possess qualities to make up the deficiency; that in moments of transient equality, they have evinced an ability equal to the male sex, oftentimes superior; and that, to a certain extent, with the exception of inventive genius, their intellectual faculties are not inferior to our own. Yet it remains undisputed they exercise and

wield a far greater influence in society than man does, are less exacting, more refined, and have fewer blemishes in morals, habits, and manners, than their opposites. Is it not strange, then, that the world over they are looked upon as our inferiors?

### PETROLEUM IN CALIFORNIA.

THE following is an extract from a statement based upon a report made by the late Professor Silliman, recently published, upon the occurrence of petroleum oil in California :

"The occurrence of fluid inflammable substances upon the coast of Santa Barbara, in Southern California, has been known since 1792 ; but little importance has been attached to it until very recently, when the development of the oil region of Pennsylvania has shown the immense value of the great natural repositories of petroleum, and directed attention to other localities in which it is found. One of the most extraordinary of these repositories is that near the coast of California, about three hundred and twenty miles south from San Francisco, where the usual indications of petroleum were so great that parties, on learning the fact, at once proceeded to make explorations.

"The importance of these indications of a great petroleum region was not appreciated by the early explorers and settlers in California from the Atlantic States ; and none suspected that the oil of this district was destined to add another product to the resources of the State, unequalled, perhaps, in value even by that of her wonderful mines of the precious metals. Even the indications of the vast quantities of petroleum on the surface have been regarded by the owners of the estates as a detriment to their property, inasmuch as they caused a loss of their live stock, in which the value of their ranches chiefly consisted, by the animals becoming drowned in the great pools of petroleum. These exudations have the effect to render barren tracts of land of a mile square, more or less, in the midst of a fine agricultural district.

"The first attempt to apply this petroleum to useful purposes was made about

two years since by Mr. Gilbert, who, understanding its nature, and finding it in abundance issuing from many springs upon the property, put up for himself a refinery upon a small scale. He drew the crude oil chiefly from one of the great wells, from which he obtained four hundred barrels without apparently diminishing the supply. In the summer of 1864 Professor Silliman examined this locality, and in a letter, dated at Buenaventura, Santa Barbara County, July 2d, 1864, he writes :

"The property covers an area of 18,000 (eighteen thousand) acres in one body, on which are at present at least twenty natural oil-wells, some of them of the largest size. The oil is struggling to the surface at every available point, and is running away down the rivers for miles and miles. Artesian wells will be fruitful along a double line of thirteen miles, say for at least twenty-five miles in linear extent. The ranch is an old Spanish grant, of four leagues of land, lately confirmed, and of perfect title. It has, as I said, about eighteen thousand acres in it of the finest land, watered by four rivers, and measuring in a right line in all nearly thirteen miles. As a ranch it is a splendid estate, but its value is its almost fabulous wealth in the best of oil."

"The report of Professor Silliman fully confirms his first impressions, and presents more complete details of the wonderful resources of this property. According to his advice and that of other competent judges in California, arrangements were made to purchase the estate by parties in New York in October, 1864. But before effecting this, it was deemed expedient to obtain from Professor Silliman a decided statement that the oil was, in his opinion, fully equal to that of Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, and from able counsel in San Francisco, a professional opinion as to the validity of the title. Instructions were accordingly sent to close the purchase, provided the oil was pronounced by Professor Silliman equal to the best Pennsylvania oil, and the title perfect. Professor Silliman telegraphed confirming his letter above quoted, and the title being pronounced by counsel undoubted, the property was purchased, and is now vested in the trustees, Charles H.

Russell and Henry M. Alexander, Esqrs., of New York, and will be conveyed by them to a corporation to be formed."

This property is now owned by a number of the most respectable merchants and capitalists in New York, such as Messrs. John E. Williams, Charles H. Russell, Claffin and Mellen, A. C. Richards, H. M. Alexander, Theodore Roosevelt, S. E. Morse, junior, Stone, Bliss, and Fay, and Samuel Colgate, of New York, and Thomas A. Scott, of Philadelphia.

A large amount of capital, we learn, will be embarked in boring wells and in erecting suitable machinery to carry on the business successfully.

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### SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

AT the foot of the first summit of the grand old Sierras, at a point just south of the Amador and Sierra Nevada wagon road, quietly nestles one of the most beautiful sheets of pure crystal water to be found in all California. Surrounded with snow-clad, giant hills, resting in a bed seemingly hewn out of solid granite, gives it a picturesque appearance; in fact, its situation is lovely and romantic in the extreme. Mountain trout are found in abundance, and at no spot on the Pacific coast can the pleasure-seeker realize more enjoyment than at Silver Lake. But, hold! we started out to tell about a strange phenomenon frequently occurring at that point. Of a calm morning, about ten o'clock, a singular noise in the air is often heard passing over the lake. At times the sound resembles that produced by the rapid flight of ducks, as they seemingly descend; at other times like the ringing of a bar of iron passing swiftly through space; and then, again, like the crackling noise made by the sudden bending of a sheet of iron. Now the sound comes from the north going south. It apparently comes from some of the lofty mountain peaks surrounding the lake, and loses itself on some other on the opposite side. The sound produced is a strange, awe-inspiring sound, and it is said that the Indians avoid the lake as haunted.

### DIAMOND BRACELETS.

THE evening of the fifteenth of February, 1864, was a gala night in Paris. "Don Giovanni" was to be performed at the opera by an assemblage of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the opera-house of Paris or in the great opera of "Don Giovanni." Yet it was not the names of the artistes that most attracted the attention as one read the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the Emperor and Empress. The *affiches* announced that they would honor the opera with their presence on that evening. About seven o'clock carriages were to be seen conveying their gayly-dressed occupants to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage stood at the door of a large house in the Rue des Champs Elysées, evidently also for the purpose of taking some fashionables to the opera. This carriage and house belonged to the Baron de V—, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer to this appeal; "don't be in such a hurry!"

As the last piece of advice was proffered, the speaker appeared at the top of the stairs.

She was a dark beauty of about one and twenty, and was dressed purely in white. She came fluttering down-stairs, chattering meanwhile to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

"Now, I'm quite ready, so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to put on, and those I want you to clasp for me. Here's the case, if you'll take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?"

A smile was the only answer the baron vouchsafed, as he took the bracelets out of their case, and clasped them on the fair white arm of his bride.

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable diamonds, whilst in the center of either glittered a

spray of heartsease, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessor by the fact of their having been in the De V—— family for three generations. They now by right belonged to the dowager baronne, but she had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who, therefore, wore them on such occasions as the one we are describing.

The Baron and Baronne de V—— stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it still wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar, subdued sound of tuning stringed instruments was heard. Still the imperial box was empty, and all eyes were turned toward it in eager expectation. In another moment applause burst from the pit and gallery and the entire house, as Napoleon and Eugenie, attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court, appeared. They bowed graciously in return for the homage paid them, and then took their seats, at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The Empress looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baronne de V——. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the Empress's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when her majesty turned away, he laughingly told her of it.

"Nonsense," cried the bride, "don't fancy such absurdities."

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself on her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the impe-

rial party, drew back the curtain behind their box, and stepping forward, said: "Pardon, madame, but her majesty's admiration and curiosity have been so roused by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commissioned me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her closer inspection." The pretty Baronne blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, feeling not a little flattered at the attention and distinction conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. Its owners thought the officer had doubtless forgotten it, and the baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few moments returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adèle," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others, who has been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was neither sent for nor received."

The baronne looked aghast. "François," she said, "that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, but an *affreux* thief."

The baron smiled as his little wife jumped so speedily at such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe and had really been sent for by the Empress, and that the officer whom he had consulted was misinformed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly, as the morrow proved.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming the next morning, M. de V—— spoke to the Chief Inspector of the police on the subject, who quite coincided with madame's opinion as to the valuable ornament having been artfully stolen. The baron was greatly annoyed, and ordered the inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of 3000 francs to the person who should restore it. The inspector promised to do all in his power toward the recovery of the bracelet, as well for the sake of society at large as the satisfaction of his employers.

But three months passed away—three hundred and fifty francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V—— that monsieur the Inspector wished to speak to her or monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V—— went downstairs to speak to the inspector, with whom she had had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in the respectful manner peculiar to him. "I believe I have some good news for madame this evening," he said. His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's when changing. Madame de V—— had often remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that evening. "The detectives," he continued, "engaged in the business have met with a bracelet in a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons, so exactly the same as madame's, that it only remains for it to be identified before we can claim it as madame's property. My object in coming this evening is to ask madame to allow me to look at the other that I may be able to swear to the one at Lyons being its fellow."

The baronne, overjoyed at the idea of recovering her lost property, tripped out of the room, and soon returned with the remaining bracelet. The inspector took it carefully in his hand, and proceeded to examine it minutely. "The bracelets are exactly alike?" he inquired of Madame de V.

"Exactly," repeated the baronne.

"I believe I have learned the pattern thoroughly," said the inspector musingly, "yet there may be some difficulty in not having both bracelets together to compare them one with another."

"Why not take this to Lyons, then?" suggested the baronne.

"Ah! madame, it would scarcely do to trust even a police inspector after having been deceived by an officer in disguise."

"Oh!" laughed Madame de V——, "do you not think I would trust you, monsieur Inspector, after all the interest and trouble you have taken in the matter? Take the bracelet, and I hope you will bring me both back ere many days have passed."

The inspector still hesitated, but at length consented to do as the baronne wished him, and went away, bearing the sparkling ornament with him. On her husband's return the baronne, of course, told him of the joyful discovery.

A week, however, passed away without the inspector's arriving with the stolen property. One morning, therefore, the baron called on the inspector to make inquiries respecting it. The latter seemed very much surprised on being asked if the bracelet had been brought from Lyons. "What does monsieur mean? I never heard any thing about the bracelet having been found at Lyons—it is surely a mistake. Monsieur has misunderstood madame la Baronne."

"You had better come yourself and have this strange mystery cleared up, monsieur Inspector," answered the baron, sternly. "Madame is at home, and will be happy to assure you herself that it is no mistake, that you called and informed her of the diamonds having been traced to Lyons."

The baron and the inspector repaired to the Rue des Champs Elysées, where they found Madame de V—— at home, as her husband had said. She confirmed what he had already said about the inspector having called one night at dusk, and having informed her that the bracelet was supposed to be at a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons.

The inspector smiled incredulously as he said: "Does madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out or enjoying itself with company at home? I do my business in business hours. The disguised officer most probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another cut—the villain! Mais—I am afraid madame will never see either of her bracelets again after this."

The inspector's words came but too true. From that day to this the madame la Baronne de V——'s diamond bracelets have never been heard of.

WHEAT-GROWING IN ENGLAND.—The last number of the Royal Agricultural Society's *Journal* contains an account of long-continued experiments in wheat-growing, and the results. As an install-

ment toward elucidation of the great food question, we epitomize a few of the conclusions arrived at. Wheat has been grown on the same land, *without manure*, for twenty years in succession, the land being of average wheat-producing quality. The produce averaged for the twenty years was  $16\frac{1}{2}$  bushels to the acre. The effect of farm-yard manure, applied yearly, was an average of  $32\frac{1}{2}$  bushels to the acre; and with artificial manures, the average was  $35\frac{3}{4}$  bushels; "considerably more," say the experimentalists, than the average produce of Great Britain, when wheat is grown in the ordinary course of agriculture in rotation. Mineral manures alone, applied in the soluble form, scarcely increase the crop, while nitrogenous manures do occasion an increase; but the greatest increase takes place when these two kinds are combined.

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#### THE JONESES, BROWNS, AND ROBINSONS.

**I**N walking about certain districts of this great wilderness of brick and mortar, nothing strikes me so much, or puzzles me so much, as the vast number of first-class mansions New York contains. There is no end of such houses; and as you pass them, say about six in the evening, and catch a glimpse of their well-appointed kitchens, where servants are preparing elaborate dinners at blazing fires, and behold spacious dining-rooms and snowy damask and glittering plate, you will assuredly fall to wondering who the people are who occupy those grand houses, and, above all, were their money comes from? In all the upper part of the city you may walk for hours among houses whose occupants must spend at the very least a couple of thousand a year; while many of them must expend five times that amount. Now, who are these people—the thousands and tens of thousands who inhabit those fine houses, and drive their broughams and their carriages, and are clad in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day? They are too genteel for brass plates; but if you make inquiries at the greengrocer's in the back street, or at the public-house, or of John Henry tripping along to order cream

for the coffee, you will probably learn that Brown lives in one, Jones in another, Robinson in a third, Snooks in a fourth, and so on. They are people you never heard of, before in your life, that no one ever heard of, or ever will hear of out of the narrow circle in which Brown, Jones, and Robinson move.

This annoys me sometimes, frets me, and makes me—not envious, for I would not exchange places with Brown or Jones for all the wealth of California—but discontented.

Suppose I were to say that I am a person who *has* been heard of, that I have earned public fame and public honor, and that if I were to mention my name here, thousands would recognize me, and be able to tell who I am and what I have done. Suppose this, I say, and then imagine my reflections sometimes when I am walking home to my four-roomed cottage in Fiftieth street, through these magnificent squares and crescents tenanted by these nameless persons, every one of them sitting in an easy-chair drinking 'twenty port!

I don't say there is any thing wrong about it; but now and then it strikes me as being rather odd and almost paradoxical. I have written the poem of the day, or painted the picture of the day, and here I am in my house, while Brown, who is the Lord knows who, and does the Lord know what, resides in that first-class family mansion in Fifth Avenue. Let me write or paint for the next forty years as fast as ever I can, and as well as ever I can, and to the very best advantage, and I shall never be able to get beyond Brown. A legion of equally nameless Joneses and Robinsons will still be several stories above me.

Understand me, I am not repining, I am not discontented, I am very snug here in my cottage. I have plenty in my pantry, plenty in my coal-cellar, a feather-bed—such a feather bed! it was my grandmother's, and has been stuffed with the feathers of many generations of fowls, bred, reared, killed, and eaten in the family, which is cheering nevertheless. Moreover, I have tolerably good health. In fact, I have the capacity for enjoyment, and the means of enjoyment, and I do enjoy myself

thoroughly. I am thankful every day of my life for the many mercies of heaven, which, I often think, are far more than I deserve or have any right to expect.

Still those nobodies in the roomy and desirable family mansions vex me. If they were dukes, or lords, or bankers, or well-known merchants, or well-known anybodies, I could forgive them. I could look at their mansions and say: "All right; you are quite entitled to this sort of thing. You are eminent; you came over with the Puritans, or you lent government money, or did something or other to gain distinction. You may not have come by your wealth honestly; but no matter, if you are thieves, you are distinguished thieves. You are somebodies. I should as soon think of quarreling with you for having fine houses, as I should with coal-heavers for wearing fantail hats. The thing fits." But those thousands and thousands of nobodies, where do they come from? Where do they belong to? Who were their fathers and mothers, and what sort of houses did *they* live in? Not in houses of this magnificent sort; for such houses did not exist in outlying quarters of the town a quarter of a century ago. When I am out of humor, and happen to be wandering among the palaces of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, I am apt to say to myself: "What's the good of being able to scale Parnassus, and mount to the topmost steps of the Temple of Fame, if I am obliged to hide my illustrious head in obscurity? Although the trumpet of fame is blowing a loud fanfare for me all day long, I am not equal to a mansion in Fifth Avenue. Yet there are thousands for whom fame never blew a note who come into possession of grand houses, and hold state in them as if by divine right."

One day lately, when I was in a very bad humor, I was passing the palace of Jones. There was a handsome carriage waiting at the door, and presently Jones himself came down the steps, assisted by a footman, and entered it. Jones's hair was slightly gray, but he had a plump, ruddy face, and looked like a person who enjoyed himself. Seeing that Jones was going out for his pleasure at three o'clock in the afternoon, I thought

it probable that he had nothing else to do on the face of the earth but enjoy himself. This man, thought I to myself, is a sort of Fortunatus. Whenever he puts his hand in his pocket he finds money there. He is not obliged to make an effort to obtain it. He toils not, neither does he spin; yet he is magnificent, and has all the pleasures of the world at his command. Now, the aggravating reflection about this is, that if Jones *did* toil and spin, he wouldn't be half so well off as he is. What encouragement is there for me to go home and rack my brain, when all my best efforts are not equal in substantial result to Jones's doing nothing? I write a tragedy, he has but to write a check. This undistinguished Jones is my bloated aristocrat. When I see him lolling in his carriage, chinking the dollars in all his pockets, I feel ready for the barricades. I mutter between my teeth: "Down with the bloated Joneses!"

I ask, again, where do all these common people get their money? How should it be such an easy thing for them, and such a difficult thing for me? How provokingly cool they are over it! But if I, after a hard struggle, obtain possession of a hundred dollars or so, I am as nervous as possible until I get it safely into the bank. And even then my mind is not at rest. What if the bank should break! If I had five thousand dollars instead of five hundred to my account, I feel certain that I should never trouble myself about the stability of the bank. This is what I envy—not wealth itself, but its potentiality.

When I saw Jones in his carriage roll off from his door, I went my way in a very ill humor. I don't know that I wanted any thing that day. I had seen my name in the papers—"rising young man, rapidly reaching the top round of the ladder," (one paper said I had reached it already;) it was a very fine day; I was in very good health; I had several loose greenbacks in my pocket; and for that day, and several more if I chose, I had nothing to do but enjoy myself. Still I was hipped, and out of humor. When I had wandered about for many hours among the gay scenes of the city, seeking unalloyed pleasure and finding it not, I turned in to a famous

supper-room, where digestion is promoted by minstrelsy. I had heard that to sit in this room and eat chops and baked potatoes while a tuneful choir sing glees, was to compass the very round and top of human enjoyment. I had heard that those chops and potatoes, accompanied by the lyre, were medicine for the mind diseased; that they were potent to raze out the written trouble of the brain, and cleanse the stuff that weighs upon the heart. Remembering these things, I said to myself: "If a man should need an antidote to poisoned thoughts, this should be the shop where he may procure it."

I entered, and encountered the good apothecary. His looks were not meager; his weeds were not tattered. On the contrary, he had a very jolly rubicund face, and wore a most unexceptionable surtout. He smiled, shook me by the hand, gave me snuff from a chest, (box is not the word,) and called me his dear boy. The pain in my temper was vanishing at the very sight of the good apothecary. Ere the medicinal chop and potato were set before me that pain departed. Yes, yes; I am willing to own it. Phillis is my only joy; and so warm is my heart becoming under the influence of the good apothecary's potions, that I am ready, notwithstanding my entire and unalterable attachment to Phillis, to make an appointment with my pretty Jane, to meet me, meet me in the willow glen while the bloom is upon the rye; to sing, —hail, smiling morn. I am becoming reconciled, when suddenly my eye falls upon an elderly gentleman at one of the tables. It is Jones.

He is sitting drinking claret out of a crystal goblet, smoking a very choice cigar—I know it by the ash—and listening to the music with his eyes shut. I notice that his clothes are fine and rich; his fingers are covered with sparkling rings; his cambric shirt-front is ablaze with three dazzling brilliants. He is enjoying himself at every pore. I can see it by the quiet way he puffs his cigar, by the gusto with which he sips his Lafitte, by the artful and knowing way—practiced Sybarite!—in which he keeps his eyes gently closed, that his ears may not be distracted from their draughts

of delight. Bloated Jones! hated member of a nameless but pampered class. Look at him! how he wallows in pleasure! What a power of enjoyment he has! I feel certain that if he were to give me one of those choice cigars of his, I could not extract half the enjoyment from it that he does; I could not find half the flavor in the Lafitte. And see how thoroughly he enjoys the music; never opens his eyes for a moment; but listens, listens, while his face beams with an expression of the most exquisite pleasure. By and by, when he has had his fill of delight, he will roll home in his luxurious carriage, while I—Ah! I see he is about to go *now*. He has thrown away the end of his cigar, and is putting on his gloves. A gentleman from the other end of the table comes forward with his hat and stick. The gentleman is evidently Jones's servant, his butler, or his valet. Fancy that! The gentleman hands Jones his hat and gold-headed walking-stick, and takes him by the arm. Bloated, pampered nobody! The waiters are making way for him as he passes along; the gentlemen at the tables are rising to draw their chairs out of his way.

"Is he so very distinguished a person, then?" I ask.

"Oh! no," is the reply, "but the poor old gentleman is BLIND."

Blind! Let me go home to my cottage in Fiftieth street and say my prayers.

PLEASING TO BACHELORS.—At Portland, Oregon, lately, the belles gave a grand ball, which was planned and carried out by a committee of ladies. Ladies did all the "inviting," called for the gentlemen at their places of business, hotel, residence, or rendezvous, as the occasion happened. The gentlemen were also dependent upon their partners for a selection in the dance. The ladies actually held the floor, as they had a right to do, having all the bills to foot. There was a fine array of dress, but the ladies wore masks. Some of the managers of the party were provided with two gentlemen, so there was no lack of material for a full floor with every dance.

The innovation might be generally adopted elsewhere.



## GOLD VERSUS PAPER.

THE striking contrast between gold and paper currency, and the great facilities which have always been afforded to counterfeiting the issues of the latter, cause us to lay before our readers some very interesting statistics upon the subject of counterfeiting, which have been arranged by a gentleman well versed in such matters:

The fabled touch of Midas, which turned every thing into *gold*, was not more *miraculous* than the effect of our system of currency, transforming, as it does, so much waste paper and so many rags into the representative of wealth. To Napoleon is attributed the remark, that in the midst of his most stupendous military enterprises the printing-press was his Minister of Finance. The saying is quite applicable to our own country and our own times, for both North and South have resorted to the paper-mill and printer to supply the sinews of war. The various schemes of finance championed by either Mr. Chase or his opponents are all centered in paper money of some kind. The only difference among the great financiers has been, as to what *kind* of paper money should be issued.

There has, therefore, never been a period in the history either of this nation or of the world, when paper money was in use to such an extent among any people. There are more steel-plate printers at work to-day in the loyal States than were ever before employed in the whole country. So great has been the demand, indeed, that many mere laborers have been pressed into the service, and have aided in the production of the beautifully-engraved notes of all kinds with which the country is to-day flooded. In the opinion of all those familiar with monetary affairs, wealth invested in paper money is at best precarious; but when to its uncertain value, *if genuine*, is added the risk—nay, the certainty—that much, very much of it is counterfeit, how alarming is the thought, and how pregnant with every imaginable form of domestic misery and commercial disaster!

The evils of a paper currency have exponents and assailants enough, but, strange to say, the evils of a counterfeit paper cur-

rency are borne almost with patient silence by a suffering people. It is a remarkable fact, that in no country in the world has the art of bank-note engraving been developed to such a perfection of beauty, and yet in no other country in the world has counterfeiting thrived to such an extent.

The crime is at least as old as the time of Diogenes, the cynic, of which famed philosopher it is stated, that he was obliged to fly to Athens on account of having been suspected of ill-basing the coin. It is a crime, indeed, that has been frequently dignified by governmental authority. It is a historical fact that Sir William Pitt caused French assignats to be forged for the purpose of depreciating the French credit; that the British Government caused the Continental currency to be counterfeited by the same engraver who executed the original; and to-day, wherever the great army of the great Yankee nation settles among the enemy, there are to be found Confederate notes which pass quite as readily as those issued from Richmond, and, indeed, have rather the preference over the genuine, and much more than the counterfeits of Prussian, Austrian, or Turkish currency, because they are much better done.

From a careful compilation made in 1862, and published in the *New York Times*, it appears that—

“Out of thirteen hundred and eighty-nine banks in the United States, only two hundred and fifty-three have escaped the attempts at imitation by one or another of the many species of frauds. And out of these two hundred and fifty-three, at least one hundred and forty-three are not worth counterfeiting, so that, in round numbers, out of thirteen hundred bank-note issues, but one hundred are not counterfeited. The rule is, that the better the bank, the more the counterfeits. All the New York City notes are counterfeited except three, and of these, two are closing institutions, and one does not issue any notes! The only State (which has but one bank) whose bank-notes are not counterfeited, is Florida. The reason is plainly because the genuine notes of the four banks in that State are all of doubtful value. So in all the seceded States, where the paper currency is much depreciated,

counterfeiting is unprofitable. Maryland has only four bank-note issues not counterfeited out of thirty-three, and of these four, one is at a heavy discount. The great State of Massachusetts, with her one hundred and eighty-two banks, has only seven whose issues are not counterfeited. And yet Massachusetts is the only State where there is an association for the prevention of counterfeiting! Of the two hundred and ninety-five banks in New York State, the issues of only forty-five are not counterfeited, or six-sevenths of the banks in this State have had their notes counterfeited.

"After deducting from the list of banks whose issues are not counterfeited, the wild-cat, the shaky, the closing, the closed, the worthless, those not yet in operation, and those which are new, the list of uncounterfeited bank-notes grows small and (not beautifully) less. It is a spectacle alike degrading to our national character, as well as an overwhelming condemnation of the system of Banking and Bank-Note Engraving, which admits of such frauds. It is not only productive of a great loss in time and money, of irreparable damage to the poor and innocent victims of these numberless frauds, but is undermining our morality as a nation. The road to wealth by such easy though dishonest means presents a temptation which the young, too often, are incapable of resisting, and which, in many cases, leads to the brothel, the gaming-house, and the gallows. The plentiful supply of fraudulent bills renders the people familiar with seeing them offered, and men who would scorn to pick a pocket, or commit a robbery, will pass a bad bill on a friend with the utmost indifference, and think their success a good joke, notwithstanding it is a state-prison offense. Then the friend must repeat the experiment, and so the evil becomes wide-spread. The extent of the evil is apparent from the many publications devoted to the exposure of counterfeit money; and hardly an issue of the daily press is without some record of new devices of the counterfeiters."

In the year 1856 a compilation was made of the statistics of counterfeiting in an article published in the *New York Herald*; a comparison (with the tables already quoted)

will show the alarming increase of counterfeiting in six years:

PROGRESS OF COUNTERFEITING IN SIX YEARS.

	1856.	1862.	Inc.	Dec.
Number of Banks, . . .	1,317	1,389	72	—
Number of Banks whose issues are not counterfeited, . . .	463	253	—	210
Number of kinds of "counterfeits" or "imitations," . . .	1,462	461	—	1,001
Number of kinds "altered" Notes, . . .	1,119	3,039	1,920	—
Number of kinds "spurious" Notes, . . .	224	1,685	1,461	—
Number of all other kinds of frauds, . . .	142	717	575	—
Total number of species of fraudulent bills	2,947	5,902	2,955	—

"It will be seen that while only about two-thirds of our bank-note issues were counterfeited in 1856, about four-fifths were counterfeited in 1862. There is a decrease of "imitations," or real counterfeits, because the facilities for alteration have increased to such an extent, that instead of eleven hundred and nineteen in 1856, we have three thousand and thirty-nine different kinds in 1862. The "spurious" notes have also increased from two hundred and twenty-four to one thousand six hundred and eighty-five varieties, and the miscellaneous frauds from one hundred and forty-two to seven hundred and seventeen varieties. The total increase in the number of banks was only about seventy-two, while the increase in counterfeiting of all kinds was nearly *three thousand* varieties. How many of each variety was issued, as already remarked, is known only to the counterfeiter. Making the moderate estimate of one thousand dollars of each variety in circulation, we have a total amount of *nearly six millions of dollars (and possibly sixty millions are afloat)* of bad money constantly passing from hand to hand, destroying confidence in the circulating medium, embarrassing trade, and presenting an appalling picture of moral turpitude."

The Bank-Note Detector of to-day is not less capacious than that of last year. There is not a retail salesman who feels safe without it, and even with its aid, few can avoid loss by counterfeit money.

I do not hesitate to say that the existing deplorable state of the currency is wholly unnecessary and culpable, and mainly owing to the fact that existing laws are not en-

forced, and that we do not devote the same care to the construction of our currency as we do to the label on a paper of tobacco or the wrapper on a box of pills.

Having shown that during the last six years counterfeiting has increased until about four-fifths of our banks have their issues counterfeited, and having demonstrated how largely these fraudulent notes enter into the currency of the country, I propose to give some views as to the cause of all this. In doing so, it will be necessary to relate, first, so far as known, the *modus operandi* of counterfeiting. There need be no fear that I shall give the counterfeiter any information. They are well versed in the art. I shall render them no more aid and comfort than does the preacher to the wicked, when he exposes their delinquencies, and lays bare to the gaze of an abhorrent congregation the hideous sins and iniquities which are, alas! so prevalent with fallen man!

The mystery which has been intentionally thrown around the business of engraving will naturally suggest the supposition that the business of counterfeiting is likewise an artistic operation of great difficulty; so far from this being the case, I expect to show that from the first counterfeit note down to the last, the process has been exceedingly simple and easy almost beyond belief.

The following notice of the first counterfeit bank-note may be found in Francis's *History of the Bank of England*, vol. i., p. 170:

"The day on which a forged note was first presented at the Bank of England forms a memorable era in its history. For sixty-five years the establishment had circulated its paper with freedom; and during this period no attempt had been made to imitate it. He who takes the initiative in a new line of wrong-doing has more than a simple act to answer for, and to Richard William Vaughn, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this phase of crime in 1758. The records of his life do not show want, or beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. *By one of the artists em-*

*ployed—and there were several engaged on different parts of the note*—the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, and as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer bank-notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. From this period forged notes became common."

Adam had his Eve, Samson his Delilah, and Richard Wm. Vaughn did not profit by their example.

The minute evidence in the trial of Vaughn disclosed the notable fact, that he had cut a Bank of England Note into as many parts as its pictorial arrangements would admit of, and that he had procured each separate part engraved on "*copper*" by different engravers in London, and that he printed these separate plates, one by one, on pieces of bank-note paper, "to the number of twenty," by a slow but sure process.

The result is, that since Vaughn's time there have been repeated and more successful attempts at counterfeiting on the plan adopted by him. Indeed, all the most startling counterfeits have been made in precisely the same way. The most successful counterfeiter from 1758 to 1863 has been linen-draper, tailor, canal-boatman, and others without artistic skill. Among the most striking illustrations of this fact are the following cases:

1. The counterfeiting of the United States Treasury Notes was effected in 1849 by a counterfeiter, who procured from the original engraver of the U. S. Treasury note a beautiful plate, which, with slight alterations, he changed into a plate from which he printed five-hundred-dollar United States Treasury notes. The pretense was that the plate was for a mining company certificate of stock.

2. The Prussian Treasury notes were counterfeited by one of the best engravers of this city, who honestly did the work in the regular course of business. The counterfeiter said he wanted the work for a soap-label, and when getting the official Prussian seal engraved, said it was for his private mark.

3. In 1858, a woman named *Sevesti*, alias

Madam *Earfiner*, obtained a splendid counterfeit of the "Turkish Bank," a large amount of which was passed at Constantinople. Upon investigation, it appeared that one of the most respectable printers of the city had executed the work, under the supposition that it was to be used as a soap-label. Indeed, so careless was the printer that about 400,000 piastres, or about \$133,000, were lying loose upon his shelves, and the boys used many of them to kindle *fires*.

4. In 1858, the notes of the National Bank of Austria were successfully counterfeited in this city, and many thousand dollars were bought by parties in Wall street. In that case the artists were the best engravers in the country, who executed the counterfeit work with the purest intentions in the world. The guilty parties procured one part of the work from one engraver, and another part from another engraver, and so on, until they had caused to be completed the most beautiful counterfeit in the world, without doing a stroke of work except putting the work together after the engravers had done it, in much the same method as that adopted by the type-printer in setting up a "form."

The striking similarity of the means employed in *producing* these counterfeits—over a hundred years elapsing from the first to the last—is most remarkable. What is the reason of this? Has not the art of engraving advanced in a hundred years? Certainly it has, but not in the right direction. Engraving is done cheaper and better than ever, but the essential principles for the prevention of counterfeiting are not so much in practice as they were over a hundred years ago. And this can be made so plain, that he who runs may read.

It is a remarkable fact that the system of bank-note engraving in use in this country was condemned by the Bank of England forty-four years ago. A commission, of which Mr. William Congreve was the head, examined the subject thoroughly, and made a complete *expose* of the defects of the American plan then proffered by Mr. Perkins—the inventor—for acceptance by the Bank of England. A specimen of engraving was submitted which the American inventors

said would require at least three years and five months for a counterfeiter to copy. The specimen note was actually counterfeited in seventeen days, and the system was rejected. The Americans, however, eagerly seized upon the plan, and have kept it in use until this day, multiplying rather than decreasing its evils, and verifying all the predictions of ill success which were so prophetically made by the English Commissioners.

Indeed, in the year 1819, Sir William Congreve made a most convincing argument to show the utter absurdity of duplicating any work on a bank-note—an absurdity which, however, was practiced by the engravers of our own postal currency forty-four years afterward. The result was, as Sir William Congreve predicted it would be, it was counterfeited.

It is stated that there are no less than *nine* different counterfeits of the fifty-cent postage-stamp; and what is the reason? Obviously it is because the main protection against counterfeiting on that stamp consists in five portraits of Washington, all exactly alike! while it is a notorious fact that for the last twenty years our counterfeit notes have had more heads of Washington upon them than any thing else. Indeed, if there had been a design to make a stamp so as to be counterfeited most readily, it would have been difficult to select any other or more appropriate device. However much we may reverence the father of his country, we should rather forego his portrait on the good money, in order to avoid the necessity of getting it on the bad.

What protection against counterfeiting can there be in the multifarious portraits of our Revolutionary forefathers, and in the eagles and designs of goddesses of liberty with which our currency is covered? It is no crime to engrave most of them; so that the best and most honest artists may be unwittingly employed in executing the most damaging frauds. Surely we have artists enough to embellish the currency with new, original, and appropriate devices; to copy which, while it would be a crime, would at the same time require great artistic skill. The repetition of one device on the same note is obviously no protection, since the

counterfeiter can use the same mechanical means that are employed by the engraver to duplicate a picture. He may even use a simpler though slower process. The repetition of the same device on different notes is useless for the same reason, while the adoption of the plan proposed by Mr. W. L. Ormsby, Sen., would give greater security against counterfeiting, more employment to artists, and greater beauty to the currency, at no increased cost to the banks.

But let us examine in detail our system of engraving. The original cost of the engraving of a steel plate from which an ordinary bank-note is printed varies from five hundred to five thousand dollars, and yet this plate is furnished to the bank at a cost of, say a hundred and fifty dollars. This the engravers are enabled to do by means of the invention of Mr. Perkins, before alluded to, called "transferring," with which process the beautiful vignettes, geometrical lathe-work, and other highly finished engravings, after they have been once executed on steel, may be duplicated to an unlimited extent, and the engravers keep the duplicating apparatus. It is, in fact, but an extension of the idea of reproduction which permeates all manufactures, and multiplies steam-engines, stoves, newspapers, all articles of clothing, plaster-casts, shoe-lasts, thimbles, needles, and the myriad articles of ornament and use with which the industry and invention of man has filled the world. As is aptly said by Mr. W. L. Ormsby, Sen., in one of his many publications on this subject:

"An examination into the *modus operandi* of modern bank-note engraving will disclose the fact that the separate parts are engraved on STEEL by different engravers, and that, by means of 'hardening' and 'transferring,' those separate 'steel dies' are brought together on one plate, to be printed by ONE operation.

"Thus the very process of engraving the first counterfeit note, for the invention of which the first counterfeiter was hung, is now employed in manufacturing our genuine paper currency. Our improvement on the counterfeiter's plan—if that can be called an improvement which benefits rogues more than honest men—consists in the use

of steel dies, in order to combine the separate vignettes on *one plate*, and thus economize in the printing process. These dies never wear out—are never destroyed—accumulate from one generation to another, and, in the vicissitudes of business, often pass into counterfeiters' hands, making the system of constructing bank-notes, by combining and re-combining small detached vignettes, a thousand-fold more dangerous and objectionable than it was in Vaughn's time. The first counterfeiter's system has, in fact, been legalized amongst us.

"The application of geometrical lathe-work, the invention of engraving on steel, hardening, transferring, etc., form a remarkable era in the art. At first the engravers honestly thought they had achieved perfect protection against counterfeiting; but an investigation by the Bank of England proved its fallacy beyond question.

"Up to this period (1820) there had been few, if any, cases of counterfeiting in this country; nor was such a publication as a 'Note List' or 'Counterfeit Detector' known in any part of the world; and it is especially remarkable that, with the advent of this geometrical steel-die system, so vauntingly introduced to make counterfeiting impossible, the rapid increase of the crime receives its date; and it was not long ere weekly lists of counterfeits began to appear in the newspapers, and finally to occupy the entire paper itself, the increase in the lists growing more and more disproportioned to the increase of bank-note circulation.

"From these facts, it is self-evident that the *pretended* improvement in note-engraving was, and still is, a *real* auxiliary to note-counterfeiting."

The repeated use of the same devices on different bank-notes arises from this practice, so that a counterfeit of one note is a counterfeit of many others. Of late years the engravers have ceased the practice of delivering the plates to the parties for whom they execute the work, and keep the "plates" as well as the dies. The consolidation of the large companies has caused to be collected in one room in this city the materials for reduplicating nearly all the bank-notes that have been engraved for the

last quarter of a century. If burglars should enter this room, or a fire or a riot or a sale scatter its contents, the great body of our paper currency would be entirely useless, and even the dies and plates from which many of the United States notes have been produced would be scattered, and that currency with others become totally insecure.

For many years there has existed on the statute-books of this State a law that the dies, plates, and materials used in the production of the bank-notes of this State shall be deposited in the Bank Department, but the law has always been a dead-letter—it has never been carried out. On the contrary, the dies are kept by the engraver, and used like type to set up different forms of notes, and have been often used to engrave for banks of the same name in different States, entirely alike.

The present system of engraving enables mechanics and capitalists to execute genuine bank-notes. The artists and engravers hardly know what banks they work for. In like manner the counterfeiting is done by artists who do not know what bank-notes they counterfeit.

The remedy proposed for this by Mr. W. L. Ormsby, Sen., in a work published by him in 1852, was to cause each bank to have a separate, original design, to be one and indivisible, so that it should be totally unlike any other bank-note; so that it could not be altered in name or denomination: no engraver could counterfeit any part without knowing what he was doing, and thus counterfeiting would be confined to engravers. The plan has been partially adopted of late years by banks which have caused to be engraved for their exclusive use portions of their notes, totally unlike any other notes. These banks have almost universally secured their notes against counterfeiting.

This plan was adopted to a certain extent in the manufacture of the legal-tender and demand notes. A careful examination of them will disclose the fact that they are to a very great extent unlike any other notes ever made before or since. They are easily recognized, and from the *color* of their backs, which is used to prevent photography, have added another to the many

nicknames by which paper money has been called.

Our system of bank-note engraving has also been such as to facilitate alterations. Out of six thousand varieties of counterfeit notes examined by me in 1856, over three thousand were altered from one State to another, or from a lower to a higher denomination. The alterations are also less easy of detection because of the frequent re-issue of old and soiled notes; and since the lettering has been kept distinct from the ornaments, the one could be altered without affecting the other. The remedy proposed by Mr. Ormsby, Sen., in 1852, was to so interweave the name of the bank and the denomination of the note as to prevent alterations without destroying the note. This plan has also been somewhat extensively adopted within a few years. Its adoption on the "greenback" currency has been one of its greatest securities.

There is, however, a vast amount of currency in circulation, and more of it is constantly produced, without these safeguards, because there is no law compelling their adoption.

Our present system of engraving has also facilitated the operations of the counterfeiters, by supplying them with a stock of dies and old plates which are used for spurious issues, but slightly resembling the original notes, but which, nevertheless, deceive the unwary and the ignorant. The dies which made the steel plates of some of our city banks could even now be sold at little more than the cost of the steel upon which they were engraved. It is only the honesty of the parties into whose hands they have fallen that prevents the banks from serious damage.

The remedy proposed for this was to either abolish the use of dies altogether, or compel the delivery of all duplicates to the banks. This plan, among the others named, was not adopted by Mr. Chase in his admirable scheme for the production of the legal-tender notes. He believed that he had made all secure by the stringent penalties for imitation which he caused to be enacted, applicable to that currency. But he subsequently found that neither the plates from which the notes were printed,

nor the dies from which the plates were made in the ordinary course of business, would be the property of the Government, but would be held, together with the dies and plates with which most of the United States bonds have been produced, as the private property of the engravers. Indeed, they peremptorily refused to give them up when ordered to do so. Mr. Chase, however, determined that the Government should own the plates from which its issues are printed, and the materials used in their duplication. He therefore made arrangements to effect that object—so desirable a result, strange to say, has never before been achieved.

Even the proprietors of our noted sarsaparilla and pills, in some cases, own their own plates from which their labels are printed, and the dies or types from which the plates are made. The designs on their labels are new and original, and are copyrighted to prevent imitations. And yet, strange to say, the legal-tender notes have designs which are neither new nor original, and but for the interposition of Mr. Chase, even the plates and dies would be held as the private property of the engravers, to be sold, perchance, in the vicissitudes of business, to the highest bidder.

Mr. Chase wisely took pains to avoid such a state of things in the future, and has used such precautions as will insure the Government ownership of all dies, plates, and materials used in the production of money. I have no hesitation, therefore, in saying that so far as that is concerned, the national currency about to be issued will be the most secure against the devices of the counterfeiter of any yet given to the public. The only objection I can see to it is, that, as I understand it, it proposes to adopt the "general plate" system, making all the notes of a particular denomination alike, with the exception of the titles of the banks. This plan has been already tried in New York State under the General Banking Law, and has signally failed. It has been also tried in New England with a like result; and, under its operations, the issues of the State Bank of Ohio, with its forty-one branches, were counterfeited by the engraving of one plate. The titles of the banks were all en-

graved separately, and printed into the general plate. It is but fair, however, to say that the new national currency will be executed in the highest style of the art, and with safeguards against counterfeiting not in vogue with the plan as previously tried. It must also be remembered, that by the retention of the dies and plates in the possession of the Government, a security will be attained not existing at the time mentioned. The defects of the plan, however, were fully set forth twelve years ago in the publication of Mr. W. L. Ormsby, Sen., to which I have already referred. A great defect in our system of banking exists in the multiplicity of banks of the same name. There are in New York State 8 Union Banks, 7 Commercial, and 7 Farmers' and Merchants' Banks. In the United States there are 24 Union Banks and 23 City Banks. The combination of Farmers' and Merchants', Farmers' and Mechanics', Farmers' and Exchange Banks, all tend to confuse by the similarity of title, especially since the name of the State is often placed in an obscure corner of the note, so as not to attract attention, and give a poor bank the benefit of the circulation of a good bank of the same name. Thus, when a New Yorker sees the Orange County Bank, his mind will naturally revert to our land of milk and butter, and he may take the note, not thinking that there is an Orange Bank in New Jersey, and an Orange Bank in Vermont, or perchance an Orange Bank, Washington, D. C. So in the palmy days of the Washington shinplasters, bogus banks were started with names similar to our best city banks, by which means many citizens were swindled, they having supposed, on taking the bills, that they were city money. The evil was greatly heightened by the fact that the same engravers who engraved the good money likewise engraved the bad, so that in many cases it required the closest scrutiny to distinguish the good from the bad; so close was the resemblance, in fact, that when some of the bogus banks collapsed, the bad money was easily altered, so as to be more like the good, by simply changing the name of the State. This is, indeed, one of the most fruitful sources of "altered" notes, the bad notes of a popular

name being available for frauds on good banks of the same name in other States. The simple remedy for this is to stop the establishment of banks of the same name.

Another defect in our currency consists in the fact that we have no official list of the good banks. The public is compelled to rely upon the statements of Bank-Note Detectors as to the reliability or soundness of our banking institutions.

There should undoubtedly be some official list of the good banks, since the laws do not seem to be adequate to the prevention of the bad ones.

During the past ten years, the activity of invention has done much in the endeavor to effect the prevention of counterfeiting; but the general defect of all the plans has been, that they have not been universal in their application, and have mainly been of a nature to enable the bank to tell its own notes rather than to guard the public against loss. They have not succeeded as yet in preserving the people from disgraceful imposition and fraud. No man can learn to detect bad notes as easily as he can learn a language which is new to him; and very few men—whether they have made the subject a study or not—can say they have not been victimized. If a man has a \$10 bank-note offered him, he must—

FIRST. Look at a Detector to ascertain whether the institution is sound.

SECOND. He must ascertain whether it is an alteration by any of half a dozen processes, either in name or denomination.

THIRD. Whether it is a "spurious" note or totally unlike the genuine issue of the bank.

FOURTH. Whether it has been made by pasting together portions of a number of swindled notes.

FIFTH. Whether it is counterfeited by photography.

SIXTH. Whether it is counterfeited by lithography.

SEVENTH. Whether it is a counterfeit by the legitimate engraving process.

In most cases, the purchaser is tired before the tradesman is satisfied, and the tradesman is vexed when the purchaser borrows the "Detector," to see, likewise, whether the change is not a counterfeit.

Thus, to put what I have said in a nutshell, I think, as I said in a lecture on the same subject last winter, that it is demonstrated, that while we have the most extensive paper currency in the world, we have also the worst; that while our notes are the most beautiful, they are the most open to counterfeiting; that there is a popular inability to distinguish the good money from the bad; that out of five thousand fraudulent notes, less than five hundred are the production of counterfeiters; that the felony of passing counterfeit money is frequently practiced with impunity, and the moral sense of the community deadened to the commission of a great crime; that this fearful state of things is growing rapidly worse, as shown by the statistics of the last six years; that the first counterfeit, a hundred years ago, was produced in substantially the same way as the last; that the treasury notes of Prussia, Austria, Turkey, and America, have been in turn counterfeited by the same process that was adopted by the first counterfeiter, and discarded by the Bank of England nearly half a century ago; that this system of engraving is a system of counterfeiting in its very nature, and peculiarly adapted to the production of fraudulent currency; that the evils of our currency result from the multiplicity of banks of the same name; from the facility with which alterations are made from a lower to a higher denomination, or from one State to another; from the repeated use of the same devices on different notes; from the extensive application of machine-work, which makes counterfeiters of mechanics; from the facility of securing the aid of capable artists to do the counterfeitings—unknown to themselves; from the constant re-issue of defaced and mutilated notes; from the multiplicity of old bank-note plates containing the work of skilled engravers; from the failure of absurd schemes for the prevention of counterfeiting; from our loose system of banking, enabling the issue of wild-cat money; from the dishonesty of *Bank-Note Detectors*; from the absence of any official list of good banks, and from the laxity of the law regarding counterfeiters detected in the act; that governments, instead of suppressing



counterfeiting, have aided it; that the law of this State is openly violated by connivance of the Bank Department; that, in short, whoever takes a piece of paper money must risk being cheated by one or other of a dozen different frauds pertaining either to the genuineness of the note or the soundness of the bank; that our postal currency has not escaped the doom which has attached to similar productions during the past century.

I have shown that to remedy these glaring evils we must stop the establishment of different banks bearing the same name; we must engrave a bank-note so that it can not be altered in any part without destroying the whole; we must make it a criminal offense for one bank to imitate the notes of another in artistic design; we must cause bank-note engraving to be done by artists and engravers, instead of mechanics; we must engrave each note as a new, whole, and original design, so that the counterfeiter will be compelled to do the work himself, instead of being able to employ innocent confederates; we must cease the re-issue of defaced and mutilated notes; we must enforce the law of this State, giving the Government the custody of old plates; we must, by scientific investigation and extensive reformatory legislation, amend our entire system of engraving as well as of banking; we must have a uniform system of laws throughout the country regulating the currency; we must have an official list of the good banks. Already some of these reforms have been inaugurated partially, but it seems to me that their efficacious operation would be secured best by legal enactments, national in their operation and inevitably certain in the enforcement of their penalties.

In conclusion, I can not but again congratulate those who hear me upon the obvious steps toward reform which have been taken by the Secretary of the Treasury, namely, in preserving, for the exclusive use of the Government, the dies, plates, and materials used in the production of the Government paper; in discountenancing the use of worn-out and stale devices and engravings, and in encouraging the artists of the country to ornament the currency with

original historical designs, illustrative at once of the nation's progress and the engraving reform. Let us only hope that the operations of these reforms shall become universal, and that we may yet see the palmy days when we can take a bank-note as we take a greenback, without fear of loss. Should that end be secured through the instrumentality of Mr. Chase, it will prove one of the few compensations for our terrible civil war. I hope it will be borne in mind by those who hear this, that the reforms which have been proposed herein are not calculated to enrich any inventor for the sale of any patent plan, or to entail large expenditures upon banking institutions, but are calculated to benefit all parties alike—the banks and the public—with a slight decrease in the profits of bank-note engravers.

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#### AGRICULTURE.

MOST of our readers are aware that the United States Government have recently established a Department of Agriculture, and that from the enterprising spirit of Isaac Newton, Commissioner of the Department, semi-monthly reports are issued—though, from the nature of the case, and the vastly extended area of our possessions, their circulation must be necessarily limited. We propose—in the interest of our Pacific correspondence—to quote largely therefrom, especially upon such matters as may bear upon that section of our country. In the last issue, the Commissioner quotes the following interesting remarks from a letter of Joseph S. Wallis, Esq., of Mayfield, Santa Clara County. He says:

“Our seasons being divided into the wet and dry, all our grains are sown between the middle of December and the last of March; consequently we make no distinction in our crops, as winter and spring wheat. The past winter was unprecedentedly dry, and the result has proved very disastrous to the agricultural interests of the State. The grain crops this season will not yield half the average products for the past three years. The hay crop is about fifty per cent less than that of last year. I am now speaking of the crops throughout the State. In this

country the hay crop is at least fifty per cent more than that of last year, owing to failing grain crops having been cut for hay. In this State hay is chiefly made from the wild oats that are found on the hills and in the valleys throughout the State. None of the cultivated grasses of the older States will grow here. They are not adapted to this climate, for the dry season kills them out.

"Large quantities of hay are annually made in the State from the volunteer crops of wheat and barley—the latter making an excellent quality of hay, superior to oats.

"The time is not far distant when California must depend chiefly for her supply of hay upon the volunteer grain crops, as the oat-producing lands are annually growing less productive, they being so closely cut and grazed, that no opportunity is offered the grain to seed itself. I know of land in this valley (Santa Clara) where, in 1850, the oats grew from five to nine feet high, and very thick, that have not, during the last two years, afforded more than four months of pasturage out of each year. The fact is, the grazing-lands of the State have been over-stocked the past five years, which has at length resulted in great loss to the farmer and stock-grower. Owing to the excessive drought this summer, there is in most parts of the State great scarcity of pasturage. Immense numbers of cattle have died from starvation, and many more must die before the coming winter. There will not probably be one-third the number of cattle in the State next January there were seven months since. The loss of sheep has been small, as most of them have been driven to good grazing-grounds in the mountains, and some have been taken out of the State to Oregon. Large numbers of American horses and cattle have been removed to Oregon from the northern counties.

"The fruit crop this season is but a little below the average. The grape crop will, I think, from all that I can learn, be about a fourth below the average. The crop of small fruits is small, such as gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, and currants. Not only has the drought lessened the crop, but the birds driven from the mountains for want of food, have destroyed thirty per cent of

the small fruits grown. Young orchards, where there are no means of irrigating, will suffer seriously. Most of the young trees planted last winter will die. In fact, I am informed that in some localities the orchards that have been planted five to eight years are feeling the effects of the drought—many of the trees are dying. I have noticed that trees of all kinds have commenced shedding their leaves, at least six weeks earlier than usual.

"We are all hoping for early rains the coming winter; and unless 'all signs fail in dry time,' we will not hope in vain. I anticipate very early rains, at least a month earlier than usual. During the *wet* season the winds invariably blow from the *south-east*, and in the *dry* season from the *north-west*. This summer, however, has proved an exception—the wind has come chiefly from the *south-west*, and variable most of the time when not blowing from the southwest.

"A singular phenomenon occurs annually in this State about the close of the dry season, which thus far has not been accounted for by scientific men. No theory has been advanced as yet that could be supported by the principles of natural philosophy. Usually about five weeks previous to the first rain, the spring and water-courses begin to rise, and continue slowly to rise till the commencement of the wet season. I have resided in the State since early in 1849, and I have never known it to fail. I am informed by old Californians, who were born in the country, that it has always been observed. It is a never-failing freak of nature. This year the water in the small streams and springs commenced rising about the first of August, at least two months earlier than any previous year since 1849. When we consider the fact that the springs and streams are rising, that the foliage has begun to fall from trees and shrubs, and that during the past four months the winds have blown from the sea inland the greater portion of the time, nearly opposite to that it usually does, I think we have good reason to look for rain as early as the middle of October; and I would not be surprised to see rain as soon as the first of October."

The Commissioner says: "The 'freak of

nature' mentioned by our correspondent is seen here at the close of severe droughts, as well as in California, and is, we think, easy to be explained. In time of severe drought, the winds usually blow from the west and northwest. They are very dry, as will be seen presently, and also highly positively electrified. From both these conditions they absorb moisture in great quantities. Whilst they continue blowing, the waters of springs, rivulets, and branches, or creeks, are decreased by this absorption. But prior to the fall of rain, the winds veer to the south and southwest, and being moist and less positively electrified, they absorb but little. Hence there is less evaporation of the springs and rivulets; and being fed by the subsoil moisture with a uniform supply, there must be an increased volume of water in them."

And the Commissioner further remarks: "Our correspondent refers to a singular fact, when he states that the southwest wind brought no rain. It must appear extraordinary to one not familiar with the machinery employed by nature for the distribution of moisture, to be told that there is a wind blowing over the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean into the land, where so near and lofty a range of mountains as the Nevada are ready to intercept any moisture in them, and precipitate it on the narrow coast-valleys. There can, therefore, be no moisture in this wind, although it comes from the ocean. But the phenomenon is susceptible of an explanation, and having an interest to all our readers, as well as to Californians, we here give it, although requiring some space."

The machinery employed by nature for the distribution of moisture is simple, and we take the following brief statement of it from the article on California published in the *Agricultural Report* for 1862:

"On each side of the equator, when the sun is vertically above it, and reaching to about the fifteenth degree of latitude on each side of it, and moving with the sun as it travels north and south of the equator, is a belt of dry surface-winds encircling the earth, and blowing with a uniform and gentle force into the equator. The wind of the north belt blows from the northeast; that of the south belt blows from the south-

east. As these surface-winds approach each other, they rise, being expanded by the intense heat of the vertical sun, and become upper currents. The surface or lower currents are called the trade-winds; the upper, the counter-trade. Mr. Maury and Mr. Butler maintained that the south belt of trade-wind, when it rises, becomes the northern counter-trade or upper current, and the north belt of trade-wind becomes the southern upper counter-trade. These currents pass through each other in strata, which may be represented by passing the fingers of the hands between each other. But the generally received opinion is, that these surface-currents strike against each other as they ascend, and turn each other back over the hemispheres from which they came. I regard the first opinion as more philosophical, because currents of air more readily stratify than repel each other, and because the southern hemisphere of the earth is chiefly water, the immense evaporations of which are more needed to water the land hemisphere of the north than to be discharged on the ocean, where they are not needed. 'Nothing has been formed without a purpose.'

"Between the points from which these opposing surface belts of wind begin to rise, there is a belt of rains also encircling the earth, and about five hundred miles wide. It is called the rainy belt, and from it pour down those torrents of rain which fall on Central America.

"As these dry surface trade-winds pass over the land and the ocean, they absorb immense quantities of moisture, and their capacity to hold it is increased by the great heat imparted to them from the rays of the vertical sun. After they have risen, and become the upper or counter-trade, the north one passes, at first, in a northern direction; but on account of the diurnal rotation of the earth, it is gradually turned to the east, forming the southwest wind, so general during summer in the Atlantic States. As it passes northward into colder atmosphere it loses its heat; the moisture, in consequence, condenses, and at about fifteen degrees north of the equator portions of the wind and moisture descend to the earth. Other portions, having received the

latent heat liberated from the moisture that has descended as rain, continue northward even to the north pole. The portions of the earth receiving these rains are called the extra tropical rainy regions.

"This central rainy belt and these two belts of dry trade-winds follow the sun in its passage north of the equator to the Tropic of Cancer, which is nearly to the twenty-fourth degree of latitude. As the northern edge of the dry trade-winds reaches fifteen degrees north of the latitude of the sun, when the latter is at the Tropic of Cancer, this northern edge reaches to about the thirty-ninth degree of latitude, being within three degrees of the northern boundary-line of California. But before the sun reaches the Tropic of Cancer, and after it begins to recede from it, Northern California receives the rains that fall beyond the dry trade-winds. Thus this part of the State receives more rains than the southern portion, which is longer covered by the trade-winds."

The northwest wind, therefore, is dry, because, in passing from the equator to the pole, it has parted with all the moisture it had absorbed, when rising into the upper regions of the atmosphere at the equator. Hence, as our correspondent says, "in the dry season the wind invariably blows from the northwest." During last winter this wind continued blowing from the same direction, instead of from the southeast, as it usually does in winter, which is the wet season. Why it did so we can not tell, nor do we suppose that meteorology can furnish a satisfactory explanation.


But we have just seen that the wind which brings rain is the southwest wind. Why, then, has it been so dry this summer in California? Simply because the dry trade-wind belt had extended over most of California, and it must have been these dry winds turned from their usual course, by the cause which kept the northwest wind over California during winter. The true moist southwest wind descends to the earth *beyond* the dry trade-wind belt. Hence, although they came over the ocean, they had not yet absorbed the evaporations of the ocean. How far they passed over the ocean, and whether they came from the

southern hemisphere or the northern, can not be determined; but the latter, in all probability.

But why are the winds of the wet season in California from the southeast? Why are they not the southwest winds, as in this part of the Union?

East winds are mere surface-winds, and caused by an approaching fall of rain and snow, or condensation. We have them here in winter. But the rain comes from the higher strata of clouds, which are moving from the southwest to the northwest. Thus, in some marked rains of the past winter, during which, and for twenty-four hours before their fall, the wind blew constantly from the northeast, the newspapers show that they commenced falling from four to six hours at Washington, before they commenced at Boston. They were traced at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, moving directly against the northeast wind. In California, the Nevada range of mountains run from the southeast to the northwest, and by their height they would deflect the southwest winds from their natural direction toward the northwest, or from the southeast. Hence, the eastern winds caused by rains would naturally unite with the deflected southwest winds, and aid their deflection. The union would present the fact stated by our correspondent, "that during the wet season the winds invariably blow from the southeast."

As this machinery follows the sun, the northern edge of the dry trade-winds has been receding to the south since the 21st of June; so that most of California will soon be able to receive the rains brought by the true southwest wind, for the upper current of moist winds coming from the equator descends to the earth immediately beyond the northern edge of the dry trade-winds.

 A SOLDIER at Madrid, Spain, was recently arrested for stealing a gold cup from a church altar. He alleged that he got it by a miracle; he was praying for assistance when the image of the Virgin handed him the cup. The civil court handed the case over to the ecclesiastical court, which discharged him, with a warning against the recurrence of such miracles.

## THE FOLLIES OF FASHION.

## AN INCIDENT

IT has always been remarked that among the people of all civilized countries the generality of women have many admirers, which very few old bachelors, even those of a cynical turn of mind, will venture to doubt. If she is handsome, has a fine figure, and is possessed of a good modicum of intelligence, shrewdness and sound common-sense, so much more is it in her favor. It is claimed, moreover, for the gentle sex, that this admiration for them extends more among Americans than of any other people. "At the same time," says Miss Aurelia Flimsey, whom we have met frequently in society, "there are few ardent lovers among Americans, such as were wont to pay homage to the queenly dames in powdered hair and short gowns, who lived and flourished and graced the halls and salons of our ancestors, with elegant manners and delightful, witty conversation, during the halcyon days of the republic."

Miss Aurelia was not far out in her conclusions. She thinks the age is too utilitarian, too practical by far, either to foster the presence in the social circle of a smitten youth, who has just arrived at man's estate, or a happy, contented state of matrimony be promoted by uniting herself to him. He has had but little experience with the world and is cut and dried a man before he is scarcely out of his teens.

But the case is quite different with Bachelor Dumps, who has seen the world as a single man and retired on a fortune, but still remains single.

"How so?" we inquire.

"Because his mind is matured and his habits settled," rejoins Miss Flimsey.

"They certainly ought to be, at sixty," we reply.

This was enough to change the drift of her conversation. Miss Aurelia is young, blooming, and what is called decidedly pretty—some say handsome—a belle among many far more attractive than herself—a blonde, chatty and even brilliant at times in her conversation and with a most agreeable disposition; but she is still single, also.

She has had scores of admirers. She flirts with the whole of them, but none have proposed, or are likely to do so—at least not for the present. She is extravagant, fearfully so; but that is nobody's business but her own. Her wealth is ample to gratify all her most luxurious tastes and in itself offers a tempting bait, for most men to nibble at.

But Miss Aurelia is a poor angler and knows not how to ply the art successfully to catch a man of rare intelligence and common-sense, and one who would be a fitting companion for her through life. She wonders at it, but the reason is obvious—her manners are uncultivated. She will not reflect, for thinking to her, has become quite unfashionable and must not be indulged in.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the men of the present are less gallant, or remiss in their courtly attention to the better half of creation than those who preceded them a hundred years since. They do not exhibit less esteem, reverence, or respect for the dear creatures, or are quite indifferent to the womanly virtues and rare accomplishments of mind and manners whenever a true woman can be found, and they are thrown in social contact with them.

The exceptions to this rule may be seen among a large class who never could be happy under any circumstances, or by any surroundings. They were born only to be miserable. They unite themselves in wedlock under the foolish belief that they are changing their unhappy existence for one of continued connubial bliss. They marry for experiment, only to discover, ere the honey-moon has half run its course, that it is a lamentable failure. Made more miserable by their ridiculous efforts to be happy, they finally give it up in despair, and set about at once ferreting out some plan, or excuse to rid themselves of an evil in themselves, by a resort to the courts of divorce. Their accumulated misery, brought upon by themselves wearing a mask before marriage, is more than doubly multiplied after, when the mask is withdrawn and their real character and instincts are suddenly brought to light. Fortunately for the well-being of

society, this class, though large enough in all conscience, is nevertheless, limited in numbers.

A well-bred man would not accept the hand of Miss Aurelia, notwithstanding her good looks and her superficial accomplishments, or it is very doubtful if her fortune, to a man of honor, would entice him to make his life disagreeable by marrying her. Why is this? you may reasonably ask. Because her manners are so dissimilar to his own, and so entirely at variance with his own sense of refinement and breeding, that he would soon become disgusted. A well-bred man, in his behavior, has an equal mixture of modesty and boldness, of loquacity and taciturnity, of freedom and reserve, and of every other quality which is useful or commendable, but whose extremes are either criminal or ridiculous.

Such a man is always condescending, without falling into the meanness of adoration. He is not backward in professing, but more solicitous in doing acts of benevolence. He should be, if he is not already, scrupulous in owing his regard to merit, and of bestowing due praise, for fear of being thought a flatterer; or of expressing a just dislike of vice, however dignified, to avoid the imputation of rigidity. In short, all his actions flow from proper instincts of honor, morality and good breeding, and therefore are generous, sincere, uniform and graceful.

If these observations be true, then good breeding is a social virtue. It is benevolence brought into action, with all the advantages of proportion and symmetry. Complaisance is, indeed, its resemblance—as a shadow is of a substance—but complaisance is only the varnish—good breeding is the real beauty of the soul, made visible and set in the fairest point of light. The only real difference, then, apparent between the virtuous and well-bred man is, that the latter seems to act his part in life with a superior grace, while the former moves about more clumsily, if he does not possess the same instincts of good breeding, refinement, and polish of manners.

Here is a case in point, which will serve, in a measure, to illustrate our subject better. It was related to us by an artist-friend,

when first called upon to paint the portrait of a lady of fashion and prominence in society. "She was elegantly attired," said our artist, "and, I need scarcely add, most expensively so. My studio had been open only a fortnight, and I was just about fairly emerging into business. My reputation was not made then, and, of course, as you may suppose, I was not a little gratified at the appearance of such an elaborate customer. I knew at once who she was, for I had seen her in her dashing equipage frequently; passed her on promenade; and though I moved and had my being in a less pretentious circle, I never had the felicity of being either presented to her, or spoken a word to her before.

"She came to my studio with a gentle rap, and in answer to my summons to enter, marched boldly in. I was, at the moment, just putting the finishing touches on a neat little landscape, by the sale of which I hoped to cancel a two weeks' board-bill, and for which my unrelenting landlady had already shown signs of demoralization, by sending me three different bills, with a prompt military style of demand for payment, without further delay.

"I sprung out of my chair on seeing her enter, handed her the one I had been sitting on, and flew around the room to find a better one, which I kept on hand for my 'sitters,' but was now covered up in one corner of the studio, with a faded piece of blue muslin over it, to keep the velvet cushion and back it was lined with free from dust. In my agitation, as I did so, I kicked over my easel, upset three pots of oil on the bare floor—for I did not possess such a luxury as a carpet at this time—and came within a hair's breadth of dashing my head against my reflector. At length, having every thing to my satisfaction, she asked the price of the little landscape I had completed. It pleased her, she smilingly said; the price was reasonable and so she purchased it. I was too much overcome by my good fortune to make a suitable reply, or to take the money there and then she proffered to me. She had heard of my skill at portrait-painting, and wished me to take hers—that she was about departing for Europe in a short time, and asked me

when it would be most convenient, and if at an early day I could give her a sitting and commence the work.

"'To-morrow, madam, if it please you,' I replied.

"'At what hour, sir?' she asked.

"'Whenever you please, madam. I'm almost, if not quite disengaged at present.'

"'I'll call at eleven A.M. Do not disappoint me,' and again handing me the money for my little landscape, which I this time had sense enough about me to take, she gracefully glided out of the room. I followed at a respectful distance, to see her safely down the four flights of stairs, upon the top of which my studio was perched, and had just arrived at the outer door-way, when I saw her striving to open the door of her carriage, which stood at the sidewalk in front.

"The coachman seemed to have as much as he could do to keep the prancing horses from running away.

"I was completely bewildered over my good fortune at receiving such a visit and the patronage of one of the leading ladies of the *ton*, and stood looking on admiring the horses, the coachman in his glaring blue and buff livery, and the general turnout of the entire establishment.

"Still my fair patron, from whom I had the good fortune that very day to sell my landscape to, and receive more than double the amount of money necessary to liquidate my indebtedness to Mrs. Finch, my landlady, tugged and pulled away unsuccessfully at her coach-door. It failed to open, however, notwithstanding her frequent and violent jerks at the handle, and she turned and looked toward me, as much to say: Will you be so obliging as to aid me in my efforts?

"The horses gave a sudden start forward, which nearly threw her off her feet, and the driver had to exercise his greatest strength to hold them in."

"Whether she thought I was a person of great ill-breeding, or a fool, I can not say, but in all likelihood she must have considered me both.

"Now I'm not considered an impolite or an ungallant man, and never failed before in showing to others those proper courtesies

and amenities of life which an exalted and cultivated society adhere to, expect, and have a right to demand from others with whom they are thrown in social contact.

"If I had been riveted to the spot, palsied or struck dumb, I could not have been more immovable than I was.

"I never offered to budge an inch from where I stood and hastened, as I should have done, to her immediate assistance. Presently a roughly-dressed man, carrying a large bundle under his arm, passed by, paused, turned, and gazed upon my newly-formed customer, as she pulled away at the coach-door, and then, with a look of wonder at me, in another instant he seemed to comprehend the whole situation, which I had failed to do. Quick as thought and with a polite bow, he forced open the door with a vigorous pull, and held it so until my lady was fairly inside and seated, and then closed it again more carefully than it was before, and with a polite obeisance in response to the kind 'thank you' and beautiful smile with which it came from the fair inmate, passed on.

"So did the 'brougham;' but I shall never forget the flash of anger darted upon me from a pair of lovely eyes inside of it, while at the same moment she disengaged from her plump and delicate hand a torn kid-glove, fractured in several places in her encounter with the door-knob, and flung it, or rather tossed it, disdainfully into the street.

"The horses had scarcely gone ten steps before I was myself again, and all my senses returned to me. I was not exactly placed in that delightful condition of mind which some people are absurd enough to say springs from a too susceptible feeling, which prompts one to believe he is in 'love at first sight'—not a bit of it; though I'll frankly and candidly acknowledge that I was greatly and gorgeously impressed. I may say, between you and I, dear reader, confidentially, that my thoughts were wandering in a delicious sea of ecstasy, upon the blooming angel in dry goods that had just disappeared, like a beautiful dream, round the corner. Such a dashing two-horse establishment, with a sleek-looking *a la* Dundreary bewhiskered driver and fair

occupant, had never before been seen passing through that dismal-looking, weather-beaten thoroughfare.

"The whole neighborhood was excited, and the wretched population of the tenement-houses and dilapidated shanties opposite to where my studio was located adjourned *en masse* to the sidewalk, deployed in long lines upon the curb-stones, and those who remained in-doors filled every window and aperture with peering heads, to catch but a glimpse of the fine lady and the driver, with the untamed horses attached to the highly polished coach.

"The neighborhood was considered only moderately respectable. To be sure there was any number of blear-eyed-looking men to be found there, in the various corner-groceries, at night, and a regiment or two of Irish and Dutch washerwomen; legions of ragged children and scores of weavers and in-door mechanics and small tradesmen in the 'old clo'' and rag business, to be seen hovering and fitting about in the daytime; but of course I had no direct commercial connection with any of these.

"Cheap quarters, in a good location, was what I advertised for, and I was just verdant enough at that time to pay a quarter's rent in advance, which absorbed my entire capital, before I discovered that the surroundings to the house I was in were not of the most attractive or aristocratic order, for an artist commencing business.

"I failed, heretofore, in being looked upon or considered as a person of any consequence by the neighbors; although my neat, unpretending sign—"Charles Marsden, artist"—hung in a conspicuous position at the entrance to the hall-way.

"Somehow or another, my profession as an artist had been entirely misunderstood by them. I was not many days in finding this out, for I had scarcely been settled a week at my easel before, to my horror, I was frequently solicited to do little odd jobs at painting with a white-wash brush here and there, which the good people who called upon me, in their natural simplicity, had supposed I was capable of doing, and that the useful branch of outdoor white-washing was really a part of the

business I was engaged in. Strange mistake; wasn't it?

"From the very day, however, that the chariot with the two spangled horses and the gilded driver appeared in front of the house I partly occupied, I was a marked man. I could never afterward make my entrances or exits without being attacked and besieged by an army of urchins, who bedeviled me for pennies; and at the same time jerked heartily away at the tail of the only decent coat I had, as vigorously as my fair visitor did at the door-handle of her coach, to attract my attention.

"She had departed, alas! and I had been guilty of a great breach of good manners in her presence.

"The truth is, I was so completely dumb-founded by her call upon me, her paying me a round sum for my landscape, and engaging me to paint her portrait, taken in connection with the prospects of a continuation of good dinners at Mrs. Finch's boarding-house—all combined nearly unsettled my brain, and in that condition I had committed a rudeness which I could not possibly have done under any other circumstance, and was thrown completely off my guard.

"It was too late, then, to mend matters, and I was in utter ignorance of her address, or I should have gone to her at once and apologized. I never expected, after this, that she would return, but as my good fortune would have it, she made her appearance the next day at the time appointed, and gave me the first sitting for her portrait.

"At length, having every thing in readiness, I began the work. 'Madam,' said I, 'will you be kind enough to part your locks on your forehead a little, that I may be enabled to see the color and shape of your eyes?'

'O sir!' she said, simpering, 'you must paint the locks and the eyes as they are, because it is the fashion to wear the hair this way.'

"I thought her manner strange; but with an encouraging tone of voice I explained to her that should I paint the hair in the situation she wore it, the eyes and the forehead, the finest parts of the face, would be wholly lost.



“‘It matters not,’ she said, ‘but do proceed. My face and figure must be painted as I am.’”

“I used many arguments to persuade her to remove this *shade* from her countenance, but all in vain. She persisted, and I was obliged to comply.

“After sketching the face at a second sitting, I proceeded downward. It was to be a full-length portrait and I had but a limited time to finish it in. I became interested in my subject on the third sitting, but I must confess the impression made upon me when she first called was gradually and perceptibly diminishing.

“The bosom was next to be copied. What a pity, I thought, that this part is not concealed more instead of the forehead. A thousand singular ideas crowded into my imagination as I reflected on this strange inconsistency of my subject. I made no great haste in performing this part of my task. I was so much taken up with gazing that my pallet hung carelessly upon my thumb, and my pencil several times fell from my fingers. This threw the young lady into some confusion. I apologized and proceeded. The shoulder and arm were next portrayed. In drawing the hand, I found it necessary to lighten my flesh-color to a deep purple; for although the skin of her face and bosom was uncommonly white and fair, her hand was rough, highly-colored and uncomely.

“‘I think that is much too dark, Mr. Marsden,’ said she, casting her eye on the picture.

“‘Not at all, madam,’ I replied, ‘pray, compare it.’”

“She placed her hand upon the canvas.

“‘It injures the looks of the picture,’ said she.

“‘Not more than it injures the looks of the reality, madam.’”

“She proposed to have the hand covered with a glove. I approved the plan. Nothing now remained but the drapery. She was dressed for the occasion in white muslin, very fine and transparent. My studio-door was open, and the wind blew back her gown and exposed the shape of the joint called the knee. My pencil, faithful to its duty, immediately threw on all the shades

that were necessary to make the picture a true copy of the original, which she had repeatedly requested me to do.

“‘This called a blush to her face. I arose to shut the door. On again taking my seat, I observed that she had so disposed the folds of her dress that the shape of the knee was no longer visible. I took the hint, and instantly altered the picture. ‘Ah,’ said I, as she left the studio, ‘if all fashionable young ladies could have their uncouth and ridiculous manners as adroitly changed as were the folds of that dress, they would not hesitate to strike them ‘out of the picture.’”

“‘You finished the portrait, then, to her complete satisfaction?’”

“Yes, and received a handsome compensation for it. I was so much pleased with her lady-like delicacy of feeling, displayed in the modest manner she arranged the folds of her dress, to cover up the outlines of her form, that all my esteem, and even love for her, returned. The lock of hair she wore over her forehead, I soon discovered, was merely intended to shade a small scar, which she received from a fall in early childhood, and not, as I supposed at first, simply as a matter of fashion.”

“‘What became of her?’”

“She departed on a tour to Europe—was absent two years.”

“And then?”

“Returned, and so did my love for her. She was a young widow, with the only incumbrance of one block of brown stone houses, in one of the most fashionable quarters of the metropolis.”

“‘You married her, then?’”

“Of course I did, after an exciting chase, and she became Mrs. Henry Marsden, the artist's wife. From that time I date my present happiness, success and prosperity in the world.”

To speak philosophically then, a woman must repel before she can attract. All this may sound oddly to a female ear, but she who laughs at it pays no compliment to her understanding.

Ovid, who knew human nature tolerably well, displayed a great deal of penetration when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laureled lover, for his passion for her was

increased by the pursuit—as was our artist-friend after the lady of his choice.


Our modern Daphnes are quite a different class of people. Instead of flying from, they almost run into the arms of their Apollos, and are afterward surprised that they grow cool to their charms. Lovers are like sportsmen, to whom the possession of the game is nothing to the pleasure of the chase.

If women would study less to please, they would give more pleasure and attract more admirers. This is a paradox apparently, which those for whom these reflections are thrown out can scarcely comprehend, and till they do so, they will never make their fortunes by their faces, or by the arts and blandishments of the toilet. The roses of youth are not long in bloom, and when time has faded them there is an end to what is oftentimes called "love at first sight." On that too often they seem, by their manner of setting themselves off, chiefly to depend.

Your modern fine ladies carry their heads well, and have fine sweeping dresses, but when a man of sense would choose a wife, he expects to meet other good qualities than those, which might well recommend a horse.

To be stared at a few seasons, become a belle at a watering-place during the height of a fashionable career of a summer or two, and then neglected, and in a few more sink into oblivion, is the unfortunate lot of thousands of showy young ladies, who have only external appearances to recommend them. Without prudence and discretion, even the most substantial ornaments, though they excite admiration, will never procure love or esteem.

Prudence is superior to pearls; and there is no kind of comparison between diamonds and discretion. Fools may be caught by the shell, but a man worth having will make the gem the object of his attention.

 A recent article on petroleum says: "Every day new uses for this substance are being discovered. Its use for culinary purposes is being discussed. We know of one gentleman who eats it on salad, and prefers it to olive oil."

## FAT PEOPLE.

WHAT is the average weight of a man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much heavier are men than women? What would be the weight of fat people; and what of *very* fat people?

M. Quetelet, of Brussels, some years ago, deemed such questions quite within the scope of his extensive series of researches on man, (*Sur l'Homme, et le Développement de ses Facultés.*) He got hold of every body he could, everywhere, and weighed them all. He weighed the babies, he weighed the boys and girls, he weighed the youths and maidens, he weighed men and women, he weighed collegians, soldiers, factory people, pensioners; and, as he had no particular theory to disturb his facts, he honestly set down such results as he met with. All the infants in the Foundling Hospital, at Brussels, for a considerable period, were weighed; and the results were compared with others obtained at similar establishments in Paris and Moscow. The average returns show that a citizen of the world, on the first day of his appearance in public, weighs about six pounds and a half; a boy-baby a little more, a girl-baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of ten or eleven pounds. When Shylock asked for his "pound of flesh," he asked for an equivalent to a little less than one-sixth of a baby. How the tiny ones grow during childhood, we need not trace here; but it may be interesting to know that girls and boys at twelve years of age are nearly equal in weight; after which limit, males are heavier than females of the same ages. M. Quetelet grouped his thousands of people according to ages, and found that the young men of twenty averaged a hundred and forty-three pounds each, while the young women of twenty gave an average of a hundred and twenty pounds. His men reached their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when their average weight was a hundred and fifty-two pounds; but the women slowly fattened on until fifty, when their average was one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. Men and women together, the

weight at full growth averaged a hundred and forty pounds. As M. Quetelet wished to be accurate, and as he naturally had not many opportunities of weighing people without their clothes, he weighed the clothes without the people as well as with the people; and he came to a conclusion that the clothing of Belgians of all classes may be averaged at about one-eighteenth of the total weight of a man, and one twenty-fourth of the total weight of a woman. Whether these ratios would apply to English men and women at the present day, is rather a nice question of tailoring and dressmaking; but, so far as concerns M. Quetelet and his Belgians, the figures give eight or nine pounds weight for a man's dress, and five or six for a woman's. With these deductions for dress, the inquiries show that full-grown men and women are about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Of course *averages* are here only meant. The averages were formed from men ranging from a hundred and eight to two hundred and twenty pounds, and women from eighty-eight to two hundred and seven pounds. M. Quetelet tried to estimate what was the actual weight of human nature over which Leopold was king. He found that, taking all ages and conditions—nobles, clergy, tinkers, tailors, wives, maidens, boys, girls, and babies, all included—the average weight was almost exactly one hundred pounds avoirdupois for each human being: a quantity easy to remember, at any rate. Britons and Americans are a trifle more massive than Belgians. As chemists tell us that we are furnaces, with food for fuel, the analogy is not so remote, after all. Of course, any conclusions derived from average results must depend for their accuracy on the number of instances which supply the average; and it might be that M. Quetelet's inferences would need to be modified a little when applied to the natives of other countries. All the recorded weighings, however, agree tolerably in average results. Several years ago, eighty young collegians were weighed at Cambridge; they ranged from eighteen to twenty-three year of age, and their average weight was a hundred and fifty-one pounds.

This tells a good tale of the batsmen and

oarsmen of the Cam; for Frenchmen and Belgians of those ages would not reach quite to such an average. Factory life lessens the weight below the level of open-air life. A few years back, Mr. Cowell caused fifteen hundred children and young persons in Manchester and Stockport, some employed in cotton-factories, and some leading an out-of-door life, to be weighed; he found that, at the age of eighteen, the average weights were as follows: factory youths, a hundred and six pounds; out-door youths, a hundred and twenty-six pounds; factory girls, a hundred and six pounds; out-door girls, a hundred and twenty-one pounds. This seems to denote that youths are relatively more stunted than girls by factory life. Professor J. D. Forbes, availing himself of the facilities afforded by his scientific position at Edinburgh, weighed no fewer than eight hundred youths and young men in that city. He divided them into nationalities and into ages; he found that at fifteen years old, the average for each was about a hundred and fourteen pounds.

Let us say, then, that a full-grown man in Western Europe averages about a hundred and fifty-four pounds in weight, at thirty or thirty-five years of age. We can not be far wrong in this, and it will serve us as a standard of comparison for estimating the fleshy virtues of notably fat people. We say fleshy in a popular sense, leaving to physiologists to determine how much is flesh and how much fat, in a bulky person.

It is observable that very thin people do not announce their thinness abroad. We speak, truth to tell, somewhat contemptuously of them. We call such a man Lanky Laurence, or Pill Garlic, or Thread-paper, or Skin-and-Grief, or Bodkin, or Lath. Scarcely any man, except the Living Skeleton, ever exhibited himself on account of his thinness. What a poor object that same Claude Ambrose Seurat was! Born at Troyes, in 1798, he was a baby of ordinary size, but began gradually to waste, until, at the age of twenty-one, he had less flesh and fat upon him than any full-grown person ever known. At the age of twenty-seven he was exhibited in London as the Living Skeleton. Anatomists and medical men were greatly interested in him; other

spectators were shocked. The circumference of his arm was only five inches and a half at the largest part, and of his waist twenty-three inches below the ribs; his muscles were too weak to enable him to hold out his arm horizontally; and his attempts at walking were like those of a person whose "foot is asleep;" his skin was like dry parchment, and his ribs were as clearly defined as a bundle of canes. Thin people, we have said, seldom exhibit on account of their thinness, though many have done so for their stoutness. It is those who grow largely in excess, and not those who lag far behind the average of eleven stones, who claim for themselves a place in history.

M. Laurent notices a Parisian boy who must have frightened his parents a little, for he weighed a hundred and four pounds at four years old. There was a boy at Winlaton, in Durham, about a century ago, who, at the age of ten years, measured thirteen inches round the thigh, and thirty-three round the waist; he was a queer fellow in other ways, for he had six toes on each foot, and six fingers on one hand. In 1784 died an Irish gentleman, Mr. Lovelace Love, from very fatness. So immense was his bulk, that his coffin is said to have measured seven feet in length, four in breadth, and three and a half in depth, (though we doubt these figures;) how many pounds of flesh he could have furnished to Shylock is not narrated. Mr. Baker, who died at Worcester, in 1766, was so large a man, that, in the language of the local prints, "his coffin measured seven feet over, and was bigger than an ordinary hearse, and part of the wall was obliged to be taken down to admit its passage." Six years afterward there died at Usk, in Monmouthshire, one Mr. Philip Mason, whose dimensions were recorded as follows: round the wrist, eleven inches; round the upper arm, twenty-one inches; round the chest, sixty inches; round the largest part of the body, seventy-two inches; round the thigh, thirty-seven inches; round the calf of the leg, twenty-five inches. In the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*, an account is given of a French woman, Marie Françoise Clay, who attained an enormous bulk before her death, in 1806. Married at the age of twenty-five,

she had six children, and became fatter and fatter every year she lived, though plunged in deep poverty. It was not good living that made *her* fat. She measured sixty-two inches round the body; neck she had none, for her small head sank down between two enormous shoulders. At night she had to sleep nearly upright, to avoid suffocation. Her day was spent at a church-porch in Paris, where she sat to excite pity, and draw forth charity by her fatness and rags.

The above instances are wanting in facilities for comparison, on account of the actual weights being, in most cases, unrecorded. We will, therefore, dive into old newspapers and registers for instances more specifically definite on this point. "Died lately," (so said a newspaper a century old this year,) "Mrs. Harris, weighing three hundred and twenty pounds." Poor Mrs. Harris! her weight was a little more than double that which we find to be the average of middle-aged full-grown men. There was a Kentish farmer and innkeeper, one Mr. Palmer, who attracted much attention in the early part of the present century by his enormous bulk. He weighed three hundred and fifty pounds, thereby beating Mrs. Harris. Five ordinary men could be buttoned at one time within his waistcoat. He came to London to see the famous Daniel Lambert. The two men looked at each other. Lambert was vastly the superior of Palmer in bulk; but the latter puffed so much through his fatness that Lambert pitied him, as a man to whom life must have been a burden. Palmer went home much mortified; his claim to notoriety was suddenly eclipsed by a rival, and his vexation hastened his death. A part of his inn, the Golden Lion, had to be taken down to allow room for his coffin to be removed; and as there was no hearse large enough or strong enough to carry it, the coffin was conveyed to the grave in a timber-wagon. Ryland, the engraver, who ended his days in a shameful way toward the close of the last century, had an apprentice named John Love. Love left London after his master's death, and settled at his native place in Dorsetshire. He was so exceedingly thin and meagre, that a physician advised him to eat liberally. The advice was so well taken, that

Love became a gormandizer; the food turned to fat instead of to muscle and sinew; and his fatness killed him at the age of forty, when he weighed three hundred and sixty-four pounds. Growing bulkier and bulkier in our examples, the next on our brief list is Mrs. Dorothy Collier, who died about a century ago, and who was (as the local prints assert) "supposed to be the largest woman in the north of England." It is to be hoped so, seeing that Mrs. Collier weighed four hundred and twenty pounds. Her coffin was forty inches wide, and thirty deep. This worthy lady was, however, beaten by Frederica Ahrens, a young German woman, who was living at Paris in 1819. She weighed thirteen pounds when born, forty-two at six months old, a hundred and fifty at four years, and by the age of twenty had attained a weight of four hundred and fifty pounds. She measured sixty-five inches round the body, and eighteen inches round the arm. Altogether, Frederica must have been a formidable young person to deal with, for she could lift two hundred and fifty pounds weight with each hand. Mr. Benjamin Bower, a native of Holt, in Dorsetshire, attained a weight of four hundred and seventy pounds at the time of his death, in 1763. He was active enough to travel from Holt to London by stage-coach a few days before he died. As in the cases of Mr. Baker and Mr. Palmer, a part of the house had to be removed to afford egress for the coffin containing the massive remains of Mr. Bower. Günz, the German writer, mentions the case of a young woman who weighed four hundred and ninety-two pounds; but of this prodigy of womanhood we have no further information.

In 1774, there died at Cowthorpe, in Lincolnshire, one Mr. Pell, who weighed five hundred and sixty pounds. Whether he had expressed any wish to have his mightiness particularly taken care of does not appear; but he was inclosed in three coffins, the united weight of which, with himself, exceeded three thousand pounds, (nearly a ton and a half.) Mr. Bright, of Essex, was a person of great notoriety in the early days of the reign of George the Third. He was a grocer, at Maldon, and belonged to a

family noted for their personal bulkiness. He was a jolly fellow, who did not allow either fatness or any thing else to interfere with his good humor; and his biographer gives him the character of being "a cheerful companion, a kind husband, a tender father, a good master, a friendly neighbor, and an honest man;" insomuch that fat people would be glad to accept him as their representative man. Nevertheless, he had a sensible and reasonable foreboding that the later years of a man of his enormous bulk, if his life were prolonged, would bring more pain than pleasure with them; and a few days before his death, at the early age of thirty, he expressed a willingness to die. His weight was six hundred and sixteen pounds. Seven men were, on one particular occasion, buttoned up within his waistcoat. When his career was ended, and his body was encased in its monster coffin, not only walls, but staircases, had to be cut through before it could be got out; twelve men drew the low carriage on which the coffin was placed; and "an engine was fixed up on the church," as the local chroniclers narrate, to lower the coffin into the grave. There was an Irishman, Roger Byrne, who died in 1804, whose bulk was so great that his admirers claimed for him the merit of being "several stones heavier than the celebrated Mr. Bright, of Essex." It required thirty men to carry to the grave the bier on which his body was laid. Mr. Spooner, a Tamworth man, who was living in 1775, attained a weight of nearly six hundred and eighty pounds. He had long been too heavy to walk, his legs being unable to bear him. He measured four feet three inches across the shoulders. It is recorded of him that "his fatness once saved his life; for, being at Atherstone market, and some difference arising between him and a Jew, the Jew stabbed him, in the belly with a penknife; but the blade being short, did not pierce his bowels, or even pass through the fat which defended them."

Walk up, Daniel Lambert, king of fat men! In 1803, Lambert was keeper of the old county bridewell at Leicester. He had, at that time, an invincible repugnance to have his weight ascertained, being annoyed

at the comments made upon him as a mountain of adipose substance; but some of his acquaintances, determined to settle the matter, contrived one day to have a vehicle in which he was riding drawn over a road weighing-machine. We have no record at hand of his weight at that time; but changes having been made in the prison arrangements at Leicester, Lambert consented to come to London to exhibit himself—no longer unwilling to have his bulk and weight talked about.

In 1806; the following advertisement appeared: "Mr. Daniel Lambert, of Leicester, the heaviest man that ever lived. At the age of thirty-six years he weighs upward of fifty stone, (fourteen pounds to the stone,) or eighty-seven stones four pounds London weight, (that is, butchers' weight of eight pounds to the stone,) which is ninety-one pounds more than the great Mr. Bright, weighed. Mr. Lambert will see company at his house, No. 53 Piccadilly, next Albany, nearly opposite St. James's Church, from eleven to five o'clock. Tickets of Admission, One Shilling each." He was one of the lions of London for a time. His exhibition-room (what a famous place Piccadilly has been for giants, dwarfs, lean people, and fat people!) was visited by the high-born as well as by the vulgar; and he appears to have been respected as well as looked at, for he was a kind and sensible man. He was always shocked at the idea of any personal indignity or insult being cast upon him, on the ground of his bulk, by coarse-minded persons; and this known susceptibility was generally respected. Mr. Lambert was healthy in spite of his obesity. Some years earlier, when he was thrice the weight of an ordinary man, he could carry a weight of five hundred pounds. During the last fifteen years of his life, he drank nothing but water, and was usually cheerful and good-humored. His bulk increased year by year, until, shortly before his death in 1809, he attained the unprecedented weight of seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds, (nearly fifty-three stones.) His coffin was seventy-six inches long by fifty-two wide, and contained a hundred and twelve square feet of elm. The coffin was regularly built upon axles and wheels, and not only the

window, but also the side of a room, had to be taken down, to afford a passage for the bulky mass. The wheeled coffin was drawn to St. Martin's churchyard, where a gradual descent was made to the grave by excavating the ground. We remember seeing, a few years ago, at a bootmaker's in the city, a pair of shoes, the counterpart of some which had been made for the weighty Daniel by a former owner of the shop; they were, as Thomas Hood said of a stage-coachman's great-coat,

"Too broad to be conceived by any narrow mind."

## SELECTED PAPERS.

SUCH IS LIFE.

A NOVEL OF EVERY DAY. BY A REFORMED SENSATIONIST.

*From the Commonplace-Book of FELIX ORAN.*

THE honeymoon was over, and Chirk Gobowen, Esquire, and his beautiful bride, Caroline Corwin, lounged languidly over dinner at the Vulture Hotel, Cumminipaw. It commands a fine view of the lovely lakes of Lampeter, Bala, and Ellesmere, and with the triple peak of Snowden in the background, and the fierce ruggedness of Mold below, the scene is unequaled, save in the North American pampas. But the young couple heeded it not.

"The worst dinner I ever ate," said Mr. Gobowen, discontentedly.

"It is very bad," said Mrs. Gobowen; "but I think the dinner on our wedding-day was even more disagreeable."

"Very good of you to say so, I'm sure," said her handsome husband, with an evil glance.

"I say what I mean, Chirk," was the cold reply.

"If that is the case," said Mr. Gobowen, "it seems to me that we have been and made a sort of—well, a mistake, and the sooner we are parted the better."

"I'm agreeable," said the amiable and beautiful Mrs. Gobowen, with a smile.

"Blest if you are," retorted her husband, "but never mind that now. We'd better separate."

"Separate, indeed!" said Caroline. "That would be pleasant for me, wouldn't it? No,

indeed, no half for me," said the charming young wife, filling her glass with what is called claret at the Vulture, or at all events charged for as claret, and the best.

"Well, what's your whole measure, then?" asked her husband, curiously.

"Our marriage was a mistake. All run-away marriages are. I am heartily tired of you. I have heard all your stories, and all your travels, and, in short, you bore me?"

"I reciprocate the sentiment," said Mr. Gobowen. "I have heard all your songs, and your voice is not what I used to think it; and really your accounts of all the rubbishing novels you have ever read have their merit, but they are not particularly interesting. What's to be done?"

"Let us destroy all evidence of our marriage, and go back into society. I am supposed to have been on a visit to my aunt, Mrs. Gumdragon. She will not dare to contradict me, as I know of several murders which she has been instrumental in the commission of. You have been—what does it matter where a man has been?"

"My uncle, the banker and broker, knows of our escapade," said Mr. Gobowen, "because I borrowed a couple of thousand from him at starting; but he won't tell, because I am aware of some forgeries he committed some time since. So all is safe. Here's the marriage-certificate; tear it, and I'll look to see how you can get across the country to your aunt's."

"Are you a fool?" said the lovely Caroline Gobowen.

"I was, one day about a month back," said Chirk. She was too proud to reply to the taunt, but proceeded:

"Is there not a copy of that certificate in the books of the church of Eisteddfod?"

"By Jove! yes. That's awkward."

"Not at all, if you have the ordinary courage and energy of a man."

"I believe I have both."

"Then burn the church."

The fire in her radiant eye seemed to light up a kindred ray in his. He seized his hat, *box of cigar-lights*, and gloves, nodded to her, and departed.

Thirty-six hours later, and the beautiful little old church of Eisteddfod, built by Owen Glendower, and famous as the scene

of the marriage between Edward of Carnavon and Catherine Parr, was a mass of smoldering embers. Mr. Gilbert Scott, the great ecclesiastical architect, would eat no lunch that day, he was so shocked, and was scarcely comforted by receiving instructions to make another church exactly like the old one.

"I have done it," said Mr. Gobowen, as he re-entered the room at the Vulture, and found his wife—as we will still call her—smoothing her lovely hair at the glass, having just taken off her bonnet.

"Yes, I saw the fire," she replied, coolly.

"You did?"

"Ay. It isn't my nature to be idle. I went after you by the next train, and ascertained that you might have spared that lovely little church, which I wish I had sketched."

"What do you mean?"

"The clergyman of Eisteddfod—his name is the Rev. Morgan Jones—keeps the register-books in his own house."

Mr. Gobowen launched a fearful observation, directed against the Welsh clergy generally.

"That sort of language is of no use," said his wife. "You should have burned the rectory."

"Of course I would if I had known."

"If," repeated Caroline Gobowen, with bitter sarcasm. "Stay here and smoke your cigars. It is all you are fit for."

She put on her bonnet as carefully as if she was going to meet some woman whom she hated, and was gone.

A few days afterward the *Bangor Bangor* contained the following paragraph:

"Our fair readers can not be too cautious what servants they engage. The Rev. Morgan Jones, the respected minister of Eisteddfod, recently engaged a nursery maid, who came to him with the highest *written* character. Yesterday she disappeared, and the whole of the registers of the church, from the year 1397, disappeared also. Our one policeman, the intelligent and respected David Williams, says he thinks it is very odd, but declines, at present, to say more. Should any thing transpire, our readers shall hear of it next month."

"Well," said Chirk Gobowen, Esquire,

on the third day after, as his wife came in, with a proud flush on her fair brow.

"That is just the word," she said. "I bought some lead, wrapped the books in it, and dropped them down the well at the bottom of the garden. It is said to be unfathomable."

"Then the truth won't get to the bottom of the well, where she usually lies," said Chirk.

"Not bad for you," said Caroline Gobowen.

"Thank you. But it is now my turn to ask you where are your wits? You forget the witnesses to the wedding."

"Bother, so I did," said Mrs. Gobowen. "Orson is endowed with reason. There were Mrs. Jones, the clerk, the pew-opener, and the beadle."

"*Le diable à quatre*," said Chirk.

She tapped her tiny foot impatiently, in thought.

"I could hardly escape detection at the rectory," she said, "but if you manage the parson, I would answer for the other three."

"No, we'll divide equally, like man and wife," said Chirk.

Something like kindness beamed in her smile for a second, but it was repressed. There was stern work before them.

And they did it, that brave, high-minded young couple. The Rev. Mr. Jones, lured from his rectory by a supposed smuggler, who promised the clergyman a cask of illegal brandy, if he would fetch it from a neighboring forest, was found, a month afterward, at the bottom of a coal-pit, nine thousand feet deep, but without the brandy. The clerk, Timothy Roberts, set out to Llangollen, to see a wealthy eleventh cousin, who had sent for him to come to dinner, and be forgiven for being poor. This cousin's dinner he never ate, but the fishes of the Dee ate him. How they were helped to him, an athletic young fisherman, who had been consulting him about the most killing tackle, might have told; but he never did.

The beadle was found by a roadside, at a spot to which he had gone, as relieving-officer of Eisteddfod, to see a child which a beggar-woman, calling at his house, requested him to come and remove

to the work-house, and in his hand was a metal cup, from a traveling flask. The cup had contained whiskey, and something else which the coroner of the county sent to Dr. Alfred Taylor. But what was the use? The pew-opener, who had been rendered superstitious by the number of ghosts she had seen in the old church, was simply frightened to death by a female apparition in white, with phosphoric eyes, and stains of blood upon its garment, that rushed at her one night in her own garden, and shrieked: "Who stole the velvet-covered hymn-book?"

The four witnesses were gone.

"We are not safe yet, dear," said Caroline to her husband, as they wandered by the silver Severn, at its confluence with the Thames, and watched the salmon leaping from the sparkling pools. There was almost a tenderness in her voice, for she was learning to respect her husband.

"These children take a deal of separating," said Chirk, laughing. "We've burned the church, robbed a parsonage, and cooked the geoses of four respectable individuals, and yet we can't sever the knot. What's up now?"

"Do you remember," she said, playfully, "or were you too busy in looking at some body else, that during the ceremony there were two pews full of charity-children?"

"So there were; and any of these might identify either of us. I always thought that charities are a mistake. Confound the catechetical brats. This requires thought."

"I have given it thought, silly one."

Eisteddfod was in some measure consoled under its misfortunes. It was much talked about, which is joy and delight to a provincial place. More. A most benevolent stranger, attracted by the noise of the catastrophe, came and settled at a cottage near the town, and seemed to live only to do good. His dress was of the old school—blue coat, brass buttons, and leather breeches. He wore a large hat, under which his beautiful white hair fell voluminously on his reverend shoulders. Money was no object. He relieved the poor, assisted the new clergyman, promised Mr. Gilbert Scott six memorial windows, repaired houses for the poor, and, in short, was a Monte-Christo



and Howard in one. But the children were his chief care. He had a large barge built, with a cabin, and in this he used to treat the charity-children to delightful jaunts on the river Trent, with buns, marmalade, and ginger-beer. One day, when the whole school was out with him, he was noticed turning a handle that seemed to work upon something at the bottom of the boat. Ten minutes later the barge went down in twenty feet of water. There were no signs of the good old man; but a slightly dressed and a very handsome young man was seen running along the bank, in the direction of a small railway-station. The charity-school had disappeared.

"And now, love," said Chirk Gobowen, looking into the beautiful eyes of his wife, "we have done all, and may be calm and happy for the rest of our lives. Now we can arrange our separation."

"Y-e-s, if you wish it," said Caroline, with something of a wistful look.

"You don't?" he said, softly.

"Do you wish me to say yes?"

"No."

And the young husband and wife were in one another's arms.

May they be happy! Taught energy and resolution by early trial; taught mutual confidence by the necessity of conjugal trust, why should they not be happy? They had learned to know one another; and the sweet evening star that shone mildly down on their re-union, seemed to them a harbinger of blessed and virtuous days to come.

THE PYRAMID OF DRINK.

"Wo-wo-hic—won't you help me up?  
No-no-hic—I can't help you up, bur—  
But I'll lay—hic—down alongside of you."  
MAN IN THE GUTTER.

THE operation of drink, in its various degrees, may be represented by a pyramid, thus:

- 6. Topsy. \*
- 5. Very Fresh. \*\* 7. Very Topsy. \*\*\*
- 4. Fresh. \*\*\*\* 8. Drunk. \*\*\*\*\*
- 3. Lively. \*\*\*\*\* 9. Very Drunk. \*\*\*\*\*
- 2. Comfortable. \*\*\*\*\* 10. Stupidly Drunk. \*\*\*\*\*
- 1. Sober. \*\*\*\*\* 11. Dead Drunk.

**SOBRIETY.**—The sober moments which immediately succeed to dinner are the most miserable in existence. The languor, the sense of utter inefficacy, mental and bodily, are dreadful. After a few glasses, you ascend the first step of the pyramid, and become *comfortable*. In this state you are not much disposed to talk. There is a tranquil luxury in your feelings, and a reverie comes on, which, if you drink no more, is likely to terminate in sleep.

A philosopher seldom passes this point, except in company.

Drink on, and you step up to *lively*. Now you begin to talk, and your remarks are smart and pertinent. You have the reasoning power in high perfection. This may be considered as a mental aurora, announcing that the scene of fancy is about to rise from the "purple wave."

**FRESH.**—There is more fire and color in your ideas now, for the sun has risen. You grow more eloquent and less logical. Your jokes are capital—in your own estimation. Your perceptions still tolerably clear, beyond yourself.

**VERY FRESH.**—Your conversation is more and more highly colored. Your eloquence is impassioned, and you overwhelm your companions with a flood of talk. You begin to suit the action to the word. Ideas not quite coherent, but language still tolerably distinct and correct.

**TIPSY.**—Now on the top of the pyramid, you begin to grow giddy. Gestures very vehement, and epithets much exaggerated. Argumentative, but not rational. Words considerably abridged, and ideas lamentably obscured.

**VERY TIPSY.**—You find out that you have a turn for vocal music, and regale your friends with a song. Speechify in incoherent language, and evince a most decided tendency to mischief and locomotion. Proud as a peacock, stout as a lion, and amorous as a dove.

**DRUNK.**—Perversely quarrelsome, and stupidly good-natured. Dealing much in shake hands and knock-downs. Tongue stammering and feet unsteady.

**VERY DRUNK.**—Abortive efforts to appear sober. See every thing double. Balance totally lost, you drift about like a ship

in a hard gale. Vocabulary reduced to a few interjections.

**STUPIDLY DRUNK.**—Head and stomach topsy-turvy. Eyes fixed and glaring. Utter incapacity of speech and locomotion, accompanied with an indistinct yet horrid consciousness of your situation.

**DEADLY DRUNK.**—An apoplectic sleep, and confused dreams of the devil, or your creditors.

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### THE ART OF PARRYING A CHARITABLE SUBSCRIPTION.

BEING A LETTER ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND PHIPPS BY HIS VENERABLE FATHER.

DEAR SON: As the mad extravagance of the present day is *charity*, and you must meet with frequent temptations, and earnest solicitations, to squander your money in that way, I shall give you some instructions in the *art of parrying a charitable subscription*.

The want of this necessary art has been a great misfortune to many people I could name to you; for, besides parting with their money against their will, they got the *character* of being *charitable*, which drew upon them fresh applications from other quarters, multiplying by success, and creating endless vexation. And here I can not help remarking the wisdom of that precept of our holy religion which requires that if we *do give alms*, we should do it secretly that even *the left hand may not know what is done by the right*; that no one may be encouraged to ask for more. And this is so agreeable to sound human prudence that even the unenlightened heathen could say, *Bis dat qui cito dat*; the English of which, as I am informed, is, *He gives twice that gives readily*—meaning, as I suppose, that if you are known to give readily, you will soon be asked to give again.

Not that I would have you thought quite uncharitable neither, no more than I would have you thought poor and unable to give. The avoiding of these imputations, while at the same time you save your money, is the aim of the art I am about to instruct you in.

The first rule of this art is, *to like the charity, but dislike the mode of it*. Suppose

now, for instance, that you are asked to subscribe toward erecting an *infirmary* or *new hospital*. You are not immediately to refuse your contribution, nor is it necessary; for you may say, “the design seems a good one, but it seems new to you, and you would willingly take a little time to consider of it; because, if you do any thing this way, you would like to do something handsome.” This puts by the demand for the present; and before the solicitors call again, inform yourself of all circumstances of the intended situation, constitution, government, qualification of patients, and the like; then, when all is fixed, if you learn that it is to be placed in the fields, “You think it would have been much better in the city, or nearer to the poor, and more at hand to relieve them in case of accidents and other distresses; and, besides, we have already hospitals enough in the fields.” If in the city, “You can only approve of the fields, on account of purer air, so necessary for the sick.” If they propose to take in all poor patients from whatever quarter they come, “You think it too general, and that every county at least ought to take care of its own.” If it is limited to the poor of the city or county, “You disapprove of its narrowness; for charity and benevolence, like rain and sunshine, should be extended to all the human race.” While the collectors are endeavoring to remove these prejudices, you ply them with other objections of the like kind, relating to the constitution and management; and it is odds but some of your arguments appear strong and unanswerable, even to the advocates for the project themselves; they will be sorry that things are now settled in a different way, and leave you with a high opinion of your understanding, though they get none of your money.

The second rule is, *to like some other charity better*. Thus, suppose you are called on for a subscription *to feed and clothe the rebel prisoners* in our hands, you are then to say, that “charity, to be sure, is a good thing; but *charity begins at home*; we have, besides, our own prisoners to look after, as well as our poor, who are crying for bread in the streets. There are many poor, starved soldiers pining away in rebel prisons, who,

you think, should *first* be provided for, before we give our own substance to those that would cut our throats. Or you are of opinion the brave fellows that fight for us, and have been exposed to the hardships of campaigning, should be *first* comforted; or the widows and children of those who have died in our service be taken care of." By thus talking, you save your money and get the name of patriot.

But, however, should a subscription be proposed to you for these purposes, "You are then of opinion that the care of our own people is the business of the government, which is enabled, by the taxes we pay, to do all that is necessary. But the *poor rebel prisoners*, neglected by their own people, have only our charity to rely on. Common humanity points them out as proper objects of our beneficence; and, besides, to visit the prisoner, to clothe the naked, be kind to the stranger, and do good to our enemies, are duties among the strongest required by Christianity." By thus answering, you get the reputation of being benevolent, generous, and a Christian, and, more important still, save your money.

The third rule is, to *insinuate* (but without saying in plain terms) *that you either will contribute, or have already done so handsomely, though you do not subscribe*. This is done by intimating "that you highly approve of the thing, but have made a resolution that your name shall never appear in a list of subscribers on such occasions; for, the world, you find, is apt to be very censorious, and if they see that a man has not given according to their ideas of his ability and the importance of the occasion, they say he is mean and niggardly; or if, by giving liberally, he seems to have set them an example they do not care to follow, then they charge him with vanity and ostentation, and hint that from motives of that kind he does much more than is suitable to his circumstances." And then you add, "That your *subscribing* or openly giving, is not at all necessary, for that, as bankers are nominated to receive contributions, and many have already sent in their mites, and any one may send in what he pleases, you suppose a few dollars from a person unknown will do as much good as were his

name on the list." This will entitle you to the credit of any one of the sums *by an unknown hand*, or by N. N., or X. Y. Z., whichever they may think fit to ascribe to you.

The reason why I would not have you say in plain terms, that you *have given*, or *will give*, when you really *have not* or *do not intend it*, is, that I would have you incur trespasses no more than debts unnecessarily, and be as frugal of your sins as of your money; for you may have occasion for a lie in some other affair, at some other time, when you can not serve your turn by an evasion.

Thus, my son, would I have you exercise the great privilege you are endowed with, that of being a *reasonable creature*; to wit, a creature capable of making or finding a reason for doing or not doing any thing as may best suit its interests or inclination.

And so, deferring other instructions to future letters, I recommend the rules contained in this as worthy your closest attention; for they are not the airy speculations of a theorist, but solid advices, drawn from the practice of wise and able men—rules, by the help of which I myself, though I lived many years in great business, and with some reputation as a man of wealth, have ever decently avoided parting with a farthing to those modish plunderers; nor can I recollect that during my whole life, I have ever given any thing in charity, except once, (God forgive me!) a half dime to a blind man, for doing me an errand.

I am, my dear son, your affectionate father,  
PHIPPS, SENIOR.

♦ ♦ ♦  
DOTTINGS ON FOREIGN COASTS.

A DAY IN VALPARAISO.

THOSE who knew Valparaiso-Chili thirty years ago and enjoyed the privilege of contrasting its condition then with what it was fifteen years later, could not feel the force of the contrast greater than were they to pursue it down to the present year. Whatever cause served to modify the military despotism by which the people at home, were subdued like the enemy abroad were conquered, whatever influence the gigantic mind of Portales may have cast upon the political features of the country, and however great the benefits conferred

upon its commerce by the steamboat speculations of Wheelwright, or the railroad speculations of Meigs, the progress of improvement more appreciable, was the immense Californian emigration which made Talcahuano and Valparaiso their stopping-places for supplies after weathering Cape Horn.

It would be unfair to inquire into the motives and process by which the western portion of our continent has assumed such vast importance in so short a space of time, because the question is one of morality simply. The means by which great ends are effected are not likely to be the subject of inquiry by those who are fortunate enough to profit by them. For the same reason that the manner in which "tall oaks from little acorns grow" concerns nobody but the botanist, so long as we can supply the saw-mill and enjoy the forest-shade.

Great social revolutions come and depart like the winds, leaving their trace, but defying prophesy and baffling pursuit. Professor Guyot must feel surprise on realizing the anticipation of his prophesy, at least five hundred years.

A naval officer, gentle reader, like the writer, has many opportunities to study the ebb and flow of the tide of progress and improvement among nations in various parts of the world.

His wandering life in a great measure may be called predatory. His driftings around and about the world bring to his observation new ideas, new scenes and new transformations, and with these constantly springing up before him, he endeavors to institute a parallel, or make a contrast.

Our parson once whispered, while we were quietly strolling the quarter-deck together, on a late cruise to the Pacific, that the universal cupidity of fallen man, taking Yankee ingenuity and enterprise to subserve its mammonic purpose, is a sufficient root for the growth of American progress. Since he is a moral botanist, I can not gainsay his proposition.

Valparaiso has become a near neighbor of the United States in consequence, and is one of the half-way houses for refreshment in the aquatic drive around Cape Horn. By the life thus infused, it has begun to

elevate its spires and its people and enlarge its arena for bull-fights, as well as its store-houses, regardless of earthquakes. Its luxuries have become almost unattainable, at prices the most exorbitant in advance of its civilization, and the increased value of its foreign consulates are bones of political contention in Washington. Commercial retirement, however, has not receded within gothic chateaux at the further end of the Almendral—the Central Park of Valparaiso—or upon the aristocratic hills that overlook the frowning city. There is not yet time for this, nor has a recent earthquake betrayed the level of its wealth. Imagine, for instance, dear reader, the ground on which you stand to shake you up, as a boy rattles his marbles in his pocket, throwing together Churches, hotels, bricks, horses, and of course the inhabitants, if they can not succeed in escaping, in one confused mass, how many rich men, suppose you, would be made poor, and how many poor men would be made rich? We are told that gold and silver as a commodity are the basis of wealth, but to my idea an earthquake excels either. There is no leveler next to death like a *tremblero*. Barry in his lay might have honored it with a passing notice.

In Valparaiso the street-stroller will be attracted by a horse—*biloches*—and mounted policemen will compel something more than attraction. But the horse you see here—once a true Andalusian—has greatly changed. So has Valparaiso. This is the country, however, for the saddle, and the contest by leaps, which at school I was taught to call *vis per saltam*, will ever supersede the more enduring trot. Every body rides in Chili. You look for a physician on horseback, make pic-nics and love, play the guitar and go serenading on horseback, and accomplish all your business purposes and traffic in out-door life, and do every thing else, with the exception, I believe, of keeping house, or burying a fellow-being, on horse or mule-back.

Modern warfare has rendered the holster and the lance useless, and the chivalrous idealism of knights fully caparisoned belongs to the passing day of romance and fiction, to be placed in gilded binding on the shelves of our libraries.

From the mountainous character of Chili and the absence of good carriage-roads, the people thereabouts will "wait for the wagon" to roll round to some purpose, for a long time to come.

All this however about the shop, the booth, the rides and horses belong to the street.

They look like the same marts of exchange and traffic in our own midst. They are not quite so large, so replete with attractive decorations, or so extensive in proportion, and yet for all the purposes of barter there is but little difference the world over.

But these have nothing whatever to do with our walk through the public garden, where we can look upon beautiful plants, budding flowers, exotics in full bloom, sending forth the richest fragrance, murmuring fountains and dazzling black-eyed *senoritas*—and blue ones too occasionally—in charge of their nurses, or ambitious *madres*. You must know the young unmarried ladies of South America, like in Paris, are seldom permitted to venture out alone, even in day-time, unless attended by some elderly female relative, who becomes responsible for their propriety and correct deportment.

Were you by my side, gentle reader, I would not commit the unpardonable error of telling you what to expect. We are only taking a quiet stroll together through the Almendral. Remember this is Sunday afternoon, a holiday in Chili, and not like, with us, a day set apart entirely to worship and devoted almost exclusively to church-going. The stores and booths and market-places are all closed, it is true, and the tradesmen and mechanics with their wives and little ones are out for a day's enjoyment. Nothing is open but the capacious harbor of Valparaiso, where ships and vessels of nearly every nationality, are quietly seen riding at anchor, with their flags and pennants and burzees flying in the breeze in reverence to the holiday.

I had almost forgotten to mention that the *posadas*, or inns, were also open, and the ice-cream and refreshment saloons, usually called here *cafés*, in contradistinction to the *posadas*. It is only at the latter

places, however, that the traveler like myself finds comfortable sleeping quarters—with the privilege allotted him of taking his meals either there or at the *cafés*, just as he prefers—paying for each dish as it is served to him. Look in and you see them crowded to-day, with hundreds of pleasure-seekers, poor and rich, alike drinking chocolate—and such chocolate too—as thick as jelly—which would tempt the most delicate and fastidious appetite. Taste it. Is it not superb—delicious? Notice the flavor. Do not drink it. It is not the fashion to drink chocolate in Valparaiso. You will be set down at once for a vulgar outside barbarian if you do so. Eat it with a spoon, as you would another delicacy of the Chileans, I mean frozen coffee. Ah! I knew you would consume the whole of it. You never tasted such chocolate before. Of course not, for no other people can make chocolate like our Chilean friends.

Here too many may be seen drinking *mate*—a refreshing tea, made of herbs, and sipped while warm through a gold, silver, or glass tube. Every lady who takes *mate*, the favorite temperance beverage of nearly every one, carries her tube with her. Only one bowl of *mate* is called in for a company of two or three. It is served up in a covered silver, or porcelain cup, with an aperture at the top just large enough to admit one end of the pipe-like stem of the tube.

If a young lady is in the company, she sips first, and then passes the cup and tube to some particular one of the gentlemen, providing there be two or three present, who accompany her. This is considered a great compliment, which should never be refused by a gallant any more than if she were to proffer a kiss and he were to decline it. It would be thought extremely indelicate and the height of ill-breeding to wipe with your handkerchief, napkin, or touch the end of the tube which the young lady has had between her pouting lips with your hand, but you must conform to the usage of polite society in Valparaiso, by sipping the *mate* handed to you out of the same end of the stem your young lady companion did before you.

After you have finished, you return the cup and tube with many thanks to the orig-

inal possessor, when she takes a few more sips and passes it to the next gentleman, and so on until the contents are emptied.

No lady in Chili sips *mate* in public unless she has the vanity to suppose that she is exceedingly fine-looking, has pretty white teeth and a clean sweet mouth; and I must confess the majority I saw with *mate*-cups and tubes in their hands answered all these requirements to my mind satisfactorily.

With the usual disposition to flirt at times characteristic of most young ladies, the *mate*-cup is often made the harmless instrument to conquer the most obdurate "iron-clad" hearts, as well as to break them by the charming *senoritas* of the Vale of Paradise.

It is made to perform the same movements that an attractive flirt would in what is called the Coquet Cotillion. An offer is made to one gentleman with all proper formality, and as he reaches out his hand to accept the compliment, it is withdrawn as suddenly and the cup passed to another, probably a rival in love as well as gallantry.

It not unfrequently happens, in consequence of these playful rivalries, that the *mate*-cup in the hands of a fascinating belle often becomes as deadly as the most fiery *arguidente*—a powerful intoxicating native beverage, much used among the lower class of Chilians, about twenty proofs stronger than our plain Bourbon—from the number of aspiring swains who perish in duels, whose sole cause of quarrel originates from this source.

But we are not writing a dissertation on native tea-drinking, with all its accompanying gossip, or of the origin and cause of duels in Chili. So let us proceed.

The religious ceremonies in the cathedral are over for the day, and they will not be renewed till the evening, when it is time for vespers. Every one in Valparaiso knows when vespers are announced, by the peculiar ringing of the bells. Even the donkeys in the streets and other quadrupeds stop still when they hear the sound of the first tap, without being bid to do so by their masters. If they attempt to move on until the "taps" are over, they know full well by intuition what to expect in the way of a good drubbing.

It is not an uncommon thing also to see the more devout portion of the population, even when engaged in the midst of an animated discussion or hot argument, stop their confab; custom and the authority of the heads of the Church have disciplined them to observe its solemn requirements. On the instant the huge bell rings out its first warning note for evening prayer, the sign of the cross is made by most of the people on their foreheads and breasts, leading one to suppose, who had dropped down suddenly among them, that he had fallen either into the grounds of a deaf and dumb asylum, or that the whole population were intently engaged in communicating with each other in one of the dead languages.

So general does this religious ceremony prevail, not only among the people of Chili, but throughout the whole west coast of South America, that I have frequently seen men intent over a game of *monte*, upon the result of which large sums of money were staked, lay down their cards when vespers were called, cross themselves, and utter a brief prayer; after which the game would be resumed as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the proceedings or destroy the deep interest taken in it. I failed to observe, however, that with all their notions of religion, their moral habits were any better than those of their less rigid neighbors of Peru, or that their civilization was any farther advanced. Through the efforts and with the capital of Americans and Englishmen, commerce has increased and new fields of labor and enterprise have been opened.

The diffusion of the foreign element has resulted so far beneficially to the country at large, and it seems to be the policy of the Chilian government to foster immigration from the United States and the more settled countries of Europe, and assist the new-comers in various ways by liberal and enlightened legislation.

The frequency of crime is a matter of serious alarm to the new settler. The lower class of the population, or what we might term the dregs of the cities and towns of Chili—are too indolent in their habits, too fond of gambling, drinking *arguidente* and

bull-fighting, ever to be turned into useful citizens. As long as they can gratify their taste for these they will not labor, nor can they be made to comprehend the advantages obtained from steady remunerative employment. When reduced to the lowest stage of poverty, they find it far more agreeable to take to the highway and plunder and rob, and even murder, than work at any useful and honest occupation. The last few years, however, a gradual improvement has been perceptible among the half-breeds and lower classes.

By establishing a system of common-school education, as with us, and promoting the growth of manufactures, useful trades and mechanics, in time they might possibly be weaned from the idle, dissolute life they now lead.

The patronage of the Church is enormous, and its power so great that it controls absolutely the social as well as the political destinies of the country. Since the destruction by fire of the Cathedral of Santiago recently, where nearly three thousand lives perished in the flames while attending a sort of theatrical exhibition, a bitter antagonism to the further rule of the priests has manifested itself. Some of the best families of Chili were lost on this occasion, and it now remains to be seen whether the people can free themselves entirely from the bigoted intolerance of the power that habit and custom have taught them to look upon as supreme on earth, or whether, after the present agitation of the subject subsides, they will not relapse into the old order of things, and tamely submit to its despotic sway, influence and authority, as they have done for the past thirty years.

The political condition of the country is so vicarious and its constitutional formulary so protean, that a history of it would be almost an impossibility. Political constancy can not be looked for in any of the so-called Spanish republics of South America. There are too many elements of change. In the United States, where perhaps there are even more elements, there might be brought the same objections to constancy. But the elements with us are of a different character, and apart from the existence of a high standard of education, there is a

diffused patriotism which rises above these elements, and which is wanting in the States of South America. Consider for a moment the social and political disparities that result from the admixture of Spaniards, negroes and Indians, that are divided and subdivided into more than twenty different castes, each possessing an individuality separating it from the rest, have given a mixed tone to the general society of the people. There exists all the mental and physical impurities of the negro and Indian, with but little redemption from the Spanish infusion. The Indian population and traits predominate, hightened into life by the Castilian infusion, (a questionable crossing, since the "mestizo" has absorbed the vices of his purer ancestry,) and deteriorated by the negro admixture, in which the Zeambo presents all the qualities of both origins.

These admixtures form one of the most active elements of political revolution. They are the easily moved material in the hands of unscrupulous and designing men. Besides there is a trace of the Spanish cavalier in the assumed importance of manner even in menials. We inadvertently hum a negro air, and trace visions of the same imitative characteristics that we have so often seen in the negro at home, for the manner comes by blood perhaps, certainly by imitation. Joined with the sulky sullenness of the Indian, the blood current is a turbid, lazy stream, and withal a proud one. Life's public department is thus marred. A native who is too proud to enroll his name in the category of the tradesman and gets too imbecile to reach by labor the place to which his pride aspires, could not in the United States be regarded as a good citizen. But in South America he makes a good soldier, especially where his services command a market, and where war, like gold, guano and "cascarilla," becomes a bloodless article of speculation.

Of course there are exceptions. There are hundreds of instances in which the Castilian origin has been preserved intact up to to-day. When we speak of Spanish society on the coast such purity of the white blood must be understood as wholly composing it.

Let us pursue our walk, however, through the principal street of Valparaiso—for you must know there is really but one main street in the whole city—the rest are mere branches. The city stands on a series of hills, rising one above the other, and the population surges back and forth between the Almendral, or public garden, at one end of the thoroughfare, and the open market at the other extreme, a distance in all of about three and a half miles. This is the great artery of Valparaiso, on which the principal places of business, the Custom-House, Intendente's, or Mayor's headquarters, police-station, opera-house, and hotels are situated. The houses are nearly all alike externally, constructed in the old Spanish style of architecture, with courtyards in the middle, embellished with fountains and parterres of flowers, the entrance to which is through a massive gate, directly in the center of the building. The first floor is devoted exclusively to traffic and trade, while the stories above are occupied by the merchant or tradesman's family. Most of the houses are only two stories high, built on solid foundations, and have their walls twenty-five or thirty inches thick. This height is considered desirable, owing to the frequency of earthquakes, and looked upon as tolerably safe places to repose and reside in.

The morning devotions are over, but there is no end to the constant ding-dong clatter of the church-bells. It seems as if hundreds of padres and novices in the art of bell-pulling were all taking an unusual amount of exercise at the ropes to-day, with the sole and only object in view that Americans have when they attend a gymnasium.

All of Valparaiso is out enjoying the clear sunshine, and the fresh sea-air as it comes floating in gentle gales from the quiet waters of the Pacific, purifying the atmosphere and imparting a ruddy tint of robust health and bloom to the whole population exposed to its exhilarating influence.

Although it is Sunday afternoon, strange there is no bull-fight as usual. We stop on our way, and inquire of a bespangled muleteer, dressed in his masquerade costume—a slashed jacket bound with ribbons, a neat

and jaunty hat, and velvet breeches set off with variegated colors—what is the reason.

"Is there a masquerade going on?"

"No, signor," he replied politely.

"The bull-fight comes off. At what hour?"

"There is none to-day for a wonder," he answers in tolerably pure Spanish.

"Why so?"

"The chief matador, Antonio, is dead. He was killed two days since by a toss from a bull—a wicked devil—that he encountered alone. Antonio was a great favorite, and the last of the bull-fighters, and so all Valparaiso is in mourning for his loss."

The crowds of people, chatting gayly and laughing, that we meet, certainly do not exhibit any very melancholy appearance, or betoken the slightest indication of grief. We should scarcely imagine such an important person as the chief bull-fighter, whose social status is only a degree or two removed from the highest dignity in the land, had departed this life.

"You are a stranger, are you not," asked the muleteer.

"Yes."

"You did not know Antonio then, but, poor fellow, he's killed at last."

"Is that the reason the amphitheatre is closed to-day?"

"Ci, signor; and the bells are ringing for his funeral. I am going to it. We shall miss him, miss him very much. He was one of my best friends."

As he said this he re-lit a fresh *cigarrito*, and making me a graceful salutation, strolled onward, humming the *brindisi* from the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*, as happy and unconcerned as if he were going to a frolic instead of a funeral.

We have arrived at the Almendral at last, a large garden covering several hundred acres, covered with grass-plots, trees, flowers and shrubs. All that is ugly and beautiful in Valparaiso exhibits itself for two *rials* at the Almendral. We are in the fashion, therefore, and will reserve our comment on the facial bronze that flits before us, until we reach some retired and shady spot. Alas! what spot so retired that does not warn you off



by the rustle of disturbed silk ! What shade so obscure that woman's black eyes may not sparkle a welcome or a repulse ! The attraction of the garden, beyond its promenade and general collection of Chilian beauties, is a very respectable band of music. The children are great lovers of music, and are tireless dancers. There is not a house near by, perhaps, where you may not hear the guitar. It belongs to the kitchen as well as to the saloon. You see scores of people dancing the fandango, others promenading and flirting, drinking and smoking, for every body we meet seems bent on having a day of enjoyment. The fandango, however, engages the attention of most of the people we meet.

It was my good fortune while in Chili to visit the valley of Quillota. No one who had seen only the country in close proximity to the city, with its bleak and rugged mountains, and clusters of stone and *adobe* houses covered with red tiles, could ever imagine that there had been such picturesque and romantic scenery within thirty miles. The valley is broad and quite flat, filled with little square gardens crowded with orange, lemon and olive trees, and filled with delicious fruits and flowers. The climate is delightful, resembling our May atmosphere in the north more than that of the summer months. It was here that I first witnessed the chief amusements of the Chilians. Like all South Americans, they are passionately fond of dancing. Almost every evening the sweet sound of the guitar is heard, and the measured beat of the castanets summons a merry company at a *tertulia* to take part in the festivities.

The favorite dance so much in vogue among the Spaniards and their descendants, but which is, in fact, of Moorish origin, is designed to represent the different shades in the progress of the tender passion—love, desire, hope, proud disdain and relenting tenderness. Cold refusal and warm confession of love are vividly represented, by means of the modulations of the music and the voluptuous movements of the dancers. Temperance and custom have rendered the *fandango* and *bolero* (the latter of which is but a continuation or sequel to the former) expressive of the intoxicating joy of

successful love, the especial favorites of the South Americans, and usually form the finale of all social pleasure. The reserve and characteristic hauteur of the Spaniard instantly leave him when the merry tinkling of the guitar calls him to join in the mazes of the wanton fandango. It has none of the absurd motions and indelicate, grotesque attitudinizing of the French *concor*, and is far more graceful and inspiring.

It is recorded, however, that the clergy, shocked at what they denounced as the immoral nature of the *fandango*, resolved in solemn assembly upon its suppression. A "consistory" was commissioned to make it the subject of inquiry. After due deliberation, they were about to pronounce sentence upon and prohibit the dance from taking place, when one of the prelates, actuated by sentiments of right and justice, and acting upon the principle that no defendant should be condemned unheard, urged that the *fandango*—the accused—should be brought before the bar of prelates and undergo a thorough investigation. The justness of this benevolent dignitary's views were at once acknowledged; and accordingly two of the most noted Spanish dancers were summoned to appear before them, by way of counsel for the defendant, or, in other words, to introduce the *fandango* before the august tribunal.

The guitar was sounded, the castanets rattled and the dance commenced. The holy fathers, with contracted brows, looked on for a while unmoved. At length the seductive charms and irresistible loveliness of the dance exhibited their effects in chasing away the wrinkles from the foreheads of its austere judges. Hostile indications and bellicose intentions by imperceptible degrees merged into lively interest and fixed attention. As its lascivious charms became more fully developed, one of the reverend *padres* so far forgot himself and his position, as to be guilty of the manifest impropriety of singing and beating time to the movement of the music. The dance went on, becoming more and more attractive, when one of the worthy clergy suddenly bolted from his seat, and commenced executing the same movements as the male and female dancers. Another and another

followed in quick succession; the furore became general, the excitement was at its highest pitch, the guitar and castanets sounded louder, and the whirl and passes of the dancers became even more animated, brilliant and seductive. The judges' bench was empty, and what was lately a clerical court was suddenly metamorphosed into a grand dancing-saloon, where all present were tripping back and forth in a wild frenzy of pleasurable enjoyment. It is needless to record the verdict. The fascinating charms of the *fandango* were too irresistible to be overcome, and it was reinstated, with all its former rights and privileges unimpaired. Its glorious triumph there proved its security against all similar attempts on the part of the clergy in the future.

The Chilians are fond of opera, and the last duties of Sunday consist in attending the theater to listen to some favorite composition of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Verdi, or other great *maestros* in the musical art.

If they be permitted to enjoy the opera, indulge in the whirling madness of the *fandango*, drink *mate*, and play at *monte*, a more contented set of people could not be found anywhere.

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DR. HENRY W. BELLOWS  
ON THE  
PRESENT AND FUTURE OF CALIFORNIA.

AN INFORMAL ADDRESS TO HIS OWN PEOPLE  
ON THE NIGHT OF HIS ARRIVAL FROM  
THE PACIFIC STATES.

“THE eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.”

WHAT Solomon here says in a somewhat cynical spirit is repeated by St. Paul in a thoroughly Christian temper, and with a sublime elevation of feeling and depth of insight, in those familiar words: “The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal.” The external and visible world, and all that it has to show of wonders and novelties, is, when compared with the internal and unseen world, but a shallow and monotonous spectacle after all. Go where we will, into whatever new and strange places, the edge

of curiosity is soon turned. The rarer and more peculiar the objects that excited our wonder, the sooner it is exhausted, and we turn away wearied from the strange or the exceptional, to repose on the familiar and the customary. Beneath all the variations and diversities of the earth's surface, or its plants and animals, we come soon to discover a few great and constant laws, acting with uniform power and beneficence, and, after a little while, not what is exceptional or new, but what is regular, universal, and common wins our attention and holds our reverence. Nature shifts her verdure in the different zones, but we detect the same spirit under all her robes, and are interested more in the sameness than in the variety. In short, we travel only to learn that every thing most charming, instructive, and divine is to be seen at home; that it is nature herself that is so beautiful, not this or that province in which she dwells; that there is little to choose in her several moods and ways, each and all to the Seeing Eye being equally worthy of admiration and full of teaching; and that it is the purged eye that we need, not the new landscape—the opened ear, not the strange music.

And as with Nature, so with man. See him where you will, in the Pacific Isles or on the European Continent, in the steppes of Asia, or the deserts of Africa, be he pioneer or ancient citizen, saint or savage, black or white, ignorant or learned, your surprise or your interest in what is strange, peculiar or different soon fades away before your sense of the identity of that common humanity which constitutes the basis of human brotherhood, and makes every man the mirror in which his fellow sees himself.

I found among the Indians in the neighborhood of the Columbia River evidences that they were partakers in the mystery of Free Masonry, and in their most angry moods had spared the lives of many whites under the binding power of its oaths. But what is any ancient symbolism like this, widespread and venerable as it may be, compared with the natural language, the expressive signs, the eternal, indestructible sympathies of a common humanity?

No condition is so gross and unfavorable to reflection, or so blinding or stupe-

fyng, as to present the characteristic virtues and vices, the contrasts and resemblances of our identical human nature, from manifesting themselves in nearly equal significance. For a few days the sight, in the streets of San Francisco, of thousands of Chinese, all looking as much like each other, to my unpracticed eye, as one pin to every other in the row, aroused my lively interest in the strange, monotonous Asiatic, whose shaven crown and braided queue, loose trowsers and looser slippers, seemed to make him another species of creature. But a single month taught me that one Chinaman looked no more like another than one American to another; and that as many shades of expression, as many varieties of disposition, as many grades of morality, characterized his race as ours; and, in short, that a quarter of an inch deep he was neither a Chinaman nor always a heathen, but a man and a moral being, often of a very pure and enlightened character. I have seen the poor, abused Digger Indian squaw, the native of that coast, manifesting as much tenderness, and watching with the same anxious solicitude, the turn of a fever in her little, naked papoose, as ever the gentlest Saxon mother showed toward her lace-embosomed babe; and when through the dusky, reserved, and seemingly inane countenances of those savages, living on roots and snails, a smile broke, the soul shone out from the depths, as thoroughly human as if civilization and Christianity had been at work for ages.

I can not overstate the depth of my conviction that the wrappings of color and costume, and external circumstances which conceal human beings of differing races and skins from each other, are shallow and superficial beyond all ordinary reckoning, and that God has indeed made all men of one blood, to dwell before Him as brethren of a common humanity, and children of a common Father.

Ah! my brethren, it is not what we see, but what we look with, that makes the world beautiful and instructive. If we have our hearts attuned to the "still, sad music of humanity," there are chords full of charm for us in all societies. If our spirits are touched with the presence of the

Divine Spirit in nature, we find God in the plain and on the mountain, in the placid waters of the Pacific and the stormy waves of the Atlantic, among the cocoas and palms, the bananas and the oranges of the tropic isles, and among the oaks and maples, the chestnuts and elms of our familiar forests. Night after night, as we approached the equator, I looked longingly out for the first view of that Southern Cross, of which voyagers had so long and eloquently written, with a sort of expectation that when it appeared it would hang about the neck of the new heavens that looked down on that strange region, like a vast diamond cross upon the bosom of an Indian queen. But when it came into view, it was neither more nor less beautiful or striking than a hundred constellations in our Northern sky; not half as fine as the familiar Dipper, or Great Bear, that watches near the pole, and points his shining paw to the mariner's great lode-star! New as the Southern hemisphere of stars is to the first view, and more crowded with points of light, how soon it seems to chant only the same psalm associated by us with the Northern sky: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard; their line is gone out through all the earth, and their voice to the end of the world."

Thousands who never leave their native village are better acquainted with the world we live in, understand the significance of its thousand voices, feel the beauty of nature, and the divine wisdom and goodness, more than thousands of others who circumnavigate the globe, and live by turns in all climates and under all skies. The small, familiar nook that embosoms them expands to a vast universe under the penetrating glances of their thoughtful eye. The little house-plant reared in a broken pitcher reveals all vegetable laws, and contains a beauty and wisdom as inexhaustible as a Persian garden, or a California hillside, though it be covered with many-colored flowers as densely as a northern wheat-field is with spears of grain. One

little dell, a few rods square, is large enough and full enough of wonder and delight to occupy a poet a long lifetime in singing the praises and telling the truths it has kindled in his sensitive soul.

Dear John Wilson, the Christopher North of *Blackwood*, whose life I read on my voyage home, never left the little cluster of isles that gave him birth, but he wrote "The Isle of Palms," one of the loveliest poems in the language, with a truth of description which those who had all their lives been shaded by the tropic foliage could not have surpassed, and with an intimate feeling of the beauty and charm of that peculiar scenery, such as few who witness it ever possess. When shall we learn how much deeper and greater and wider the soul is than the sea and the sky and the terraqueous globe? When shall we come to know that the world comes to us if we stand still in the exercise of our highest faculties, and contemplate thoughtfully the every-day familiar scenes of nature and humanity. The best use of travel is to teach us the universal riches of home; and the office of the new and strange is to freshen the old and familiar, and to send us back to the places and the things we thought we knew and valued, with an humble sense that we have not drunk in an hundredth part of their meaning and nourishment, nor estimated them at a thousandth part their worth.

One of the great charms of a new and forming Christian civilization, such as that from which I return, is, that it reveals to you the processes by which the ripener and richer results, too fixed and familiar in older communities to arrest attention or invite study, have been attained.

Put an ordinary, average citizen from a New England or a Middle State into California, Oregon, or Nevada, and he begins for the first time in his life to ask what it is that has brought the communities *we* live in to their advanced condition—what has made them abodes of industry, order, intelligence, virtue, and piety? He begins to ask how it was a hundred years ago in Western Massachusetts, or Western New York, and how the wildernesses that then covered those now cultivated fields were

subdued, and now smile with schools, churches, and happy, peaceful homes? There were men that did that pioneer work, that, amid the hardships and difficulties of a sparse and poorly-furnished population, planted the school-house and the barn-like meeting-house, and broke the forest-roads, and fought down the drunken and violent ways of rude men, such as uniformly infect new societies. Then and there he began to see what it was that wrought the strong characters of his own ancestors, and gave them their place in the reverence of their generation and of their children. By degrees the moral strata of his old northern region disclose themselves to his newly-opened eye. He has become a social geologist, and discovered that civilization has its own series and order of formations; that its successive layers have been deposited by successive floods of effort and toil and suffering, and that beneath every advanced social existence lie buried the anxious thought and disinterested services and great cares and labors of men, shaping, according to the need of their generation, the wants and the destinies of a noble future. The charm of a new country and state is, that it gives men not strong enough to advance the old society from which they came a chance to leave a decided mark upon a ruder, because younger and less developed, condition of things. They take hold of schools and churches, of roads and public improvements, with a sense of responsibility and a feeling of power, such as would never visit them at home, and find in the very importance and dignity of the work crowded upon them an enlargement of their own being, a use of their faculties, and a conviction of their usefulness, which gives a zest and glory to their existence. There is no satisfaction in the world equal to a consciousness of filling a useful and important part in life. Many a man goes back to the new country, after a longing for the old, which has driven him home, simply because he misses that charm—the charm of being of some consequence, and of working to some tangible and immediate result in the social system. Another charm in visiting the newest part of one's own country, especially of the United States of Amer-

ica, so broad and so recent, is to taste at fresh fountains the waters of patriotism which grow tepid and brackish at the old wells, but rush with sparkling and tonic currents from the new springs.

I think the dear old Flag never brought such irrepressible tears to my eyes as when I first saw it waving over our fortress at the hinge of the Golden Gate. And when, upon the slopes of the Sierra Nevadas, high up near the regions of perpetual snow, I saw over the miner's hut and the pioneer's wagon the Stars and Stripes keeping watch and ward; and upon the banks of the Columbia, at Vancouver's, and near the Cascades, in the shadow of Mount Hood, discerned, against the distant sky, that national ensign wooing the breezes of Puget's Sound, or challenging the mists and clouds of Mount Rama and St. Helens, I felt, as perhaps never before, what it is to have a country—to be an American citizen, the heir and sworn protector of the vast continental inheritance of this ocean-bounded domain. Pleasant and instructive it is, too, to find how little policy, prudence, or self-interest has to do with this original, congenital passion of the soul—a love of country! Those I saw who had gone farthest beyond the protection of our flag, seemed almost to value it highest. Those who were best able, in their half-barbaric independence, to do without a country, were most ready to make any sacrifices to sustain it. A more eager and earnest and disinterested zeal for the national honor and the national integrity does not live, than among that portion of the residents of the Pacific Coast who have come from loyal parts of the country. The presence there of a large Southern element, originally from Missouri and Arkansas, and, more latterly, all that wretched sort of folk who have fled by the way of the plains from the conscription of the rebels, carrying mischievous sympathy with the traitorous cause in hearts too selfish to fight for it, creates only an intenser feeling of patriotism in the true Union men, doubtless the majority, although not a large one in the whole country. Nobody could doubt their final victory at the ballot-box, or in any other conflict their foes may invite, though it seemed probable, when I

left, that bitter and even bloody struggles might have illustrated the history of their recent election.

It would surprise you to know how accurate and detailed is the acquaintance our most distant outposts keep up with the military events of the war, how precise their memory of every skirmish, how close their study of every important action. They read our Northern papers with a patience and thoroughness they are seldom honored with at home; and they have papers of their own in California, not surpassed, in intelligence, enterprise and general merit, by any published in New England or New York.

Our California friends visiting "home," as they fondly call the Atlantic slope, have almost uniformly brought back to the Pacific side an unfavorable estimate of our patriotism as compared with their own. They complain of our want of interest, zeal, and devotion, of our cool and measured words, and calm, collected aspect. I hope they only mistake for want of zeal our more settled and now more accustomed and business-like method of dealing with the rebellion, which, of course, lacks much of its original demonstrativeness, but probably possesses more real determination and principled firmness of policy. Harder than any thing else in my absence to bear, were the occasional fits of discouragement and disappointment which clouded the newspapers, and gave a sort of death-rattle to the telegraph's smothered speech. Just in the crisis of your greatest battles, that trans-continental tongue that darts across from the Atlantic to the Pacific would suddenly lose its utterance, or stammer some confused tale, and then, like an obstinate child, refuse to speak at all for forty-eight hours, while our hearts were wrung with intensest solicitude over the critical fortunes of our country. But, thank God! I nailed my confidence to the mast when I left this coast for the other, determined to know nothing but victory there, let telegraph or newspaper croak as it might; and how can I sufficiently bless the Providence which permitted me to return home, to find my country the victim of no foul, compromising peace, still erect, in arms, and her

eye clear with confidence, while her right arm strikes with surer strokes the great blows that are finishing up the rebellion.

The civilization which is springing up with miraculous rapidity on the Pacific slope is a truly American and a characteristically democratic and Christian civilization. In spite of the large amount of foreign capital and foreign business-houses there, in spite of a large Southern element, in spite of many European and Roman Catholic usages and inspirations, in spite of a wonderful Israelitish population of successful traders—pioneers in every mining town, and in all others, it is becoming every day plain that the purely American (I might almost say the New England) type of Christian civilization is the mastering and guiding and shaping element in the whole; the leaven in the fermenting mass. The common-school system of New England prevails, and the school-houses, the teachers, and the discipline are not unworthy of the model, on which they are obviously framed. I assisted, the day before I left San Francisco, at the dedication of a public school-house, which had cost over one hundred thousand dollars, currency; it was an almost exact copy of the most approved school-houses in Boston, and had accommodation for six hundred pupils, already in attendance. The churches in California, for convenient and sightly interiors, are unsurpassed in the United States; they are as regularly and more largely attended than our own, and their ministers are almost uniformly men of more than average ability. No ordinary talent meets the demand of a population of remarkable activity and acuteness, and acting usually in a very open and frank way, supporting only what they like, and not what they are told they ought to like. In respect of Sunday-schools, California, perhaps, exceeds any portion of Christendom, in the relation, size, importance and dignity of her Sabbath-schools. Mr. King's Sunday-school had some three hundred Sunday-school scholars in it, and would have as many more if its accommodations were adequate. The observance of Sunday is by no means universal. Military parades, target-shootings, theaters and festivals still desecrate

the Sunday quiet. But this is due to a foreign element. The American population observe Sunday as well as we do, and go to church, morning and evening, with a regularity we might profitably imitate. To see the hotels of San Francisco as large and as fine as our own, (with perhaps two or three exceptions,) the splendid stocks of goods, the street-railroads, scaling, by aid of additional horses, the steep hills of that mountainous city; the private houses, usually much smaller than our own, built of wood, but full of taste and attractiveness, because covered with vines and flowers—you can with difficulty believe you are in a city only fifteen years old! But everywhere you see the evidence that a people you know and belong to—your own American, your own New York and New England population—are in charge of this rising civilization, and are weaving at the old loom the same warp and woof you have so long known the pattern of in your old homes. There are crudities, irregularities, and defects in this raw and recent civilization, but there is nothing discouraging or alarming in it. Its tendencies are right and strongly good. Order, decorum, loyalty, good morals, and Christian faith, have the upper hand, and they are all laboring hard to shape the whole Pacific coast into a likeness of the Atlantic slope. One shell does not match its lifelong fellow better than the other side of our continent resembles this side in all its characteristic American tendencies and social features. I could not see that open intemperance was more common there than here. Extravagance, no doubt, is the most striking bad quality in their ways—a *generous* fault—but this is fast being corrected by the increasing stability which is displacing the purely speculative and risky character of the mining business. I shall have more to say to you at an appropriate time upon this and kindred themes.

As to the prospects of a pure and devout Christianity, it is not to be denied that the breaking up of old associations and the desertion of family connections, and the wild pioneer life to which most Californians were for ten years subject, have done a good deal to extinguish habits of personal devotion, and to create a seeming indifference or ir-

reverence for the higher and loftier truths of our common religion. I recollect the first Sunday I stood up before the vast congregation that our lamented King had gathered about him, it seemed to me that prayer was struggling up through an atmosphere too cold and dense for its wings, and that the ethical and practical elements in the people so prevailed over the spiritual and the devotional, that the petitions of the preacher could not escape the limits of the pulpit, and mingle with the hearts, the sympathies, and aspirations of the pews. But I am bound to say that this painful sensation gradually diminished, and finally very much died away; although candor compels me to add, that I never felt quite the same support and co-operation from the devoutness of the people on which I am accustomed to throw myself so trustingly and unflinchingly at home. It was not strange if I did not know my way about their hearts as I do about yours. I heard a general complaint among ministers of various sects on the Pacific coast, of the unspirituality of the people, and of their own difficulty in maintaining the divine life in their souls. No doubt the intense practical necessities of the time where one generation of people does the work of five in half a generation of years, are unfavorable to aspiration and devotion. But already I saw the plainest evidence of a growing appetite for purely spiritual things. I endeavored to feed it, and I am confident of one thing, that the ministrations of Mr. King's successor are destined to create a thoroughly devout temper in the noble congregation over which he is now set. That society is, perhaps, the largest, strongest, most important body of Unitarian Christians in the world—a body of from ten to twelve hundred people in regular attendance on public worship, morning and evening, possessed of a magnificent church, full of beauty and convenience; with suits of rooms attached for Sunday-school, festivals, library, minister's study, evening receptions, and even a kitchen for parish uses. This church Mr. King had made the center of all liberal and patriotic sentiment on the coast; the place to which influential strangers from all parts of the Pacific slope

flocked on Sundays; and there he had gathered in a body of the most substantial and effective citizens of San Francisco, till not a seat could be procured. The common people heard him gladly, and were missionaries, through the week, of his inspiring thoughts.

It is impossible to exaggerate the influence he exerted over that new and plastic population; the extent of the love, confidence, and admiration they felt for him, and the stunning effect of the blow which loyalty, intelligence, liberality and philanthropy received when he suddenly fell. Happily his work survived the workman. His fragrant memory held all his people close to his ashes, now planted in the green angle of the little churchyard, a few rods only from the pulpit where he taught. It was my sad yet precious privilege, the very night before I left San Francisco, to stand side by side with his successor at the head of the marble sarcophagus prepared to receive his ashes, and there, with prayer and solemn words, to lay in their last resting-place all that was mortal of that lovely and powerful patriot and minister of Christ. I left his work, which I had endeavored, not wholly unsuccessfully to carry on, both in and out of the pulpit, for four and a half months, safely transferred to the hands of Mr. Stebbins, who had already been welcomed with unanimous confidence and affection, and had been solemnly installed the accepted and able minister of that most important church and congregation. Your own full experience of his power and worth, his dignity and simplicity, must have convinced you how fit a person he is to cherish the precious interest of our faith in that distant land. May the good God lend him a double measure of strength and inspiration for that most exposed, laborious, yet attractive and rewarding field. Of our hopes and prospects as a denomination in that whole country, I shall take another opportunity to speak to you. I will only say now, that my explorations and labors in that direction were of a most gratifying description; although I found a condition of things somewhat different from my expectation, and requiring a peculiar method of treatment, if we desire large

and rapid success. And now what can I say, in conclusion, of this hasty and rambling conversation with you, that is personal to you and to myself?

My first emotions, in meeting you again, after a separation of half a year, and the experiences of a long and uncertain voyage, a new and exciting life in a strange field of action, are those of devout gratitude to the gracious Protector of our ways, our heavenly Guide and Shield. Ten thousand miles of sea, with two thousand and more of land, safely passed over; the tropical heats and violent changes from temperate to torrid zones securely encountered; ceaseless labors and responsibilities in a new country and among a strange people, endured without a day's interruption, or an hour of lassitude and illness; all the ends and objects of my mission successfully accomplished; the Church, to whose rescue I flew, firmly fixed on its new foundation, and with the minister recommended here become the unanimous choice of its people; the interest of the Sanitary Commission advocated through the whole Pacific Coast, and placed on permanent grounds of fruitfulness; the cause of the country urged in two States and two Territories with most gratifying responses; the prospects of our liberal Christianity surveyed, and plans for its successful propagation laid along the coast; \$200,000 collected and sent home for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers; the wonders and beauties of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territories explored and enjoyed; the usual preaching of twice a day on Sundays; fifty different public addresses made in all the principal towns and centers of influence on the Pacific Coast; eighty-eight children or adults baptized; a dozen couples married; a busy correspondence kept up with all parts of Oregon, California, and the neighboring territories; with a careful record sent home to kindred or business associates here—these are a part of the labors and results on which I am able to look back, and in the survey of which I am filled with thanksgiving to that Being who has borne me and my family safely, cheerfully, and rejoicingly through them all, and now sets us down gently at our own door—at the

gate of this temple, and in the presence of this beloved and familiar flock.

And what a joy and peace fill my heart to return from the novelties and excitements of a hurried, tumultuous, and ever-changing activity among strangers, to the wonted sphere of my duties; to a people whom a quarter of a century, has accustomed to my voice, and with whose heart-strings my own are entangled; to come back to the old faces, the old pulpit, the old affections, the tried and familiar friends and companions—the old home!

Few persons ever had a pleasanter, a more gratifying, I may almost say a more intoxicating visit than mine—a visit in which pleasure and profit, labor and relaxation, great opportunities and great rewards, were so richly mixed; but my whole activity and enjoyment have reposed on the background (invisible to others) of a fixed and settled home, a life-work and ministerial sphere here among you; and whenever the fascinations, the providential opportunities, the rich rewards of that fresh, generous, plastic, vigorous, cordial, and enthusiastic community from which I come were urged upon me, one thought of my own sober-trained, reliable, instructed, and faithful flock, drove every roving affection home, dispelled every illusion, and restored the heart untraveled to its old allegiance. I hardly knew, when I left you, how deeply fixed my roots were in this soil, how old I had grown in your service, what a sacred and ineradicable thing, at least to me, a ministry of twenty-five years in one place had become. But when I found myself passing in California for a veteran, and the distant idea of me which the people had taken up not dispelled, as I had confidently supposed it would immediately be, by my presence, I was forced to come to the conclusion that I was no longer a young man, no longer capable of the changes and flexible adaptations of one whose habits, affections, and tastes had not hardened in a mould of a quarter of a century's standing.

Ten years ago the vast opportunities of usefulness presented, by that forming civilization of the Pacific, the great rewarding work to be done there for education, for domestic and social life, for art and science,



for patriotism and humanity—above all, for morals and piety—would have terribly tried my conscience and my inclinations, and, perhaps, swept me off into that vast, swift current of new and fascinating cares. But not now! the joints are set, the frame bent to its familiar tasks, and the affections fastened indissolubly to their wonted objects.

Without one backward thought or moment's hesitation, I return heart-whole, and with eager appetite and earnest longings to the established sphere of my life, labors and happiness. And here, thank God! I find nearly all of you in your old places—not all, alas! but more than I could reasonably have hoped. Those about whom I felt the most anxiety on account of age and infirmities, and parting with whom, I looked questfully into their faces, with the secret thought, We are, perhaps, looking for the last time on each other—these are all left! But I miss, alas! others about whom I had no such solicitude; those I left in the fullness of their strength and usefulness, but who were suddenly cut off in the first week or month of my absence, and the echo of whose passing bell smote my heart on my very arrival at San Francisco.

An own sister could hardly have been dearer to me than Mrs. Kirkland, long one of the choicest companions of my mind, and most beloved friends of my heart. Her vigorous intellect, united with the most bountiful heart, and the most conscientious fidelity to duty and usefulness, and all adorned with the highest culture and the most cordial sympathies, made her society, her home, her counsel, and her co-operation—above all, her noble and lofty spirit—one of the chief reliances and solaces of my ministry. I can never sufficiently rejoice in her delightful memory, nor cease to grieve for her too early loss.

And almost by the same blow fell her friend and mine, Captain Morgan, so well known for his enterprise, success, and fidelity in the commercial world, on both sides the Atlantic, but still better known among his intimates as the chosen friend of many of the most distinguished writers and artists of England and America, a collector and possessor of rare books, paintings, and sketches, and of a most unique

correspondence. His generous aid was never denied any worthy enterprise of ours, while his integrity, directness, and excellent sense made him a deplorable loss to his happy home and to society at large.

An only daughter, a young mother, and the sharer of a fast-growing reputation in his profession, was suddenly cut down in another (Mrs. Haseltine) member of our congregation—dear to many families in this assembly, and in whose grave lie buried the reliance and cheer of a childless father's declining years, and the fond hopes and ambitions of an aspiring career, lighted by genius and faith.

Oh! how short an absence accumulates the harvest of that ceaseless reaper! and how many evidences does every single season give us (if we leave the spot where familiarity dulls the eye) of the mortality of this fleeting world!

But, thank God that so many of us are spared to each other! I enter this temple and this pulpit with a heart full of joy, gratitude, and affection.

May the rich experiences I have enjoyed only the better prepare me for your service and that of our common Master, and may God grant me long to continue your grateful minister and affectionate friend.

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### THE CONSEQUENCES OF LUXURY.

**T**HERE is no greater calamity can befall any people, besides war, or pestilence, than when habits of luxury are introduced among them, especially where they become general and are carried to so great a height that every individual is under some necessity of living beyond his fortune, or incurring the censure of being avaricious. A person once engaged in this extravagant course of living is seldom able to extricate himself in time, but is hurried on to the brink of ruin, reduces a helpless family to want and misery, and must at length sink under a weight of misfortune, or through necessity be driven to what may sacrifice his honor, country, conscience and every other consideration to a present relief which must finally end in his destruction.

However amiable virtue and integrity may appear in our eyes, human nature will

find it difficult to withstand the threatening misery of immediate want. Bankruptcy staring a man in the face, continual duns dogging his footsteps, or a want of his accustomed pleasures, will oftentimes drive him to extremities which nothing but necessity could occasion. He is no longer master of himself, but, like a drowning man, catches at every thing, even his nearest and dearest friend, and drags him along, though he should perish with him.

To what melancholy extremities will not this unhappy situation lead a man! to poverty, shame, villainy, dependency and disgrace, and at length to sacrifice all honor to support an idle extravagance. Let a man's income be what it may, if he lives beyond it, as thousands are doing to-day, this will be his case sooner or later. If ever a superior power should fall into such necessitous hands, the very thing which should make the people happy, the abundance of their resources and of the public treasure, may prove the means of their destruction.

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#### AMERICAN EXPRESS BUSINESS AND ITS ORIGIN.

THE Express system is due, in its origin, to American ingenuity; in its development, to American enterprise; in its almost perfect organization, to American business tact and sagacity; and the confidence of the community in it has been secured by the much-tried yet never-failing integrity of its managers. And wondrous as is the rapidity with which the primeval forests of this wide country have been cleared, and thriving cities, towns, and villages established on spots where, but a few years since, only the wigwam of the Indian, the log-hut of the pioneer, or the den of the wild beast could be found; marvelous as is the extent to which railroads have been constructed through vast tracts where, within the memory of men yet in their prime, only the lone hunter or the intending settler wended his way; exhaustless as appears the fertility of American inventiveness; proud as Americans may justly be of their Fulton, Morse, and Ericsson—I think that untiring perseverance and unflinching ener-

gy, triumphing over seemingly insuperable obstacles; unflinching endurance of hardships, exposure and fatigue; fidelity to trust reposed; sagacity to foresee, and tact to provide for a public want—all which have been exhibited to a remarkable degree in the establishment and management of the express business—entitle its founders and conductors to no smaller a meed of praise than is readily awarded to the pioneers of our settlements, the constructors of our railroads, the inventors of our telegraphs, our steamboats, our iron-clads, and our almost numberless labor-saving and wealth-producing machines.

As I frequently use the term, "Express system," it may be well for me to explain here that that expression is *properly* applicable only to the method according to which the express business is done in New York, the Middle, at one time the Southern and Western States. In the Eastern States generally the express business is carried on by a very large number of local expresses running only between certain, not far distant, termini, and each independent of all others. It is impossible to give even an estimate of the number of these. No less than 130 minor expresses run from *only three* offices in Boston. In New York, as the commercial metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, facilities of communication with all parts of the continent and the immense amount of constantly augmenting business, necessitated the establishment of associations which could, by their capital, guarantee the public against losses, and by systematized labor furnish the required accommodations more economically and effectively than individuals or ordinary business firms could do. Such associations have accordingly been formed under the laws of the State of New York, regulating the organization of joint-stock companies, with capitals varying from \$250,000 to \$3,000,000.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that the present immense extent of express business was probably not even dreamed of when the first step was taken which led to it. "Great oaks from little acorns grow," and "the day of small things is not to be despised." The force of these sayings was

never better illustrated than in the rapid and prosperous growth of the "Express" from a *very* small beginning.

When William F. Harnden, seeking some active employment which would release him from the close confinement imposed by his duties in the office of the Boston & Worcester Railroad, undertook, in 1839, to establish a "package-express" between Boston and New York, he, probably, only contemplated such a business as would provide a remunerative income and congenial employment for himself. The feasibility of such an enterprise was, it is not improbable, suggested by the fact that the stage-drivers on the various roads out from Boston were in the habit of carrying and delivering small parcels, and of executing such commissions as were intrusted to them. These stage-drivers, many of whom were proprietors in part or wholly of the stock needed in their business, were ordinarily trustworthy and responsible men, to whose charge valuable packages could be safely committed. When railroads began to be constructed, the conductors, many of whom had been drivers of the stages which were superseded by the railways, still continued to receive and deliver parcels and orders, and the clerks of the various lines of steamboats executed like commissions. The packages, etc., intrusted to them, they delivered at the offices of their respective companies, or through such channels as might be conveniently accessible; but as this business was only supplementary to their main occupation, they could not give it the attention necessary to its enlargement, or even to its satisfactory discharge in all cases; and probably three or four times as many packages as were conveyed by them were transmitted by the hands of private individuals, who undertook, often very much against their inclination, the charge of delivering them to the parties to whom they were addressed.

Harnden's enterprise was not, at first, so successful as to recompense or even encourage him. It is asserted, indeed, that he was thinking of abandoning it, when the establishment of the Cunard line of steamers between Boston and Liverpool caused such an increase in the number of parcels from

and to New York as to render him very great assistance, and to stimulate him to continue and extend the business he had begun. In 1840, he resolved upon an extension of his route to Philadelphia. In 1841, he undertook, in connection with Dexter Brigham, Jr., of Westboro, Mass., to establish a foreign express to convey packages and parcels to Liverpool, London, and Paris, which, not having proved very successful, was discontinued in a short time. Early in the same year, being encouraged by the prospects of his extension to Philadelphia, he resolved to run an express on the Hudson River from New York to Albany, but failing in his endeavors to secure the co-operation of the steamboat captains, who derived considerable emoluments from the conveyance of parcels and packages, and, consequently, did not feel disposed to favor his enterprise, he made his difficulties known to me, and I undertook to arrange matters for him. This I was enabled to do through my acquaintance with Daniel Drew and others, and I undertook the Albany agency. Harnden's object, in establishing this agency, was to gain the control of the express business between Boston, New York, and Albany, which formed, as it were, the apices of a triangle, the several sides of which were the Boston and Providence Railroad and the steamboat line connecting Boston and New York; the Hudson River connecting New York and Albany; and the Western Railroad, then in progress, connecting Albany and Boston.

Very shortly after commencing my duties as agent at Albany, I suggested to Harnden the expediency of running an express to Buffalo, and, as facilities of transportation would permit, to Chicago and the "Far West;" but he had so little faith in the feasibility or success of such an enterprise that his answer to my proposition was: "If *you* choose to run an express to the Rocky Mountains, you had better do it on your own account; *I* choose to run an express where there is business."

Previous to Harnden's death in 1845, the express business between Boston and Albany had become the property of James M. Thompson, who, in 1851, in connection with Johnston Livingston and others, de-

terminated on extending the business to New Orleans, Mobile, and Texas. In 1854, this company was consolidated with several others, running from Boston to New York, into one joint-stock association, under the title of "Adams & Co.'s Express," though it continued to have its own routes and offices the same as before the consolidation.

Harnden's enterprise was not carried to a successful issue without competition. In 1840, Alvin Adams and P. B. Burke started an opposition express, under the name of Burke & Co. As the business did not promise to be speedily remunerative, Burke very soon retired; but Adams (who in 1841-2 associated with himself as partner, W. B. Dinsmore) persisted, in the face of much opposition and of the general depression of the mercantile and industrious interests of the country at that time, in continuing a business, in the eventual success of which he felt full confidence. The business of Adams & Co.'s express was, at first, restricted to New York, Norwich, Worcester, and Boston; but the stimulus given to trade and emigration by the discovery of the gold mines of California led to the establishment, in 1849, of a California express. In 1850, up to which time the express business had not been generally extended to the Southern States, a line to Mobile, New Orleans, and the far Southern and South-western States was commenced by John K. and A. L. Stimson. In 1853 this line was amalgamated with Adams & Co.'s.

In the same year Adams & Co. projected a line of express to Australia, and sent thither an agent to open an office; but want of regular and reliable communication caused its early abandonment.

Shortly after, Adams & Co. established an express from Philadelphia to St. Louis, through Pittsburgh.

In 1854, Adams & Co.'s express was consolidated with Harnden's, Kinsley & Co.'s, and Hoy & Co.'s Charleston Expresses, and in the same year the California connection was abandoned by them. In 1855, "The Adams Express Company" (which was the designation now assumed by this association) commenced running from Charleston to Columbia, S. C., Montgomery, Ala., Atlanta and Augusta, Ga., and Nashville,

Tenn.; and, at the time of the outbreak of the rebellion, had entire control of the express business in the Southern and South-western States. Since that time their operations in this direction have been restricted to the Border States and the coast. The main lines of their traffic are now over the Camden and Amboy, and New Jersey Railroads to Philadelphia; the Pennsylvania Central and its connections through Pennsylvania; and to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and intermediate points.

The idea of a Western Express which I had suggested to Harnden, did not long remain a mere conception after its rejection by him. The first attempt to run such a line from Albany to Buffalo was made, under my direction, by George E. Pomeroy, in 1841; but being relinquished by him, myself and Crawford Livingston co-operated with him in carrying out the project, under the name of Pomeroy & Co.

At that time there was no continuous line of railroad or stages on the proposed route, but the express-messenger was compelled to travel by rail to Auburn, by stage to Geneva, by rail to Rochester, to Lockport by stage, and thence to Buffalo by private conveyance; or from Rochester to Batavia by rail, and thence to Buffalo by stage. The through trip occupied four nights and three days at the quickest attainable rate of traveling. For eighteen months I performed all the then multifarious duties of express-messenger and agent, as well as those of proprietor; for two-thirds of that time I did not lose a trip, and out of twenty-one nights, I have spent eighteen on the road.

The trip between Albany and Buffalo was, at first, made only once a week; then twice a week; and in 1843, we undertook to maintain a daily communication. The perils encountered, the hardships endured, and the difficulties overcome in carrying out our plan, can now be scarcely imagined by those who travel in comfortable cars on well-managed railroads, or in convenient coaches on roads which may be generally called decent. But at that time the railroad and all its appurtenances were in their crudest form. The line was laid with a "strap-rail," which, as you doubtless well

know, was nothing more than a flat bar of iron spiked down to the sleepers, and afforded no very great security against "run-offs." The spikes, too, were continually getting loose, and under the pressure of the passing train, the rails curved upward, and in the form of "snake-heads," often tore through the bottom of the cars, to the imminent peril and sometimes serious injury of the limbs and lives of the passengers. The common road (of which one hundred and fifteen miles by one route and sixty-five miles by the other had to be traveled by the express-messenger) was in summer *endurable*, but for the greater part of the year simply *horrible*.

So little encouraging was the prospect of a remunerative business, that for more than a year after the Western Express commenced running, one carpet-sack held all the valuable packages, and a medium-sized trunk all the rest of the freight. For a long time the receipts, for packages conveyed did not cover the messenger's traveling expenses; we therefore endeavored to increase our business by conveying fruit, fish, lobsters, and oysters, and by affording every possible accommodation to bankers, farmers, fishermen, and storekeepers on our route.

In 1842-3 the United States Special Mail Agent on this route proposed to us to avail ourselves of the United States Mail accommodations, but we declined his overtures. Thereupon Enoch J. Humphrey, who was employed as special bank-messenger to make the exchanges between the banks, undertook to carry on an opposition, using the mail cars and coaches for his freight, and the mail agents as his messengers. Notwithstanding, however, the advantages he enjoyed as bank-messenger, and through his connection with the United States Special Mail Agent, his scheme failed after only one week's trial.

In 1842 this express company undertook the delivery of letters along its route at a charge of only one-fourth of the government postage. It very soon obtained a large portion of this business, and the Government, in the hope of defeating the enterprise, commenced a series of vexatious arrests and prosecutions; but public senti-

ment and the influence of prominent men were so overwhelmingly on the company's side, that the suits were unsuccessful, and the Government was compelled to procure the enactment of a law which reduced the rates of postage to about one-fourth of what they had been. The company's experiment, however, demonstrated the possibility of profitably carrying letters at low rates; and to this express company, more than to any other single direct agency, are the people indebted for the *decreased cost* and *increased accommodation* of postal arrangements.

At this time there were no railroads west of Buffalo; but in 1845 I undertook, in connection with W. G. Fargo, of Buffalo, to extend the Western Express to Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and intermediate points. The management of this portion of our business was mainly in the hands of W. G. Fargo, who during the summer availed himself, as much as possible, of steamboat conveyance, but over a large portion of the route at all times and over the whole in winter traveled in stages or wagons. In the winter season it frequently took eight days and nights to travel from Buffalo to Detroit, and though the charge for freight was fourteen dollars per one hundred pounds, the receipts did not pay expenses. In the latter part of 1846 I removed from Buffalo to New York, and transferred my interest in the Western Express to W. A. Livingston. Since that time the business on this line has been done under the names of Livingston, Fargo & Co.

In 1846, Livingston, Wells & Co. commenced a European Express, and established offices in London and Paris. This line was united in 1855 with Edwards, Sandford & Co.'s Foreign Express; but, in 1858, the business was transferred to the firm of A. H. Lansing & Co., by whom it was for some time conducted.

In 1849, a rival Express was started by Butterfield, Wasson & Co.; but in 1850, this, the Wells & Co.'s, and the Livingston, Fargo & Co.'s Expresses were consolidated into one joint-stock company, under the name of the "American Express Company," with a capital of \$150,000, which has been since increased to \$3,000,000. The

business on this line *west* of Buffalo is still carried on in the name of Livingston, Fargo & Co., and that *east* of Buffalo in the name of Wells, Butterfield & Co.

The principal lines of the American Express Company's business are: from Boston to Albany; from New York to Albany, Buffalo, and through the States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota; from Buffalo to Toronto, Hamilton, London, and Windsor, in Upper Canada; and to all intermediate points. Its main trunk-line of railroad conveyance is the Hudson River and the New York Central Railroads, and the roads connected therewith.

Wells, Fargo & Company's California Express was organized in New York in 1852. Its first President was Edwin B. Morgan, of Aurora, New York. At that time, Adams & Company's Express was the only one doing business between New York and California, and an attempt to establish another company in the face of their formidable opposition and acquired influence, demanded much courage and determination. The first effect of the competition thus inaugurated was the reduction of the rate for merchandise from sixty to forty cents per pound. The Adams Company Express had, at one time, received as much as seventy-five cents per pound.

The association now known as the "United States Express Company" was organized in 1854 with a view to doing a western business over the New York and Erie Railroad, which corporation, however, decided to manage for itself the Express business on its route; but the experiment being unsuccessful, the Express traffic was transferred, in 1858, to the company above named.

The United States Express Company, having a capital of \$1,000,000, does a very large business in the Western States, sending its messengers and freight over the New York and Erie Railroad and all its connections, through the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Southern Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska.

The "National Express Co." was organized as a joint-stock association in 1855.

The line of business which it controls was first undertaken, about 1842, by Pullen & Copp, who ran an express from New York to Albany, Troy, and Saratoga Springs. In 1844 they united with an express company doing business between Albany and Montreal; and in 1855, with a rival company bearing the name of Johnston & Co., at which time the amalgamated companies assumed the above designation. The company, with a capital of \$250,000, transacts the greater part of the express business between New York and the chief towns of Lower Canada.

Howard & Co.'s Express runs from Philadelphia. Its business is confined to Pennsylvania.

The Hope Express has a route in New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The New Jersey Express Co. was organized in 1854 with a capital of \$1,000,000. Its route is along the New Jersey and Camden and Amboy Railroads, and it works in connection with the Adams Express Co.

The Eastern Express Co. was founded at Boston in 1857, by the union of three private expresses. It has a capital of \$100,000, and its main points of business are, Boston, Portland, Augusta, and Bangor.

Kinsley & Co.'s Express commenced running, under the title of Gay & Co., between Boston and New York, via Stonington, in 1842, and was amalgamated with the Adams Express Co. in 1854, though it still retains its name and organization.

Cheney, Fiske & Co.'s Express runs between Boston, Quebec, and Montreal, and into the interior of the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

The line of business of the Long Island Express Co. is from New York to the various points of the Long Island Railroad.

There are numerous minor companies, none of which, however, are, in my opinion, sufficiently important to require specification.

In the principal cities there are numerous lines of "city expresses," which collect and deliver all kinds of goods within a certain limited area, and of "baggage-expresses," whose business is to convey travelers' baggage to and from hotels, steamboats, railroads, and private dwellings. As these,

however, do not fall properly within the category of express companies, whose history I have endeavored to give you, I need do no more than simply mention the fact of their existing.

You may have observed, as I indicated in general terms the routes of the three great inland Express companies—the Adams, American and United States—that though their business is, in the main, confined within certain geographical limits, they come, in some parts of their course, into direct competition with each other, particularly for the local business. A glance at the map on which their main lines are delineated will make this point clearer than any amount of words. It may not be amiss to remark that the business is so large and the competition so honorably conducted, that, while the public is better accommodated, the interests of the respective associations are nowise injuriously affected.

Of the amount of business done by the Express companies now in operation, it is next to impossible to give any accurate information. No merchant is willing to give to the public a specific statement of his income, his profits, or his losses. Neither do Express companies desire to invite competition by an exhibit of large gains, or to excite mistrust by a confession of large losses. The only way I know of giving you any idea of the magnitude of their operations is by stating that the annual expenses of the Adams, American, and United States Companies, incurred in the transportation of freight and the salaries of agents and messengers, amount to not less than *ten millions of dollars*; that the single carpet-sack of 1839 has now grown into more than thirty cars forwarded daily from the East by the American Express Co. alone, while the Adams and United States Companies each require at least an equal amount of transportation; that the American Express conveys freight over 9,000 miles a day in a *direct* line, while its messengers travel daily more than 30,000 miles, and wherever on this extensive route there is a village with a post-office, this company has an agency at that point. Indeed, the Rocky Mountains, to which Harnden banteringly said, in 1841, I might run an express at my own

risk, if I pleased, has long been within the points to which expresses have been extended.

When to these scanty items of information I add that, notwithstanding very large losses inflicted upon Express companies by public robberies, or by the dishonesty or carelessness of their employes, they have paid, for the most part, remunerative dividends to their stockholders, without exacting unreasonable payments from their customers, I may, perhaps, have succeeded in giving you some data for estimating the immense amount of business transacted by them.

The present flourishing condition of the principal Express companies has not been attained without opposition from rival associations. Some of these were sufficiently formidable to render advisable their incorporation with previously established companies whose business was menaced by their operations, while many others failed to secure patronage sufficient to sustain them. Several railroad companies—I have mentioned one instance in my account of the United States Express Co.—have, at various times, attempted to carry on the Express business as a part of their legitimate operations; but they very soon discovered that it was better for them to leave it in the hands of associations specially organized for such business. The successful management of an Express company requires the undivided attention of its conductors; a peculiar order of business talent; facilities for securing the direct transmission of freight over railroads belonging to different, and often rival or unfriendly, companies; perfect control over and strict accountability of the employes; and a special and intricate system of accounts, checks, and balances.

The influence of the Express on the general business interests of the country has been very marked and beneficial. Business is always found to prosper in proportion to the facilities afforded for the speedy, safe, and economical transmission of money, merchandise, and produce; and these the Express has supplied to an extent unprecedented in the history of previous transportation companies.

When I commenced the Western Express from Albany to Buffalo, so unremunerative was the through traffic, that I made every possible effort to induce producers at each end of and throughout my route to forward fruit, fish, game and similar articles of luxury; and as they found it greatly to their advantage to do so, from the small beginnings then made, the interchange of such commodities between the East and the West gradually increased to the enormous extent which it has now reached, but which it never could have attained without the aid of the Express. When, in 1842, at the request of that prince of caterers, James Laidley, then of Buffalo, I carried oysters from Albany, receiving for freight three dollars per hundred, (*oysters* not pounds,) their arrival in Buffalo was advertised in the newspapers, and created almost as much excitement as the locomotive on its first trip through the country. Till they were thus conveyed, the Buffalonians were often deprived for months of that bivalvular luxury; now several car-loads of oysters leave New York, Albany, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, for the West daily throughout the season. Through the facilities of transmission offered by the Express, the game of the Western forests and prairies is now as abundant in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, as barn-yard poultry; while the luxuries of the ocean and of foreign lands are as common in the markets of Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, as in those of the Eastern cities. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that, with the aid of the telegraph and the express, a gentleman in almost any part of the Eastern, Western, or Middle States, wishing to give a *recherche* dinner-party, has the markets of the country, from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountains, at his disposal.

Expresses have always kept pace with—sometimes they have run in advance of—railroads, and by the traffic they have secured, have augmented in no small degree the revenues of those corporations which have so materially contributed to the rapid development of the vast resources of the wide West.

Previous to the establishment of the Express, the United States Bank transacted all

exchange business between distant points. When that corporation was dissolved, the need of some medium through which remittances and exchanges might be safely made was widely felt. The Express met this want, and, indeed, transacted all such business at less cost than the United States Bank had done. When remittances could be made only by drafts or in specie, sent by special messenger, (whose safe transit or fidelity could not, in all instances, be implicitly depended on,) the rate of exchange or cost of transmission, which varied from one to ten per cent, was a heavy tax on such transactions. But the ease, safety and cheapness with which specie, drafts, notes, and other valuable documents may now be forwarded through the Express, has greatly facilitated such remittances and equalized the rate of exchange, which rarely exceeds one or one and a half per cent. The immense amount of money used by the Government in all its varied operations throughout the country, is now conveyed by the Express, which also conducts the entire exchange business of the country.

Moreover, express companies undertake to collect bills for merchandise forwarded through them, and to receive from merchants, importers, jobbers, and others, goods which are to be paid for on delivery, the Express assuming the responsibility. They thus enable parties, unknown even to each other, save by name, to transact mutually advantageous business without risk, and at very small cost. Such transactions, now amounting annually to millions of dollars, could not, through want of mutual acquaintance and confidence on the part of the parties engaged in it, be carried on but for the Express. The benefit thus conferred on the trade of the country is obviously incalculable.

Did the limits of this paper permit, and were this the place for the recital, I could narrate many incidents of peril, exposure, and almost miraculous escapes, equaling any thing to be found in the pages of romance. I remember, however, that I stand before gentlemen who, in their aggregate capacity at least, deal with the "hard facts" of statistical and geographical science, not with the reveries or fictions of the poet and



the novelist. These may stigmatize facts as "the brute beasts of the intellectual field;" but they are in *fact* the ready-to-be-articulated frame-work on which the useful and graceful forms of civilization may be developed; or rather they are the hewn and polished stones with which the temple of science is constructed. But there are "facts" in the history of the Express which add fresh corroboration to the truth of the adage: "Truth is stranger than fiction." I could tell of midnight adventures in the forest; of perils in the waters; of perils by robbers; of awful catastrophes, such as the burning of the "Lexington," the "Central America," and the "Golden Gate," and the swamping of the "Atlantic;" of wrecks upon the fickle, stormy Erie; of robberies ingeniously planned and even more ingeniously discovered; of humorous, pathetic, and tragical occurrences; all of which have fallen within the experience of express-messengers—but I forbear. Are they not already written in the records of the Express companies and in the chronicles? We, some of us at least, have read in the days when poetry and fiction had their attractions for us, Romances of the Forest, the Rail, the Road, the Ocean, and even the Raging Canawl; shall not our grand and great-grandchildren read in coming years, the Romance of the Express?

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### BY THE NIGHT-TRAIN.

"YOU must travel alone, then, Ned, my boy. It is a tiresome thing, but it can't be helped. At latest I shall be at C— in good time on the wedding morning. Tell Carrie so, with my love," said my father, laughing off his vexation at being thus peremptorily detained in London. These were the circumstances of the case. My engagement—a two years' engagement, insisted upon by my own parent no less than by Admiral Lethbridge, that the "young people might know their own minds," most unreasonable and unnecessary as the delay had appeared to those principally concerned—was drawing to a happy close. I was to marry dear, pretty Carry Lethbridge, with the full consent and approval of both families. The wedding-day was

drawing near, and my sister Clara, who was to be one of the bridesmaids, was staying at C—, with Caroline and her mother and sisters, in anticipation of the ceremony. Rear-Admiral Lethbridge resided at C—, and there, of course, the marriage was to take place. And my father and I had intended going down to C— some three days before the wedding, and taking up our quarters at the hotel there. By the merest hazard, or apparent hazard, the execution of this plan was prevented, so far as my father's share in it was concerned.

Let me explain how matters stood. My father was a widower, and he had but two children, Clara and myself. It was well understood that his considerable property was to be divided between us at his death, the larger share accruing to myself as his only son. He was a great merchant; few names were held in higher respect in the world of commerce than that of John Henley, and indeed it was owing to his very high reputation for commercial sagacity and business experience that the delay in his leaving London originated, with all its after consequences.

Mr. Henley had been summoned as a witness before a Parliamentary Committee of the House of Lords, and it had been notified to him that although in consequence of frequent adjournments, his evidence might not be called for for a day or two, it was necessary that he should be in actual attendance, lest "My Lords" should find the private bill in hand pass more rapidly through its preliminary stages than was expected. The Parliamentary lawyer by whom my father was subpoenaed was civil enough to add that the committee could by no means dispense with Mr. Henley's very valuable testimony and advice.

"Very complimentary; but uncommonly tiresome," said I, really annoyed, in spite of the usual unselfishness of a young man and a lover; for my father and I were on terms of much confidence and affection, and I was aware that he had looked forward to this trip as one of his rare holidays.

"The Lethbridges will be sorry, and so will Clara be. Can not you come, after all?"

My father laughed.

"No, no, Edgar," said he; "I should expect to see Black Rod draw my curtains at the dead of night, come to take me into custody for petty treason at least. Committees must be obeyed. But never mind! I shall be with you on Saturday, before the wedding-breakfast is laid out, or the postillions have pinned on their white satin favors. And now I must be off to Westminster. You go by the night-train of course?"

My father and I shook hands, and we parted. It was then about the hottest time of a sultry afternoon in summer. The month was June according to the almanac; but as far as temperature went, it might have been August, so still was the heated air, stirred by no kindly breeze. It was one of those days which, to a man cooped up in the stifling city, suggested an almost resistless longing for green fields and clear streams, and the sweet fresh breath of the woodlands. As I paced the glaring white pavement, baked and gritty under the sunbeams, I thought joyously of my approaching emancipation from the wilderness of brick and mortar. To-morrow I should be walking slowly and happily by Carry's side, along the familiar meadow-paths, through the long grass speckled with daisies and golden king-cups, and past the huge horse-chestnuts that towered aloft like pyramids of snow-white blossoms. To-morrow—but what mattered my expectations, never to be realized? It is mercy that withholds from our eyes, in such a case as mine, with what the morrow may be fraught.

I turned into Bond street, where a double stream of carriages flowed slowly and strugglingly past, and where the crowd of lounging foot-passengers was at its height. But the accustomed sights of coroneted hammercloths, priceless horses champing the silver-mounted bits that held them back at every fresh "lock" and stoppage of the entangled equipages, and well-dressed ladies leaning back languidly in their well-appointed barouches, and bound for the Park, were scarcely heeded, so busy were my thoughts with the future. A few hours and I should be far away; a few days, and Caroline Lethbridge and Edgar Henley would have started on life's voyage to-

gether, as prosperous and happy a young pair as ever determined to face the world, side by side. Nor had I much superfluous time on my hands. One or two places I had to call at, and afterward I was engaged to an early dinner at my club with two or three of the oldest and best of my bachelor friends, anxious, as they said, to "see the last of me." My preparations for leaving London were all but complete. My packing was done, and it had been settled that my father's old servant, who was the most punctual and steady of men, should convey my effects to the railway terminus, so that my own proceedings might be unembarrassed by any anxiety respecting portmanteau and hat-boxes. I did not expect to be in London again for some time, since we had agreed to spend the first months of our married life in Germany and Switzerland, and there had even been some talk of a more protracted residence abroad.

My first call was at the shop of the well-known court-jewelers, (Miles and Henderson,) and its object was to fetch away a certain set of pearl and ruby ornaments which my father had ordered, and which were his present to his future daughter-in-law. Mr. Henley had looked forward with pleasure to placing these costly toys in the bride's hands; but since he had been compelled to postpone his arrival at C—, he had good-naturedly but firmly insisted that I should take the jewels down with me, and give them to Carry in his name. I had not seen the design of the ornaments, but I was aware that the device was a new and well-chosen one; and from my father's liberality, of which I had since childhood received so many proofs, I had little doubt that the gift would prove to be a splendid one.

As I was in the act of opening the jewelers' door, a man passed me so closely as to brush my elbow, and, turning his head, looked me for a moment in the face. His own face was a remarkable one, or rather would have appeared remarkable elsewhere than in London, where the natives of all countries are every day to be met, jostling each other unnoticed in the midst of the great seething stream of restless human life

that fills our streets. This person, evidently a foreigner, was about forty years of age, wore spectacles, a bushy red-brown beard, and a threadbare suit of black, shabby, but well brushed and neat. So far his appearance corresponded more or less accurately with that of a legion of professors, doctors, and philosophers, dubious hangers-on of the learned professions, whom Red Republican tenets and police hostility have landed in the limbo of Leicester Square. But I could not help feeling a thrill of repugnance and dislike at the aspect of that broad, flat, white face, with its Tartar coarseness of feature, the sharp white teeth just visible between the thin lips, and the long, narrow eyes, blinking cat-like through the glasses of the spectacles. Can you fancy a white-faced tiger, badly pitted by the smallpox, walking erect in human guise, and stealthily pursuing his way through a jungle, not of trees but of houses? Such was the impression which the first glimpse of that foreigner's face made upon me. In the next I laughed at myself for my folly.

"The poor man can not help his ugliness," said I to myself, as I followed the shopman to his employers' studio on the first floor, near the glittering show-rooms; "he is a Russian, of course, too advanced in political ideas, no doubt, to please the Czar and the police préfet. Not a very pleasant person, though, to trust with a guillotine if his party should ever be uppermost."

And then Mr. Miles, bald and florid, came civilly forward to welcome me, and I forgot the Russian and all connected with him.

"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly," said the jeweler, unlocking the strongest of safes with the tiniest of Bramah keys, and tossing over a quantity of écrins labeled with the names of half the duchesses and countesses in the Red Book.

"Here is the set that your esteemed father, Mr. Henley, was so good as to order. Very old and respected customer of ours is Mr. Henley. I sold him — dear me! thirty years ago it must have been — a set of emeralds for Mrs. Henley's wearing. Not a very costly set, but in good taste, in capital taste. Mr. Henley had but lately

come back, then, from Calcutta. His was a new name, then, on the Royal Exchange and in the Bank parlor. No name higher, now; but his taste was always excellent, always. Here the stones are."

And the talkative old man, who was reputed to be enormously wealthy, but who stuck to his shop like a barnacle to its rock, and never forgot a customer, opened first one and then another of the dark morocco cases, and showed me the jewels my father had ordered. A very superb present it was, tastefully magnificent, and such as a peeress might have been proud to wear. I was quite dazzled by the first flash of the sparkling necklace, the blood-red rubies glinting the brighter for the moony lustre of the pure white pearls. I had expected that the jewels would prove handsome, but their beauty far surpassed my anticipations, and I felt a certain nervous uneasiness at the idea of walking London streets with such valuables in my pocket. Spray, and brooch, and bracelets, rings, and earrings, and tiara, were all equally splendid and elegant; and I was half disposed to scold my father for his generosity, but consoled myself with the recollection that nothing could possibly be too good for Carry Lethbridge. Old Mr. Miles accompanied me to the street-door, chatting as volubly as was his practice, his tongue running mostly on the splendor of the wares he had just delivered over to my charge.

"Pretty, very pretty, the design," he said, as he opened the plate-glass door of the shop. "And as for the stones, I defy the sharpest eye to make out a flaw in any one of the rubies. Better stones never came from Ceylon, nor pearls of a finer water. Ah! Mr. Henley, it is not every one who is able to give such presents as your good father. I sent a set nearly similar, last week, for the wedding of Lady Florence Fetherton, but not so fine. I give you my word, as a tradesman of fifty years' standing, not so fine."

I think these words were either uttered in a louder tone than the rest of the jeweler's discourse, or a lull in the roll and rumble of the carriages made them unusually distinct, but at any rate three or four of the passers-by turned their heads inquisi-

tively toward old Mr. Miles and myself, as we stood in the open doorway. And among those three or four was the ugly foreigner with the red-brown beard. He was repassing the shop, coming down from the opposite direction to that in which he had previously been walking. A coincidence, no doubt! Merely a coincidence.

I beckoned to the driver of a Hansom, sauntering past in quest of a fare, and rattled down to the club. It wanted some time as yet to the dinner-hour, but I preferred waiting at the club for my friends' arrival to driving back to my father's house in Harley street. The second editions of the morning papers had just come in as I arrived, and there was a hum and buzz of conversation going on upon the subject of some important telegrams from America which they contained. It was just then that McClellan was meeting with his first reverses, if I remember rightly, in his peninsular campaign, and I gladly secured one of the copies of the *Times*, and applied myself to read. In vain. A strange feverish listlessness oppressed me; there was a dull weight upon my spirits, and my mind seemed to be possessed by a sort of aimless activity that wearied my thoughts to no purpose. In vain I fixed my eyes upon the newspaper, resolved to concentrate my faculties upon Mr. Reuter's telegrams. The big black words swam before my eyes, and the sounding sentences were barren of meaning. Had I, at that moment, been put on my examination before the sternest of commissioners, with all I valued at stake on the results, I could not for my very life have given a lucid definition as to who was fording the Chickahominy, or passing the James River, or what the bone of contention might be. Vague, formless apprehensions of some invisible danger, of something too shadowy to be boldly grappled with, floated through my brain, and I found myself looking forward with positive dislike to the solitary journey that lay before me that night.

All these gloomy fancies vanished, however, at the first grasp of a friendly human hand, and the first sound of a friendly human voice. I was in excellent spirits at dinner-time, and took the fire of good-hu-

mored banter with which my companions plied me in very good part. We lingered rather longer over our wine than I had anticipated, while we talked of old days, and wondered when our next meeting would be; but at last I jumped up, looked at my watch, and found that I must drive fast if I meant to catch the train. I shook hands cordially with my friends, and bade them good-by; and, amid a shower of hearty wishes for my future happiness—how little did I think that I should never see the speakers more!—left the club. A Hansom cab had been called for me by one of the messengers, and I found it drawn up by the curbstone, as I briskly descended the steps. It was twilight by this time in the streets, and the lamps had long been twinkling. I noticed, as I stepped into the cab, that another, a four-wheeler, was stationed a few doors off, and that a man's head was protruded through the open window nearest the pavement, but the instant I looked that way, the head disappeared into the interior of the vehicle like that of a tortoise within its shell. I did not give a second thought to this circumstance.

"Drive fast, my man. I want to hit the night-train for C—. Half a crown extra if we don't miss it."

The cab bowled swiftly off, and the streets being clearer than at an earlier hour, we met with no interruption, until, suddenly, in a narrow part of one of the most frequented thoroughfares, a lock occurred, in which a string of carts and wagons, two or three cabs, and a dray, were entangled confusedly together. There was the usual exchange of oaths, street witticisms, and abuse, the usual cracking of whips, grinding of wheels, and interference of a single bewildered policeman, but the provoking feature of the case was the great probability that I should lose the train. My charioteer had been forced up a narrow cross-street by the pressure of the loaded vehicles in front, and as he flourished his whip, and rated the carters and draymen in no measured terms, I looked anxiously about me for signs of a clearance. Then it was that I noticed, hard by, the very same cab, drawn by a flea-bitten light-gray horse, that had been stationed close by my club-door. By the dim light

of the street-lamp, I could see that the horse was in a lather of foam, and had evidently been forced along at a great pace. The windows of the cab were close shut, hot and stifling as was the atmosphere of that reeking and crowded quarter of London. But just as I had conjectured that probably the occupants of the cab, like myself, were eager to catch some train, the lock of carriages broke up, and I was borne quickly to the terminus.

"Your luggage is labeled, Mr. Edgar, and ready to be put into the van," said old Jones, my father's confidential servant, touching his hat respectfully. "I have put the rugs and sticks and fishing-rods into an empty first-class carriage, third from the bookstall to the left."

"Very well, Jones. Just see the luggage put in. I must get my ticket," answered I, and hurried to the ticket-office, where several impatient passengers were jostling and elbowing one another, while a stout lady, one of those voluble but unprotected female travelers who are the scourges and torments of all officials, was blocking up the window, and holding a long and discursive argument with the booking clerk on the subject of her fare, her change, her preference of slow trains and cheapness to express-trains and high charges, and the best way in which she could reach some cross country line eighty miles off. At last, however, even this lady voyager's demands, or the clerk's patience, being exhausted, I managed to crush my way to the window, and to take my ticket for C—.

"First-class to C—, monsieur!" said a peculiarly harsh and strident voice at my elbow, with a slight but perceptible foreign accent in its tones, and I glanced around at the man, who was thrusting a half-washed muscular hand, decorated by a heavy gold signet-ring, past me to lay his money on the counter.

With some surprise I recognized the Russian whom I had seen twice on that very afternoon in front of the jeweler's shop. The recognition did not appear mutual. He never looked at me, but re-demanded his ticket in a quick angry manner, and, having got it, fell back and mingled with the crowd.

By the time I had reached the carriage, third from the bookstall, I saw Jones approach along with the guard, who unlocked the carriage, held open the door for my entry, and, having received the usual silver compliment that has now become a vested interest on railways, closed and relocked it, saying that I should "have the compartment to myself, if I wished to smoke." Then Jones, after asking if he could take any message to "master," touched his hat and vanished. I remained alone, lazily gazing out of the window at the lively scene which the well-lighted platform presented. The usual bustle which precedes the departure of a train was going on. Porters were wheeling heavy barrowloads of luggage rapidly past me, all the quicker in their movements because the warning bell had begun clanging for the first time; mail-guards were dragging along the huge sacks of letters that were impatiently awaited by the sorters in the post-office carriage; newspaper boys were thrusting evening journals into the faces of nervous passengers, wistfully leaning out to see after the safety of those trunks that the porter had glibly assured them would "be all right;" and Paterfamilias was gathering his strayed family around him, or wrangling over a charge for overweight.

"Open this door, you guard! Halloa, guard! Open the door of this carriage, will you?"

It was thus that my reverie was broken in upon. A strange traveler, with a railway-rug over his arm, was roughly shaking the door of the compartment where I sat alone. The guard came up rather reluctantly. Railway-guards are discriminating persons as to social condition, and the new-comer's coarse manners and husky voice were not calculated to inspire respect.

"First-class, sir?" asked the guard, and when the man, with a curse, produced his ticket, the guard was still too loyal to my tacit compact with him to permit the invasion of my privacy without an effort to preserve it.

"First to C—, sir? This way, please. Plenty of room here." And he tried to draw the intruder toward a distant car-

riage that was half full. But this maneuver failed.

"There is plenty of room in this carriage. Look sharp and let me in," said the obstinate traveler; and the guard, being an English and not a French official, succumbed, and unlocked the door.

He apologized to me in a gruff whisper: "Couldn't help myself, sir."

"Never mind," said I, smiling, and applied myself to observing the new-comer, who sat down, not opposite to me, but in the middle partition, full in the glare of the lamp. In a very short time I had, as I thought, taken the measure of this not very delightful fellow-voyager. He was a young man, perhaps a year my senior, strongly built, and with rather a handsome face, sadly marred by very evident traces of dissipation. He wore a coat of sporting cut; a blue "birdseye" scarf, with a horseshoe-pin in it, and a great deal of dubious jewelry in the shape of rings, watch-chain, and dangling trinkets. The railway-rug, that lay across the knees of his tight-fitting drab trousers, was of a gaudy pattern, yellow and red. His eyes were bloodshot, his voice thick, and he smelt very strongly of bad tobacco and bad brandy. To all appearance he was a betting man, or sporting "gent" of the lower substratum of that uninviting class.

The bell rang for the last time. There was the customary final rush and scurry of belated passengers and porters, and the voices of the newspaper-boys grew shriller and more excited. Then the guards sprang to the steps of their vans, and the station-master looked warily up and down the line, prepared to signal the engine-driver. At that moment a man came darting across the platform, tore open the door, jumped in, and sat down opposite to me. A policeman ran up, and shut the door.

"All right, Saunderson!"

The train began to move. I looked at my opposite neighbor, and could hardly repress an exclamation of surprise and vexation. The Russian! Yes, there was no mistaking the man. I knew that red-brown beard, that flat tigerish face, those long crafty eyes, black and narrow as an American Indian's, perfectly well.

I had seen the man at the ticket-window, certainly, but that was more than ten minutes ago, and I had been confident that he had long since taken his seat in some other compartment of the train. Such, however, was not the case. I was fated, it seemed, always to be in contact with this person, for whom I had conceived an antipathy that was perhaps unjust, but was not the less decided. There was a look of stealthy fierceness and greasy self-sufficiency about the man which would have been distasteful to most people. His was one of those faces that conveyed to those who looked upon it at once a threat and a warning. And, after all, was it a coincidence that had brought me so often face to face with this grim foreigner? Certainly it might have been pure accident which caused him to witness both my entry into and my exit from the jewelers' shop. It might have been mere hazard which made him my fellow-traveler by the same train and carriage. And yet I could not help, somehow, connecting the four-wheeled cab drawn by the gray horse, the cab that had been stationed near the club-door, that had appeared in the street stoppage, with the sudden appearance of the Russian at the terminus of the railway. Had he dogged me all that evening, tracking me with a bloodhound's pertinacity from the jewelers' door to the railway-carriage? It was possible, though not likely. But in vain I tried to dismiss the idea as silly and romantic. It recurred again and again. And yet why should he or any one dog my steps?

The answer to this self-question soon came. The jewels! the costly set of pearl and ruby ornaments I carried about me, and of which this man had probably overheard the garrulous old jeweler make mention! And yet the Russian had hardly the air of a pickpocket. There was something defiant and arrogant in his look, and an undefinable air of education clung to him in spite of his shabby exterior. And as for violence, I had a young man's confidence in my own power to cope with any single antagonist, and, besides, I was not alone with him. So far my thoughts had gone, while I gazed abstractedly from the window, as if marking the last lights of the

London suburbs as the dark hedges and dim meadows succeeded to houses and factories, but then I cast a glance around and saw a sight which caused me an involuntary thrill of alarm. The two passengers in the carriage were rapidly and secretly conversing by means of signs!

There could be no doubt upon the point. The two men who were my sole companions in that rapid and lonely journey, ill-looking desperadoes, each in his separate style, were accomplices. Up to that moment I had not for an instant suspected any collusion between the two. They came at different times, one was English, the other a foreigner, and between the shabby lecturer and the betting man, sodden with drink and attired in flashy finery, any previous acquaintance seemed improbable. Yet there they were, rapidly communicating with one another, by means of some thieves' alphabet of finger telegraphy, unaware as yet that I had observed them. So far as I could make out, the foreigner was urging the other to some course which the latter was reluctant to pursue.

I am not, I believe, one whit more disposed to timidity than most of my fellow-countrymen, and yet I must confess that my blood ran cold and my heart almost ceased beating as the truth dawned upon me. I was the victim evidently of an artful and treacherous scheme. That cab—that sudden appearance of the Russian at the terminus—that persistency of his English confederate to occupy a seat in the carriage where I sat alone! All was clear to me now. Robbery, no doubt, was the object of the two villains in whose company I was shut up, and probably they would hesitate at no crime to obtain possession of the valuable jewels I so incautiously carried about my person. Both were strong men, probably armed too; and though I braced my nerves and set my teeth for a struggle, I had little hope of a successful resistance, none of rescue. The train was racing fast through the black stillness of a moonless night. There was to be no stoppage short of C—, and hours must elapse before that station was reached.

At the moment when my thoughts had traveled thus far, I made some slight move-

ment; the Russian looked up, and our eyes met, and the villain saw that his by-play had been observed, and instantly threw off the mask. Grinding out an oath between his set teeth, he rose from his seat. I rose, too; and as the Russian noticed the action he sprang like a tiger at my throat, grappling with me so closely that the blow I dealt him took but partial effect. Linked together, we wrestled furiously for a few seconds, rising and falling; but I was the younger and more agile of the two, and had nearly overpowered my enemy, when his confederate came to his aid, and dealt me a succession of crushing blows upon the head with some heavy weapon, beneath which I fell, stunned and helpless, with my face covered with blood, and my strength and senses left me. When I came to myself again, the ruffians were rifling my pockets as I lay on the floor of the carriage. The Russian had opened one of the morocco cases that held the ornaments, and he was examining the gems by the light of the lamp overhead. The other villain was searching for fresh plunder. He was livid with agitation, I noticed, and his face was blotched with crimson, and damp with heat-drops, while his hands trembled very much. He it was who first spoke, in a husky whisper.

"What shall we do with him?"

"*La belle affaire!* Toss him out! The fall won't hurt him!" sneered the Russian.

It was plain that they believed me to be dead. I lay still, resolved that no cry, no twitching of an eyelid, should betray that life was still not extinct. Too well I knew that mercy was hopeless, and that my chance would be far better if flung out, at the risk of being mangled and crushed beneath the whirling iron wheels, than if I remained in that luxurious first-class carriage, with those two wild beasts in human guise, ready to finish their work at the first sign that I yet lived. The Russian leaned out of the window, and cautiously opened the door. I felt the chill of the fresh night-wind upon my cheek as I lay. Then I had to summon all my resolution to my help, to repress a shudder as the murderers stooped and lifted me up, one taking me by the head, and the other by the feet, as butchers

carry a slaughtered calf. The Englishman breathed hard, and trembled perceptibly as he dragged me toward the gaping doorway.

"I don't half like the job," he growled out.

The Russian gave a scornful laugh.

"Pitch the carrion out, *blanc bec* that you are! One, two, three, and over with him."

I remember one agonized moment of suspense as I was violently thrust forward, one hurried, frenzied prayer that rose from my heart to my lips, but was drowned by the roar and rush of the long train of massive carriages as they tore along the iron way. I was launched out, and felt myself falling, and then I dropped with a crash, and my brain reeled, and sensation seemed again to desert me.

On coming gradually to myself, my first vague perception was that I formed a part of some vast moving body, speeding swiftly along, swinging and swaying, but rushing fast through the cool night-air. Then, as memory returned, I began to realize my position. In falling, when the assassins had thrown me out of the carriage where the robbery had taken place, I had dropped upon the wooden plank that runs like an elongated step below the carriages, and my hand had closed mechanically, in a clutch like that of a drowning man, on some projecting portion of the iron-work above, which I presently conjectured to be the prop of one of the iron steps by which passengers ascend. And there I clung instinctively, like a limpet to a rock, while the swerving, swinging train flew madly on through the black night. It was a position of fearful peril. True, I had escaped immediate death; but to all appearance my fate was only deferred. The train was not to halt till it reached C—; I despaired of being able to hold on till then, for already my cramped sinews seemed to be stiffening, and my attitude was a painful and uneasy one. And by night there was no hope that my danger would be observed, and an alarm given, as I was hurled, helpless and despairing, through the darkness. The wounds I had received in the head caused me a dull, aching pain, and I was weak with loss of blood; but my

thoughts were coherent and clear. I knew my risk well. If I fell *now* I must certainly be left behind, a mutilated corpse, torn to fragments by the cruel wheels that whirred and spun close by me. My only chance was to hold on—to hold on till I reached C—, if my strength lasted so long. Once or twice I essayed a cry for help, but my feeble voice was lost in the noise of the train. And presently I felt thankful that it had not been heard, for from the window of the carriage to the left of where I lay crouching was protruded the head of a man, who peered out into the night; and I shrunk still closer to the wood-work as I recognized in the faint lamp-light the flat white face, the red-brown beard, the tigerish grin of the Russian, my late fellow-traveler. He did not see me, however, but resumed his place with a well-satisfied air.

On we went through the silent country, with scream, and rush, and roar—now diving into tunnels, now plowing our way between deep banks, now among the dark trees and hedges. On past the lighted stations, where the signal was made that the road was clear, and where policemen and porters and passengers, waiting for some slower train that stopped there, were to be seen watching us as we flew past. But they never saw me as I clung, with desperate gripe and aching limbs, to the swiftly-hurrying mass of wood and iron. Twice during that phantom-ride I heard the shriek of the steam-whistle of a coming train, and twice I saw the red lamps and flame of the advancing engine, glaring through the dark like the angry eyes and lurid breath of some monstrous creature rushing down upon its prey. And then, with clang and clash, and deafening roar, and in the midst of a gust of wind caused by its rapid progress, the long array of carriages went by me. On, on, as if impelled by a demon's force, we flew; and still feebler grew my arm, and I felt despair and fatigue benumb my faculties, and was half tempted to let go my hold and drop, and face the worst at once beneath the grinding sway of the merciless wheels.

Should we never be at C—? How long would that hideous night continue? Was



it possible that my tired muscles would much longer endure the strain upon them? And then came a new thought. I remembered that in dear Carry's last letter she had made me a half-playful promise that she and my sister Clara and the rest would come down to the station and meet me there on the arrival of the night-train. That recollection filled my tortured heart with a new anguish, as I thought of our mutual love, of the wedding-day so soon to come, and of poor Caroline's grief when she should be left widowed of the betrothed bridegroom of her choice. And then the mental pain was conquered by physical weakness and distress, and my dulled brain preserved nothing but a vague terror lest I should fall — fall beneath those pitiless iron wheels so close to me. And then I seemed to fall again into a waking dream, through which the lights of C—— station gleamed very brilliantly.

Real lights! a real crowd! though the figures seemed to waver dimly before my dazzled eyes. The train had come to a dead stop. We really were at C——. I saw a commotion among those on the platform. I heard a shout of surprise, and men came running and lifted me from where I lay, and carried me between them into the station, the center of a number of eager faces, and cries of pity, amazement, and alarm. Among those faces was that of Caroline Lethbridge, and as she saw me, pale, bloody, and apparently dead, and heard me called dead by the heedless tongues around her, I tried in vain to speak, as I saw her totter and sink fainting in my sister's arms. And then I swooned again, and when medical care and rest brought back my senses, I read in the pitying looks of those about me that some fresh grief was in store for me. It was even so.

My Caroline was dangerously ill of a brain-fever, and though her life was saved, her reason, poor stricken thing! never was restored. As for myself, a long illness followed, and left me broken in health and spirits, and with hair that the horror of that hideous night had sprinkled with premature gray. Our two happy young lives were blighted by one stroke.

As for the Russian and his accomplice, all clue to them and to the stolen jewels was lost. Yet, soon or late, I can not doubt that Justice will claim her own.

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### OUR SOLDIER.

ANOTHER little private  
Mustered in  
The army of temptation  
And of sin!

Another soldier arming  
For the strife,  
To fight the toilsome battles  
Of a life.

Another little sentry,  
Who will stand  
On guard, while evils prowl  
On every hand.

Lord! our little darling  
Guide and save,  
'Mid the perils of the march  
To the grave!

GEORGE COOPER.

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### STONING THE DESOLATE.

THERE are, in certain parts of Ireland, and especially upon the Curragh of Kildare, hundreds of women, many of them brought up respectably, a few perhaps luxuriously, now living day after day, week after week, and month after month, in a state of solid heavy wretchedness, that no mere act of imagination can conceive. Exposed to sun and frost, to rain and snow, to the tempestuous east winds, and the bitter blast of the north, whether it be June or January, they live in the open air, with no covering but the wide vault of heaven, with so little clothing that even the blanket sent down out of heaven in a heavy fall of snow is eagerly welcomed by these miserable outcasts. The most wretched beings we profess to know of, the Simaulees and Hottentots of Africa, have holes whereinto they may creep, to escape the heat of the sun or the winter's rages, but the women-squatters of the Curragh have no shelter; there is no escape for them but to turn their backs to the blast, and cower from it. The misery

that abounds round our large camps in England is a load heavy enough for us to bear, but it is not at all to be compared to what can be seen daily in Ireland. If one of these poor wretches were to ask but for a drop of water to her parched lips, or a crust of bread to keep her from starving, Christians would refuse it; were she dying in a ditch, they would not go near to speak to her of human sympathy and of Christian hope in her last moments. Yet their priests preach peace on earth, good-will among men, while almost in the same breath they denounce from their altars intolerant persecution against those who have, in many cases, been more sinned against than sinning. This is not a thing of yesterday. It has been going on for years, probably fifty, perhaps a hundred.

Twenty years ago, in 1844, I remember the priest's coming into the barracks at Newbridge, with a request that the commanding officer would grant him a fatigue party of soldiers to go outside and pull down a few booths which these poor creatures had raised against the barrack-wall. The priest, I am sorry to say, had his request granted, and at the head of the soldiers, on a cold winter's day, he went out and burned down the shelter these unfortunates had built. At this time it was quite common for the priest, when he met one of them, to seize her and cut her hair off close. But this was not all. In the summer of 'forty-five, a priest, meeting one of the women in the main street of Newbridge, there threw her down, tearing from off her back the thin shawl and gown that covered it, and with his heavy riding-whip so flogged her over the bare shoulders that the blood actually spirted over his boots. She all the time never resisted, but was only crying piteously for mercy. Of the crowd which was formed round the scene, not a man nor a woman interfered by word or action. When it was over, not one said of the miserable soul: "God help her!" Five days afterward I saw this girl, and her back then was still so raw that she could not bear to wear a frock over it. Yet when she told me how it was done, and who did it, she never uttered a hard word against the ruffian who had treated her so

brutally. Had any person attacked a brute beast as savagely in England as the priest had here treated this least of God's creatures, the strong arm of the law would have been stretched out between him and his victim. Yet in Newbridge there was not even an Irishman man enough to take the law in his own hands, by seizing the whip from the priest and giving him on his own skin a lesson of mercy. For it was in Ireland, where even now inhumanity of this sort is encouraged; where dealers consider it a part of religion not to supply these outcasts with the common necessaries of life; where the man who would allow one of them to crawl into his barn or cow-shed to lie down and die would be denounced from the altar, and be ordered to do penance for his charity. I need not say what is the result of this refusal of all Christian help and pity to the fallen. It is open noonday immorality and drunkenness, and nightly licentious revelings. When all the vice is out of doors, wandering shameless and defiant through the streets of Newbridge, the by-lanes of Cahir, and the purlieus of Limerick, Buttevant, Athlone, and Templemore, it becomes far more mischievous than it can be in the cellars and courts of the back streets in Dublin. It is everywhere to be seen, and what renders it less repulsive is the very tyranny to which its victims are subject, for it is impossible at once to pity and abhor.

I will speak only of what I have seen. Last year I was in Mr. Tallon's shop in Newbridge, when one of these girls came in and asked for half an ounce of tea. She was cleanly and respectably dressed—was perfectly sober and quiet in her demeanor; in fact, from her appearance, I should never have guessed her position. The shopkeeper had weighed the tea, and was about to give it, when, stopping short, he threw it behind him, saying: "No! I'll not serve *you*." To this she made no reply, but meekly turned and walked away. Surmising what she was at once, I could not help saying, "Good God! do you refuse to sell a fellow-creature the necessaries of life?" "Yes," was the answer; "were she dying, I would not give it to her, or any like her." I attempted to argue with him, reminding him that it was only

those without sin themselves who should cast the first stone or trample upon the fallen; but he would not listen. I called for the half ounce of tea, paid for it, and following her up the town, gave it the poor creature. Her look of thankfulness more than repaid me.

Yet in Newbridge these people are better off than in any other part of the country; for a charitable farmer who owns some small fields near the barracks has allowed them the use of a deep dry ditch by the roadside. This they have covered over with some hay and branches of trees, which forms for them a kind of shelter from the weather.

Vastly different is it, however, in other parts of Ireland, where they can get no better shelter than a hedge affords. On the Curragh, for instance, the only protection they have from the pelting rain, the driving sleet, or the falling snow, is a furze-bush; and this they are not allowed to erect or prop up by any means into a kind of covering. The moment they attempt to make a roof of it, it is pulled down by the police or under-rangers. I never believed it possible that such misery as I have here seen could be in existence even among savages. Often have I seen these women, as I went to exercise after a severe night's rain, lying by threes and fours huddled together in a ditch, or by the lee-side of a bush. I remember one morning when I was on pass, making my way across the Curragh. Going down from the Grand Stand toward the Camp Inn, I passed a rising piece of ground on my left, under the brow of which the sheep and lambs were cowering together for shelter from the sharp north wind which was then blowing bitterly. I did not observe four women lying in a bit of hole they had scooped out, until one called after me, and asked me to give her a shilling for God's sake, as they were starving. The sight of them, wet, cold, and perishing from want and exposure, caused me to turn back and give the shilling; and I own that my remonstrance was very feeble even when she to whom I had given it jumped up, saying, "Long life to you! this will get us a drop of whisky," and ran off to get it. The mere prospect of the drink

seemed to impart new life to two of them, but the other evidently cared nothing about that which gave her companions so much pleasure. Her eye was languid, her skin hot and dry, her head ached; she was suffering from an attack of fever. I left her, and walking back toward the station, met a policeman, whom I informed of her state, and he promised to get her taken to the workhouse if he could. I discovered afterward that an under-ranger had reported this woman's case to the police, and that information of her illness had been forwarded to Naas, when the policeman was told to apply to the relieving-officer at Newbridge. On looking for him, the constable learned that the relieving-officer came only now and then to Newbridge, and that to find him he would have to go to Milltown. Thither the kindly man did not grudge going, and there he was told by the official that "he would see about it." Next day, finding the poor wretch still neglected, and sinking fast, he had her conveyed in a car to the Naas workhouse, where she died in a few hours after her admission. The head-ranger of the Curragh, Mr. Brown, of Upper Mount street, Dublin, drew the attention of the poor-law guardians to the neglect of their subordinate, and demanded an inquiry into the matter, for the life of a fellow-creature seemed to have been sacrificed. The guardians refused to inquire, and that in terms which seemed to cast an imputation upon Mr. Brown's veracity. That gentleman appealed to the corroborating testimony of the police and others, and again asked for an investigation, but in vain. He then, mindful at least of his own duty to his neighbor, applied to the poor-law commissioners, and also informed the civil authorities of the facts of the case. The commissioners took no notice of his representations until the Attorney-General issued an order that the relieving-officer should be prosecuted for manslaughter. Then the poor-law commissioners dismissed him from the situation, appointing another man to succeed him, on the express condition, as it was believed, that he should live at Newbridge, the most fitting and central place of residence, and on the direct road from Kildare and the Curragh to the workhouse.

But on the 10th of September, a woman was brought by the police before Mr. Brown on a charge of drunkenness; it was also stated that she was ill, that she had been obliged to be brought in a car from the Curragh, and that she could not possibly walk to Newbridge. Mr. Brown saw her himself, ascertained that she was very ill, and that neither a poor-law guardian nor the relieving-officer was to be found in Newbridge. Here was another case of utter destitution and illness, which could not receive the prompt attention it required because of the absence of the official whose duty it was to provide a conveyance to take her to the workhouse. A guardian was at length found, and the woman was conveyed to Naas.

On the same day, Mr. Brown reported to the commissioners that their instructions had not been carried into effect, the relieving-officer not being a resident at Newbridge, and he again asked for an inquiry. This course of proceeding did not find favor in the eyes of the poor-law guardians, the chairman stating to the members that "this case was just a little bit of officiousness on Mr. Brown's part," and in that spirit they gave their version of the whole affair to the commissioners, who had written for an explanation.

On the 23d of that month the commissioners replied to the chief ranger's letter of the 10th, when they stated that the relieving-officer *did* reside in Newbridge, and that they "could not find any subject deserving of inquiry." Mr. Brown would not be satisfied with this kind of reply to a representation of such permanent importance to the poor wretches for whose lives he was fighting, and so, on the 12th of October, he again wrote to the commissioners a long letter, which appeared in the *Irish Times*, and contained the following facts: "Three police-stations are situated on the Curragh. The constables in charge state, and can show, that they frequently are obliged to go to the relieving-officer as part of their duty. They have invariably gone from the Curragh to Milltown, a considerable round from the Curragh to Naas poor-house. The constables stationed in Milltown stated the relieving-officer resided

there. The constables at Newbridge make a similar statement. The county surveyor, in whose employment he is as a road-contractor, states that Fitzpatrick, the relieving-officer, lives in Milltown. . . Mr. Irwin, who is contractor to the poor-law guardians, stated to me, in presence of a magistrate, a police-officer, and another person, that his wife had let a bed to Fitzpatrick, and that he took it immediately after I reported him." Mr. Brown concludes his humane appeal as follows: "Gentlemen, permit me, when on the subject of the Curragh, to ask you to draw the attention of the proper authorities to the probable state of the squatters thereon in the approaching winter. They sleep in the open air, little covering over their bodies, no shelter from wet or cold except that of a furze-bush. When snow falls, they follow the example of the Esquimaux—they lie with their backs upward, in order to form a temporary support for snow to rest on, which, when accumulated thereon, assists to keep them partially warm."

Thus they are exposed all the year round: if it rains for a week, they have to remain in it, having the wet ground for a couch, and a few wet rags for a covering. No refuge for them; no pity; no succor. In England the publicans will suffer them to remain by their firesides while their money lasts; landlords will let them rooms while they pay rent; shopkeepers will supply them with goods while they can find money for the articles: but here, in Ireland, they are outcasts in the fullest sense of the term—abandoned, persecuted, spurned. I am well aware that these women are the dregs of society, also that some mistaken Christians will say that "any pity shown to them is at best an encouragement of vice," while others, like Scrooge, will inquire "whether the workhouse and prisons are not still in operation?" To such it is useless to make any appeal. But to those who can feel for the poor and homeless, who, to the best of their ability, attend to the Divine commands to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, and raise the fallen, I appeal for at least a thought of Christian mercy toward the wretched outcasts who exist on the Curragh and around our barracks in Ireland.

It is not only to the female eye that a review of soldiers, with colors flying, drums beating, and bayonets glistening, appears grand and inspiring. The dress of the soldiers, the gilding on the uniforms, the regular step, and the martial bearing of the men, are as if specially contrived for carrying the feelings and good wishes of spectators away captive. Again, when we look at a camping-ground, with its white tents ranged in regular order, the flags flying and bugles sounding, the galloping to and fro of mounted orderlies, the passing of general and staff officers with their waving plumes, the turning in and out of guards, combined with the pervading neatness and regularity—have we not all the elements of a spirit-stirring scene? We see then all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, with nothing of its attendant misery. But there is, as I have shown, around every barrack and camp an outlying circle of misery and sin, a haunting specter which holds up its withered hands in mockery of all the tinsel. It has never been otherwise; for wherever large bodies of men congregate, these elements of wretched creatures will be found, whose life is a long sin and unceasing misery. It is the old story—a poor girl is attracted by a soldier when the troops come to her town. When he marches away, she leaves all—friends, fortune, and good name—to follow him; little recking of the pains that lie before her. Soon the trifle of money is spent, and then the clothes go piece by piece. When money and clothes are gone, what shall she do? She can not dash through the ring of scorn already surrounding her, to go home and drink the bitterest dregs of her cup in the rebuke of her own kindred. The man she has followed lovingly and unwisely had not means to support her; yet she can not starve. Gradually the outcast sinks lower and lower, till she probably ends her days by the side of a barrack-wall, or on the lee-side of a bush at the Curragh. Of the soldiers who should share the blame of this, men are ready enough to remember how they are in a manner cut off from all domestic joys or pleasures, and have as a class very little forethought. Their daily bread

is always found them; whether in sickness or in health, they need never know what a sharp thorn hunger is. And so, being thoughtless, the soldier does not prevent women from following him from town to town, and from barracks to camp. But if guilty so far, he is not willfully hard-hearted. I have known many a soldier go to the captain of his troop, and getting a couple of months' pay in advance, spend it on sending a poor girl back to her friends. I know also that for one or two months after a regiment has come to a fresh station, there are weekly subscriptions made up among the men of each troop for the same purpose.

Therefore I am sure that if a way could be shown for lessening the misery among those unhappy victims, every soldier in the army would give what he could afford. If each man would give a week's pay to commence with, and a day's pay yearly afterwards, those who had homes to go to, and relations willing to receive them, could be sent home whenever they were willing to return, while the others would at least be provided with a roof to put their heads under.

In India these camp-followers are placed under the care of one of their own sex—a female muccadam, or overseer, who is paid so much a month out of the canteen fund. This is advantageous in more respects than one. The women themselves are comfortably housed; they are obliged to keep their huts in good order, and themselves clean and well clothed; if they misbehave, they are punished; in case of disease, they are sent to a native hospital till they recover. This system modified to suit home moralities might be advantageously introduced at our barracks and camps, and would go a great way to stay the spread of disease which fills our army hospitals, and ruins the health of our soldiers. As the hour before the dawn is the darkest, so I trust that, upon the night of these unhappy squatters the first glimmering of dawn is soon to break. That such distress should exist, and that men should consider themselves most righteous in letting it exist, and walking on the other side with their eyes carefully

averted, is but a new form of the old evil, against which His followers were warned as their worst wrong against heaven by Him who was Himself alone unspotted among men.

## TWO LIVES IN ONE.

I AM old now. My life has been as placid and uneventful as I could have wished; but there is one memory I possess, known to but few, which my family wish me to put before the world. In my old age I learn to submit to younger judgments, even as in my youth I submitted to my elders. In some cases extremes meet. I ask attention to my story only because it is true. Whether it is strange or not, I hardly know: it is strange enough to me.

More than fifty years ago, my brother Stephen and I lived together, in a village about ten miles from New York, where he was in practice as a surgeon. Stephen was thirty-two, I eighteen. We had no relations, but a sister, five or six years older than myself, and well married in the city. Stephen was a solitary and studious man, living somewhat apart from his neighbors, and standing almost in a fatherly position toward me. Through the years we had lived together, no one had thought of his marrying. Thus it was when the events I have to tell began. The house next to ours was taken by a Mr. Cameron, a feeble-looking man, rather past middle age, with one daughter, Marion by name. How shall I describe her, the most beautiful creature I ever saw? She was perhaps twenty years old; I never knew precisely. A tall, slight form, fair complexion, dark chestnut eyes and hair, and an expression more like that of an angel than a human being. Though I was much struck with her appearance, Stephen did not seem to notice it; and we might have remained unacquainted with them for ever, but that he was required to help Mr. Cameron over an awkward stile opposite our house. Acquaintance once made, they soon grew familiar; for they had two feelings in common, a love of tobacco and Swedenborgianism. Many a summer evening did they pass, smoking the one and talking the other, Marion some-

times joining in, for she generally walked with them, while my chest, which was weak at that time, kept me at home. One day they quitted Stephen at the gate, and as he entered the door I said to him:

"How lovely Marion is! I am never tired of looking at her."

"Look at her while you may," said he; "she has not three years to live."

It was only too true. She had some dreadful complaint—aneurism, I think it was—which must carry her off in the flower of her days. Stephen told me that he had consulted the most eminent doctors without getting any hope; and the emotion, rare enough in him, that he displayed, told me he loved Marion. I said no word to him about it, I knew better; but I saw with what dreadful doubts he was perplexed. Excitement might shorten Marion's life—such an excitement as a declaration of love from him might be of material injury; and even if it did not prove so, how could he condemn himself to the prolonged torture of seeing the life of a beloved wife ebb away day by day? Besides, he did not think she cared for him. I, who had watched her ceaselessly, knew that she loved him with her whole heart. He struggled with himself fiercely; but he won the fight. He left home for some weeks, and returned, looking older and paler; but he had learned to mention her name without his voice quivering, and to touch her hand without holding his breath hard. She was pining away under the influence of his changed manner, and I dared not help my two darlings to be happy. An unexpected aid soon came. Mr. Cameron, who was in bad health when we first saw him, died suddenly. Poor Marion's grief was terrible to see. Her father was dead, Stephen, as she thought, estranged; and there was no one else in the world who cared whether she lived or died, except myself. I brought her home with me, and was with her hourly till Mr. Cameron's funeral. How we got through that time I hardly know. Then came the necessary inquiry into his affairs. He had died, not altogether poor, but in reduced circumstances, leaving Marion an annuity that would scarcely give her the luxuries her

state of health required. And where was she to live, and what to do? Stephen was the sole executor, the one adviser to whom she could look. He took two days and nights to consider, and then offered her his hand and home. At first she could not believe that his offer arose from any thing but pity and compassion; but when he had told her the story of the last few months, and called me to bear witness to it, a great light seemed to come into her eyes, and a wonderful glow of love, such as I had never seen, over her face. I left them to themselves that evening, till Stephen tapped at the door of my room, and told me all—nothing, in fact, but what I knew long before. In their case there was little cause for delay. Trousseaux were not the important matters in my day that they are in my grandchildren's; and Marion was married to Stephen in her black gown, within a month of her father's funeral.

The next few months were a happy time for all of us. Marion's health improved greatly. The worried, frightened look she used to wear left her face as she recovered from the depression caused by her constant anxiety about her father, and the loss of rest she suffered in attending upon him at night. It seemed as if she was entirely recovering; and Stephen, if he did not lose his fears, at least was not constantly occupied with them. How happily we used to look forward to the future, for Stephen was beginning to save money; and how many were our day-dreams about professional eminence for him, and fashionable life in the metropolis, partly for Marion, but mostly for me! I have tried fashionable life since, but I never found it so happy as our days in that dear old village.

Well, our happy time did not last long. Marion caught a cough and cold as the winter came on, and was soon so ill as to be taken to the city for advice. Stephen came back alone, with a weary, deathly-looking face. Marion had broken a small blood-vessel on the journey—not any thing serious in itself, but ominous enough. They were to go at once to a warmer climate—not a day to be lost. Sorrowfully I packed up the necessary things, and went

with Stephen to New York the next day to say good-by to Marion, who had been forbidden to go home. The same afternoon they were on board a vessel bound to Leghorn. Luckily, Marion was a good sailor and well used to ships, for she had made more than one voyage to Madeira with her father. Much as I wished to go with them, and much as they wished it too, it was out of the question. Stephen had saved but little money, and could hardly see how he and Marion were to live, unless he could make himself a practice somewhere abroad, and his taking me also was not to be thought of. I was to live for the present with my married sister. It was very sore to part with Stephen, with whom I had lived all my life; it was almost sorer still to part with Marion, who had been more than a sister to me ever since I saw her. Stephen and I were nearly overcome with emotion; but she was calm and silent, with an intent, wistful look about her lovely face that has haunted me all my life since. I can see it now when I shut my eyes, though it is fifty years ago. Need I say that I never saw her again?

I went to my sister's house, and began the fashionable life I used to wish for. It was not all that I pictured it, though it was pleasant enough to occupy me in the daytime; but at night I longed sadly for my darlings.

Stephen wrote letters full of hope, and talked of returning after spending two years in Italy. Marion, too, wrote favorably of herself, and my anxiety began to lessen. There was another reason for this at the same time—my late husband, the friend and partner of my sister's husband, was at that time beginning to pay his addresses to me; and the tender troubles of my own case made me careless of others. Summer came round again; and one day as I was half wishing for my country home again, a letter arrived from Stephen. Marion's complaint was at a crisis, and a great change would take place, one way or the other, in a few days. I was to go home, put the place in order, and be ready to receive them. I did not know till afterward that Marion had begged to be allowed to die at home, if the change were

for the worse; if it had been for the better, there would have been no reason for her staying abroad.

Well, I went home, arranged every thing, and waited for them. Three weeks passed (the usual interval) and no letter; a month, and I supposed they were traveling slowly to avoid fatigue. On the day five weeks after I had received the last letter, I was sitting alone, rather late in the evening, when a quick step sounded in the road outside, and Stephen came to the gate, opened it, entered the house, and sat down in silence. He was dressed as usual, and looked tired and travel-stained; but there was no sorrow in his face, and I felt sure that Marion must be safe. I asked him where she was. He said she was not with him.

"Have you left her in Italy?" I asked.

"She is dead," he answered, without a shadow of emotion.

"How? Where?" I was beginning to question him, but he stopped me.

"Give me something to eat and drink," he said. "I have walked from the city, and I want to sleep."

I brought him what he wanted. He bade me good-night; and as I saw he wished it, I left him and went to bed, full of grief, but even more of wonder that he, who truly loved his wife if ever man did, could speak of her not a month after her death without his voice faltering or his face changing in the least. "To-morrow will solve the question," I said to myself as, weary with crying, I felt sleep coming over me. But to-morrow did not solve the question. He told me as before, without emotion, what he wished me to know, and from that moment we spoke no more on the subject. In every respect but this he was my own Stephen of old—as kind and thoughtful as ever, only altered by a rather absent and abstracted manner. I thought at first that he was stunned by his loss, and would realize it most painfully afterward; but months passed on without a change. He used Marion's chair, or things of her work, or sat opposite to her drawings without seeming to notice them; indeed, it was as if she had dropped out of his life entirely, and left him as he was before he knew her. The only difference was, that he, naturally a

man of sedentary habits, took a great deal of exercise, and I knew that he kept laudanum in his bedroom.

At this time my lover was pressing me to marry him, and with much difficulty I consented to tell Stephen about it, though I had no intention of leaving him. To my surprise, he seemed pleased. I told him that I would never leave him alone, not for all the husbands in the world; but he would not hear me.

"I think it is your duty to marry him, Margaret," he said. "You love him, and have taught him to love you, and you have no right to sacrifice him to me."

"My first duty is to you, Stephen. I will not leave you alone."

"I see that I must explain to you," he said, after a pause. "When you leave me I shall not be alone."

"Who will be with you?" I asked, wondering. "Marion."

I started as if I had been shot, for I thought he must surely be mad; but he continued quite calmly and as usual, without emotion:

"She died at midday. Till night I do not know what I did. I felt stunned and broken and dying myself; but at last, worn out as I was with watching and sitting up, I fell asleep; and by God's mercy she came to me in my dreams, and told me to be comforted. The next night she came again, and from that time to this has never failed me. Then I felt that it was my duty to live; that if my life was valueless to myself, it was not so to you, so I came home. I daresay it is only a freak of my imagination. Perhaps I even produce an illusion by an effort of my will; but however that is, it has saved me from going mad or killing myself. How does she come? Always as she was in that first summer that we spent here, or in our early time in Italy; always cheerful and beautiful, always alone, always dressed as she used to dress, talking as she used to talk—not an angel, but herself. Sometimes we go through a whole day of pleasure, sometimes she only comes and goes; but no night has ever yet been without her; and indeed I think that her visits are longer and dearer as I draw nearer to her side



again. I sometimes ask myself which of my two lives is the real one. I ask myself now, and can not answer. I should think that the other was, if it were not that while I am in this I recollect the other, and while I am in the other, I know nothing beyond. And this is why my sorrow is not like that of others in my position. I know that no night will pass without my seeing her; for my health is good enough, and I never fail to sleep. Sleeplessness is the only earthly evil I dread, now you are provided for. Do not think me hard to you in not having told you of this before. It is too sacred a thing to be spoken of without necessity. Now write to your husband that is to be, and tell him to come here."

I did so, and the preparations for my marriage began. Stephen was very kind; but his thoughts wandered further and further day by day. I spoke to a doctor, a friend of his, about him, but it seemed that nothing really ailed him. I longed, almost to pain, to ask him more about Marion; but he never gave me an opportunity. If I approached the subject, he turned the talk in another direction, and my old habits of submission to him prevented me from going on. Then came my wedding-day. Stephen gave me away, and sat by my side at the breakfast. He seemed to hang over me more tenderly than ever, as he put me into the carriage and took leave of me. The last thing I did as I leaned out of the carriage-window was to tell him to be sure to be my first visitor in my own home.

"No, Margaret," he said, with a sad smile. "Say good-by to me now; my work is done."

Scarcely understanding what he said, I bade him good-by; and it was not till my husband asked me what he meant that I remembered his strange look and accent. I then felt half frightened about him; but the novelty of my first visit abroad made me forget my fears.

The rest is soon told. The first letter I received from England said that on the very morning after my marriage he had been found dead and cold in his bed. He had died without pain, the doctor said, with his right hand clasping his left arm above the wrist, and holding firmly, even in death, a circlet of Marion's hair.

VOL. I.—NO 2.—F.

## ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR SIGNALS.

BY authority of the French Government, a series of signals with the electric light has been made, with a view to devise a system for nautical purposes. In some instances, the light was employed to illuminate signal-flags, which were distinctly seen at distances of five hundred and seven hundred yards. And an experiment was made under water by a diver who went down twenty-nine feet, and was there enabled, by means of the light, to read the division-marks on a graduated scale. The results obtained fully prove that a magneto-electric light may be fixed to light channels and entrances to harbors, as well as the interior of factories and other large buildings. We are told that shoals of fish were attracted by the light, when made to shine on the water, and that eels and other fish that dwell at the bottom rose to the surface.

Experiments somewhat similar in character have been made at Portsmouth and on the coast of the Isle of Wight. In these the lime-light and magneto-electric light were used, and signals were transmitted from a vessel seven or eight miles out at sea to the shore, and thence to Portsmouth; and the reverse. The signals are simple in form, and can be read as easily as a Morse's telegraphic message. Besides these, it has been found possible to use steam-signals on a vessel at sea—that is, jets of steam which, according as they are long or short, spell out the message required. In gloomy days, these white jets can be seen and made out against the cloudy background at a distance where ordinary signals would be quite undistinguishable.

It has been suggested, that if petroleum could be burned instead of coal-oil on sea-going steamers, a great advantage would be gained. The vessel would have less weight to carry, and more room for cargo than at present; and we should think that, by proper contrivance, the heating power of petroleum could be made very intense. We have seen the most intractable substances melted by a mere thread of air blown through the flame of an ordinary oil-lamp.

## OUR EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

THE advent of the new year, 1865, induces us to glance back awhile and view at the same time the present appearance and condition of the country, and contrast it with the depressed situation of affairs which existed at the commencement of the previous year. Notwithstanding the disastrous civil war raging with unabated fury in the rebellious States, we can not fail but be conscious of the work of improvement and steady advance of material prosperity which has been going bravely on throughout the loyal North and West. We must accord, however, to private enterprise, to a great extent, the merit of having been foremost in the exhibition of this happy spirit of progress. Manufactures, mechanics, new inventions, and even the arts and sciences, in like manner, have kept pace with the growth of population and the increase of permanent wealth. Commerce, with its fleet of majestic clippers, still carries our flag aloft in defiance of the piratical forays of our enemies upon the deep, and after traversing every sea, returns to us laden with the rich freights from the civilized marts of the world. The farmers, too, blessed with full harvests, have garnered up the grains and fruits of the earth, to keep famine from rudely stalking over the land, while adventuresome miners, toiling in the rocky gulches and canons of the Far West, also contribute their share to the general meed of happiness. And amid all these blessings we have but little to ask, and much to be grateful for.

THE SANCTUM hopes that every body has enjoyed a merry Christmas, as also a pleasant New Year. It also trusts that the dawn of the new year breaks upon a more joyous and propitious era than even the one just closed. We have had much bloodshed and carnage, great bodies of men of one family, of one race, have met in mortal combat, and thousands have perished, leaving behind them some dear relative or friend to mourn their loss. Let us all hope that the termination of the year 1865 will not be marked in history as one of sanguinary conflict, but rather let us hope that the future historian may bring to its close the record of our terrible civil strife with the early coming of the present summer, and that by next Christmas we all may enjoy the festive season in the joyful acclamation of PEACE AND RE-UNION.

It is among the first of our duties in this number of our Magazine to thank the many journals for their kind and friendly notices of our enterprise. From all over the country we have received the kindest assurances, and our success, so far, has been all that we could reasonably desire. As was promised in our first number, we shall continue to improve, and shall spare no

pains to make our future numbers worthy of the high commendations bestowed upon the first.

SHARP FINANCIERING.—We have heard of considerable sharp financing among the Shylocks and money-lords on exchange, but nothing to eclipse the following:

“When Mr. Micawber became involved in inextricable pecuniary difficulty, Mrs. Micawber, with the hopeful heart and active brain of a woman, suggested that Mr. M. should go out in the market and raise money on a bill, and if the purchaser of that bill could justify to himself the paying of less than its full value, it rested with his own conscience; but on Micawber's side it was clearly a matter of business. A young man, of Wall street, acting upon this brilliant suggestion of Mrs. M., started out a few days since and paid off all his creditors with notes-of-hand, and happening to meet a person who held his note for three hundred dollars, dated two years back, he stated that he was about to pay off all his little bills, and asked after the note. The gentleman was so pleasantly surprised at the prospect of being paid, that he offered to take one hundred and fifty dollars for the note. The man asked for the note, received it, quietly tore it to pieces, and very coolly set down and wrote his creditor a new note for the one hundred and fifty dollars instead of the three hundred dollars it called for. The creditor was ‘taken back,’ as sailors say, at this sharp piece of financing; but the act was done so deliberately and with such *nonchalance*, off-hand manner, that instead of getting angry, he burst out laughing, invited the fellow to drink, and then forgave him the debt. This may be considered an extreme case of sharp and successful financing.”

We understand the young man is now an applicant for a leading clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington. He asserts positively that the Secretary received his idea of issuing notes redeemable only in notes for half their face value in the gold market, entirely from him; and that his claim to a position therefore should certainly be entitled to some consideration. He is around procuring signatures to a letter of recommendation.

BULWER ON MILTON.—On reading, some time since, one of Bulwer's charming essays on *Knowledge of the World*, we noticed the following beautiful eulogy to Milton. It struck us as being so perfectly beautiful, that it could not fail to interest those of our readers who have not before seen it:

“Who could have divined in the beautiful

dreamy youth of Milton the destined champion of fanatics, to whom the Muses and the Graces were daughters of Bellal? Who could have supposed that out of such golden platonisms, such lovely fancies, such dulcet concords of all pastoral, chivalrous, courtly, scholastic melodies, as meet and ravish us away from each ungentle thought in *Comus*, and *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas, Arcadia*, would rise the inflexible, wrathful genius that became the vindicator of Charles's regicide, the eulogist of Cromwell's usurpation? Happy that, surviving the age of strife, that majestic spirit is last seen on earth, nearer in age than ever in youth to the gates of heaven, and, no longer fiercest in the war of Christian against Christian, blending all the poetries of Christendom itself in that wondrous hymn, compared to which Tasso's song is but a dainty lay, and Dante's verse but a Gothic mystery."

SHODDY IN ROME. — Mrs. Edwards, in her charming novel, *Barbara's History*, makes one of her characters, a sculptor, tell the following good and characteristic story of an American shoddyite at Rome:

"An American capitalist came to me not many months since, and opened the conversation by saying: 'Sir, your name is Robson.' I admitted that my name was Robson. 'And you air a stannary,' said he. I admitted this fact also, substituting sculptor. 'Sir,' continued he, 'I will give you a commission.' I bowed, and begged him to be seated. 'Mr. Robson, sir,' said he, drawing a paper from his pocket, 'I am a remarkable man. I was born in the environs of Boston City, and began life by selling matches at five cents the bunch. I am worth, at this moment, one million o' dollars.' I bowed again, and said I was glad to hear it. 'Sir,' he went on to say, 'how I airned that million o' dollars—how from selling matches I came to running o' errands; to taking care of a hoss; to trading in dogs, tobaccos, cottons, corns, and sugars; and how I came to be the man I am, you'll find all made out on this paper, dates and facts correct. Sir, it's a very Re-markable statement.' I replied that I had no doubt of it; but that I could not quite see what it had to do with the matter in hand. 'Sir,' said my capitalist, 'every thing. I wish, sir, to per-petuate my name. You have a very pretty thing, sir, here in Rome, a pillar with a procession twisting up all around it, and a figure up at top. I think you call it Trajan's Column. Now, Mr. Robson, sir, I wish you to make me one exactly like it, same hight, same size, and money no object. You shall represent my career in all my va-ri-ous trades a-twisting round the column, beginning with the small chap selling matches at five cents the bundle, and ending with a full-length figger of me on the summit, with one hand, thus, in my Bo-zom, and the other under my coat-tails!'"

## GLORY! A GLEE.

Go to the wars, young man,  
Where great guns loudest rattle;  
Lead in the conquering van,  
First in the day of battle.

Marshal the grand campaign,  
Embattled hosts arraying;  
Triumph upon the plain  
Of memory undecaying.

High deeds are high birthdom's roots,  
Thy monument Fame espouses,  
Thy name shall be given to *Boots*;  
And thine arms to *public houses*!

G. R. C.

THE reason the dying never weep is because the manufactures of life have stopped forever; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first that stops work; one by one the others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up—there is no secretion anywhere. So the eye in death weeps not—not that all affection is dead to the heart, because there is not a tear-drop in it any more than there is moisture on the lip. It is a striking characteristic of that terrible disease, the cholera, that the patient, however suddenly seized, never sheds a tear, even though surrounded by weeping friends. The feature of the disease is the suspension of the secretion of the system and the most active excretory work, by which the body is drained of its fluids.

A PLEASANT story is told us about the honeymoon of a rather aged lady who was recently married to a young and fast man, quitting him at the station when he was going *en voyage* on some important private affairs. After an embrace of the most loving character, she put her head into the carriage, and said: "Dear Charles, remember that you are married." To which he replied, "Dear Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it," and at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

WE have often heard of marrying into a fortune, but never, until the following was handed in, believed that a man could be found verdant enough to enter into a matrimonial speculation before he knew what the speculation would amount to:

"A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist, of Boston, with a box of specimens.

"Can you tell me what this is, sir?"

"Certainly I can, sir; that is iron pyrites."

"What, sir?" in a voice of thunder.

"Iron pyrites."

"'Iron pyrites! and what is that?'"

"'That's what it is,' said the chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared. 'Dross.'

"'And what is iron pyrites worth?'"

"'Nothing.'

"'Nothing! Why there's a woman who owns a hill full of that in our town, and I've married her!'"

Served him right.

**CHEMICAL QUALITIES OF WATER.**—A recent lecture, delivered in England, on the chemical qualities of water for economical purposes, deserves wide circulation, seeing how much health, and the success of certain mechanical and agricultural as well as domestic operations, depend thereon. As regards drinking-waters, the properties most to be desired are: (1) the absence of putrescent organic matter; (2) the absence of discoloration, due either to fine clay held in suspension, or to dissolved organic matter; (3) softness; (4) coolness. The nearer a spring is to the surface, the more likely it is to hold organic matters in solution; but wherever the drainage is good, the air which passes along with water through the porous soil almost completely decomposes the organic matter, or, at any rate, makes it innocuous. If, therefore, spring-water has no bad smell, it may be considered as serviceable for drinking. This, however, is not to be taken as an absolute rule, for there are some waters without smell which are injurious. But a bad smell invariably indicates something wrong. On the other hand, there are some organic matters which are not injurious, though they may be unpleasant. In peaty districts, the water is more or less coffee-colored, owing to the presence of organic matters in solution; but these are not directly injurious to health. With respect to the importance of being able to discriminate among the different kinds of organic matter, evaporate from a couple of pints to two ounces, (that is, in ordinary phrase, boil down two pints to two ounces;) if during the evaporation the water becomes colored, it will generally be found that it contains an amount of organic matter, which is injurious to health. If it remains colorless, or becomes but slightly colored, the absence of organic matter of an injurious nature may be safely concluded. If after the water has been perfectly evaporated to dryness, the matter which remains, on being heated, gives off a smell like burnt feathers, which is characteristic of the presence of nitrogenous matters, we have in this at once a proof that the organic matter is of animal origin, and the water should be at once rejected for drinking purposes.

Concerning softness: this is a quality that depends entirely on the composition of the water. No perfectly pure water exists in nature.

Even rain-water, which has undergone a kind of natural distillation, contains certain atmospheric impurities, which, though useful in an agricultural point of view, are undesirable in drinking-water.

Rain-water dissolves mineral substances which are commonly supposed to be incapable of solution—limestone rock for example. In limestone districts and in chalky regions the water of wells and springs is almost invariably hard, because of the carbonate of lime therein contained in a state of solution. The drinking-waters supplied to many cities contain from twenty to twenty-five grains of solid matter to the gallon, one of the solid matters being lime, and these waters are found serviceable for all ordinary purposes. In supplying water either to a town or to a private house, we should endeavor as much as possible to hit upon the sample which, while it is sufficiently pleasant to the taste, is also useful for the kitchen and laundry, for there are hard waters which are excellent for drinking purposes, and yet unfit for either cooking or washing.

#### THE SPOILED CHILD.

AIR—"Let me kiss him for his Mother."

LET me whip him for his mother,  
He is such a naughty boy:  
He baby tried to smother,  
And he's broken Emmy's toy.  
Of the doll I gave to Ellen  
He has melted off the nose,  
And there really is no telling  
To what lengths his mischief goes.

Last night he put a cracker  
'Neath his Aunt Jemima's chair,  
And he told me such a whacker  
When I asked how it came there.  
Then when poor old Mrs. Toodles  
Was just starting off by rail,  
He tied her two fat poodles  
Fast together by the tail!

It really is quite shocking  
How one's nerves he daily jars:  
He puts pins into one's stockings,  
And Cayenne into one's cigars.  
You may guess that many another  
Boyish trick he's daily at,  
So I'll whip him for his mother  
As a tiresome little brat.

O.

In the Circuit Court of Cincinnati, a few days since, while the jury were deliberating, the prisoner (accused of receiving stolen goods) walked off in the bustle, and escaped. It was made all right, though, by the jury bringing in a verdict of not guilty. Justice was satisfied, and public suspicion, we suppose, allayed.

THE ESTIMATED POPULATION OF THE STATE OF NEVADA.—The Virginia City *Union* of November 28th, commenting on the official returns of the Presidential election for Nevada, remarks:

“The total vote is much larger than was expected, it being 16,420, and the Union majority 3232 on Electors, and about 100 more on the State ticket. A study of these returns will enable us to estimate the population of the State.

“In the settled Eastern States the ratio of voters to the population is one to five or six. At the present time, considering that a very large portion of our people live in the large towns and cities, and have their families with them, we think one voter to four non-voters is about the right proportion. The total vote multiplied by four shows the population of our new State to be 65,680. At the ratio of one to three and a half, which some think nearer correct, it is 57,470. We will therefore compromise, and call it an even 60,000, which is 15,000 or 20,000 more than we had counted upon.

“The increase over the vote of September last is about fifty per cent. From the small increase in Storey county we were led to place the total vote at about 11,000. The vote in this county was increased but a little over 100, excluding the soldier vote, which was not cast at the September election. The whole soldier vote in the State is 576, of which we estimate (the vote of the soldiers is not apportioned to the counties in the returns published) 376 to be the proportion for this county, making the total vote of Storey county, 6269. This, at the ratio of one to four, gives our population at 25,076, or more than one-third of the whole State.”

THE PUNISHMENT OF A WOMAN.—All the theatrical journals have announced that M. Emile de Girardin has just completed a piece bearing the title, “The Punishment of a Woman.” Recently three women were chatting in a box of the Imperial Theatre with their attending cavalier. “The Punishment of a Woman,” said the gentleman, “what can that be?” The three women cried in chorus: “The punishment of a woman? It is her husband.”

“I SEE villain in your face,” said a Western judge to a prisoner. “May it please your worship,” replied the prisoner, “that is a personal reflection.”

WHAT is the most sensational periodical of the day?—The Powder Magazine.

A COLLECTOR of the Internal Revenue Tax lately found a man so *dirty* in his appearance out West, that he put him down on his tax-list as real estate.

WHY does 1865 resemble a female sheep?—Because it is an ewe-year.

A LOCOMOTIVE has been invented that will climb a mountain. It is in fact a double engine—a horizontal and vertical engine combined—and so arranged that it may be worked either together or separate, according to the steepness of the incline, and always with perfect safety. The brakes are extremely powerful, and they are attached to each carriage, so that no danger can arise from a coupling-chain giving way. The locomotive weighs sixteen tons, and at the recent trial ascended and descended a gradient of one in twelve, with four cars laden with twenty-six tons of ballast attached. It is designed to run on a road over the Alps. Why not use it for drawing trains over the heavy grades of the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada when the Pacific Railroad is completed? An immense sum of money might be saved in grading alone by its adoption.

CHILDREN'S ARMS AND LEGS.—A distinguished physician, who died some years since in Paris, declared: “I believe that during the twenty years that I have practiced my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked.” On this the editor of the *Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter* remarks: “Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add, that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the tongue, throat, or stomach? I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities of witnessing the same cure.”

If you in lager find no bliss, and loathe cigars—no child to kiss—no wife to love—no gal to hug—don't seek oblivion in the jug; and if you haven't any sister, just ask some chap to lend you his, ter spark for a little while—then “splice,” and all the rest will come in nice.

A MAN boasting of the smartness of his children, said that the youngest was so smart that it would take its hand off a hot stove without being told.

LOVE and a good dinner are said to be the only two things that change a man's character.

**INDESTRUCTIBLE INK.**—A recipe for a new method of making indestructible ink is given in one of the German scientific journals. The ink is composed of twenty grains of sugar dissolved in thirty grains of water, to which is added a few drops of concentrated sulphuric acid. Upon heating this mixture, the sugar becomes carbonized, and when applied to the paper, leaves a coating of carbon which can not be washed off. This stain is rendered more permanent by the decomposing action of the acid itself upon the paper, and when thus made, it resists the action of chemical agents.

THE most celebrated hot springs of Europe, such as Aix-la-Chapelle, Baden Baden, Naples, Auvergne, and the Pyrenees, have not declined in temperature since the days of the Romans, for many of them still retain as great a heat as is tolerable to the human body, and yet, when employed by the ancients, they do not seem to have required to be first cooled down by artificial means. This uniformity of temperature has been thus maintained for some two thousand years.

It is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are very often ditto—only more so!

At a recent festive meeting, a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed; "The ladies—the beings who divide our sorrows, double our joys and treble our expenses." Upon which a lady proposed: "The gentlemen—the sensitive individuals who divide our time, double our cares, and treble our troubles." The married man didn't stop to hear any more.

THE consumption of gunpowder by our squadrons in the service, and for experimental practice, during the last year, required a supply of 1,325,000 pounds of powder and 575 tons of nitre, 500 tons of the latter being domestic, and supplied entirely from the New Haven chemical works, the only establishment that yet has undertaken its manufacture for the navy.

By an ingenious regulation, the cabmen of Paris are prevented from cheating their passengers. The law prescribes that they shall be paid by the mile, and a dial, wound by clock-work, set in motion by the revolution of the wheels, shows the distance traveled.

NEVER tell a young lady you love her. Ask her if she could love you. That's the new Parisian style of opening negotiations.

**WOMEN IN PARAGUAY.**—The author of a book entitled *Sketches in Paraguay*, gives us an idea of one of the customs of the Paraguayan ladies, as follows:

"Everybody smokes in Paraguay, and nearly every female above thirteen years of age chews. I am wrong: they do not chew, but put tobacco in their mouths, keep it there constantly except when eating, and instead of chewing, roll it about with their tongues and suck it. Only imagine yourself about to kiss the rich red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin and flashing with diamonds; she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the fair, taper fingers of the other she draws forth from her mouth a brownish-black roll of tobacco, quite two inches long, and looking like a monstrous grub, and depositing the delicate morsel on the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face and is ready for a salute! I have sometimes seen an over-delicate foreigner turn with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet *el savaco* (the savage) applied to him by the offended beauty for his squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to this in Paraguay, where you are, perforce of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and at least one half you meet are really tempting enough to render you reckless of consequences, and you would sip the dew of the proffered lips in the face of a tobacco battery, even of the essence of 'Old Virginia.'"

CARLYLE says: "When I gaze into the stars they look down upon me with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more; yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them on the plain of Shinar. What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

"MARRIAGE," said an unfortunate husband, "is the-churchyard of love." "And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave-diggers."

It has been said that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be intelligible, is an enemy to his profession.

It is related of old Dr. Burnett that he had a horse which he wished to sell, and when exhibiting it to an expected purchaser, mounted and rode the horse gallantly, but did not succeed in hiding his defect.

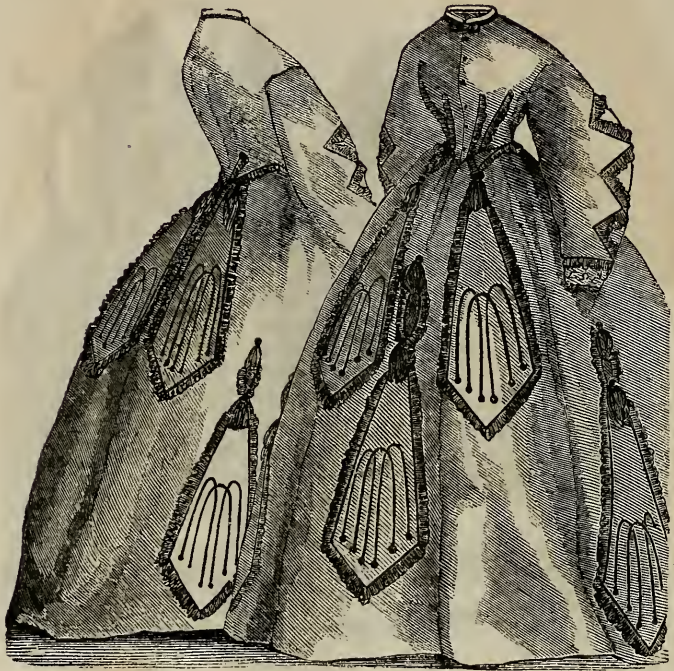
"My good Doctor," said the trader, "when you want to take me in you should mount a pulpit, not a horse."



No. 2.

## SCARLET MORNING-DRESS.

This elegant morning-dress is made in scarlet merino, and trimmed with white plush, edged with black chenille. It is superb for a bride or a young married lady. Bands of the plush form a scalloped border around the bottom of the skirt, and very wide medallions which extend low, nearly to the border; these medallions graduate in size as they reach the waist, and are carried up over the shoulder, the ends floating loosely upon the sleeves; star mother-of-pearl buttons fasten the front of the waist.



No. 3.

## THE "SEÑORITA" DRESS.

MADE in heavy black armure silk, and trimmed with medallions, set on as pyramids around the bottom of the skirt; these medallions are richly trimmed with guipure lace on the edge, and in the center with narrow interlacing jet trimming, which forms an embroidery, and is finished with jet buttons; the jacket-body has points front and back, and lappets which extend upon the skirt, and are trimmed to match the medallions; the lace extends from the point up the side seams in front, but not in the back, and terminates in rosettes, with small jet buttons in the center; the sleeves are cut out on the back, the points trimmed with lace and united over a full undersleeve. Rich tassels, and jet buttons down the front, complete the ornaments of this distinguished dress.





### INFANT'S CLOAK.

Infant's cloak of white merino, trimmed an eighth of a yard deep with white silk, quilted and edged with a narrow quilling of blue silk; the cloak is made very full, plaited into a yoke at the shoulders, with a pelerine cape and small flowing sleeves, trimmed to match the skirt; three yards of merino and two and a half of white silk will be sufficient.



Black silk shirred front; the back and cape of rose de chene velvet, fluted on the crown and covered with black tulle; double fall of lace over the cape, fastened with short jet chain and jet pins; two flat bows and long ends coming from under the cape, fall over the back of the neck; rose de chene velvet, white roses and black lace inside.



Gray felt bonnet, bound with brown velvet; large black beads on the edge, fluted crown and bows of brown velvet—bunch of black grapes on the back.



Black velvet bonnet, with a square of velvet edged with black thread lace falling from the crown; a full white ostrich-plume, a heavy bead chain and balls, and a roll of black velvet brought across from the back to the inside of the bonnet form the trimmings; scarlet velvet and white and black lace inside, with broad white strings complete the bonnet.

If the season is not remarkable for brilliancy and gayety, the unusual variety, the picturesque styles, and vivid colors, apparent both in street and home toilets, make it appear so. We do not know when so much of novelty has presented itself in a single season, or when before fashion has taken upon itself so many novel and peculiar, but coquettish forms.

Early in the season a most determined stand was made in favor of economy and old clothes, by some who are recognized as leaders in the world of fashion, as well as many others, whose views were influenced by the high prices and the necessity for a limit to household expenditures.

But alas! the pressure became too great, the changes were too decided, the effort was too apparent, and only resulted in an inglorious surrender, and indulgencies, wherever it was possible, more unlimited than before.

It was found impossible to resist the combined influence of novelty and that fashionable *esprit du corps* which makes it impossible for one woman to allow another to surpass her in dress or appointments.

A stout resistance was made at first, on the part of some, to the "dress-coat," with its accompanying masculine vest and neck-tie, but although in its original shape it could never be generally adopted by American ladies, the prejudice has been so far removed that almost every dress for in-doors, and cloak for out-door wear, must bear a modified resemblance to the obnoxious garment.

And it must be confessed that the taste and ingenuity thus directed have not been without very gratifying results. The long, slender lapels are a most graceful finish to a handsome dress, while the double breast of the comfortable pale-tot, the pockets, the great buttons, and the imitation lappet back, are all in keeping with the heavy fabric and the necessities of our severe winters.

High colors, as we predicted, are greatly in vogue for home toilets and full dress, and variety of colors is even admitted into the costume for the promenade.

Short English jackets, made in purple chinchilla, beaver or gray plush, and trimmed only with large black or white buttons, are the rage for morning wear, accompanied by small toque caps ornamented with a short plume.

The thinnest materials are chosen for ball-dresses, and the ornaments are almost exclusively flowers. The favorites are Bengal roses, Chinese pinks, *fleur de lis*, lily of the valley, pond-lily, white japonicas, and the brilliant berries of the mountain-ash.

Branches from the head-dresses extend very low upon the shoulder, and sometimes form chains with berries and chenille, which are attached with clusters to the shoulders, then falling in a festoon over the corsage, in the center of

which it is fastened by a second cluster which constitutes the bouquet, and terminating in a chatelaine upon the upper skirt, which it holds and raises upon one side.

The wide buckles find great favor, and are not by any means confined to round bodies. They are worn over lapels, over the long sash-ends which extend nearly to the bottom of the skirt behind, and over the square basques, which they certainly do not improve.

Skirts are worn quite as wide and long as ever in the drawing-room, but are universally raised, by means of an "Elevator," in the street—a fashion which at least has the merit of being cleanly and economical.

We can also indorse with pleasure the high walking-boots, with their thick soles and water-proof bodies. They are admirable for winter pedestrian purposes, and so durable as to be cheap, even at the too enormous prices.

#### HEAD-DRESSES.

Among the ornaments for the head, nets still hold a very prominent place, and are now frequently very beautiful, much handsomer than when first introduced.

The fine "invisible" nets, sprinkled with gold or crystal beads, are great favorites, but still newer and more youthful styles are made of coral beads, very small, and with a spray of coral for a side ornament.

Velvet flowers are also used to ornament rich nets, with great success; a frosted rose or japonica upon a pearl net, and red velvet marine plants upon gold or coral nets.

Lace head-dresses are also very fashionable, and are made in a great variety of designs; all of them, however, have long lappets, or very long barb-like ends, which are caught together upon the neck with a rose, a carnation, or a narcissus.

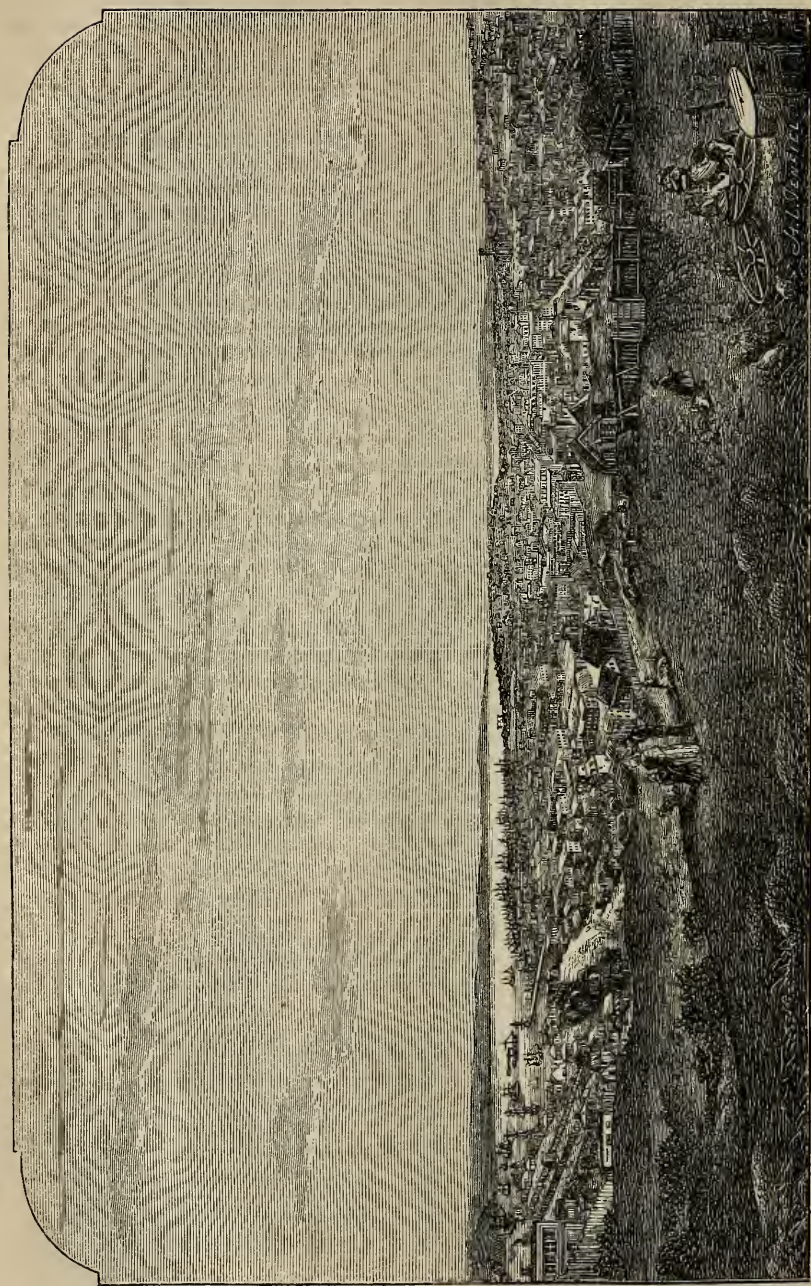
A very simple and popular method of decorating the hair is to inclose the waterfall in one of the pretty small nets, and surmount it with a half coronet of small flowers—daisies, blue corn-flowers, or Provence roses—allowing a branch to descend upon the neck; a spray of the same, mounted upon a flexible stem, is placed high up on the side near the front of the bandeau.

Another method is to simply tie, on the top of the net, two yards of narrow rose, blue, or white ribbon, allowing it to fall in long loops and ends from the side of the head.

Dress-caps are very effective. They are made with a square or long hood-like crown, with a scarf of ribbon extending from the sides and falling in long ends at the back.

A pretty style of net-caps for morning wear for young married ladies, is composed of narrow ribbon velvet, in some bright color, edged with narrow white blonde. This is crossed so as to form a network, and edged with a *ruche* of blonde, mixed with narrow velvet loops.





VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—[TAKEN FROM TELEGRAPH HILL, LOOKING EAST.]

# GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1865.

No. 3.

## SAN FRANCISCO, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE preceding illustration of the city of San Francisco has been engraved for the March number of our Magazine from a recent photographic view expressly prepared for the purpose.

The city, it will be observed, stands on a series of high hills, on a point of land extending out in the Pacific Ocean, overlooking on one side the noble and magnificent bay of the same name, and on the other the placid waters of the ocean. In the dim distance may be seen the Golden Gate, the guarded entrance to the Bay of San Francisco, with its frowning fortresses, its light-houses and most conspicuous headlands thrown out in bold relief. On its eastern side, a gradual depression of the topography of the land occurs, until the hills sink into a wide outspreading plain, leading to the Mission Dolores, about three miles from the heart of the city, and one of its principal suburbs. This mission is one of the old landmarks of San Francisco, erected by the Jesuits in the last century, when the country was in possession of the Spaniards, and served the purpose both of a fort and monastery, where the half-civilized mission Indians received religious instructions.

From this point the land rises slightly, and then stretches out in a beautiful open country, called the Santa Clara Valley, dotted with lovely cottages, rural residences, beautiful farms, and covered with the most luxurious verdure. Along this magnificent valley the western branch of the great Overland Pacific Railroad is constructed, to a distance of fifty miles, where it strikes

the village of San José, standing near the head of the valley. The route now being open to this point, the adjacent villages are fast becoming thickly populated with persons who do business in San Francisco and have their residences out of town. Several good wagon-roads, also, lead from the city through the valley, and the place which only a few years since was filled with deer, grizzly bears, and other wild game, is now turned into a favorite drive and resort for the pleasure-seeking portion of the population.

San Francisco, backed by the auriferous wealth of her mountains and streams, the agricultural outpourings of her valleys, the industry and indomitable energy of her citizens, in a few years has risen from a few scattered tents, and here and there an old adobe house, to a vast and growing city of brick and mortar, until to-day it presents the appearance of a metropolis not less than a hundred years in existence. On every hand progression, thrift and wealth are to be witnessed. Churches, school-houses, halls of justice, blocks and blocks of palatial and private residences and temples of amusement, meet the eye at every turn; besides, every indication, in its storehouses, marts of exchange, traffic and trade, its long lines of well-paved streets, its engine-houses, public edifices, and its crowded thoroughfares, of being a center of commercial activity and refined and polished society. The city is compactly built, the streets lighted with gas, and two water companies supply the inhabitants with fresh pure spring water, through iron pipes con-

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VOL. I.—No. 3.—A.

necting with their reservoirs a few miles out in the suburbs.

The population of San Francisco may be said to be a heterogeneous one, composed of the representatives of almost every nation on the habitable globe—men of every trade, profession and calling—each one dependent in a measure upon the other for success, and all striving with unabated energy to be foremost in developing new enterprises and in the search after wealth. Every resort of human ingenuity is brought into play, like in older communities, to achieve success and distinction; every channel of commercial industry is open to competition; and probably in no other place in the world does the same even temperature of climate exist all the year round as we find it here. The atmosphere is delightfully stimulating and refreshing, and of so pure a nature that offensive odors arising from putrescent matter which may be thrown into the street are never detected. The thermometer seldom falls below fifty degrees, and very rarely reaches as high as seventy. Thick clothing is not uncomfortable every day in the year, and heavy woolens are as absolutely necessary to comfort in the middle of summer as in the midst of the coldest winter months.

Of the two seasons which the climate of San Francisco seems divided into—the wet and dry—the latter, being the summer season, is considered much the coldest. Fires are not actually necessary at any time except for the purpose of cooking; yet the warmth they impart is, not by any means disagreeable during some of the heavy foggy nights of the summer months, while in winter their want is scarcely ever noticed; neither does any necessity exist for them, so far as improving bodily comfort is concerned.

The wet season, which takes the place of the winter months in the north Atlantic States, generally sets in during the latter part of November, and continues till about the middle of April, when the rains cease and the dry season ensues, until another November rolls round and brings with it a renewal of drenching showers to refresh and improve the parched and fevered earth. By the term wet season, it should not be

understood that it rains incessantly without intermission. Quite the contrary is the case. One year there may be more rain than another; but generally speaking, the number of clear sunny days is in about equal proportion to the wet ones during the winter months. Indeed, of the two seasons, the winter is more preferred than the dry or summer season. It is more enjoyable and exhilarating; besides, the ditches and canals of the miners are filled up, enabling them to make more profitable returns for their labor than in the dry months of the year, and the farmers and agriculturists look forward to a succession of plentiful showers to bring them a bountiful yield of the fruits and grains of the earth. The seasons, however, are so even in temperature that but little sickness prevails, while an epidemic of any kind has never been known to exist in San Francisco. In 1850, when the cholera made its appearance in California, it raged with fearful violence throughout the interior towns and cities, while the city of San Francisco was almost exempt from its influence, though the majority of its citizens were at the time residing in tents and shanties, and had but little of the comforts of life within their reach. With a population at present of about one hundred and thirty thousand souls, the average mortality all the year round will not exceed twenty of all ages a week, while some years the deaths are even less in number.

Within thirty miles of San Francisco one can enjoy all the climates and temperatures of the habitable globe, with the exception of the frigid zone. By ascending to the topmost peak of Mount Diablo, he may experience any temperature to his liking, down to zero, and wander about in snow-drifts to his heart's content. Pass down the valley of Santa Clara, cross over to some of the agricultural villages and hamlets, beyond the bays of San Pablo or San Francisco, and he may glow into a fever-heat, and undergo all the various gradations from ninety degrees to freezing-point, within an hour or two. In many of the little smiling out-of-the-way villages, located a day's journey from the city, the heat during July and August is exceedingly oppressive at times.

The fresh, invigorating sea-breeze from the Pacific Ocean, which keeps San Francisco so delightfully cool, is not encountered in the valleys, nor does it seldom extend beyond a distance of thirty miles in the interior. The absence of this wind in the summer months in the interior is severely felt—the mercury at times reaching a hundred degrees in the shade, and not unfrequently two or three degrees higher. But it is only in localities far removed from the seaboard that this distressing heat prevails during a few weeks in the middle of summer; yet, as severe as it is, it has often been observed that not half the enervating or injurious effects result from it as one would experience from the same degree of temperature in the Atlantic States. Such a thing as a person ever laboring under *coup de soleil* in California is so great a rarity, that when a case is recorded, like the bite of a mad dog, it excites as much notice and comment as if they were both entirely new in the list of casualties which our physicians and surgeons are often called upon to attend.

The discovery of the existence of precious metals on the Pacific slope induced a large class of hardy, energetic men to flock to San Francisco, to engage in mining pursuits; others to embark in trade and commercial enterprises, mechanical and industrial vocations of various kinds. Among this class were the good, bad, and indifferent; the ambitious, the ardent and hopeful—most of these were young and middle-aged men, leaving home and kindred for the first time. It was a rare thing to come across a person advanced in years. The ages of the thousands of men you would meet in the pioneer days ranged all the way from twenty to fifty years.

California, like Texas and most of the cities of the great West, was settled by this class. They peopled the country and cleared the way for the march of improvement and civilization. Forests were hewn down, cities and villages erected, canals and ditches to convey water to the miners in inaccessible localities, where the aqueous element for mining purposes could not be obtained by any other means, were constructed; trade was opened across the plains and by way of the Isthmus, commerce

expanded to the various quarters of the Pacific, and the path of empire clearly defined. They were the "manifest destiny" men of the age; and to this class San Francisco owes to-day her present proud position among the chief cities of the world. Her population, ten years ago, was undoubtedly a migratory one, moving about from point to point in exploring the country, in search of other fields of labor and enterprise. The air of cities, with their crowded streets, and the checks and balances which good order and a proper observance of law, and the well-settled principles which govern older communities, seemed in a measure to be distasteful to them. Following the bent of their inclinations, they settled the States of Nevada and Oregon, and peopled the Territories of Washington, Idaho, and Arizona, where they renew the battle of life with the same feelings of ardor, enterprise and hope of ultimately achieving success, as they possessed when they first landed upon the shores of the Pacific.

The population of San Francisco to-day is not that which came to the country during the first flush of the gold excitement; and we venture to assert that a very large proportion of the present inhabitants, not only of the city, but of the State at large, have settled there within the past nine years. This latter class, certainly, are much better for the country. They are generally permanent settlers, and take a more active interest in the development of its resources, in social order and the well-being of society, in advancing its commercial relations, mining and agricultural pursuits, manufactures and mechanical callings, than the adventurous spirits who first rushed to the country with the only purpose in view of speedily making a fortune, to retire elsewhere to enjoy it. Many have returned to their former homes to enjoy the fruits of their labor; while thousands, allured by the excitement of adventure, are still wanderers about the face of the country, like moving, restless spirits, leading a career of strange vicissitudes and hardships in their pioneer explorations after the gilded bauble of hidden wealth.

There is probably no country in the

world where the vicissitudes of life have been more fully exemplified than in San Francisco during its early settlement. Even cities and towns were not exempt from the changes observable in human life. A rich mining locality was discovered—the people flocked there; the tents and dilapidated cabins of the miners gave place to flashy stores and handsome residences; real estate advanced in price—small building-lots were purchased with avidity; and the man of small capital who invested his all in speculations of this nature, sat down at his ease with the confidence that he was identified with the rising little town, and that as it progressed he would progress, and finally leave his heirs millionaires. Hundreds of persons of wealth and influence in the country owe their great success in life at this day to the lucky hazard they made when they first purchased a sand-hill in the suburbs of San Francisco for a few dollars—when it was a wilderness—and had the sense to hold on to it until the city spread out to its present majestic proportions, when the same piece of land was sold for two or three hundred thousand dollars. Other instances are not rare where squatters have boldly pre-empted land, and afterward led a life of indolence and debauchery, to find themselves in a few years the possessors of half a million. More large fortunes, by this means, have been obtained than either by mining or commercial pursuits. The great changes and transformations in San Francisco were brought about so rapidly in the first two or three years of its infancy, that a stranger to its scenes and incidents might well be startled out of all ideas of propriety on witnessing the place to-day, and listening to the recitals of its early settlers. Your out-and-out Californian pitched into any thing whereby he could make it pay; turned over his small capital with as much *nonchalance* as an expert Wall-street operator bulls or bears the gold-market, plunged headlong into any wild scheme of speculation which offered a moderate return for his investment, and stood always ready to shoulder any responsibility which he deemed actually necessary for the benefit of the public weal and his duties as a citizen. Integrity of character

and moral worth in man, in those days, were considered as paramount to the possession of wealth; honest purpose more respected than the worship of mammon in much older commonwealths, and labor advanced and equalized with the most favored in the community. It was not uncommon to see an ex-professor of a university in the Atlantic States serving up viands at a temporary restaurant, at servant's wages; a gambler, at one time worth thousands, glad to earn a dollar or two by patching an old coat. Mechanics found the practice of physic far more profitable than planing boards or wielding a blacksmith's sledge; bricklayers turned into merchants, editors into lawyers, and theatrical managers into hotel-proprietors or barge-men. One day some enterprising genius would be discovered painting a sign, and a month later engaged in the more profitable business of taking photographs, for which he modestly charged two ounces of gold, or thirty-two dollars for each portrait. We remember going into a butcher's shop in the summer of 1850, and the person who there sold us a choice steak we saw baptizing a number of people in the Bay of San Francisco two days afterward. Another who was a stock-dealer one year was elected a criminal judge the next, and no doubt would have been just as ready to dispense physic as law had the opportunity offered. But at this time there is nothing in San Francisco to warrant such violent reverses, and they are to be attributed rather to radical speculations, and the careless manner of doing business on the part of many people in the early settlement of the country, than any error in the local system at that time.

Of theaters and other places of amusement, the city can boast of a liberal number. There are four American theaters, where dramatic representations are given every night, Sundays included, with an occasional operatic performance, by way of change. The best companies that can be procured, either in Europe or the Atlantic States, may be seen at two of these theaters. The highest salaries known to the profession are paid to the artists, and the most liberal outlay—that will compare favorably with the expenditures made at our



first-class theaters in the East—made by the managers in mounting and embellishing the plays they offer to the public. Besides the American theaters, there is a French Dramatic Society, that gives one or two representations of superior French comedies or dramas every week, generally to well-paying houses. Then, there is a Chinese Dramatic Company, composed of sixty and sometimes more performers, whose chief patrons are almost exclusively Chinese. A very singular part of their performance consists in playing all day and all night—the audience entering and departing at all hours, as best suits their convenience and taste for enjoyment. It takes a week or ten days to finish playing one of their pieces. Their plays are made up of historical incidents, referring to the different dynasties of their emperors, and the habits and manners of their countrymen in the flowery land. They have a sort of Chinese scenery, illustrating the prominent localities the plot of the play calls for in the Celestial Empire. The music of their orchestras, if it can be called music to an unpracticed ear, is produced from squeaking fiddles, gongs, drums, and cymbals—all sounding in one discordant din at the same time. It may be easily understood by John Chinaman, but to an outside barbarian, as they are pleased to term all foreigners to their land and customs, is simply unendurable. The Chinese subscribe generously by paying a certain fixed price to the manager, which entitles the holder of a ticket to witness all the performances for the whole season without extra charge. The Spanish and Mexican portion of the population of San Francisco, also, have their dramatic representations occasionally; but they seem to derive more real, hearty enjoyment witnessing a bull-fight, at the village of Oakland, across the bay, or in promoting and patronizing horse-races, than at the theater. Notwithstanding a law exists declaring it a misdemeanor to fight bulls for pastime and money, on the ground that it comes under the head of “cruel and barbarous amusements,” the penalty is seldom enforced, and the legal restrictions, in consequence, are frequently evaded. The announcement of one of these fights is not

made as public at present as was the custom some eight years since, when the whole city was placarded with immense posters, in glaring red and yellow letters, calling public attention to the fact, and by mounted *matadors* and *torres*, dressed in their fancy ring costumes, riding on gayly-caparisoned horses around the principal thoroughfares, preceded by a band of music. Small hand-bills, with the programme and place of meeting printed in Spanish and English, are now scattered profusely about in every public place, and, to all intents and purposes, are sufficiently attractive to insure crowded audiences, at one and two dollars a head, to witness the performance. These hand-bills are curious specimens of ring literature, in their way. Every thing connected with the subject is set forth in magniloquent terms. One announces that there will be “introduced on the occasion seven wild bulls, just lassoed on the coast range of mountains, of the most savage disposition,” and, of course, “infamous character.” They were captured at great expense and much personal risk. They will make their appearance in the ring, in a blaze of brilliant fire-works, and be stuck full of *bandarillas* by renowned practitioners in that line of business. The fourth *toro* would be dispatched by the celebrated first sword, Don Gabriel Rivers, a bull-sticker of marvelous reputation.

Pearl-fishing on the lower coast has been, and continues to be, a profitable source of employment to many. A large amount of pearls, of every shade and variety, have been found there within the past six years, and there is every prospect of this business being prosecuted successfully for an indefinite period, and large returns derived by those who engage in it permanently. The salmon-fisheries, also, were never in a better condition than at present. Hundreds of persons are daily employed in capturing the fish in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers and their tributaries. A ready market, where quick sales are effected, is always found in San Francisco, and the interior towns and cities within easy access by steamboat navigation. The business of curing and packing salmon is quite profitable, and large fortunes have been realized

by some in the undertaking. The fish is seen in market, and its delicious flavor is noticed upon the tables, but how it is cured or where the process is carried on is seldom thought of. The extent of the operation can be gathered from the fact that many Chinese firms cure one thousand large-sized salmon every day during the season, pickled preparatory to the smoking process, and made ready for the barrels. It takes some three weeks to prepare the fish, and the demand for exportation is so great, that but a few hundred barrels ahead of the market can ever be had on a first order. The trade is more extensive than is generally supposed, and no market in the world can produce a superior article.

The agricultural counties in close proximity to San Francisco possess superior advantages for stock-growing. The smiling valleys and rich bottom-lands in the southern part of the State produce the most beautiful timothy and wild oats, which grow in luxurious profusion, and on which thousands of head of horses and cattle fatten and find pasturage all the year round.

The early-day Californian—the pioneer—after an absence of a few years, and the new-comer of the present day, when they tread the streets of San Francisco, contemplate, with wonder and astonishment, the advanced progress and prosperity of this great commercial emporium of the West. But a short sixteen years ago, and the spot upon which San Francisco of today stands was but a barren waste, abrupt and irregular sand-hills meeting the vision on every side, while in the distance loomed up Mount Diablo, with its snow-capped summit gradually undulating toward the Bay of San Francisco to where Oakland now stands, with her numerous rural and pleasant residences—the retired homes of many gentlemen of wealth doing business in San Francisco—the two places being connected by a steam ferry and railroad, affording quick and pleasant transit, after a day of toil and care in the metropolis, to be refreshed in the morning by a healthy, bracing sea-breeze, and a pleasant sail of a few minutes, invigorated again for the duties of the day in the city. As we pass down Montgomery street from the base of Telegraph Hill at Pacific

street, toward its intersection with Market street, at about three o'clock in the day, we are forcibly reminded of Broadway, New York, on a pleasant afternoon—crowds of people passing to and fro, hither and thither, backward and forward, representing every clime and every tongue—the American and the European, the Chinaman and the African, the Spaniard from his dear old Spain, and the Mexican refugee from the bitter strifes of his unhappy and unsettled Mexico, the Kanaka and the Digger Indian of California—all mixed in one cosmopolitan bustle in the thronged thoroughfare. Myriads of fashionably dressed ladies, on their afternoon promenade, render the scene before us one of mixed happiness, admiration, and wonderment. But pause, while we draw your attention to the various objects of interest as we pass down the great Broadway of San Francisco. Here we have arrived at the Pioneer Rooms, a most magnificent building, of beautiful design, erected by the Society of California Pioneers, in 1862—the men who laid the foundation of California's prosperity and greatness, as well as that of the adjoining States and Territories. This Society embraces the principal men that have been identified with the early history of California, Oregon and Nevada. Its archives contain a vast amount of information and historical facts in reference to the Pacific States—the society making it a special purpose to preserve every thing of interest connected therewith. Embracing within its scope and actions benevolent as well as social and public services, it exercises a guardianship over the welfare and prosperity of its individual members, and as they one by one gradually pass away, the last sad rites of brotherhood are marked by the united respect of the Society. It is upon these occasions one remarks their rapidly depleting ranks, and but a few years hence they will be like the veterans of the Revolution, comparatively extinct. As we pass on to the corner of Jackson street, several fine buildings meet our view, originally erected for banking-houses, but now occupied for other purposes. Here we are at the Metropolitan Theater, on our right, a large and spacious building, elegantly constructed, with all

the modern improvements, and comparing favorably with similar establishments in New York. The Metropolitan Theater was burned down several years ago, but was recently re-erected, improved and modernized, making it a more acceptable place of amusement than before. As we pass on to the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets, the stately pile of brick and mortar on our left, extending from Washington to Merchant street, is known the world over as Montgomery Block. We will stop on the corner, at the Bank Exchange—the Delmonico's of San Francisco. Having a chat with mine host, Mr. George F. Parker, and after partaking of a social julep, a Havana and a lunch—and such a lunch, peculiar only to California, and the Bank Exchange in particular—we will step up one flight of stairs, into the magnificent billiard-room connected with the house—the most beautiful, we suppose, in the world, with ten of Phelan's best tables, and furnished throughout in the most elaborate and luxurious style, with brussels carpets, spring-cushioned chairs, with a ceiling nearly forty feet high. Here we meet people from all parts of the coast—in fact, the world—for custom has made it a sort of social rendezvous. "I'll meet you at the Bank Exchange," is as common a remark in the streets of San Francisco, as "How is gold to-day?" in the streets of New York. Having seen its palatial magnificence, and enjoyed a tilt at billiards, we will continue our meanderings around town. What means this great crowd in front of that little one-story seven-by-nine brick building? Ah! I see. Late telegraphic news from the seat of war. This is the office of the *Evening Bulletin*—the *Evening Express* of San Francisco. News of the capture of Savannah by General Sherman has just been received and pasted on the bulletin, hence this great gathering. We will invest a silver dime for a copy of the *Bulletin*, and note its contents:

"BY TELEGRAPH!

"HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM SHERMAN!

"SAVANNAH CAPTURED!

"NEW YORK, December 25, 1864.

"General Sherman has captured Savannah, with thirty-three thousand bales of cotton, eight hundred prisoners, etc., and presents the same to the President and the country as a Christmas gift."

Just think of it! Nearly four thousand miles by land, and six thousand by water, from New York, and we simultaneously congratulate our friends at the East upon the success of our arms—thanks to Providence, to Morse, to Franklin, and to Yankee enterprise! Before the completion of the telegraph, we were eighteen to twenty-five days in obtaining intelligence from the East, by regular course of steamer. The markets were irregular, speculative, and uncertain. Now, as New York goes, so does San Francisco. In such momentous times as the present, what a great benefit this telegraph is to us, Californians! Give us the Pacific Railroad—the morning and evening prayer of the Californian—and we will repay its constructors and the Government by paying from our mines the national debt of the country.

Having read the important contents of the *Bulletin*, we pass on down Montgomery street, passing numberless beautiful, spacious and well-stocked retail establishments. Arriving at the corner of Clay street, we see on our left the office of the *Morning Daily Call*, the spiciest and cheapest daily in the State; ably conducted, and purely a Democratic journal, taken by the masses at large. Continuing on to the next corner, Commercial street, we turn our eye to the right, up Commercial street, drawn hither by the volume of golden-colored smoke we see pouring out of a towering chimney. This is the United States Branch Mint, where the vast amount of gold and silver product of the coast is converted into coin or bars, at the discretion of the owner. Here we see, daily, a crowd of merchants, miners and others, pouring in and out, in their business connection with the mint. The mint is well worth paying a visit to, especially if you have never seen the practical operation of converting the rude metal into eagles and double-eagles. In these days of greenbacks and voluminous circulation of paper-money, it would be a feast to the eyes of an Eastern man, just arriving in the country, to visit this Mecca of gold and silver. An obliging employé is always detailed for the purpose of showing visitors around the establishment. In this connection, we will state that gold

and silver is the currency of the country, and we trust will ever remain so; for one has a peculiar satisfaction in the possession of a double-eagle—indestructible and real in its character—which a greenback can not equalize. We feel it is a passport in any clime or in any country, which all nations and all people recognize as a basis of real and substantial wealth.

After retracing our steps to Montgomery street again, we continue on down the great thoroughfare, until the next street we arrive at, intersecting Montgomery street, is Sacramento street. Here let us again pause, for in the surroundings here there is ample food for reflection. Do you see that splendid edifice on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets? That is occupied by Donohoe, Kelly & Co., the well-known California banking-house, represented in New York by Eugene Kelly & Co., No. 36 Wall street. In the person of Mr. Kelly we recognize one of the many typical illustrations of what can be accomplished by energy, ambition, integrity, and perseverance—a standing refutation to the constant attacks of drones upon the richness and prosperity of California. Mr. Kelly came to California as a pioneer and; he now stands at the head of one of the most successful and reliable banking firms in the world. He was early engaged in the dry-goods business, when he laid the foundation of his present fortune. His life has been marked by public spirit, geniality, benevolence, and Christian virtue.

Having walked into the Bank, and purchased a draft on New York, to pay for ten subscriptions to the PACIFIC MONTHLY—which example all who have the real interests of the Pacific States at heart should imitate—we will continue our tour of observation. That splendid building on the northwest corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets is the property of Samuel Brannan, whose history, personal and public, in connection with the rise and growth of California, is so widely and generally known as to render comment unnecessary. Suffice it to say, he is one of the, if not *the* wealthiest man in the country. His wealth has accrued mostly from the great advance in the value of

his real estate, of which he owns a vast amount, comprising some of the most desirable property in San Francisco. Here again another great collection of cosmopolitans meets our view, down Sacramento street, in front of the What-Cheer House—the French's Hotel of San Francisco. The proprietor of this house, R. B. Woodworth, Esq., is another typical character of industry and perseverance. He commenced the public-house business in early days, in a small way, and now his house has a capacity of accommodating nearly a thousand guests. His system of small profits, quick returns, and cash down, has made him almost, if not quite a millionaire. The What-Cheer House is one of the institutions of San Francisco that will richly repay a visit. There is another gathering in front of a building opposite. This is the office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. To-morrow is the sailing day of the steamer for New York, *via* Panama, and this gathering is composed mostly of people who are purchasing tickets for a homeward-bound voyage. Did I say homeward? No, this is an error. I meant the place they called home years ago, far away upon the banks of the Penobscot, the Connecticut, the Hudson, or among the woody, coal-producing hills of Pennsylvania; or, mayhap, the more civilized and enterprising city of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia; but, in most cases, the trip is only one of recreation and pleasure, after a long absence from relatives, friends, ay, and perhaps a blooming sweetheart. But home to the Californian, after a few years' residence there in its congenial climate, upon the summit of its auriferous mountains, down upon the banks of its mountain-streams, up its rich and fertile valleys, and among her noble-hearted people, whose hearts beat together as brothers and friends—there, and there only, is the Californian's home.

Few Californians, even those who leave California to settle at the East for good, are contented, and after a social visit among relatives and friends, soon return to settle down in the far-off Pacific States: the slow-coach life of the older States, and the numerous changes that have occurred during many absent years, create a longing desire

to return to the land of their adoption, smiling with prosperity, and blessed by Providence with all the elements of a great and happy people.

We will again wend our way back to Montgomery street. But hold! Here we see on our right the office of the *Daily Alta*, the *Journal of Commerce* of San Francisco, the blanket-sheet of California. This is another of the ably-conducted journals of San Francisco independent in politics, with an extensive foreign correspondence, and the recognized medium of auction-house and mining-association advertising, it is *the* commercial paper of San Francisco. We pass along Montgomery street; after examining and admiring several buildings belonging to Mr. Brannan, we arrive at the corner of California street, on the southwest corner of which stands the large granite building occupied by Wells, Fargo and Company, where their headquarters on the Pacific coast have been for years. The main floor of this building is divided into two large and spacious rooms: one is appropriated to their banking business, and the other to their extensive express business, embracing within its ramifications every town or settlement of any importance throughout the Pacific States and Territories. The operations of this company have been identical with the development and progress of the country. The bulk of the treasure taken from the mines passes through their hands, either *transitu* to the mint, or to the States. With what fidelity and safety they perform this important trust their present eminent position and wealth are an honorable evidence. In the early history of California, before Government had thoroughly organized their present system of mail routes and facilities, Wells, Fargo & Company did an extensive business in the transmission of letters and newspapers throughout the State, and so reliably and regularly have they dispensed this service, that to this day it forms no ordinary item in the revenue of their business. They charge the public a trifling advance on the government rates, which is cheerfully paid in the satisfaction that their correspondence is safely and promptly delivered. Upon the

discovery of the Washoe mines, they early established an office at Virginia City, which has proved one of their most important branches, although almost every town and city in California, Oregon and Nevada has an established agency. As we continue our walk up Montgomery street, we see, upon turning to the right, looking toward Stockton street, a stately pile of brick and mortar, with a towering steeple containing a large-dialed clock; this is on the corner of Dupont and California streets; this is the Catholic cathedral, and on the diagonal corner is the Rev. Dr. Lacey's church. Passing on our course, we see on the southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets a majestic four-story building, mastic front. This building is occupied in part by the society of Odd Fellows, and is called "Odd Fellows' Hall." It is described as having the most beautiful and elaborate interior of any similar hall in the United States. The lower floor of this building is occupied as large and spacious retail establishments. We pass on, when the next important object that meets our view is the Russ House, one of the largest first-class hotels in the city, having a frontage on and extending along Montgomery street several hundred feet from Pine to Bush street. The ground floor is occupied as stores, while the hotel proper occupies all above it with an L on Bush and Pine streets. This house is fitted up with all the modern improvements peculiar to hotels at the East, and is kept in good style. On the northeast and northwest corners of Montgomery and Pine streets has recently been erected two of the finest architectural edifices in San Francisco. They are models in their way. The design is beautiful, and they add most materially to the beauty and appearance of this portion of Montgomery street. They are owned and were erected by Andy McCrary, Esq., of San Francisco, and are said to be but a portion of the proceeds of that gentleman's interest in the Gould and Curry mine of Nevada. On the opposite side of the street from the Russ House is located Platt's Hall, a spacious room, with galleries, which is occupied more or less for public meetings, lectures, concerts, parties, etc. One feature of this hall is that it is lit from the ceiling

by means of gas-jets and reflectors. Adjoining this hall is the building occupied in part by the Mercantile Library Association, having an extensive collection of rare and valuable works, reading-room, chess-room, etc., connected therewith. After spending a few moments taking a cursory glance at the library, we will continue on. Crossing Bush street, we now come to the Occidental Hotel, the Fifth Avenue Hotel of San Francisco, kept by Mr. Leland, one of the five brothers of that name identified with the hotel business of New York and Saratoga. This hotel is a most magnificent edifice even in its present incomplete state of construction. The original and ultimate design is to extend the hotel to Sutter street, but at present it is only completed about one half way from Bush to Sutter street. The delay is occasioned by the inability of the owners of the hotel property to purchase at a reasonable price the lot of ground corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets—about an ordinary city lot. When this addition is made to the Occidental Hotel as it now stands, it will be one of the finest hotel edifices in the United States. The interior decorations and furnishing of the house are of the most elegant and expensive character. A magnificent dining-hall, billiard and reading room are attached to the house. The hotel itself is five stories in height, brown mastic front, massive cornices, window caps and sills, and presents to the passing observer a rich and massive appearance. The ground-floor on Montgomery street, like the other prominent hotels, is occupied for store purposes. We pass along again to the next and last block of Montgomery street, extending from Sutter to Post street. On the south side of this block is situated the Lick House, another of the several magnificent hotels recently erected in San Francisco. This house, although not so elaborate or fashionable in architectural design as the Occidental, is nevertheless a very elegant house, most magnificently furnished, and complete in all its appointments. The Russ and Lick Houses have not the lofty and majestic appearance of the Occidental, not being so high, but covering so much more ground, they present a more squatty aspect. The

former houses were built only three stories high, with a view to the possibility of, some fine day or other, an earthquake shaking them down. Of this, however, little fear need be entertained. The lower floor of the Lick House is occupied by some of the leading retail establishments in their various trades in the city. The firm of Heuston, Hastings & Co., occupying the corner of Sutter street, also the well-known dry-goods house of Kerby, Byrne & Co., are located in this building. We next arrive at the corner of Post and Montgomery streets, where is located the Masonic Temple, which, when fully completed according to the original design, will give San Francisco the finest Masonic Temple in the United States. The property is owned and the building was erected by the fraternity in the Pacific States; it is a standing monument to their liberality and prosperity, as permanent and enduring as the holy bonds that unite and harmoniously consolidate the craft one with another. "In union there is strength." How beautifully the Masonic fraternity of California have harmonized this time-honored maxim with truth, in the successful result of their combined labors to erect a building like the Masonic Temple of San Francisco, an ornament to the city, and a proud monument of the rapid growth and prosperity of Free Masonry on the Pacific.

It is not our design in this article to go into every little detail of public improvement that has been made in San Francisco for the past few years; if we did, we could elaborate our article to fill a volume ten times the size of the PACIFIC MONTHLY. Our main object is to give the stranger, and of course the general reader who may contemplate migrating there, a cursory glance of what is to be seen, and to forcibly impress upon the public that San Francisco is a live place: having doffed her swaddling-clothes, she has assumed proportions and population equal to many of our Eastern cities founded prior to the Declaration of Independence. We will continue, however, our walk about town, and take a hasty glance at the remaining important objects of interest. At the junction of Market and Montgomery streets, you can take the

steam-cars to the Mission Dolores or Hayes Park, about a mile and a half distant; or perhaps there is a race to-day; if so, you can go to the track by these cars, at least very near there. At the Mission Dolores, the principal object of interest is an ancient adobe church and cemetery, referred to in the early part of this article. At Hayes Park, there is a large and spacious public building erected, with ample recreative grounds, where all kinds of games and sports, on a holiday or Sunday, (we regret to say,) are indulged in by the masses, but more generally by the European part of society, with a slight sprinkling of the Spanish and Mexican people. The house contains a large dancing-hall, bar-room, and refreshment-saloon, and on a pleasant Sunday must prove a regular mint to its proprietors, for so great is the crowd there on a Sunday, that one can hardly obtain comfortable transportation in the cars. The line of the railroad is dotted all along with beautiful villas and pleasant private residences—in fact, the whole valley is rapidly settling up, extending four or five miles from the City Hall toward the ocean. Upon returning from Hayes Park, we will pass through First street, viewing as we go along the numerous extensive iron-foundries and machine-shops. This business represents no unimportant feature in the relations of San Francisco with the mining interests of the coast; for it is here their quartz-mills, machinery, steam-engines, amalgamators, tools, etc., are principally manufactured. This branch of trade has a vast amount of capital invested in it, and gives employment to thousands of men, at good wages; in fact, mechanical labor of every kind in California, Oregon, and Nevada, is more beneficently rewarded than anywhere else in the known world, while the expense of living is not so *correspondingly* great as people at the East generally suppose. The prices of articles of provisions and ready-made wearing-apparel compare favorably with those of Eastern cities; while house-rents are but a little in advance of them. In the distance we see the United States Marine and St. Mary's Hospitals, situated on what is called Rincon Point. Both of these buildings are stately and capacious

edifices. Between Rincon and what is known as Steamboat Point, at the foot of Third street, is Rincon Hill, an elevated tract of ground, commanding a fine view of the bay, city, and surrounding country. Upon this hill is built a large number of fine residences, owned and occupied by some of the most wealthy families of San Francisco. Steamboat Point is noted for its being devoted to the construction and repairing of steamers and sailing craft. It was at this place the iron monitor *Camanche* was recently put together and launched, by the California contractors, Messrs. Donohue & Co. We now return to Market street by the city railroads—which, by the way, are now passing through almost all the principal streets, connecting all points of the city, at the usual New York rate of fare, five cents, (not, however, in stamps.) These modern conveyances give San Francisco a real metropolitan appearance, and one almost fancies himself in the streets of New York. Arriving at Market street, we take a walk into Sansome street, and the first object of interest we meet is the new Cosmopolitan Hotel, erected last year by a joint stock company, at an expense of nearly five hundred thousand dollars in gold, the building alone having cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is undoubtedly one of the, if not *the*, finest building on the Pacific coast. It occupies the site of the old Rasette House, latterly known as the Metropolitan Hotel, and covers a full fifty vara lot, and has a frontage on both Bush and Sansome streets, each of one hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet, and is the same number of feet either way in depth. The building is constructed after what is known as the modern French style of architecture. It has all the concomitants of the St. Nicholas or the Fifth Avenue hotels, New York. The dining-hall in this house is said to be the finest in the United States. The Cosmopolitan was thrown open to the public on the first of September, 1864, and is under the management of Messrs. Seymour, Reis Brothers & Hening. An addition is being built on Bush street, with a front of sixty-eight and three-fourths feet, by one hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet in depth. When

completed, it will add vastly to the massive proportions of the edifice. The first floor is occupied as stores. This addition to the Cosmopolitan will cost not far from \$125,000. The furniture for this house was all imported from New York, at an expense of over two hundred thousand dollars, and is composed of solid black walnut with brocattelle trimmings.

Passing down Bush street, toward the bay, we arrive at the intersection of Market and Front streets. In this neighborhood the noisy din of mechanics of every description fills the ear. Foundries, boiler-makers, machine-shops, planing, sawing and turning-mills, grist-mills—in fact, manufacturers of every kind almost monopolize this part of the city. At the foot of Market street and vicinity is situated numberless lumber-yards, supplying the city and adjoining country with building materials. Pursuing our stroll along Front street toward Telegraph Hill, we pass through the great commercial street of the city, where the principal part of the heavy mercantile trade is carried on in groceries, provisions, wines, liquors, segars, drugs, oils, etc. Arriving at Sacramento street, we tread on historical ground; for it was in this street, just below Front, where the Vigilance Committee had their headquarters in 1856. The building still stands, but little changed, not much elevated in appearance, although several individuals at that time were rather unceremoniously elevated therefrom. It is now occupied for store purposes. The area of the city embraced within Montgomery street on the south, Davis on the north, Market on the east, and Broadway on the west, is devoted chiefly to commercial purposes. Battery, Sacramento, Washington, Clay, Sansome, Jackson, and California streets, all have, more or less, fine business edifices, occupied and devoted to every branch of trade known almost to the civilized world. Again resuming our ramble, we will turn up Washington street from Front. Arriving at the corner of Battery street, we now come in view of the old United States Court building, located on the same. This building has been used for various purposes the past few years. In the winter of 1862, the great

flood at Sacramento making the capital untenable, the Legislature held its sessions in this building. On the opposite side of Battery street, from this building, is situated the building occupied by the Post-Office and Custom-House. This is a magnificent building, and, we think, the best constructed Post-office for the convenience of the public in the United States. It has several thousand private boxes accessible by lock and key at all and any time, which is a convenience worthy of imitation, although, in some respects, not applicable to Eastern cities.

Passing up Washington to Sansome street, we now see, on our left, Washington Market. And the writer having seen all the principal markets of the United States, will give Washington Market, San Francisco, the palm over all others for cleanliness, its excellent and varied stock, and the superior class of people occupying stalls in the same. Nowhere in the known world do you see such luscious fruit, incomparable vegetables in size and quality, sweet Eastern or California butter, potatoes from Bodega, apples from Oregon, grapes from Sonoma, peaches from Marysville and Sacramento, berries from Oakland, beef from Contra Costa and Lower California—ay, every thing that the inner man can digest, or that the palate of a connoisseur may long for. Do not fail to visit this *rara avis* of city markets. Besides the Washington, there are several other large markets, irrespective of a great number of private and less pretentious ones. Continuing our jaunt along Washington, past Montgomery street, we next arrive at Maguire's Opera House. This is a popular place of amusement, and is owned and conducted by Mr. T. F. Maguire. The building has an attractive exterior. Mr. Maguire has been very successful of late years as a caterer to the public taste in the way of theatricals, operas, negro minstrelsy, etc., and controls most of the theaters in the State, having a lease on the various theaters at Sacramento, Marysville, Stockton, Virginia City, etc., besides controlling most of the places of public amusement in San Francisco. We next arrive at the old El Dorado building, corner of Kearny and Washington streets—



the famous El Dorado of San Francisco. Oh! could those four walls but speak, what a tale they would unfold! This house, in early days, was the great gambling establishment of the city. The round tent of the metropolis, it was here that fortunes upon fortunes were lost upon a single turn of the card. It was here that the miner, having accumulated, by the sweat of his brow, that independence for which he left home, kindred and friends, to brave the stormy vicissitudes of adventure in a far-off land—it was here many, ay, many, entered of a night, to find themselves on the morrow penniless, without the means to reach the States, or to return to the scene of their former success, to again delve for that they had so foolishly squandered away. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see pounds upon pounds of virgin gold upon the various tables at a time. When the El Dorado was in its glory, it was furnished in the most gorgeous and costly style—every thing to fascinate the eye and relieve the pocket. Now the building is occupied for more honorable, if not as profitable purposes. Adjoining the El Dorado is located, on Kearny street, the City Hall, containing the offices of the various municipal officials. It was originally constructed for a theater. Arriving at the City Hall, we now face Portsmouth Square, or, as it is commonly called, the Plaza, occupying one entire block, with a handsome fountain, graveled walks, grass-plots, shrubbery, etc., the whole inclosed within an iron fence of pretty design. Not having time nor space in this number to take our readers further with us in our ramble of observation around the great metropolis of San Francisco, we have been obliged to leave out many details which we should have taken great pleasure to have elaborated upon. We have not entered specifically into our great manufacturing interests, the woolen and other mills, the water and gas companies, railroad improvements, and last, though not least, our most excellent Fire Department—the excelsior of the world in apparatuses, splendid houses, efficiency and moral status. We shall in future numbers of the PACIFIC MONTHLY deal with each of these subjects

as liberally as they deserve and their importance demands.

We can not, however, close this article upon San Francisco without saying a few words in regard to the people of San Francisco generally. Although, personally, we have not pecuniarily much to thank California in general, and San Francisco in particular for, we are, nevertheless, convinced of her greatness, her prosperity, and the goodness of heart and noble purposes of her people. Generous to a fault, they never do things half way, as an illustration of which we refer to the liberal contributions of her citizens to the relief and comfort of our patriot soldiers, now battling for the Union in the far-distant arena of strife and internecine warfare. Progressive, energetic and indomitable in all they undertake, we predict a glorious future for San Francisco. Her motto is, Onward and upward. Phenix-like, she has risen three times from the ruins of desolating fires. May nothing hereafter impede the rapid strides she is making toward the proud position of the first among the great cities of America.

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## ZANZIBAR.

BY WILLIAM C. HINES, ESQ., UNITED STATES  
CONSUL TO THE ISLAND OF ZANZIBAR.

ZANZIBAR is an island lying between the parallels of five and seven degrees south latitude, and about twenty-five miles from the main-land of Africa. In length it is about fifty miles, and its mean breadth from east to west about twenty miles. Zanzibar is little known except by people directly interested in its trade, or by those who have had, or may now have, friends here. The island is very fertile, and vegetation is very rank. A comparatively small part of the island is under careful cultivation. The formation of the island is coral, and there are many evidences to show that it is slowly rising from the sea, or may be the sea gradually receding. In some chalk cliffs a few miles from the town, fossil shells in great numbers and varieties are found at a considerable height from the sea. I have at times found fossils in a species of crumbling sandstone. Zanzibar has never but once felt any shock of earthquake;

on this occasion the shock was not heavy, and continued only a few seconds. It caused much consternation among the superstitious natives, but its cause was soon traced to a volcano in action on the island of Comoro. This volcano had not been in action for many years previously—indeed the natives of that island have a tradition that it is only in action once in one hundred years. This eruption was in 1857 and 1858. Zanzibar is under Arab rule. Its present sultan is Madjid Bin Syud, a son of Syud Said, late Imaum of Muscat. On the death of His Highness Syud Said, in 1856, the possessions in Arabia were divided between their Highnesses Syud Therani and Syud Turkey, and Zanzibar and dependencies fell to His Highness Syud Madjid Bin Syud, who is mild in his government, desirous of being just, and who not only tries to please his own subjects, but aims to promote the interests of the few white residents, and secure the interest and approval of their governments. The power of the Sultan is absolute among his subjects—his word is law. There is no written code of laws, but every new edict is generally written in three different languages, and posted in some conspicuous place in the Custom-House.

The possessions of His Highness, besides Zanzibar, consist of the fine large island of Pemba, just north of this, the islands of Monghow and Monfen, and that part of the coast of Africa between Capes Delgado, in latitude ten degrees south, and Magadoxa, in about two degrees north, a distance of some seven hundred geographical miles.

The court of the Sultan is at Zanzibar. He holds a bazar or levee every morning, and any person has liberty to wait upon him then, either to pay respects and make salaams, or to make any complaints. There is a large fort near the Sultan's palace; judging from its architecture, I should say it was originally built or planned by the Portuguese, when they were the holders of this island. His Highness has some five hundred soldiers in the town, whose headquarters are the fort. These soldiers consist of Turks, Persians, Beloochistans, Sepoys and negroes, with a few Suri, or Bedouin Arabs. They excel most in making loud noises, singing, etc., when on duty. On the coast there are

a number of thousand soldiers to keep in order some of the unquiet tribes. The soldiers of His Highness on the island do police duty, or at least attempt it. With all his soldiers on the coast, it is very difficult to keep quiet. Wars, quarrels, and skirmishes are constantly taking place between the tribes. Indeed, just at this time, directly opposite the town, two or more tribes are at war, and it has become so serious that trade is interrupted. Only yesterday His Highness sent a detachment of soldiers over. They made noise enough as they left the harbor to almost awaken the dead. I have many times known of such squads of soldiers being sent to quell disturbances on the coast, but I have never yet heard of a soldier being wounded or killed. His Highness has three men-of-war—one a frigate and two corvettes, all good vessels and well armed, but manned by lascars and negroes, who are never practiced at the guns. In case of war, the Sultan would find his fine vessels of war as useless as a jolly-boat.

The population of Zanzibar is supposed to be about two hundred thousand, three-fifths of which are negro slaves, perhaps one-fifth free negroes, and the other fifth made up of Arabs, Hindoos, Comoro people, and others. The city contains some forty thousand inhabitants, mostly negroes. There are comparatively few Arabs of pure blood; what there are are a fine-looking set of people, and remarkably affable and polite in their manners. There are many Hindoos and Banians from India, in whose hands is most of the principal trade. Many of them are capitalists, but most of them are generally poor. They are all traders: every man of them who can get a stock of goods of forty to fifty dollars, opens a shop and becomes a trader. If his means or credit do not admit of this, he will manage to become possessed of a few handfuls of rice, and trade in a smaller way. A few pices profit every day suffices for his wants. Among the Banian and Hindoo merchants are those who do a business of millions. The trade of Zanzibar, in fact, is almost entirely in the hands of these people. They send agents and clerks to every part of the coast to trade and barter with the natives

for all sorts of produce. They fit out expeditions for the far interior for buying ivory, and in many cases do not expect returns for years. They advance money or goods to traders, who fit out expeditions to the interior, without any security, more than an acknowledgment of having received the amount. They are ready at any time to buy a whole cargo of any kind of goods they may require for their trade, and are ready to contract for a cargo of Zanzibar produce in return. They are smart, cunning and shrewd, but, I am sorry to say, inveterate liars. The Arabs of Zanzibar are not by any means a trading people. They despise any thing that savors of the shop. Almost always, if they have any thing to sell, they prefer to employ a Banian broker to selling any thing themselves. The Custom-House is farmed out by the Sultan to a Banian for two hundred thousand dollars per annum. All the duties above that sum, after paying expenses, is profit to the Banian. As this Banian has had the Custom-House for many years, and is immensely wealthy, it is presumed he has found it profitable. This might be saved to His Highness if he could put competent and honest Arabs to collect his revenue. Arabs possessing both these qualifications—I presume he knows as well as any one else—it would be difficult to find. His employés evidently consider him fair game, and they make the most they can out of their employment. The principal language of Zanzibar is the Kisnahili. Arabic is only spoken by comparatively educated Arabs. The language of the court is Arabic, but I have known, though, His Highness to unbend himself and speak Kisnahili in his bazar. This is not very common. Gujeratter and Hindostanee are spoken by the Indian subjects. Kisnahili is to the east coast of Africa what the French language is to Europe. One may travel from Cape Guardafui to Cape Agulhas, and will always find people conversant in this language; so travelers to the interior, even to the great lakes Nyanza and Tanganyika, use this language. It has no written characters, but many natives use Arabic characters, and write in this instead of Arabic. It is a soft-sounding language, but it has not a polite expression in it, nor

a word expressive of thanks; every such expression must be made in Arabic. Slang words and blackguard phrases abound much more abundantly than in English. As I have before intimated, slavery is a domestic institution in this country. There are many slaves, but slavery here is by no means the terrible bugbear that some people would make it elsewhere. Slavery in America, or among any enlightened people, is a curse. Among these people who know no such thing as freedom, when brought to this island their condition is improved. It is true they never become educated, but they are treated well and kindly by their masters. It is by no means rare to hear a slave arguing with his master about the propriety of doing as he is told. Instead of exciting the anger of the master, it only excites him to laughter; he is too indolent to indulge in anger. The country or plantation slaves are allowed two days in every week, in which they can work for themselves, or play, as they please. Many cultivate patches of ground, but most of them spend their leisure in singing and dancing, or play. One peculiarity of slavery here is, that any slave can own a slave, or as many as he pleases. I know of cases where slaves own more slaves than their masters, yet the master by no means claims them as his property, nor does he claim any moiety of what the slaves earn for his own slave. These are nice distinctions, considering them a property. Would a Southern slaveholder allow such things? No! He would say the slave was his, and also any property the slave might have. Slaves are mostly imported to the island from Keilwa, though some are brought from the opposite coast, depending on the success of taking prisoners by any of the quarrelsome tribes near the coast or in the interior. I have known, during my residence here, seventeen thousand slaves being brought from Keilwa in one year; during the past year I presume that ten thousand will be about the number imported. If the weather is good and the winds are fair from Keilwa to pen, these slaves arrive in good order, but let the winds be contrary, or be it calm, they arrive in the most wretched state. Water and provisions are only provided for the

very shortest passages; and arriving here after a long passage, such emaciated, starving creatures as they are it would be difficult to imagine. Many will die on the passage. Every slave is landed at the Custom-House, and is kept there till the duty of two dollars is paid. It is no very rare thing to see slaves, starved or sick, left lying on the ground at the Custom-House for two or three hours, to see if they will die or live. If they die within those hours at the Custom-House, no duty is exacted; but if they live a minute beyond, the owner is obliged to pay duty, and take the slaves away.

This traffic in slaves is permitted by treaty with England between Keilwa and Lamoo; but once outside of the latitude of those places, English cruisers are always ready to pick them up as legal prizes. Slaves arriving here are mostly sent to the country to work on the cocoanut and clove plantations. Many are stolen, and fewer purchased, by northern Arabs for Arabian ports; but there is much danger to them, because of English cruisers to the northward of this island, who take every one of such slave craft as they may fall in with. In this way they have at last created a panic among these slave-thieves, and have thus prevented large exportations of slaves from here to Arabian and Somaulie ports.

The productions of Zanzibar for export are only cloves and cocoanuts. This island is probably the largest clove-producing country in the world. The plants were originally brought from Bourbon and Singapore, and for many years were a source of great profit to the producer; but in latter years such enormous crops have been raised, that the price has fallen to a fifth of what it used to be. In the mean time, the Arabs have neglected their trees—never nursing them—never even trimming them—never even cutting off a dead limb; so that year by year the crop not only is less, but the quality of the cloves deteriorate every year. As good cloves can be raised here as the Amboyne cloves; but the Arab goes on the principal that God creates the tree, and he will take care of it without the aid of man. They neglect the trees, too, and devote all their attention to growing cocoanuts, which pay them better prices than cloves.

French, German and Hindoo houses buy the cocoanuts, and dry them (out of the shell) for export. There is a duty of five per cent. on every paslos of cloves raised, and a duty of two pice, or nearly two cents, on every cocoanut-tree that bears fruit. The coast opposite the island is called McRima, and its people Wamrima.

The whole trade of Zanzibar depends almost entirely on the McRima. A large trade is also done with the northern African ports and southern ones, as also an increasing one with Madagascar. The produce from the McRima, or coast of Zanguebar, consists principally of ivory, gum-copal, sim-sim or teel-seed, wax, corn, rice, woods, tobacco, etc. Ivory is not obtained near the coast. The elephants have long since been driven to the interior. Ivory is brought to Zanzibar from Keilwa, (McRima consisting of many small towns,) Sungary, Moneba, Lamoo and Brava, or, properly, the Ben Addab coast. Ivory brought from Keilwa comes from the regions round lake Nyassi. From the McRima it comes largely from the lake regions about Tanganyika, from the Nuyamerri country, or lands of the moon, from Nyoyo, from Nuyam Zembi, and other places described by Burton and Speke in their books, and from Pungary; a good deal comes through the Mesai country, from Lake Nyanza; much from Mesai and Nyaguru. Lamoo ivory and Momba ivory probably from the Mesai, Krava; and Magadoxa ivory, Sala and Somaulie countries. Ivory is so distinctly marked with the evidences of the locality from which it comes, that it is almost impossible to deceive an expert ivory trader; these distinct peculiarities it would be difficult to describe, yet I can venture to say that any piece of ivory with peculiar marks I would remember if I saw it in England or America. The Banians stationed on the coast buy from the natives what they can, and send it to this city. Much comes down in caravans to Arabs or others, as return expeditions; but as the Banian has advanced much money or goods toward fitting out the expedition, the sale of the ivory falls to him. Ivory is of many qualities, impossible to describe—the trader hides all the defects in his power; dead ivory will be planed down to

make it look bright and fresh; cracked will have the cracks filled up with wax, and so nicely doctored up, that even good judges are often deceived. Hollows on bamboos often have lead run into them to increase their weight; yet the careful trader is seldom taken in by any of these deceptions. Ivory pays duty on arrival here according to the places from where it is shipped: from the Portuguese possessions five per cent. on the valuation; from Keilwa, eight dollars per pasla of thirty-two pounds. Unyamorerri ivory, or what is imported from the McRima, as follows: All ivory sold on the coast to Banians or others, a duty of fifteen dollars per pasla of thirty-five pounds; all actually belonging to Arab expeditions, and coming into the hands of Arabs in this place, a duty of eight dollars only—there is also a coast duty varying from two to three dollars per pasla; ivory from Tungari pays eight dollars per pasla, with a half dollar extra to support the cows, which Banians consider a holy animal, and worship accordingly; from Lamoo, Momba and the Ben Addab, is a duty of two dollars per pasla only. Many of these duties are enormous, and leave only a small margin for profit, unless it is a fact, as some of the native traders say, that ivory in the Unyamnerri is so plentiful that it is often used for chopping-blocks. As I have said before, Zanzibar exports more and better ivory than any place in the world. In proof of this, I will only say, that every piece or tusk weighing more than six pounds (formerly every piece of over three pounds) is numbered, commencing with number one in the Moosim season, and ending with that season; commencing again in the Domarney season, and ending with that season. These seasons are local names only, and refer to the monsoons, and begin with the first sailing of the dhows for Bombay and Cutili, and end with the last dhow that is able to sail to accommodate itself to sun-winds. There are two seasons in the year—Moosim being about eight months, and Domarney, say four months. Now, during the last Moosim season, there arrived from the coast seventeen thousand five hundred pieces of over six pounds weight, and about four

thousand pieces of less than six pounds; and to the end of Domarney, now about thirty days more, will have arrived three thousand pieces more, (in Zanzibar a tusk of ivory is always called a piece,) making, during the year ending 30th of September, say twenty-five thousand pieces of ivory. This I will say is not a fair average of year by year; probably, one year with another, it will average no more than nineteen thousand to twenty thousand pieces. Now, supposing every piece to be entire, and that every tusk of ivory has its pair, twelve thousand five hundred elephants must have died, or been killed, to have produced this supply. Now it is very rare to find two tusks that one is absolutely certain are pairs, and though a small portion of ivory arriving here is broken or cut, I think a low estimate of the death of elephants, to produce the amount of ivory imported into this small place in twelve months, can not be less than fifteen thousand—an enormous number when considered. Ivory when put into market is divided generally into five classes: prime, or ivory averaging seventy pounds and upward; Cutili, or ivory suitable for making bangles and wristlets for the women of India; Serrillos, or small ivory, and billiard-ball ivory. A class of ivory, not likened in America, called Yendi, and damaged ivory, damaged from different causes—sometimes by being broken, often by long exposure to rain and sun, artificial, and weather-cracks—are always sold separately, and at very low prices. It is always easy to tell by the appearance of ivory if the elephant died from disease, or was killed. How this is, my paper is too short to explain. I might write many pages on this one subject of ivory and its peculiarities; but I have already written more than I at first designed. In concluding what I have to say on this subject, I will only mention the different weights of ivory. Serrillos weighs from two to twenty pounds; billiard, depending on its plumpness and small hollows, (which are desirable,) from ten to twenty pounds; Cutili, from twenty to fifty and sixty pounds; prime, varies from fifty to one hundred and seventy-five and even two hundred pounds; prime, in lots, will average from seventy to eighty;

pieces weighing from one hundred to one hundred and forty pounds are common. I have frequently bought them of one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy. I have known some as large as one hundred and ninety pounds, and have heard of them of more than two hundred. I never saw one so large yet; I have no doubt there are many. As every tusk of ivory has to be brought to the coast on the backs of negroes, very large ones are, no doubt, often left behind. Fabulous stories are told of enormous tusks, on the arrival of each expedition. These tusks of three hundred pounds and upward never arrive, and I presume only exist in the imagination of the native. As I said before, ivory is numbered, and every piece is stamped with the government seal. This is not only done to prevent frauds on the Custom-House, but also enables one who has had any stolen to detect the thief and get his ivory back. Every buyer of ivory registers in his books the number of every piece bought, and as every piece exported from the island has to be checked on the books of the Custom-House, it is a rare thing that a stolen piece is not soon found. During the last twelve months there was exported to the United States, say one hundred and forty-three thousand pounds of prime ivory, averaging more than seventy pounds; billiard-ball, say twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and seventy pounds; to England, say seventy-five thousand pounds, and to India, say two hundred and fifty pounds. This to India includes every quality; that to the United States, only of the very best. It will be seen by this that the United States are large consumers of ivory. This trade in Zanzibar is in the hands of two American houses.

The purest and best gum-copal in the world is found on the main-land of Africa, near Zanzibar. It is, without doubt, a fossil gum. It is dug from the earth by negroes, and by them carried to the Banian traders, in small quantities, for sale. When it reaches Zanzibar, it is in a very dirty state, and requires much sifting and garbling before it is merchantable; it is then cleaned with solutions of soda-ash and lime, put up carefully in boxes, when it is

ready for the home-market. That it is a gum may be proved from the fact of its rough or "goose-skin" surface, which, no doubt, is an impression of the sand or earth when it ran down from the tree in a soft state. Pieces, too, are found with sticks, leaves, and insects preserved in them in the most perfect state. Large and uncouth-looking pieces will often have many impurities, such as dirt, sand, and hundreds of little black ants in them, giving the copal a dirty, dingy appearance. At the diggings no copal-trees are found, or even any signs of them; and to this time it is mere conjecture in what ages these deposits of copal were made, probably many thousands of years ago. I have tried to get specimens of any thing the negroes might dig up with the copal; but they, in every case, say that they get nothing whatever. There are copal-trees on the coast and on the island; but the gum from them is not a merchantable article at all, and when mixed with the fossil-gum, is always rejected. Without doubt, the quality of that dug is made so pure as it is by the chemical action of the peculiar kind of earth in which it is buried. Some copal is found on this island, but it is so poor that it is not much sought. Copal dug before the rains is always more impure and dirty than that after the rain, because it is more of a surface-gum. The ground has become hardened by the constant hot sun, and it is very difficult of digging. Just after the rains it is easier digging, and as it is from a greater depth of earth, the copal comes of better quality and of larger pieces, and is really of more value. The best quality is found on this coast, opposite this island. The redder the earth, the better is the gum. Mugagony, Kiraly, Burgamoier, and the coast about those places, produce the best. Copal, south and north of these places, grows poorer in proportion to the distance from them, and as the distance increases so does the whiteness of the earth in which the gum is found. The trade in copal has become very dull, owing to the American war. Turpentine is the only article suitable for making varnish from; and as the American supply of turpentine is almost entirely cut off, so is the trade diminished in this article. In ordinary

times, the United States receive the largest quantity exported from Zanzibar; next, Hamburg, and then India. Most of that exported to India is re-exported to England. Sim-sim gingally, or teel-seed, is produced largely on the coast. It is exported mostly to France, England, and Hamburg. Orchilla-weed comes mostly from the Ben-Addab coast, and is bought by French, English, Hamburg, and Indian traders. Hides are bought from the Ben-Addab, and the Americans are the largest buyers of them. Cloves, as I have said before, are mostly grown on the island. Pemba Island produces considerable quantities. The crop varies year by year. Two years ago the crop was fourteen million pounds; last year, only two million four hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This year, though not harvested, it is estimated at seven million five hundred thousand pounds. It is almost impossible to conceive what becomes of so many cloves. The great duty on them has, in a measure, checked the exportation to America. The larger part of the clove crop is sent to Bombay, which supplies the English, Chinese, and Indian markets with them. Cargoes landed are always sold on credit of six months; purchases of produce are always for cash. This necessitates the hiring of money by every merchant, which can always be done at the current rate of nine (9) per cent per annum. Imports are mostly American and English cotton goods, powder, muskets, brass wire, printed calicoes, and many fancy articles—indeed, almost any article required can be obtained in the bazaar. There is no actual Arabian currency; but by an edict of His Highness the Sultan, American gold is received at par—German crowns, English gold, French gold and silver, and the Indian rupee.

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CALIFORNIA BRANDY.—It is said that a large portion of the Hawaiian molasses received here from the Islands is taken to the grape-growing counties of the interior, with a view of making it into California brandy, after the style and quality of French Bordeaux. During the past four months we know of from five hundred to one thousand barrels of this Sandwich Island molasses to have been purchased, as is supposed, for such a purpose.

## EMIGRATION BY SEA.

BY HENRY W. BELLOW, D.D.

“AND falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground.”—ACTS 27: 41.

IT was my frequent fortune, in my late visit to the other side of the continent, to meet with those earlier emigrants who had come round the Horn. Out of the ninety thousand who reached the American Ophir during the year 1849, at least sixty thousand had doubled that distant cape. Ships long condemned and supposed incapable of any serious strain, schooners of sixty tons—every thing, in short, that would float was pressed into the service, to meet the irresistible longings of those so captivated with visions of sudden wealth that they were willing to take even the poorest chance of standing on a coast whose sheep-paths and deer-tracks were inlaid with gold. The sufferings encountered by those earlier emigrants at sea—men not uncommonly of education and college breeding, almost always, men of rare courage and enterprise—were severe and almost intolerable. Shockingly overcrowded, often falling short of provisions and of water, frequently full of mutinous crews, or more mutinous passengers, these ships were exposed to the terrific fury of the boisterous Atlantic, and to the even more insufferable calms of the mild Pacific—an ocean created for the improved days of steam, where oar and sail are destined, at least on that side of the world, to be wholly superseded. They frequently were from four to five months upon their voyage. Occasionally a rickety river-steamer attempted, and sometimes succeeded in accomplishing, this most perilous voyage of ten thousand miles through the rough Atlantic and the region of equatorial hurricanes. Now and then one sunk at sea, with the loss of half its living freight, and another burnt up in some harbor on the coast, leaving its passengers to pursue their voyage, after weeks of delay, in brigs and schooners, touching in for water on this rarely visited coast, and delaying for anxious weeks the arrival of wives waited for by their husbands, of brides going to their lovers, of partners expected by their

firms. But of all the painful recollections of the long, slow, anxious voyage, none was so uniformly impressed upon the mind as the horrors of rounding Cape Horn. There, "where two seas met"—there, where the tides and the winds of two great opposite oceans mingled in a strife for the mastery, the waves had risen to their most perilous height, the winds had raged with their most obstinate fury—there sun and stars had hidden longest their necessary guidance—rain and mist had fallen or blown with the most persistent blinding, and hope and heart had nearest failed. "To run the ship aground," to save her from sinking, through the leaks opened in her yielding seams, appeared at times the only alternative, and not seldom, although more rarely than can be well accounted for, shipwreck and ruin befell these bold adventurers. Some, in the smaller craft, sought to escape the frightful storms of the Cape, by passing through the Straits of Magellan, a passage from a mile to thirty miles in width, and more than two hundred through; but they found themselves, indeed, condemned to the *other* Horn of the dilemma, and one whose dangers, though of another kind, were not less serious. Compelled to come to anchor every night—the gaunt Patagons on one side, and the squat Feejeans on the other; one living in the saddle, and the other in the canoe, and with no intercourse with each other—the unhappy ship found itself for six weeks becalmed, baffled, imprisoned in these accursed Straits—the worst *straits* in which mariners ever found themselves—sublimely beautiful, indeed, on their precipitous, rocky sides, but odious to those whose impatience no romantic scenery could soothe, and who scarcely knew that they were in the midst of beauty, so vexed in temper, so absorbed in the delay which postponed their arrival at the Golden Gate, where fortunes awaited every expectant pioneer.

The attempt to evade the perils of the place "where two seas met" was seldom or never repeated. It proved costlier than the tempests of the outside course. And when, at a later period, that isthmus where two seas so nearly meet, but—like two impatient steeds, kept by the

dividing-pole from stepping in each other's tracks, and contending for the same foot of soil—are reined sharply up by the rocky hand of the Mexican Andes, and held with their flashing heads together, yet apart.—when this enormous saving of half the distance to the land of gold was the prize of cutting across by Darien, what terrible penalties arose to teach those who seek to pass from ocean to ocean, without trouble or peril, the price that grand transitions always exact from those providentially called on to experience or to accomplish them! I suppose *that* forty miles, between Aspinwall and Panama, now glided over in four hours on the smoothest of rails, has been the scene of as much hardship, hunger, weariness, suspense, sickness, mortality and despair—the scene of as much selfishness, cruelty, desertion by friends, extortion from enemies, and general wrong, (not to speak of robbery, murder, and every crime known to humanity)—as any forty miles of wilderness on the face of the earth. Two great seas can not meet, both within the possible reach of human vision, "standing on a peak in Darien"—two seas can not meet, even thus checked and held apart, without, sooner or later, just at that point which is to be the final track of enormous blessings, and endless commerce and all-uniting peace, becoming also the culminating point of the severest and most dreadful miseries and sufferings; of untold labors and sacrifices, and long-baffled and often despairing exertions. Haunted with deadly malarias and fevers, lurking in the fairest skies and the most delicious breezes; occupied by an indolent, cunning and unscrupulous race, who made the necessities of the emigrant their daily spoil, and preyed on him, as the gulls in their own seas follow with tireless greediness the track of the steamships, and in contending fury pounce on the offal that falls from them; or, worse still, as the sharks haunt the harbors and convoy the smaller boats, expecting some flurry of wind to topple the sailor into their ravenous maw; a succession of bottomless morasses, or stony, flinty mountains—of rivers, shallow and swift, too deep to ford, too shoal to ply with decent boats—subject to sudden inundation and to fright-



ful drought—no one, who has not been there and conversed with the original pioneers, can conceive the sufferings and cruelties to which all those who passed the Isthmus between 1848 and 1854 were subjected. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, died of the fatigue and fever engendered by the passage and the climate. Poling laboriously up the Chagres for days, ashore at night, stung with tarantulas, devoured by mosquitos and vermin, and contracting malaria and fever; riding a willful mule, with unpracticed seat, along precipices where a way seemed impossible, and the beast sank every foot into rocky holes or yielding swamp—every pound of baggage carried on the backs of natives at a ruinous cost, and to a very uncertain destination; arriving at last at Panama, to find the promised steamer on the other side—a sort of flying-Dutchman, daily heard of, but never seen in port; condemned to wait a month—two, three months—for passage up the coast; to sicken with the local fever, and die of it, or linger with it for weeks, paying away all that had been reckoned on for the first expenses in the new home; to be compelled to sell the very ticket that entitled one to the upward voyage, for the sake of necessary food and medicines; and then, at last, to work one's passage up in the fore-castle of a slow ship, arriving in a condition of poverty and filth, which would not allow a man's nearest friends to recognize him—these are a part only of the woes of that "middle-passage" (it well deserves that name) over the Isthmus. And when, to obviate these miseries, enterprising men undertake that grand work, the railway, that now happily spans that break in the navigation, such were the difficulties and hardships of the enterprise, of sinking a bed for the road in that bottomless morass or shifting quicksand, of cutting a path for it through thickets, so dense, thorny poisonous, that even the native Indian never passes them without plying his matchero—a heavy hatchet—to cut him out of his perilous entanglements; such the dangers of the climate—the absence of any wood to resist the destructive worm that in a few months honeycombs all native timber exposed to wet and dry, that it

is said that every cross-tie in the road represents another sleeper by the side of it—in short, that for every three feet of the road, a man's life has gone to make it! Ship-loads of laborers perished in that useful, necessary way—victims of fever, exposure and hardship. In no other way, perhaps, and at no less sacrifice, could that invaluable link between the two oceans have been supplied. It is worth all it has cost. Commerce has its martyrs as well as patriotism and religion, and precious as human life is, it is *too* precious not to spend some, or much, to save and bless all the rest. The sacrifice in building that Isthmus-road may have been five thousand lives—not more than we sometimes lose in a moderate battle; but it has, no doubt, given back five-fold those very lives in the teeming fecundity of that child-bearing soil in California, where barren Elizabeths become the joyful mothers of children, and where the most vigorous and numerous body of infants and youth abound I have ever met in any new or old civilization.

Let me only add that the needless sufferings inflicted by the cupidity of great capitalists, in overcrowding their steamships; in not keeping their engagements by meeting the ships on this side with ships on the other; in evading the United States laws about space and tonnage; in wretched, inadequate supplies of food and water; in sending boats, with feeble machinery and unsound hulls, subject to take fire and to break down—often full of vermin, and, in short, almost equal to the black-hole of Calcutta in their steerage arrangements; where men and women swarmed like a plague of flies, and human life and comfort were less sacred than the safety and comfort of our cattle, or even our dogs and cats—that the record of this suffering, living fresh in thousands of emigrants' memories, occupying to this day the vindictive thoughts and purposes of many sufferers, has accumulated a mountain of curses on the heads of all who have made great gain out of these trials and sorrows, which, if the hardness of their hearts can stand them here, will not fail to crush them to powder in some later stage of their being. I would not speak in this manner

if the unvarying testimony of thousands of sane and sober men and women had not convinced me that the tyranny and selfishness of overgrown capitalists and powerful monopolists, trading in the necessities of human transit, as slavers so long dealt in human flesh and blood, did for years reach and deliberately sustain a system of brutal and almost devilish cruelty and oppression—a cruelty dead to complaint, utterly stolid to murmurs and remonstrances, and which, alas! the urgency of passage made people submit to, even though they knew the injustice and atrocity of which they were the victims. There has been some, perhaps great, improvement in the line on this side, always wretched in comparison with the line on the other, which is in different hands. But there is vast room for improvement, as my own unhappy experience of peril and discomfort on the "Champion," in going out, amply satisfied me. I know nothing in which the whole people of the Pacific coast would more heartily and prayerfully rejoice than in the knowledge that every vestige of the painful experiences connected with the Atlantic steamship, under the auspices which have generally prevailed on this side, was wiped out—if not for them, at least for all future voyagers on that track of sorrow, suffering, disgust and curses. It must seem strange to you to learn that on the other side, in that new region, and for that new civilization, exist steamers which are palaces in roominess, elegance and comfort—the most splendid line in the world—and which, as you cross the Isthmus, and enter the ships on that side, full of the recollections of those on this side, you feel as if you had suddenly passed from Pandemonium to Paradise. It is proper to say, that great improvements are now making on this side, and that the prospect exists of an entire reformation in the vessels and their accommodations.

But why have I occupied so much of your time with a story about seas and ships, and transition from ocean to ocean? For two reasons: First, I must manage, somehow, to tell you my practical experiences as a voyager in two oceans, in a way to do some good; to correct ignorance

and arraign abuses; to interest you in your fellow-citizens on the Pacific, and help thus to cleat together the Union, by increase of sympathy and mutual acquaintance. They know you, but you do not know them. And yet I must manage to tell you this story in such a way as to point a moral, illustrate a spiritual truth, and deepen your Christian feelings and convictions.

Have you not felt that the two seas of which I have been speaking are those two tendencies or policies which, by their meeting and collusion, have produced the whirlwind and the frightful storm in our national affairs, in the midst of which the Ship of State is at least in peril of being run aground?

There is a policy of equal rights, of human equality, of love for justice, truth and honor, which it was the original boast of our predecessors, made the American name and the American flag the synonyms of freedom, intelligence and power. That policy ran, although with comparatively feeble waves—for it was not so much a sea as a gulf then—ran against the aristocratic policies of the old world, a sea whose head was sustained by a trade-wind that blew always one way. It was the origin of the Revolutionary War. Two seas met then, and the cowards aboard our Ship of State would have run her aground instead of riding out the storm in a seven-years war with it, and coming into calm water at last under our glorious pilot—the fearless, faithful Washington. They dreaded that Cape Horn, which every nation must round in its passage from stormy Atlantic to gentle, placid Pacific; and the cowards, not always base or bad, but only timid, ran to Nova Scotia, and England and France, and whereon the perils and dangers of a sublime course, which sought to find National Independence, though in blood and tears, could be escaped from. The two seas met and clashed and stormed, but a sufficient number of our people were found standing at the ropes, and ready to man the sails in the stormiest hour; to eat their hard-tack and their salt meat, and go shoeless and hatless and homeless for seven years, to keep the little bark America afloat, while her serene pilot lashed himself to the wheel. What but

this resolution and firmness made us a nation? What but the patient zeal to maintain our rights, though with the greatest power in the world, founded our national greatness, and gave us independence, and the right to develop our manhood, our resources, our favored geographical and chronological position in our own way?

I will not speak of that other crisis when two seas met again, when we went to war with the Mother Country because she denied us a right to our own sailors, and sought to fasten her proud yoke as Queen of the Seas on our part of that common ocean that divided us. Two seas met indeed, and though our navy was an infant, and hers a giant, the only ground against which our ships ran was the broadsides and the ribs of the foe! We went in a child, and came out a full-grown man, from that conflict. The two seas met, and it was not ours that was turned from its course—the national vessel escaped; the plans of all the self-styled friends and the open foes that sought to run her aground. Meanwhile the two seas—hushed and kept apart, so far as foreign winds could commingle or excite them—have been chafing the continent, and seeking to wear through the isthmus of our compromises and our constitutional restraints. Our fugitive slave law was our Straits of Magellan, where by an internal and pacific arrangement, we hoped to double the Cape without knowing it, or feeling the storms; our Missouri compromise, the rocky, malarious, poisoned passage by Panama, which months and years after left its virus in the National Constitution, and was always threatening its life. All the while, the tides dyked out were only rising, and the seas, kept apart, swelling to a fiercer controversy. You might moor your Ship of State by your compromises till she rotted; you might build ever so stout a house on your national man-of-war, and yet, in God's time, and before ever she could reach her real harbor, she must round that stormy Cape where two seas meet, and run aground to perish, or float into freedom, safety and eternal glory. And here we are! at the Cape Horn of our national voyage—at the place where two seas meet; and they are not

tides in the same ocean; they are not such seas as rise, when dynasties and ordinary policies of trade, and mere personal or party ambitions come in conflict with each other! The Atlantic and the Pacific oceans are not deeper and broader basins than the two policies now arrayed against each other. A great nation with thirty millions of people speaking one language, living together in boundless prosperity for nearly a century, having treaties of equality with the greatest nations on the globe, with rivers and arable basins of land, and a coastwise commerce, binding us by habit, usage and interest into one people, are threatened with disintegration, the loss of national position, the prospects of a glorious future of free government, and the success of the most splendid experiment in all history! By what? By less than one-third of our population, lying between us and our Gulf of Mexico, and the mouths of the Mississippi, which, because it can not any longer make the policy of this country favorable to the increase of the accursed institution of Slavery, foisted on us against our will by the English Government, has determined to secede, and, in the attempt, asserts and maintains the constitutional right of secession; and if succeeding, establishes that right, and sets a successful example to other local malcontents or sectional interests, sufficient to make it certain that no peace, no security can ever be known again in a land which has disgracefully proved itself unequal to maintain its sovereignty against the first serious attack! It was inevitable, this trial, whether we be a Confederacy or a Union—a mere league, or a constitutional government. It must needs be. It came not a day too early: it came not a day too late! It was essentially involved in our antecedent history, in our original *Confederate* Union, and in our slave cancer, that this greatest question should be finally tried out, not merely as it was by those giants in debate, among whom Webster stood like Saul among the Prophets, but in the practical fires of civil war, long predicted by sagacious men, and known to be our inevitable destiny. This American people were indeed constituted a nation

by their fundamental law, their Constitution; but it is one thing to have vital organs, and another thing to have them survive the elements that assail their life. Many a fair-seeming *human* constitution has in it seeds of early death, and goes down before the first serious assault of disease. We had serious stains and seeds of mischief in our national life—the remembrance of old State sovereignties, and the vines of negro-slavery. It *was* a question, (with some it *is* a question,) if we could survive them, whether they were not stronger than the National Constitution—as malarious poison in the Isthmus is often, once planted, stronger than the human constitution which it attacks. In short, these crudities and indigestible and poisonous things are finding they can not rule in our system—seeing what they can do to destroy it. And under the pirate plea of independence, which means anarchy and reckless willfulness, they put before the world their State sovereignty and their right to found a state on the corner-stone of slavery, as the sole justification of their rebellion. They assert a political absurdity in their double sovereignty doctrine, and plant a blasphemy against God in their slavery corner-stone. And in the name of order, justice, and humanity, enlightened, moral, religious American citizens say: “No! not as the Lord liveth, shall this accursed rebellion be allowed to succeed. No! not as Christ lived and died, shall any bastard-heathen civilization, calling itself Christian, deliberately plant itself, by a new act of sovereignty, on the neck of any class of human beings on American soil, least of all the feeble, suffering, down-trodden slave!” And in pursuance of this oath, registered in the hearts, the consciences, and the prayers of this people, we have, invoking God and His Church, gone to battle in defense of our imperiled nationality. The two seas have met. The sea of wrath, full of the stormy passions of a tyrannical race, accustomed to denounce and oppress—full of the ignoble pride of a superiority to labor and to trade—full of the perverted intellectual and moral sap which such a system of life and economy as theirs must produce—full of the intensest

desire to escape from the contrast and criticism which their semi-barbarism suffers from our Northern and Western civilization; and against this sea, backed with the sympathies and supports of European aristocrats, and land monopolists, and despisers of labor and commerce, whose stormy breath persistently raises its waves to fresh fury—against this sea, the representative of old feudal prejudices, old errors, notions, and backward-looking fears and doubts, stands that other sea—faith in humanity, love of justice, confidence in the power of self-government, determination to carry American principles, American hopes, and American equality through, and to make the Constitution a reality, and the nation a permanent fact.

The terrible cape where these two seas met, nearly four years ago, is not yet doubled: horrible, life-destroying storms have assailed us; moral pestilence and partisan fire and want of living water have been aboard our National Ship; pirates, torpedoes, foreign ships under confederate colors, the sympathies of interested aristocrats abroad, partisan jealousies and fears among ourselves, secret spies and false friends—all have often discouraged and damaged us. But we have held our course, determined to weather that cape, let what winds or storms, let what pirates and shoals, and secret difficulties infesting it, might oppose. And now, just as the good ship rights from her beam-ends, just as the winds begin to abate a little, and a strip of blue sky appears, up start a body of mutineers, who would throw the pilot overboard, and take possession of the national vessel, under pretense of keeping it from going ashore! But is not this partisan-preaching? Is not this carrying Republicanism and Abolitionism into the clergy? I do not stop to think. I consider the moral life, the Christian character of this nation and age, and not only so, but of all ages, involved in the success of the national cause. I wonder what men are made of who dare to think about what is agreeable or pleasant, or universally acceptable, in times when the nation is threatened with ruin!

Is there any thing I would not give—fortune, or children, or honor, or station, or

life—to make this precious, sacred, national name and existence more safe and secure? What, then, can threats of loss of office, or place, or friends, avail to silence one who is ready, if need be, to take his life in his hand, and plead against all odds for the unity, the nationality, the permanency of the American people? Brethren, let not your enemies run the ship aground. Spring to the braces, tighten the sails, stiffen the masts, throw overboard the cargo, put in irons the mutineers, encourage the long-tried pilot, and strengthen his hands at the wheel, and soon these two seas that have met, the stormy cape well rounded, will bring you into the mild, safe, broad, glorious waters of that political Pacific, which all ships of state would fain reach, but which is providentially preserved for your special and everlasting possession!

## THE GOLD AND SILVER MINES OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA.

BY R. M. EVANS.

AMONG the greatest silver mines of the world, rivaling those of Potosi and Guanajuato, in the immense amount of metal which they have poured into the commerce of the world, are those of Cerro Pasco, of Peru. They are situated ten degrees south of the Equator, one hundred and twenty miles from the ocean, thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a basin, east of the main summit of the Andes. The climate is windy, misty, and tempestuous; the air so cold and rarified that animals do not propagate, and children born there, of foreign parentage, do not live. Strangers, on first arriving, are affected with dizziness and bleeding at nose and ears. All around, in the near vicinity, are peaks covered with everlasting snow, and in the valley, where the snow lays only in the winter, there is no vegetation, but all is barren. Life is cheerless as the climate and the landscape.

There are few women, and but little pleasant society. The town of Cerro Pasco is a rough, unpleasant place, like all other South American towns. The Indians, who are the miners, live in huts, and are dirty,

stupid and ignorant; they work only part of their time, and gamble and get drunk the rest. There is no economy, no desire of advancement, no care for mental improvement. The better classes have no idea above making and saving money; no generous impulses, no high cultivation, no libraries, no newspaper, and, wonderful to say for Spanish America, even the churches are poorly attended by either male or female. The population varies from six thousand to twelve thousand, according to the richness of the ores; for in Peru, where rich ores are found, great numbers of miners go to work on shares.

The mines of Cerro Pasco were discovered in 1648, and have been worked two hundred and sixteen years, during which time they have yielded about \$450,000,000, the largest proportion of which has been gathered in the last fifty years. There are two main lodes, or ledges, both of which are of wonderful size and richness. They cross each other, under the market-place of the town.

The Colquirica lode is four hundred feet wide, and runs north and south; the Pariarirca lode is three hundred feet wide, and runs east-southeast, and west-northwest. The Colquirica is extremely rich, for the length of half a mile—the Pariarirca ledge for about one-third of a mile. Latterly they have used steam pumps to get the water out of mines, but every thing else is done in the old rude Indian manner—the most expensive and primitive—the tools they use are poor and of bad quality. The ores are carried to the surface, from the lowest depths of the mines, on the backs of the Indian miners, many of whom receive as payment a share of the ore. The shafts and galleries are not properly protected by either walling or timbering, and numerous fatal accidents occur. One mine has caused so many deaths among the miners that it is called the *Mata-gente*, (the death-pit.) The neglect to timber is not only dangerous to the workmen, but is most expensive to the proprietors. The ore is carried on the backs of mules, or llamas, to the *hacienda*, or reducing works, usually at a distance of five or six miles from the mine. The pulverization is done

in an *arastra*, and the amalgamation in a *patio*, with trampling, by either men or mules. The quicksilver is driven off in a clay retort, (a great waste,) which must be broken to get the silver cake; and the cake must be melted in a Government melting-house, and the charges are fearfully extravagant. When we add to all these barbarous and costly methods of working the freight-mules from Lima, and the requirements on the part of the Lima capitalists, who advance the money for mining enterprise, for which, besides the high interest he receives, he shall have the right to purchase the silver bars at ten per cent. below their real value—when we add all these facts together, we can very readily understand that the ore must be extremely rich and abundant to pay. Not one step in the method of working (except the pumping) would be tolerated for a moment in the worst-managed mine in America.

There is one piece of fine and really good management in Cerro Pasco, besides the pumping arrangement—that is a tunnel, which is a mile and a half long, cut at the cost of \$1,000,000, a dreary day's journey for a stranger to go through. This tunnel strikes the ledge three hundred feet below the surface, but the best ore is much deeper, and requires shafts to be sunk with galleries, and adits running in every direction, some of which are fine pieces of workmanship, but, as a general thing, they are rude and rugged. Around Cerro Pasco there are more than three thousand shafts; but most of them have been abandoned—perhaps five hundred of them are over sixty feet deep.

The whole town is undermined by galleries, and some day we will hear of a general caving-in, when one of these big earthquakes comes along, as they do, now and then, in this country. Indeed, it is a most astonishing mystery why such an event has not already occurred. In many cases houses are built over the shafts of valuable mines, as the Indians are not apt to regard the right of ownership strictly. Like all mining districts I ever visited in Peru, Mexico, California, or Nevada, the deeper you go, the richer the ore.

The following is the estimate of the ex-

pense of getting out and working a ton of ore at Cerro Pasco:

Getting out the ore, . . . . .	\$32.00
Transporting to works, . . . . .	12.50
Grinding, . . . . .	20.00
Salt, 2c. per lb., 333 lbs., . . . . .	6.66
Trampling by mules, . . . . .	8.35
Cleaning up, . . . . .	3.83
Loss of 11 2-3 lbs. quicksilver, . . . . .	11.66
	<u>\$95.00</u>

Now, what would a Washoe miner think of these charges?—and yet they are not extravagant, considering the mode in which the work is done.

In these mines the ore is extremely rich, some of it giving \$3000 to the ton. Of course, there is plenty of poor rock, but it is thrown aside, since at \$150 per ton it is too poor to pay, in their primitive way of working.

Such are a few of the most important features of these great silver mines of Cerro Pasco. There can be no doubt that they are the richest on the face of the globe, yet it is probable that they will never be fully worked, inasmuch as the peculiar climate will always prevent the progressive and enterprising white race from living there. They must, therefore, then, continue in the hands of a semi-barbarous and half-civilized people, and in consequence, notwithstanding their superior richness, must be classed as far inferior to the mines of North America or Mexico. In time, no doubt, as wide ledges as those of Cerro Pasco will be discovered in Nevada. These mines have as yet not been worked to a sufficient depth to demonstrate this fact; but I think, as do others who are familiar with them, that there is every probability that the ledges of the Nevada mines—being what are called "A" ledges—will, at a few hundred feet depth, equal any in the world in width.

Let us now give our attention to our own mines, and see what they have produced. When the first "fever" broke out in California, placer-digging was the haven where all were bound, and here, with a pan or rocker as the only "machinery," millions per month of the precious treasure were gathered. No one dreamed of descending into the bowels of the earth by shaft or tunnel; no one imagined that gold

must have a matrix, or be imbedded in rock, or could be traced in the quartz, in which it was afterward discovered to have come from.

As the placer-digging gradually gave out, adventurous spirits began to inquire for "a cause" and "a wherefore," and on finding on the mountain-sides boulders containing streaks of gold, an immediate conclusion was formed that the yellow beauty must have a mother, and that quartz must be the womb. Happy thought! Quartz-mining superseded the placer-digging, and in every part of the State a new era dawned. Quartz became king. The mighty attractions of the placer-digging a short while ago were forgotten. And here, parenthetically, I would observe, that though placer-mining has lost interest to a great extent, there are many who will agree with me in saying, that these diggings are yet valuable, and that the ore has only to be looked for, and it may be found in large quantities and as rich as any before worked.

Gold quartz was the only one known at this time, and in some sections was found extremely rich. The Allison Ranch, in Grass Valley, California, for instance, has ledges which might, perhaps, be classed with any mine in the world for richness. Indeed, ledges have been found all over the State which have yielded to the fortunate possessors gigantic fortunes.

This excitement had its day, and new fields promising greater results were sought. Miners, as a class, especially those of California, are impatient and too eager. They wander, explore, and run from one place to another. Kern River had its attractions, and off they went, helter-skelter. Gold River and Frazer River carried them off by thousands, to the old tune of follow-your-leader, and come back bootless. Broken in health and penniless, back they came to placer-digging, where many made their "piles" out of the very claims that they had, a little while before, given up as worthless.

And now broke out the Washoe silver-mining mania, and the same results followed as at first. Many returned to placer-digging, in California, again tired and weary of life and every thing under the

sun. But Washoe had a glorious destiny awaiting her. She burst with a blaze of glory upon the world; mines richer than the famous mines of Peru were found, and the now State of Nevada, the youngest of the sisterhood of States, has taken her rank as the first silver-mining region in the world.

Virginia City now rears her lofty chimneys high to the clouds, from mills that are daily turning her very foundations into bricks of silver and gold, under the protection of Mount Davidsou, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. Few cities of the Pacific States rank higher, either for the production of wealth or moral advancement, than she does at the present moment. And her destiny is onward! upward!

To attempt to give the amount taken from the soil of Nevada would be an utter impossibility, as most of it is taken to other places by private hands, and never reaches the Mint—from which we receive the data to make up our calculations. The coinage can give us no information, as most of the precious bricks of silver and gold leave San Francisco for India, China, Peru, England, France, and, I may say, every portion of the globe, without being counted as the production of Nevada.

Now, let us see what effect the wealth of California and Washoe will have on the monetary world. Financial calculations have, of late years, taken range and scope beyond the experience of former times. As commerce extends, as industry becomes more general, as the amount of wealth increases, and as the national debt becomes larger and more burdensome, the management of the currency is a serious question. The extraordinary production of gold, within the last few years, and the probable great increase of silver in the future, have set the financiers of the world to work to devise a method to govern and direct the change.

To find out what changes may be expected in the future, we must look back at those which have taken place in the past. We must compare our present stock of the precious metals with that which existed at previous epochs, and we must compare the

present increase with that of previous ages.

The amount of gold and silver coin in the possession of civilized nations, in the year 1500, is estimated at \$250,000,000.

The mines of Mexico, Peru and Bolivia produced an immense amount of silver during the century following, bringing up the amount stated to \$750,000,000. In 1700, the sum in Europe—making all allowances for wear and shipments to India—had risen to \$1,500,000,000. The production of gold and silver in America during the eighteenth century is estimated at \$350,000,000. There was, however, at the same time, a great export of silver to India, a considerable wear, amounting to twenty per cent.—in a century—and a great consumption of the precious metals in ornaments and table-ware. At the commencement of the present century, the whole known amount of coin in the world was estimated at \$1,900,000,000. From 1800 till 1820, the annual production of the world was about \$25,000,000, and from 1820 to 1848, about \$40,000,000.

With the discovery of the gold mines of California, began a production large beyond all previous example, and almost beyond the conception of former times.

California and Australia each produced \$50,000,000 annually for some years, and Russia produced \$20,000,000.

The present total production of the world may safely be put down at \$120,000,000 per annum, and the present total stock of coin in existence at \$4,000,000,000. The average annual export of silver to India and China amounts to about \$50,000,000. In 1857 it came up to \$96,000,000, while in 1864 it may safely be put down at \$120,000,000. Once exported, very little is ever returned to the circulation of Europe or America. While the precious metals were increasing in quantity, civilization was extending with great rapidity; and thus we see rarefied one of nature's great laws, that as earth's products develop an increase, so does civilization and enlightenment extend. Thus it is that precious metals have fallen to about one-eighth of the value which they possessed at the discovery of America.

Looking forward now to the introduction into the gold and silver mines throughout the world of the improved methods of working discovered in California and Nevada, and probably of other discoveries that may be made hereafter, we may expect that the present rate of production will continue to increase for many years to come. The placer-mines of California and of Australia will yield less and less every year; but the placers of Siberia will continue to rise in importance, and those of Brazil will be worked over again. In less than ten years, however, gold-mining will be confined chiefly to quartz. The production of silver will increase more rapidly than that of gold, and in a few years it will equal it, and far surpass the silver yield of any previous time. In two or three years the mines of the State of Nevada will yield \$100,000,000, or even \$150,000,000 per annum; for capital is now being invested more freely and in larger amounts in mills and machinery; and the first day of 1866 will see (I may safely say) ten mills for every one now in existence throughout the whole of North and South America.

The Europeans may succeed for a few years more in keeping the current of coin flowing eastward from the Pacific coast to India and China through Europe, and thus make a large profit from the centralization of capital and the control of exchange; they may, by the large stock of wealth accumulated in former ages, compel us to borrow from them; they may, by the poverty of their laboring classes, produce many articles cheaper than we can, and thus compel us to buy from them; but they can not secure as a permanence the management of exchange or the monopoly of capital—such as they had in the past; neither can they find any legal tender which will protect them against the depreciation of their property as the precious metals increase in quantity.

California, Washoe, Mexico and America will pour out their treasures of gold and silver into the lap of the world in greater quantities during the next ten years than ever, whether the pecuniary capital of Europe be disturbed by it or not.



The most important gold region of the United States—and perhaps of the world—is California; and the richest silver region in the world is Nevada. The development of both has added untold millions to the wealth of the world, and 1865 will, no doubt, add more millions than could be imagined by the most experienced calculator or political economist in Europe.

The principal mineral wealth of the Western Continent is found in the mountain-ranges which overlook the Pacific coast.

This one great chain extends from the Straits of Magellan through South America, Central and North America, to the Arctic Sea, and extending through Sinaloa, Sonora and Arizona, into California, (as the Sierra Nevada.) Like the Sierra Madre, it is more like the edge of an elevated, broken plateau, fronting to the west, than a range of mountains, and is broken up as it passes the Gulf of California, and enters into Alta California, and is divided into separate ranges as it reaches Nevada, where it takes a different character, as western and eastern ranges.

Gold and silver mines of great richness are found in the range or ranges from the city of Mexico, through the Gila, Washoe, Oregon, Frazer River, to the Arctic Ocean; and as they are more explored and opened up, the northern portion will prove as rich as the southern, which astonished the world at former periods.

When the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains were ascertained to be similar to the Southern Cordilleras, it was an established (geological) fact that they must contain the precious metals in as great a proportion as was to be found in the range of the Andes, Cordilleras, or Sierra Madre. This is a sure deduction from geological rules. The same character of rock is there, the same range extends through the whole, and, therefore, if we are to judge Nature as perfect in all her works in geological construction of chaos into matter, then that result must necessarily follow.

Since the discovery of the mines of California and Washoe, all the resources of modern science have been taxed to find out the best way of working, cheaply and thoroughly, the ores of the different ranges and

formations. All the Pacific States abound in the precious metals held in quartz-rock. The gold or silver-bearing quartz runs in veins through an entirely different rock, which forms walls on both sides as the vein is worked. When a vein, or what is called a ledge, is discovered, the discoverer becomes the possessor of so many feet, on which he can claim all its dips, spurs, angles, and as many feet on each side as the mining laws allow. He must do a certain amount of work to hold good his claim, as established by the laws of the district in which his claim is located. The recorder goes on the ground, and if all is correct, he issues his certificate, (miners' laws are always respected in California and Nevada.) The mines of Nevada have but recently attracted the attention of the capitalists of the world by their known richness, extent, and capability of being worked. The western range, on which the famed Comstock is located, has many other ledges equally rich on the same range of hills, (for Virginia has hundreds of ledges situated on Mount Davidson and Ophir Hill,) all of which have become famous to the world; and the eastern range, or Reese River, with its ledges, richer than even the Comstock range, has proved to be full of mines, so rich, so extensive, that in a few years these mines will occupy, in the eye of the capitalist, a most important spot in which to invest his surplus capital.

The extraordinary developments of mineral deposits in the countries within the confines and limits of the ancient Alta California, form one of the grandest epochs in the annals of our race. These discoveries of the precious metals have not all been of recent date. In 1700 the rich mines of North Sinaloa were opened; in 1730 the Planchas de Plata of Arizona, or masses of native silver, were found. Then we had in 1770 the great placers of Clenquilla, to the north of Hermosilla, where the immense chispa of seventy pounds was found, and sent to the cabinet of the King of Spain, and several millions were picked up in its vicinity in a few years. After this came the discoveries further north, on the rivers which flow into the Gila from the south, and also the headwaters of the

Sonora River, and those of the Oposura and Yaqui, which interlock with the tributaries of the Gila in the country of the Opas, Terahumaras, Yanos and Apaches, and which, by spasmodic starts, yielded large quantities of gold. This section of the present Arizona, and as far up north as the Navajos, and east to the Camanche range, is known in Mexico as the Apacharia, of which the most apparently fabulous stories have been told, from 1770 to 1864, concerning the existence of immense mines and deposits of gold, silver, copper, and quicksilver, both in veins and pure metal, but which are every day proving the truth of the accounts of the old missionaries and Gambusinos.

After 1800, till 1846, discoveries were made in many places every few years, near all the old mission settlements of Sonora. In 1825 Captain Patie mentions that rich gold placers were worked near Bacuachi, not far south of Tucson, and the price of gold was only eleven and twelve dollars to the ounce. The account of Captain Patie, who died at San Diego in 1829, is the first printed one we have of any American, or even other parties, who came by land to California through Sonora or New Mexico. He mentions several other places in the Bacuachi, or River San Pedro country, where gold was produced in abundance when the Apaches were out of the way. Again, from 1838 to 1846 the gold placers of San Fernando, near Los Angeles, are of public notoriety as yielding very handsome returns.

From 1848 to 1864 the discoveries of gold, silver, and copper have been constant and of every-day notoriety. The prospectors have ranged from the Gila, north to the Russian possessions, and from the Pacific Ocean to the interlocking branches of the Columbia, Missouri, Colorado, and Rio Grande del Norte. It has been of daily record for the last fifteen years that all this immense extent of country gives to the world the knowledge of exhaustless millions of treasure, awaiting but the hand of labor to throw it into the channel of commerce, and the road to population and power.

Not a single precious metal or valuable

mineral of trade or science but what is found in abundant out-crops, or washings, in all these States and Territories. A very singular and unlooked-for exhibition has been going on for the last few years. The explorers of Sonora, California and Nevada have been out on prospecting expeditions in the deserts, mountains and ranges on the Pacific, while those of Pike's Peak and the Rocky Mountains, from the east, have been gradually extending their lines and distances till they now meet the mining parties from Oregon, Washington and Nevada, in Cariboo, Idaho and Utah. This magnificent mineral empire is the most wealthy and extended known to the world. It has an advantage superior to all other mineral fields, in being in the vicinity of sea navigation, and has a climate of unsurpassed salubrity. While in the neighborhood of most of our mineral deposits the soil is exceedingly fertile, inviting the husbandman to a rich return for his labor, and boundless pastures to the herdsman; and, it may be added, that within our metalliferous ranges, valleys exist of most picturesque and beautiful character; views equalled by no country in Europe, will invite the pleasure-seeker to travel for health, recreation, or pleasure; and a few years will see the aristocracy of Europe thronging the shores of the Pacific, as they now do the Continent. The borders of Lake Tehoe or Bigler will be as famous as the Lake of Como, and the Sierra Nevada will be climbed by tourists as are the Alps of Switzerland. The Falls of Yo Semite will be a greater wonder than the Falls of Niagara, and the shores of the Bay of San Francisco will be dotted with princely palaces.

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**HOLD TO YOUR CLAIMS.**—The silver mines on the eastern slope of the Sierras are yielding immense amounts of silver, compared with all other mines, either in the history of the past or of the present, in the Old or the New World; let no man who is a stockholder in a good claim be discouraged. The half of the truth in regard to the riches of Nevada Territory has never been told; but it requires patience, capital, labor and time to develop silver claims. Not one claim out of a thousand has ever paid from the surface down, or ever will.

## VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, AT SALT LAKE CITY.

BY DR. S. B. BELL.

**A**CROSS the great American Desert, from San Francisco! A thousand miles, we eat, drink, and sleep; riding day and night in a wagon. Over hundreds of miles where nothing but sagebrush and "grease-wood" grow; and scores of miles where nothing grows; where no living thing exists; where no seed has ever sprouted in the ground; where not even an insect ever existed; across which no bird ever flies—an eternal solitude!

We reach, at length, the river Jordan. This, unlike the sacred river, lies west of the new promised land. We cross the fords of the new Jordan, and we are in the land of the Mormons. It is about nine o'clock of a very hot day. The scenery becomes bold, and the road heavy, over immense broad-backed hills. At the station where we change horses, the hostlers and the keeper of the station-house had, at some time or other, lost their "H's," and it would seem for so long a time, that now, having found them, they put them in the wrong places. "You must 'ave druv your 'orses 'eavily, they look blowed and 'ot," was the remark of the Mormon station-keeper. He was, of course, "Ha Hinglishman;" so were all about him: we discovered, before we were through Mormondom, that it may be said to be English. A few "gathered" from Northern Europe, such as Danes, Swedes, and some Germans; but the bulk English, and all of the most illiterate of their several nationalities. It would be impossible to find in any enlightened portion of the globe, a more thoroughly-ignorant community than the "Latter-Day Saints," as they delight to style themselves.

This particular Mormon prided himself in some half-dozen wives, and some two or three dozen children. No description could do justice to the utter forlornness of the Mistresses Cornwall, (for that, I think, was the name of their honored consort,) nor to the utter misbegottenness of his children.

And these were about the best we saw in all Mormondom. There is but one word

that spontaneously rises to your lips as the men, women, and children come before you, and that word is forlorn! forlorn! forlorn! Of their evidently most-aspiring damsels, you still think of her in the *House that Jack Built*:

"This is the maiden, all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn."

And of every man you meet you think—

"This is the man, all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden, all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn."

But here the delightful similitude ends, for the tattered-and-torn man does not marry the all-forlorn maiden, as he ought to do, and as he does do in the veritable poem, to the satisfaction of every body; for in the country of the "Latter-Day Saints," when you come across "the priest, all shaven and shorn," (which you do almost all the time, for there are plenty of them,) he does not

"Marry the man, all tattered and torn,  
To the maiden, all forlorn;"

but he steps in, "cuts out" the tattered-and-torn man, and marries the all-forlorn maiden himself; and thus he does to all the maidens, and snaps his fingers in the face of all the tattered-and-torn lovers in Mormondom. So that the tattered-and-torn fellows are in great abundance. Take them all together, and they are the most unlettered fools and knaves that this world affords.

But we are approaching Great Salt Lake City. We behold it as it lies in an elevated valley, with high mountains to the north and east of it. We drive up the main road that leads into the main street of the city.

We are surrounded with abundant vegetation. A river that enters the city at its upper boundary, and that runs down through every gutter of the town, but in this case making running brooks of clear good water, to which every person goes out, right over against his own door, and with dipper, pail, and bucket, dips and drinks and carries within the house, for all the uses of the family, the sparkling liquid. This river is further carried in rivulets irrigating the whole region about; thus making the desert and the solitary place to bud and blossom as the rose.

The city is built of adobe, (there being no timber in the region,) which gives it a pale mouse color. There are, at the utmost, not over five thousand inhabitants.

We are halted in front of "Brother Townsend's" Hotel, the only public-house in the town. Brother Townsend rejoices in a plurality of wives, (the exact number not ascertained,) not one of which, or of any other femininity of the establishment, did we see. In fact, the Mormon has reproduced the Oriental harem system in all its exclusiveness, and barbaric animalism and jealousy. Having shaken off the dust of travel, which lies a little thicker on us here than in any journey on the globe, and performed our ablutions, which took an immense stream from the main brook in the street, and having shed our abominable linen, and for the first time in many days having taken from our carpet-sack some that had been clean when we started, and arrayed ourselves in it—an exploit not much unlike "Sut Lovegood's" encasement in his first shirt—we were ready for dinner or supper, or whatever meal it might be, for it was the middle of the afternoon. Brother Townsend served us a good meal; but there were no femininities about. Being all furnished within and without, we stalked abroad to see the lions; and first, it was our humor to turn our feet to the den of the most royal beast of them all, Brigham Young himself.

We found it on an elevation at the foot of the mountain, overlooking the city from the north. The residence of the Prophet is built of adobe, whitewashed, and consists of two or three main and several detached and inferior buildings. Over his gateway is mounted a carved wooden beehive, covered with gilding—this is the established symbol of Mormondom. Surmounting the bee-hive was a carved outspread eagle. Over the doors of the principal entrances to his house were carved lions. His grounds were inclosed by a high, strong, cemented stone wall, within which, beside the above structures, were barns, stables, and a sort of chapel-looking affair, which turned out to be Brigham's school-house for his own children, exclusively.

Whilst surveying these things, I observed a man standing in the portico of the central edifice, which I instantly concluded, from the portraits I had seen of him, and from that peculiar *pose* that conscious power always gives to its possessor, to be the Prophet himself. I was not mistaken.

I approached and handed him a document, which would properly introduce me to him, and that would, or ought to, insure me a handsome reception. He took out his spectacles, and having adjusted them to his eyes, he began and carefully read the paper over; he then recommenced, and re-read it all through. Having put up his glasses, he gave me a most cordial welcome. Inviting me into the main room, over which was written "*Tithe-Office*" in large letters, he there introduced me to his Major-General Wells and to his Secretary McCuskey, (or some such name.) We were all seated, when the conversation became general—if a conversation could be called "general," where two of the personages merely dwelt by sufferance in the shadow of "The Prophet," and dared hardly to peep or mutter—the military man and the Secretary.

Brigham Young is a man of good personal appearance; about five feet nine or ten inches in height; head and features cast in a fairly symmetrical mould; hair of a brownish red, of which he has a full suit—much of it turned to gray; beard exactly like, shaved from the upper lip—the rest full grown; he is a little overfleshed, and his girth a little droopy, as if he needed tying up—giving an impression of the lymphatic and physical failure combined; he is about fifty-five, perhaps sixty, years of age.

In perfect repose, he calmly considers himself in the counsels of heaven—not to speak irreverently, a sort of brother to the Almighty! All his thoughts, words and deeds are inspired—he can do no wrong; and he accepts this without excitement or doubt, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Is he honest?" do you ask. A man who has lived on fanaticism all his life may possibly come to be an honest fanatic, howsoever *dishonestly* he may have come by it.

All his public utterances are taken down by short-hand reporters, and then written out and laid carefully away, as sacred and inspired archives, for the enlightenment of the generations of men.

He believes that our present civil war is the judgment of God, sent on account of the treatment the Mormons and Mormon Prophets, especially Joseph Smith and himself, have received at the hands of the American people; and that the war will continue until Brigham Young reigns, and with him his Latter-Day Saints, over the United States of America. He and all Salt Lake City and Valley are "greatly comforted" in this belief! It is a cardinal doctrine in that city that Brigham Young will be the next President! If this faith should find lodgment in the breasts of Gentile America, as it has in the bosom of the saints, we will all be "greatly comforted."

Having exhausted the conversation on the civil war, and the Pacific Railroad, and the Overland Mail and Telegraph—of all of which Brother Brigham was in favor—we *did not* touch on polygamy, for of this I discovered the Mormon Prophet and people were intensely sensitive; nor did we speak of the peculiar religious tenets of the Latter-Day Saint faith.

Brother Brigham did not introduce me to a single one of the Mistresses Young; nor did I catch a single glimpse of one of them, although he has sixty-four, and, since, may have added more to the number.

So we began to talk about his city. That famous temple of which we read is not yet with its foundations above ground. At present the work on it has ceased, to give place to the erection of a theater. This is now Brother Brigham's particular hobby. It is built of stone, and is really an imposing structure. "I will show the Gentile world," said the Prophet, "that we have architectural ability here in Salt Lake City that will surpass them."

It has five tiers of galleries; and as they have little or no money in the city, the admission fee is to be in barter—that is to say, so much measure, or so many pounds of potatoes, squash, pumpkins, carrots, corn, cucumbers, cabbage, etc., for admission to

the play. This has already occurred, where, at the inclosing of the building, a grand theatrical entertainment being given, the whole vegetable kingdom was received at the door. This must be as good as a tithing-office to the Prophet.

I ventured to suggest that the children of the town looked ferocious and mis-schooled, and that I had seen no indications of public schools in the city. He made no answer, but turned to General Wells, saying: "I thought that I had ordered schools in every ward?" The General nodded assent, and there it ended; but still, all over the town, there were no schools to be found.

From all that I could hear and see, the youth of Mormondom are the most illiterate, and in every direction the most vicious of all the generations ever reared on the globe. Their talk and behavior are the most bestial that could be named. How could it be otherwise? My page would blush to have written upon it the one-tenth of what I was afterward told, from good authority on the spot, of the utter indecency of the youth—young men and women—of that people. Mormonism, if in no other way, must perish of the corruption of its own self-pollution. But this I discovered afterward while in the city.

"I will show you *my* school," said Brother Brigham. So we went to a portion of his grounds, and approached a neat little edifice, of which I have already spoken, and entered. Having taken a seat in front of the scholars, I found some seventy attending—fifty girls and twenty boys. The boys, the Prophet informed me, had not come in, being detained outside with some tasks. They were being taught sacred music. The teacher seemed to be an elder son of Brother Brigham, or possibly a Yankee schoolmaster. They sang "On Zion's Hill." "Why, that is good Presbyterianism, Mr. President," I remarked. "Yes, and good Mormonism, too," he replied, slapping me on the knee. "Yes, and good Methodism, too," he added. He himself had once been a tearing camp-meeting Methodist of the most shouting kind.

I took as thorough a scrutiny of the youth there before me as I possibly could,

and a more utterly undeveloped, unhand-some, uninteresting, meager, tallowy, lippy-looking set of the rising generation, I never elsewhere beheld. They seemed to be from about twenty-five years of age down to five or six—and were all *Brigham Young's offspring*. He has upward of a hundred, all told.

But my time had expired, and I could stay no longer. The Prophet introduced me to the scholars, and we came out—he, the General, the Secretary, and myself. We parted with all the formalities. I took another roam over the town, laid in some ice, crackers, medicines, acids, bolognas, and other preparations for the coming journey of the morrow, to commence at four o'clock A.M.

At length, at about midnight, I went to bed, for the first time in many days and nights, in Brother Townsend's hotel, and slept—oh! how sweetly! About three o'clock I was awakened by about six bed-bugs tugging at each wrist. They pulled me out of bed in "the twinkling of a bed-post"—the which I struck as I landed.

These animals were, must have been, created in Salt Lake City. They are everywhere—in the houses, in the fields, in the wilderness, in the woods, everywhere. To kill two hundred a night, in his own bedchamber, is no extraordinary exploit for a Mormon. This is true, literally, absolutely true.

You may be assured I was ready at four. We were all aboard and away at that hour, away for the Rocky Mountains, for the Missouri River, through Utah, Colorado, Dacotah, Nebraska, Kansas, to Atchison; and then by rail through Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, to New York City—the Overland Route from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

## A TRIP TO NEVADA.

BY R. M. EVANS.

OUR voyage from New York to San Francisco having terminated, we find ourselves in the Queen City of the Pacific, and before we set out on our trip to Washoe, let us wander a little through the city. On reaching Montgomery street, you are perfectly astonished at the fine, substantial buildings—the banking-houses;

the stores filled with every kind of goods, from the richest dress-lace or tiara of diamonds; the magnificent hotels, equal to and as well kept as any in the Eastern States. You exclaim, Can it be so? The busy hum of trade greets the ear on every side. Warehouses, groaning with merchandise from every quarter of the globe; machine-shops, foundries, ship-building, carriage-factories, railroads, and every branch of industry, are to be found here in as great perfection as in any Eastern State—the people all busy at their various employments; the school-houses thronged with happy, healthy children; the harbor filled with shipping; markets groaning with every luxury, summer and winter, and that in a place only a few years ago a wilderness. You exclaim: What a rapid progress, truly, California has made!

But as we are ready for a trip to Washoe now, (State of Nevada,) we will take the steamer Chrysolopolis at Broadway Wharf, for Sacramento—a finer craft never floated—fare five dollars. We start at four o'clock P.M.; so let us secure our berths. Steaming out into the bay, we have a fine view of San Francisco on the hills, and take a look around us—the Contra Costa Hills, Alcatraz Island, with its frowning batteries; the beautiful bay, extending south nearly as far as San José; and making our way into San Pablo Bay, north, we pass on till we reach Mare Island, the naval depot of the Pacific. Here Uncle Sam has erected fine ship-yards for repairing his extensive navy, and a large number of men are daily employed on all the works of a great navy-yard. You then pass on until you reach Benicia; here also is the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's depot. All the way up the Sacramento River you pass fishing-stations. Here is the finest salmon-catching part of the river, and Buena Vista is a regular fishing-station. You arrive in Sacramento early in the morning. This city is the capital of California—a poor location for a city, however, as experience in the way of floods has practically demonstrated.

You take the cars here for Folsom at six o'clock A.M. All the country from Sacramento to Folsom is fine bottom-land, fine

farms and gardens; and on reaching Folsom, we take the Pioneer line of stages for Placerville. It is a most tedious road to Placerville; the dust is prodigious, the passengers endeavoring to escape the torment in every conceivable manner. However, we arrive, after a tedious journey, in the city of Placerville, right side up with care. The city is finely situated in a fine mountain-valley, surrounded by high hills, and was esteemed the richest spot for the miner of early times; it is a beautiful place, having gardens and orchards encircling the houses, and on the hillsides vineyards are coming to a state of great perfection—plenty of fine hotels, of stone, brick or wood; stores well supplied with every thing that can be wanted; fine livery-stables, and plenty of private ones—as the good folks of Placerville enjoy themselves hugely.

This place has improved wonderfully since the hegira to Washoe, as every thing had to pass through it to reach there. The merchants become wealthy, and no mountain town enjoys a more prosperous trade. The streets are lined with wagons, already laden with goods for Nevada; it has numerous hydraulic mines, and you see the hills half-washed away in many places. An immense amount of wealth has been taken out by the hydraulic process, and still yields well to the industrious miner.

Of course, we will stop for the night at the Cary House—it being the stage-house—to resume our jaunt in the morning. The longest part of the journey is yet before us.

Along the road from Placerville are five stations, and we cross the south fork of the American River at Brooklis Bridge. All along the route the scene is nobly grand on both sides of the river, and we will enjoy it in recollection in after years. Look at that old visionary castle, towering and looming up like a castle on the Rhine; you almost see the windows, and the folks stirring around. On the left side of the road are plenty of huge boulders. I named some of them, from their strange shapes, as early as 1860, the Senate-Chamber, the Hall of Congress, the Pulpit, and Altar; and some of them are known by these names yet.

We proceed to Strawberry Valley;

this is *the* house of the road. Now, you would suppose, from its name, that you would get strawberries and cream here, but such is not, unfortunately, the case. It lies in the cleft of high hills—cold all summer—and strawberries would not grow here. It was called Strawberry after two brothers, who kept houses in this vicinity, on the road, of the name of Berry: one kept beds, the other had the floor of his house spread with straw; and being the best part to start from, so as to get over the summit in daylight, his place was called Strawberry. This place is noted for its large fire-place; and it is a rouser—big enough to keep all in the house warm on the coldest night. From here there is a fine road all the way to Tom Adraims—the last house before descending into Lake Valley. On reaching the summit, you have a fine view of Lake Tehoe, or what was once known as Lake Bigler; so called after Fat John, once on a time Governor of California. You see this vast sea—forty miles long, fifteen miles in average width, and but six thousand two hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea; the average soundings one thousand five hundred feet. You see, also, from this point Pyramid Peak, a rock shaped like a helmet. Looking down into Lake Valley, you would imagine it a finely laid out garden, finely watered and fantastically arranged, as if by the hand of man.

Now hold your breath while we descend into Lake Valley, a beautiful fertile spot—fine farms and gardens. The road winds down the hills thousands of feet below the summit, very abruptly and steep, but a fine road all the way, and you reach a place called Yanks, change horses, take a glass of old rye, and on for Lake Tehoe, touching it at the south end, and at the house erected by Van Waggnier in early Washoe times. Of late years, the shores of the lake have been much improved, and fine hotels have been erected. This lake is a great resort in summer-time for parties from all parts of California and Washoe. Now they have steamers, schooners and sailing-boats, for fishing-excursions. The trout caught here is delicious, and celebrated on the whole Pacific coast; many

of them weigh from twenty to thirty pounds, but the best eating are from four to six pounds. This is no fish-story, but an absolute fact.

The steamers are to connect the Georgetown road on the west of the lake with the King's Canon road on the east, which extends over the eastern summit, descending into Carson City at the upper end, where, having arrived, let us stop at the Ormsby House, rest our weary bones, and recruit our inner man. We are now in Washoe.

Carson City, in 1858, was a place where the emigrant from the Eastern States, on the road to California, stopped to recruit himself and cattle for a start over the Sierra Nevada. Captain Ormsby and Jerry Long kept a store here, and supplied the trains with every thing they required. There were few settlers in these early days. The first pioneers of Carson bought up the land from a few Mormon settlers. The pioneers were Abraham Curry, Frank Proctor, Sayer Brothers, Phillips, Green, Comstock, Goodrich, and others. It was a hard winter for them in 1859: although a good many had joined them very late in the fall, there was very little accommodation for man or beast—hay selling for two hundred and fifty dollars per ton, and that only to be had at Van Sickles, near Genoa, in Carson Valley, fourteen miles from Carson.

Carson City of 1864 is quite a large and important place. It has a large trade with all parts of the State, has the finest site for a town in the whole territory, and is, at present, the capital. A large quarry of stone having been discovered by Abraham Curry, the place now boasts of splendid stores, court-houses, and dwellings, built of this stone; fine hotels, family mansions, beautiful cottages, and, indeed, a place for Nevada to be proud of. It stands four thousand six hundred and fifteen feet above the level of the sea, has a fine climate, and the best water of any place in Nevada. They have fine stables of race-horses, a good course, and plenty of the *oro*.

Let us jog on toward Virginia City, seventeen miles distant. We first reach Curry's warm spring, two miles east from the town. This is a great resort for drinking the water and bathing: it possesses great

medicinal qualities. Here is the great territorial prison, an immense stone edifice. It was built for strength, although only for Curry's own house. The prisoners work in the quarry, which is in the yard adjoining. A railroad connects the prison with Carson City, for the conveyance of the stone. Curry is the most enterprising man in Carson, and the people are indebted to him for the progress the city has made.

We now start for Empire City, (or Dutch Nicks,) called after an old settler in 1860. It originally contained but two houses; now fine mills are erected for sawing lumber and crushing quartz—the Mexican mill, a most extensive affair, grinding the rock from their claim in Virginia City. Here you hear, for the first time in the Territory, the ponderous stamps going day and night. Teams are going continually to the mine for rock to be crushed and the precious metals extracted. The Winters, Aitchenson and Mead mills, and others, are here, and it is now quite a place of importance; it is situated on Carson River, northeast from Curry's. In a northerly direction, you pass over a fine road to the half-way house toward Silver City, through Spring Valley, and begin to ascend what is called the backbone of the range, on which the Comstock lode is found. A fine road has been finished all the way. You pass by the Daney Company's lode, and continue along till you come to the Canon, on which road we will pass the mills at work—Gold Canon being the one that drains Silver City, American Flat and Gold Hill. The Canon is full of mills, crushing the quartz from all the above places. The great want here is water; but that is being supplied in greater abundance, as the Gold Hill and Virginia Tunnel Company drain the mines. On it is located Silver City, about half way between Virginia City and Dayton, on the Carson River. Silver City is almost entirely dependent on the surrounding country for her support. Some of the finest mills in the country lie within her limits. Having a great abundance of granite and other building material, fine blocks of buildings have been erected, fire-proof, and very substantial; the private residences are tasty,



and many are adorned by both fruit and shade trees. All along the Canon to Devil's Gate are mills at work on quartz from the various districts around. French's mill, situate in American Ravine, in Silver City, was built in 1860—size of building, ninety by seventy-five feet. It has twenty stamps and sixteen pans, with an engine of sixty-horse power, and reduces twenty to thirty tons of rock per day. There are a great many mills in this vicinity doing well, and a hundred others could have plenty of employment. To a person who never saw a quartz-mill at work, he can have no idea of the noise and clatter it makes; the deafening sound, compelling great exertion to be heard; and I assure you a person needs all his breath here, for the rarefied air makes breathing pretty difficult.

Well, save your breath, and let us walk on to American City—American Flat—a flourishing place, only a few months old, boasting of churches and hotels. Residences have been erected as if by magic. There I am going to take you into an alabaster cave.

Among the hills, west of American Flat, there is an extensive limestone formation, worn and crowded into precisely similar shapes as the limestone that forms so peculiar a feature in the geology of the counties of Tuolumne, Calaveras and Amador, of California. But a short distance from this limestone there is a beautiful cave of alabaster, from the roof of which, when first discovered, hung long pendent stalactites, of snowy whiteness and rare beauty, which visitors have, from time to time, carried away. The alabaster in this cave is so soft that it can be cut with a pen-knife. When a curious spot like this is discovered it should be made town property, and properly protected; for the outside barbarian, who has no love for the beauties of nature, always carries off portions of the rock, and destroys the whole. My friend just pocketed a piece. I hope he will read this, and profit thereby.

A short time ago it was predicted that the improvements would be such in this region that there would be a street lined with buildings for a distance of nearly eight miles. There is now no complete or

dividing space between Virginia and Gold Hill, American and Silver City; and the rapidity with which the intervening spaces have been built up is truly astonishing. These facts are remarkably strong in support of the opinion, that the time is not far distant when the main street of Virginia City will present a continuous double row of buildings from the north end of the city to Dayton. The next place we reach is Gold Hill in the Canon.

Gold Hill is emphatically a mining town. The ground underneath Virginia City is honey-combed by tunnels, drifts and excavations, which extend in every direction. But still there is little to be seen above the surface to give a stranger any idea of what is going on below. The streets and houses present the same appearance as the streets and houses of any other city, and it is only in a few localities in the outskirts of the town, as in the vicinity of the Ophir or Mexican lodes, that evidences of mining, carried on to any great extent, are to be seen. To be sure, wagons, hauling immense loads of quartz, are passing continually; but where their contents are procured is only a matter of conjecture.

But Gold Hill presents a far different aspect. All along the east side of the town huge piles of dirt, debris and pulverized quartz are visible, which have been raised out of the mines and left upon the ground, while the more valuable rock has been taken to the mill for crushing. In the hoisting-houses erected over the shafts, machinery is in constant operation, night and day, the screaming of steam-whistles is heard, and successive carloads of ore are run over railroads upon trestle-work, and sent down long, narrow shutes into wagons below, with a noise perfectly deafening. Leaving there, and passing through the town, the ears of the visitor are everywhere assailed by the thunder of stamps crushing in the mills and the clatter of machinery, until one would fain believe himself in a large manufacturing village in the New England States. The quartz-teams you see in Virginia City have tripled in number, and in places the streets are jammed with them, carrying loads of rich ore to the mills at Devil's Gate, Silver City and Carson River. As

night draws on, and a shift of hands takes place, the workmen, who, for a number of hours, have been many hundred feet under ground, timbering up drifts or tearing down masses of glittering quartz, which compose the ledge, appear, and this conversation is utterly unintelligible to a stranger unacquainted with the locality and condition of the different claims. Remarks concerning the Sandy Bowers, the Plato, Uncle Sam, or Bullion, are Chinese to him; and he learns their position and character as he would acquire a knowledge of the streets and buildings of a strange city. If Gold Hill presents a singular aspect in the day-time, its appearance from the Divide at midnight is absolutely startling. Work at the mines, in the hoisting-houses and quartz-mills, is carried on without intermission or cessation; and the flashing of lights, the noise of steam-engines and machinery, contrasted with the silence and gloom of the surrounding mountains, make up a strange and almost unearthly picture, and puts him in mind of what he has read of the residence of the "Gentleman in Black."

The mines in Gold Hill proper are said to be very rich. We visited some of them, and were surprised at the extent of the work done. Every thing here looks as if fortunes had been spent, but the rich returns have warranted the outlay. Here we found banking-houses, refiners, assayers, and every business connected with mining; every one attending to his own business. We will now go up the Divide, between Gold Hill and Virginia City.

Virginia City, as you see it, coming over the Divide, has a strange look, and you are quite startled at the view before you. You are at once astonished at the size and importance of the City of the Hills, a place but of yesterday; now second only to San Francisco on the Pacific coast.

Virginia City differs from the towns you have passed through, because it is so much larger. It is built at the foot, or rather on the side, of Mount Davidson—all the principal mines are inside the city limits. The Gould & Curry tunnel is in the very center of the city, (see "Evans's Map of Virginia Mines,") although its mill is two miles away. The city which lies on the side of

Mount Davidson is one mass of excavations and tunnels. There is a bluish earth, which is obtained from the mines, and this is dumped at the mouth of the tunnels; so that the city, at a distance, seems speckled with these blue spots. The city boasts of fine buildings; stores filled with every luxury—every thing that can be procured for money. Day and night the mills are crushing the ore, making a deafening noise; the silver bricks are carted around, as the people of the East do ordinary bricks, literally speaking.

Now let us descend into the bowels of the earth; and as going down a shaft will be a novelty to you, we will try the experiment, and get a little nearer to the regions of Pluto. We will descend by one in the old primitive way, where you put your foot in a bight at the end of a rope. Let us suppose the shaft to be two hundred feet deep, and two men at the windlass. Place yourself upon the platform which covers the mouth of the shaft. Nearly the whole of the rope is wound round the windlass, except a few feet that hangs over the abyss, with a noose on the end. You grasp the rope with one hand, having a candle in the other, and the men begin to lower away. Here the fun begins. You trust yourself to the rope—at first with confidence, but immediately you lose that, and feel an all-overishness, as if you would back out, but you do not like to. Now the windlass begins to revolve, and down you go into the darkness, like one sinking into the waters of the sea. Down, down you go, not steadily, but by short, unpleasant jerks. You are utterly powerless and helpless, feeling certain that you are dangling at the end of a most rotten, worn-out rope, certain it will break if you wink your eyes or draw a breath. Your foot strikes the side of the shaft—a sort of galvanic shock runs through your frame, and you shiver, and grasp the rope much tighter than ever, as if that would prevent your swinging across the shaft, and striking against the opposite wall, where you plainly see you are going. You would stick out your right foot, and keep yourself off, but you are afraid to try it. Bump you go against the wall, and start, catch your breath, and start across

against the opposite wall. You do not fancy this, and try to prevent it happening again. Delightful feeling—very! Now you go round, first one way, then the other way, like an orange at the end of a string. It is *rather* unpleasant; and another motion troubles you—you are going down, down. Pretty soon you get back to the pendulum motion again, and go bang against the wall; then, as you go down by nervous and stated jerks, in sympathy with the cranks above, you spin about again. Your candle flares about strangely—sometimes almost going out, and again giving out a streak of flame, apparently to your excited imagination several feet in length. You vote it a bore, and would drop it, only you are afraid that the rope will break if you do so. Finally, with all this whirling and thumping, you become bewildered, and imagine you have descended several miles. At last, just as you are about to give up, and consider yourself as one doomed to descend forever toward the center of the earth, without reaching it, your feet touch bottom. You grasp the rope tighter than ever, and take a look, to make certain you have reached *terra firma* in reality. You continue to hold on until your foot is out of the noose—these fellows above may take a notion to hoist you up again, hanging by the foot. It is wonderful you think of this—yet you do. The workmen come out of the drifts to see who you are, and their lights blind you, and you stagger here and there, winking your eyes like an owl, and looking very sheepish. As you are on solid ground, and may put on airs, without fear of a relapse, you try to appear unconcerned. You say, “How do you do?” to the miners, in a friendly way, attempt a sickly joke, and wish you was out again. All this lasts about two minutes by the watch—you think it a month.

Shareholders in our mines have queer notions about the necessary qualifications of superintendents of mines. A successful barber, or an affluent dealer in peanuts, is supposed to possess all the knowledge requisite for the successful working of a mine. They send such men to oversee their mines, and when they fail to make

them dividend-paying in the course of six months, sit down and howl against Washoe, rend their beards, tear up their stock, and almost curse God and turn Turks. Now, a case in point, and a fact, as we can prove: A short time ago, a man who was the superintendent of one of our big mining companies walked into one of our principal hardware-stores on C street, Virginia City, and asked for some gads. He was told gads were not kept in hardware-stores, but were made by the blacksmith, who bought the steel from the hardware-merchant.

“Oh! no!” said Mr. Rosewater, superintendent of the Grand Nip and Tuck—“Oh! no! you are mistaken; there is a whole pile of gads”—pointing to a lot of picks. “Pile of gads!” exclaimed the clerk, poorly concealing his astonishment. “Why, those are picks!” “Oh! picks, are they? Well, them’s the things I want.” No wonder some stockholders in our mines are weary of paying assessments, and weary of waiting. We lately saw some work—a lot of useless in clines and drifts—ordered to be done by one of these imbecile rosewater gents, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, which were being filled up as eyesores by the present superintendent, a competent and practical man. Because a man has made a fortune in the soap and axle-grease line, is no reason he should be able to properly develop and manage a mine, or tell a pick from a gad.

Once again in the streets of Virginia City, we took a look at all the wonders to be seen, and were really astonished at seeing such an immense crowd of people, from every nation and every clime, all eager after their “pile of bricks”—silver, of course. After dinner we wandered into a tunnel, and were soon in a labyrinth of under-ground streets, extending and running in every direction, like the streets of Boston—twists here, there, and in all directions. As we lost our way, we had to be conducted to daylight by a gent we met.

Now is the time to make the ascent of Mount Davidson. Every one who can afford the time, and labor, and *spirit* enough for the grand task, ought to make it. You go up the Canon road, and approach the summit from the rear. Following this route, in company with our friend

and two bottles, we accomplished it. Arrived at the topmost pinnacle of the mountain, a single drink thickened the atmosphere pleasantly, which is very thin up here, and a portion of the light smoke having cleared away, which was waving about in the valleys below, like a blue-crape sea in a theater, a scene of great grandeur and beauty lay spread out before us. Gold Hill and Silver City on the right, Washoe Lake in the background, patriotic hills, of red, white and blue, on the left, the gloomy fortress of the Sugar-Loaf in front, and beyond, in the gap of the Canon, seen as through an open door, the yellow velvet mat of the Desert, with its dilapidated fringe of green trees vaunting the silver thread of Carson River through its tatters; and far in the distance a ghostly pile of snow, looking down at itself in the twin mirrors of Carson Sink and Humboldt Lake. These things were observed while the bottles were elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. Upon bringing them down to a perpendicular, we happened to catch a glimpse of Virginia City, in miniature, as if seen through the small end of a spy-glass—caught a glimpse of it away down in the dim world below; but only roofs, nothing but innumerable little squares of flat roofs and dots of chimneys, with no houses under them—like a check-shirt spread out to dry. A dense silence reigned over the mighty picture, intermingling with a subdued throbbing of quartz-mills and the gurgling of champagne. Our emotions were so grand and bewildering, that, had it not been for the wine, we could not have stood it. We only gazed and mused, and whistled in a loose, aimless way, both of us being too full for articulate utterance. We imbibed frequently and often, which made us still more inanimate, "if any thing." At this point we climbed the flagstaff to get a more extensive view.

And behold! the world lay spread out beneath us. The top of the flagstaff is the only place from which a surpassing grand and exceedingly extensive prospect can be obtained, after all. Carson City, reposing in the foreground, Lake Bigler, glittering in the sun behind it, Sacramento City and San

Francisco, to the imagination, thrust their steeples into the distant clouds, and even the great Pacific, reduced to a blue ribbon, lay in the verge of the picture.

To the east, Salt Lake City was indistinctly visible, and Brigham Young and his wives, with their "lots of children," walking in the garden; and beyond the Rocky Mountains, the great plains lay like a placid sea seen through a simmering mist—the mist growing dense as it extended farther east, until it became a cloud of blackness and shut out the seat of war entirely from view. About this time the world began to turn slowly round—using that flagstaff as an axis—and increasing its speed every moment, until it finally got to spinning round at such a rate that one could not tell Salt Lake from San Francisco, when they whipped by in chase after each other. We recollect nothing that occurred after this, as both of us fainted in the midst of the "whirlwind," and slid down from the flagstaff. When we recovered the motion had subsided sufficiently to enable us to roll gradually down the mountain, till we fell into the shaft of the Gould & Curry, when, rubbing our eyes, we opened them on a sight enough to make a man's hair stand on end. We were immediately taken hold of by some of Satan's imps, and hurried into a dreary cavern—Satan himself administering to us something out of a huge black bottle, and asking, in a voice of thunder, whence we came. Gaining courage, we answered: "What's the difference, anyhow? where the devil are we, old fellow?" And there stood Charley Strong, the superintendent of the mine, as large as life.

We will continue, in a future number, our observations around Virginia City and the mines of Nevada generally.

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**BORING FOR OIL IN ILLINOIS.**—A company was recently organized in Chicago to "bore for oil," west of that city, where there were "indications." Having bored to the depth of one hundred and nine feet, the drill passed into a large body of water, which is now flooding the prairie at the rate of one thousand barrels per day. This is rather unprofitable "boring."

## IN THE SUNSHINE.

IT was spring-time, but not the early spring;  
 April had wept her blue eyes clear again,  
 And happy children tumbled in the grass,  
     And little fingers forged a daisy-chain,  
 In whose slight fetters willing captives lay;  
 While older children watched the pretty play  
 With smiling toleration in their eyes,  
 Who played the same game last year—now too wise!

The scentless later violets grew by scores;  
     Untouched, no hand had cared to gather them;  
 Wild hyacinths were bluer than the skies,  
     The wind-flower danced upon its slender stem,  
 A foot above the ground the young corn stood;  
 And over all was poured a golden flood  
 Of warm May sunshine—in its radiant light  
 The whole world seemed transfigured to the sight.

Beneath a chestnut, pelted by the shower  
     Of milk-white blossoms, which a gentle breeze  
 Shook lightly from the branches, over-ripe,  
     I lay in perfect ecstasy of ease.  
 I heard the plaintive cawing of the rook,  
 The pleasant murmur of the rippling brook;  
 I heard the swallow's oft-repeated call,  
 And bursts of childish laughter over all.

With eyes half closed, and empty idle hands  
     That plucked at grass and flowers aimlessly,  
 I watched the flickering shadow of the leaves  
     Waving like fans upon the chestnut-tree.  
 It mattered nothing to me, as I lay,  
 That Love was gone, and Hope had flown away,  
 That Life had lost its sweetness and its grace—  
 I only felt the sunshine in my face.

A little child came softly to my side,  
     With buttercups and daisies in its hand;  
 Half shy, half bold, it dropped them on my breast—  
     An infant's scheme most innocently planned.  
 This done, it turned, and shouting gleefully,  
 With tiny hurrying feet fled hastily;  
 I never heeded it, but lay at rest,  
 The sunshine and the flowers upon my breast.

I felt the sunshine in my very heart.  
     Was yesterday so clouded and so sad,  
 And would to-morrow be like this, or that?  
     What mattered it? And yet I was not glad.  
 I only knew the sun shone overhead;  
 I only knew that underneath was spread  
 A perfumed carpet of the soft green grass,  
 On which I lay, and let the moments pass.

I saw, and saw not; heard, and did not hear;  
 But conscious only that a blessed ease  
 For this one hour took precedence of pain:  
 I felt the sunshine, and I was at peace.  
 I had no thought of past or future years;  
 I did not vex myself with hopes or fears;  
 My half-dropped lids hid neither smiles nor tears,  
 I scarce had found a rest more calm and deep  
 In that still place where one day I shall sleep.

A. M.

## GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY ERASTUS ALLEN.

THE history—so brief and so picturesque—of the little septinsular kingdom in the North Pacific has become, latterly, pretty well known, both on this continent and elsewhere. Its king has his place among "Men of the Time," and may be the *Tribune Almanac* gives statistics of his Hawaiian dynasty and national resources. The importance of the geographical position of the islands is claiming increased attention with the governments of the world; and during the past year treaties of friendship and commerce have been negotiated between many of these powers and Hawaii, and others are in progress.

In November, 1863, the fourth king bearing the name of Kaméhaméha died prematurely, after an enlightened reign of nine years, yet before quite attaining the age of thirty. He was succeeded on the throne by a brother, two years his senior, who assumed on his accession the family name of Kaméhaméha the Fifth. With his brother, this prince had, in 1850, visited England, France and Belgium. They spoke and wrote the English language fluently, read English history, studied English laws, mingled in society, and saw events through European spectacles. What impression of politics, etiquette and religion they thus acquired were ineffaceable in their minds, and thereafter influenced all their conduct.

By the articles of the constitution given to the people in 1852 by Kaméhaméha the Third, it was incumbent on the successor to the vacant throne to take an oath that he would maintain the constitution of the kingdom whole and inviolate, and would govern in conformity therewith. Kaméhaméha the

Fifth, abstained from taking this oath. There were features in the existing constitution which were, to his mind, objectionable, and he resolved to seize the opportunity for making reforms, and bringing the kingdom into further accordance with the most enlightened European monarchies. During his brother's reign, the present ruler of Hawaii had occupied the post of Minister of Interior. He had shown great aptitude for business, and had had leisure and means for observing the working of a system which contained the elements of Democracy and Puritanism. It will be necessary to describe, in a few words, the growth of this political system.

Up to the year 1839 the Hawaiian Islands were governed by an absolute monarch, and upon strictly feudal principles. In that year the efforts of the American missionaries and ex-missionaries, who had given much useful assistance in governing the country, worked so far on the patriotic and bon-vivant king, Kaméhaméha the Third, as to induce him to sign a Bill of Rights, and, the following year, to grant a constitution, by which absolute rule was yielded up, and irresponsible power exchanged for government by the three estates of king, nobles, and people.

The king had never been out of his own small dominions. He had to be guided by the teaching and advice of the active-minded men who had already volunteered to assist in holding the reins of government, and who showed that they would not be averse to take the ribbons entirely into their own hands upon occasion. But at that time the king's advisers did not

prompt to greater change than the conversion of absolutism into limited monarchy.

The scheme of government thus produced was naturally a hybrid one. Its promoters were Americans; they were missionaries, or persons who, having been missionaries, had left their calling for official or officious life. The constitution was a mosaic, to which the Pentateuch, the British Government, and the American Declaration of Independence, each contributed a part. Yet, in spite of manifold defects, it was a revolution in the right direction. It lasted twelve years; and under it the nation advanced in civilization and prosperity.

The administration consisted of four departments: there was a minister of interior affairs, who was also premier; a minister of foreign relations, of finance, of public instruction; and an attorney-general. In 1845 the government was joined and strengthened by Mr. Wyllie, a Scotch gentleman, who had been well known in London, and was a friend of General Miller, the English commissioner in the Sandwich Islands. Statute laws were passed, and a little tincturing of the constitution began.

With the infusion of fresh blood, it came to pass that, in 1850, the king recommended a new constitution, and appointed a commission of three persons to frame a new model. It was perfected, and, in 1852, was signed by the king, who died in something less than two years afterward. This constitution was an advance on the former one; but a good deal of the Levitical element and some revolutionary rags remained in it. Dr. Judd was one of the three commissioners, his coadjutors being the chief, Joane Ii, and the Chief Justice Lec. The two former of this triad will make their reappearance hereafter.

It happened that while much discussion was going on in Honolulu about the proposed new constitution, the Hawaiian consulate in China was represented by the senior member of the commercial house of Jardine and Company. At the same time, Sir John Bowring was Governor of Hong Kong; and a correspondence was brought about between the latter and Mr. Wyllie on the same subject, and a draft of the constitution was sent to Sir John for his opinion.

The editor of Jeremy Bentham objected to the opening sentence, in which it is asserted that all men are created free and equal. Bentham had himself been the correspondent of several of the American Presidents; and in his *Critical Examination of the Declaration of Rights*, endeavored to expose the pretension that "all men are born free and equal." "No man ever was, is, or will be, born free; all are born helpless children, in a state of absolute subjection to parents, and, in many countries as slaves, in vassalage to owners; and as to equality, the statement is absurd, the condition of no two men, to say nothing of *all*, being equal, in the many gradations which exist, of wealth and poverty, servants and masters, influence and position." Sir John, who had been Bentham's most intimate friend and executor, quoted the views of his master, which also appeared to his own mind incontestable. In spite, however, of any efforts which Mr. Wyllie could make, supported by the China correspondence, the constitution commenced with the old assertion: "God hath created all men free and equal." Article 12 pronounced that "No person who imports a slave, or slaves, into the king's dominions, shall ever enjoy any civil or political rights in this realm." Article 19 prescribed, "All elections of the people shall be by ballot;" and Article 78 established manhood-suffrage. Moreover, the king's power was checked and controlled by the strange institution of the *Kuhina-Nui*—an invention which, if borrowed from any other nation, must have come from Japan. This "regulator" to the government machine, who stood above ministers, and, as it were, on the uppermost step of the throne, might be a man or a woman—indeed, was generally the latter. As she was to be the king's special counselor, and was to have powers almost equal to the king's, with whom she would necessarily require to have long closetings on state affairs, she must have been a discouragement to a queen of jealous temperament, and not a little detrimental to the progress of business, since the constitution provides that "the king and the kuhina-nui shall have a negative on each other's public acts." Among his, or her, miscellaneous offices, the

kuhina-nui had charge of the great seal of the kingdom, the royal standard and the national flag. Also, in case of the king's death or minority, this solid shadow had to perform all duties, and exercise all powers ordinarily vested in the king. Such were some of the features of the constitution which existed till August, 1864.

Kaméhaméha the Fifth came to the throne as we have related, in November, 1863, and commenced the exercise of his functions, but without taking the oath prescribed by, and in favor of, his then constitution. Mr. Wyllie was made minister of foreign affairs; an Englishman with whom he had been long intimate, and whose devotion to the Hawaiian nation was undoubted, received the portfolio of interior; a French gentleman, formerly vice-consul for France, had charge of the finances; and his attorney-general was an American, who, like others of his nation on the bench or at the bar, was loyal, clear-sighted, and had definite views of government. It was not a bad team for the first stage out of town, and the start was promising.

The king had determined not to take the oath. From after occurrences, it is to be inferred that there were differences of opinion in the cabinet on this subject. The attorney-general, and the minister of foreign relations, however, appear to have been consistent in their support of the king's view, and a convention was resolved on to amend the constitution.

Four of the five points in the charter then clamored for here, already existed in the Hawaiian constitution; namely, the ballot, universal suffrage, non-property qualification, and paid representatives. Annual parliaments were excluded, because it was more convenient to members to assemble biennially. Now Kaméhaméha the Fifth wished to get rid, by means of a national vote, of universal suffrage, and to replace it by a qualification based on income and property, united to a certain advance in mental acquirements and moral fitness.

The reason why a convention was necessary to the king's purpose was this—that, though the constitution contained power for the legislature to amend it, the consent of two biennial parliaments was necessary

to effect any reform. Such a delay was a strain on the king's patience, and he remembered that he had not yet taken what may be called the coronation oath. But the decisions of a specially convened body might be followed immediately by a session of parliament, and thus the reconstruction of the State might be completed within three or four months. This was the motive which decided the king's actions. A convention was accordingly summoned by proclamation—political feeling instantly responding throughout the islands. The prime objects of the king and his advisers were known, or felt to be, to destroy the radical element in the constitution, to base electoral *privilege* on a property qualification, and to give a larger place in the State to the king, allowing him to govern as well as reign. The native, long accustomed to the feudal yoke, felt no aversion to this design; but it alarmed the minds of many settled foreigners, many of the missionaries (but not all) being especially aroused at the prospect of absolutism and aristocracy, Puseyism and Popery. They raised an outcry in their districts, and led the people to think it their duty to send, not representatives, but delegates to the convention.

The king, in the mean time, was not idle. He made a progress through his dominions, attended by his faithful foreign-office minister. They delivered speeches,—some judicious, some inopportune—and on the 7th of July, 1864, the convention was opened by the king, who, before proceeding to the court-house, attended service at the Episcopal church.

The business of the session began the following day, the three estates sitting in the same chamber. The composition of the convention was as follows: First, the king—president. Second, nobles, sixteen in number, headed by the kuhina-nui: of the remaining fifteen nobles, eleven were natives, two Britons, and two Americans. Third, delegates, twenty-seven in number; the white skins and native blood being about equally divided. Judge Robertson was appointed vice-president; and M. Varnigny and the attorney-general, though neither nobles nor representatives, attended, like the French minister without portfolio,



to assist in the debates. The House appointed Mr. Judd to be secretary; Mr. Judd named a native chaplain, and Anglo-Saxons for interpreter, reporter, and sergeant-at-arms.

Of the nobles, as might be expected, the very large majority seconded the king's views. One of this estate, however, possessed of the short but emphatic name of *Ii*, who had been one of the three commissioners engaged to construct the constitution of 1852, was less tractable and more democratic than his peers. He was also more talkative; and both from the frequency of his being on his legs, and from the two conspicuous vowels which composed his name, he quite fulfilled the vulgar definition of *egotism*, namely, letting the private *I* be too much in the public *eye*.

The king, in his opening address, pronounced with great facility in English and his native tongue, briefly informed the convention of the objects for which he had summoned them; and in all subsequent speeches he used the bi-lingual method. The reports published under the name of *The Convention* are printed in parallel columns of the two languages.

"History repeats itself." The very question which so long agitated the assembled States-General in 1789, whether the three orders should sit in one or in separate chambers, excited in Honolulu long and obstinate discussion. It was nearly a week before the question was settled. The conclusion arrived at was that the three estates should sit and debate in one chamber. After which the rules were debated and carried; that relating to voting being that there should be united voting on the rules or by-laws, but constitutional subjects should be introduced by the representatives and put to the vote among themselves. If a resolution failed there in consequence of a minority, its quietus was made. If it passed the lower house, the votes of the nobles were taken on it; and after a majority of that estate, it was submitted to the king for his approval or veto.

The rules established for discussion were good, and there was considerable ability shown in the management of the debates.

The weakest part of the proceedings of this convention was, that when a question had been apparently definitely settled and a resolution passed one day, it was occasionally re-opened the next, under the form of a new resolution.

The business of the convention advanced rather slowly. Determined opposition to the king's design soon showed itself among the representatives; and a junto of some five or six members of the extreme left made a stand-up fight. One of the nobles, a cabinet minister also, whose views were opposed to the meeting of the Assembly, absented himself on the plea of illness, and retired to his own estate, nor returned till near the close, and that under pressing solicitation. The determined knot of root-and-branch men just mentioned consisted chiefly of Dr. Judd, ex-missionary, ex-minister, and ex-United-States-man; his son, the secretary; a rural missionary; a native lawyer; and a Scandinavian resident named Knudsen. Among the constitutional weapons which the opposition armed themselves with, sarcasm was not wanting; and a subject for their irony was easily discovered. It happened that in some outlying district the ballot-papers of the electors were collected in a *bucket*; and so greatly was this joke or this grievance worked, and so often was the pail returned to, that the convention was in considerable danger of being wrecked on that very small rock.

After three weeks of discussion, pauses, wrangling and voting, the king himself withdrew for a time, from the real or assumed cause of indisposition. His Majesty's place was supplied in the interim by Judge Robertson and M. Varigny. At last, came the great questions of universal suffrage, and property qualifications in voters and representatives. The abolition of the *kuhina-nui* had been easily managed. There was hard hitting about the suffrage. The American party, in fact, all in favor of a free ballot, was headed by M. Knudsen, who drew a lamentable picture of the English people—poor, oppressed, starved, ignorant and irreligious, all owing to the want of manhood-suffrage. His statements were derived from Mr. Joseph Kay, appointed by the University of Oxford to in-

investigate the condition of the lower classes. The reply came swiftly and hard from a chief, the Hon. D. Kalakana, a native who had never left the confines of home. He said: "Mr. Knudsen had been very ready to give them instances of English poverty, which that gentleman considered arose from the fact of the people not having universal suffrage; but he forgot to say any thing of the state of things in America, where universal suffrage did exist, and which was one cause of the present war. The statement of Mr. Knudsen referred to the social condition of England in 1851; but had he been there in 1861, he would have found a very different state of things existing; for, within those years, great improvements have been made with regard to the poor-law and condition of the lower classes, though, no doubt, a portion of the manufacturing districts of England were now suffering in consequence of the American war. Mr. Knudsen also stated that purity of election existed in the United States, where the ballot system prevailed; but, according to reports of American papers, it seems as if there was not much purity of election existing from the ballot; but the reverse. This had been confirmed to him by a naturalized American gentleman, who was *well known in California*, who had told him (Mr. Kalakana) that '*if you wanted a man's vote in New York, just show him a revolver or a bowie-knife.*' In California, the result of universal suffrage was the establishment of a vigilance committee to preserve law and order."

In the long and serious discussions on property and income qualification, dollars were pitted against education, and the natural right of all men to drop papers into the ballot-boxes was sustained against both with the vigor of despair. It was Carlyle's "Gigability" against the voting instinct of the natural man. Mr. Hitchcock led the van. "Neither dollars nor want of dollars was the criterion of respectability." Mr. Green, a missionary, followed on the same side, and presented the sad picture of a notorious thief being elected as a representative, and elections being decided by the constable of the district. These were the certain consequences of a legislation of

voters. He held the right of universal suffrage as one of the greatest and dearest rights of a free people.

M. Varigny, on the part of the king, inquired whether it were right to give a candle to a blind man to carry in a powder-magazine, or a vote to a man who could neither read nor write? Would representatives place an open razor in the hands of a baby, or the franchise in the hands of those totally incompetent to use it properly, or unable to read the name written or printed on a ballot?

On the 9th of August, the king was able to return to his place at the convention, and he listened to the debate on this main question with considerable patience. Intermixed with some other subjects—as, for instance, the kingly dignity, the king *qua* king, opposed to "chief magistrate"—the qualification discussion continued till the abrupt termination of the convention four days later; producing some excellent debate, and showing that the spirit of statesmanship was not wanting in his assembly. The most remarkable of the speeches were those delivered by two native representatives named Kahaleahu and Kaawahi. These addresses exhibit the powers and characteristics of the Polynesian mind in a favorable light:

"May it please your majesty the nobles and the delegates," commenced Kahaleahu, "a great deal has been said on both sides during this discussion, and much ability displayed both on the part of the ministry and that of the opponents among the delegates. The question for the convention to decide is, as to the expediency of allowing the very poor among the people the privilege of voting for representatives. \* \* \* It is objected to this provision, that it is taking away the right of the people. The *right* of the people, without regard to property qualification, is protection for each in his person and the products of his industry. These are amply provided for under the laws, and therefore it is erroneous to say that any right of the people is taken away by the 62d article."

Mr. Kaawahi said, speaking of the disputed 62d article, "If I believed that it really was taking away a right from the

people, I would very quickly support the motion to reject this article. \* \* \* \*  
 What were the motives of his majesty in placing this article before us? Did he thereby intend to take away one of the rights of the people? I do not think so. His majesty is of the same race with his people; he is their sire; and whatever he sees is for their good, that he proposes, and whatever is detrimental to them, that he withholds. Believing thus, I decidedly object to the offensive language used before his majesty about his taking away the people's rights. Neither the king nor his ministers have ever done, or attempted to do, any thing of the sort. \* \* \* I would ask the delegates to remember the words of the delegate for Makawoa yesterday, when he said the people of his district could take care of themselves, without any assistance from the ministry. Who and what are the ministry? Are they not the hands by which the king carries on the government? Are they not the servants of the people—of those of Makawoa as well as other places? \* \* \* The delegate for Kaaanapali says there are a great many impoverished people in his district. I am well aware of it, and also that they are a hard-working people, and able to earn a great deal more than the amount proposed in this article, and that there is plenty of employment to be had in the district. The delegate from Kaaanapali says they have bought land from the Hon. Mr. Bishop. Well, there is plenty of firewood on that land, and the Lahaina sugar-mill wants it, but they don't bring sufficient. Then they have large plains on which to raise stock. Altogether, I can not admit that they have any right to be impoverished; and if they are it is certainly their own fault. Let them not object to a law which is for the benefit of the whole country from one end to the other. It is not a reasonable argument to put forward about the poverty of the people, preventing them from obtaining the privilege of voting, when we consider our position. Here we are pleasantly situated as to climate; we can plow and plant and reap at any and all seasons of the year, without any winter or dry season to interfere with our labors. Employment is to be had in abundance,

throughout the land, on the various sugar-plantations, and labor is in demand. There is no lack of a market for our produce, for we are on the highway of commerce. The seas are open and free to the fisherman, the forests are waiting for the woodman's axe, and there are a hundred different branches of industry in every direction, open and waiting for the hands to improve them. Why, then, is this cry of *poverty* raised as an argument for striking out the property qualification, and permitting the idle to indulge in their dreams? If the people are made to understand and appreciate the great privilege of the ballot, it will be an incentive to industry, in order to choose whomsoever they may desire to represent them in the legislature." But His Majesty's opposition was not to be moved.

On the 13th of August, the king's patience had broken down. "This is the fifth day of the discussion of this article," said His Majesty. "I am very sorry that we do not agree on this important point. It is clear to me that if universal suffrage is permitted, this government will soon lose its monarchical character. Thank you, delegates and nobles, for the readiness with which you have come to this convention, in accordance with my proclamation. As we do not agree, it is useless to prolong the session. And as at the time His Majesty Kaméhaméha the Third gave the constitution of the year 1852, he reserved to himself the power of taking it away, if it was not for the interest of his government and people; and as it is clear to me that that king left the revision of the constitution to my predecessor and myself; therefore, as I sit in his seat, on the part of the sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands, I make known to-day that the constitution of 1852 is abrogated. I will give you a constitution." His Majesty requested ministers to remain at present in their respective positions, in order to avoid confusion and disturbance, and he then dissolved the convention.

It was, perhaps, time for the incubation to be over. The convention had been sitting five weeks with no profitable result. The obstinacy of the opposition had defeated itself.

On the 20th of August, a week after the

breaking up of the convention, the promised new constitution appeared. It omits the axiom about "free and equal," abolishes the office of "kuhina-nui," gives the king a larger place in the State, makes cabinet ministers more responsible, excludes the ballot, prescribes as the minimum qualification of a representative real estate of five hundred dollars' value, and annual income of two hundred and fifty dollars; and of an elector, property of one hundred and fifty dollars, or twenty-five dollars a year rent on leasehold property, and seventy-five dollars yearly income, together with certain intellectual acquirements. It includes a stringent article on royal marriages, and on the succession to the crown; and the king, being unmarried, it provides for a new *stirps* for a royal family, should the present race become extinct.

Such is the little passage of history which has been in progress during the last few months in Hawaii. It is "distinct," though "distant;" and interesting when we recollect that this great nation also had its childhood.

#### THE DISCOVERY OF CALIFORNIA.

THE fame and credit of being the first European who landed in California, properly attaches to the name of Sir Francis Drake, a subject of Great Britain. While in command of a small squadron of English men-of-war, by order of his sovereign, he made an exploring expedition to the Pacific Ocean. After weathering Cape Horn, he cruised to the northward, and in the year 1596 landed at the bay to which his name is attached in some maps, near the town and harbor of Bodega, situated about fifty miles north of the great Bay of San Francisco. It was not, however, until the year 1602 that the country was first really colonized by the Spaniards, who were foremost in this undertaking. They planted themselves successfully on the coast, and notwithstanding the many trials, hardships, and vicissitudes they were compelled to endure, established themselves so firmly in their colonies as to resist every onslaught made upon them by the Indians, and for many years

prospered and flourished as a happy and contented people. In 1822, California became part of the Republic of Mexico, and continued as such until the 7th of July, 1846, when the American flag was hoisted, and the country was taken possession of by the forces of the United States. We extract at some length the following interesting report, taken from the original narrative of Admiral Drake, of his discovery and landing in the country:

The riches which Drake had acquired he spent with great generosity in the service of his country. He then fitted out three frigates at his own expense, which he commanded in person under Walter, Earl of Essex, against the rebels in Ireland. After the death of the Earl of Essex, Drake applied himself to Sir Christopher Hatton, Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, by whose interest he at length obtained the Queen's permission for an expedition against the Spaniards. Captain Drake's friends contributed largely toward this expedition, for which five ships were fitted out: the Pelican, which Drake named the Hind, of one hundred tons, commanded by himself; the Elizabeth, of eighty tons, John Winter, captain; the Marigold, a bark of thirty tons burden, John Thomas, commander; the Swan, a fly-boat of fifty tons, commanded by John Chester, and a pinnace of fifteen tons, of which Thomas Moon was commander. The ships had one hundred and sixty-four able men on board, a large quantity of provisions, together with four pinnaces stowed in pieces, to be put together whenever they might be wanted. It is said that all the vessels for the captain's table, and many belonging to the vessel, were of silver, and other furniture on board proportionately grand. This fleet sailed out of Plymouth Sound, the fifth of November, 1577, but meeting with a violent storm, in which several of the ships were damaged, they were obliged to put back and refit; and on the thirteenth of December they sailed again, with a favorable wind, and saw no land till the twenty-fifth, when they passed Cape Cantin, on the coast of Barbary, and on the twenty-seventh came to the island of Magador, lying one mile out at sea, between which and the con-

continent they found a safe harbor, where the Admiral gave directions for, putting together one of the pinnaces which they brought from England.

The Admiral arriving at Cape Blanco on the seventeenth of January, found a ship at anchor, with only two sailors left to guard her, which he immediately seized, and took into the harbor, where they remained four days, during which the Admiral exercised his men on shore, to prepare them for land as well as sea-service. They left this harbor on the twenty-second, the master of the bark having informed the Admiral that in one of the Cape de Verde Islands, called Mayo, there was plenty of dried *cabitos*, or goats, which were prepared every year for such of the king's ships as called there. They arrived at this island on the twenty-seventh of January, but the inhabitants could not trade with them, being forbidden by the king's order, and had left their villages. Leaving this place on the thirty-first, they sailed by the island of Jago, and seeing two Portuguese vessels under sail, they took one of them which was laden with wine, but the Admiral detained only the pilot, discharging the master and his crew, and giving them some provisions, a butt of wine, their wearing-apparel, and one of his own pinnaces. Three pieces of cannon were fired at them from the island, but did them no damage. They arrived the same evening at Del Fuego, or the Burning Island, so called from a volcano on its north side, from which constantly issued smoke and flame.

Leaving the Cape de Verde Islands, they sailed toward the line, being sometimes tossed by tempests, and at others quite becalmed. They now saw numbers of dolphins, bonitos, and flying fish, which, being pursued by the sharks, frequently flew out of the water, and their fins drying, they dropped on the ships, and were unable to rise again. Having passed the line, they at length discovered the coast of Brazil on the fifth of April, being fifty-four days since they saw land. As soon as the people on shore saw the ships, they made large fires in different parts, and performed various ceremonies, to prevail on the gods to sink the vessels, or at least to prevent their land-

ing. Having taken in water, they sailed for the great river Platte, where, finding no good harbor, they put to sea again, and sailing on, came to a good bay, in which were several islands stocked with seals and fowls, and abounding in fresh water. The Admiral going on shore, the natives came leaping and dancing about.

On the seventeenth of August, they left the port of St. Julian, and on the twentieth fell in with the Straits of Magellan, which they entered on the twenty-first, and found so full of intricate turnings and windings, that the same wind which was sometimes in their favor was at others against them. This passage is dangerous; for though there are several good harbors and plenty of fresh water, yet the depth of the sea is so great that there is no anchoring except in some very narrow river, or between the rocks. On both sides are vast mountains covered with snow to a prodigious height above the clouds; notwithstanding which the trees and plants near the shore maintain a constant verdure. The breadth of the straits is from one league to four, and the tides rise high from one end to the other.

They entered the South Sea on the sixth of September, and on the next day a violent storm drove them two hundred leagues south of the straits, where they anchored among some islands abounding in water and excellent herbs. Having now arrived at the other mouth of the straits, they steered for the coast of Chili, and on the twenty-ninth of November cast anchor at the island of Mocha, where the Admiral, with ten men, went ashore.

They entered the port of Lima on the thirteenth of February, where they found twelve sail of ships at anchor unguarded, the crews being all on shore. Examining these vessels, they found a chest filled with rials of plate, which, together with some silks and linen, they made prize of; but having intelligence that a rich ship, called the *Cacafuego*, had lately sailed from that harbor for Paita, the Admiral determined to follow her; but on his arrival at Paita, found she had sailed for Panama.

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Captain Drake having now revenged both

himself and his country on the Spaniards, began to think of the best way of returning to England. To return by the Straits of Magellan—and as yet no other passage had been discovered—would, he thought, be to throw himself into the hands of the Spaniards; he therefore determined to sail westward to the East Indies, and so following the Portuguese course, to return home by the Cape of Good Hope; but wanting wind, he was obliged to sail toward the north, in which course having continued at least six hundred leagues, and having arrived at forty-three degrees north latitude, they found it intolerably cold, upon which they steered southward till they reached thirty-eight degrees north latitude, where they discovered a country, which, from its white cliffs, they called Nova Albion, though it is now known by the name of California. They here discovered a bay, which entering with a favorable gale, they found several huts by the water-side, well defended from the severity of the weather. Going on shore, they found a fire in the middle of each house, and the people lying round it upon rushes. The men were quite naked, but the women wore a deer-skin over their shoulders, and round their waists a covering of bulrushes, dressed after the manner of hemp.

These people bringing the Admiral a present of feathers and cauls of net-work, he entertained them so kindly and generously that they were extremely pleased, and soon afterward they sent him a present of feathers and bags of tobacco. A number of them coming to deliver it, gathered themselves together at the top of a small hill, from the highest point of which one of them harangued the Admiral, whose tent was placed at the bottom. When the speech was ended they laid down their arms, and came down offering their presents, at the same time returning what the Admiral had given them. The women remaining on the hill, tearing their hair and making dreadful howlings, the admiral supposed them engaged in offering sacrifices, and thereupon ordered divine service to be performed in his tent, at which these people attended with astonishment. The arrival of the English at California being soon known

through the country, two persons in the character of ambassadors came to the Admiral, and informed him in the best manner they were able, that their king would visit him if he might be assured of coming in safety. Being satisfied on this point, a numerous company soon appeared, in the front of which was a very comely person, bearing a kind of scepter, on which hung two crowns and three chains of great length. The chains were made of bones, and the crowns of net-work, curiously wrought with feathers of many colors. Next to the scepter-bearer came the king, a handsome, majestic person, surrounded by a number of tall men, dressed in skins, who were followed by the common people, who, to make the grander appearance, had painted their faces of various colors, and all of them, even the children, being loaded with presents. The men being drawn up in line of battle, the Admiral stood ready to receive the king within the fences of his tent. The company having halted at a distance, the scepter-bearer made a speech, half an hour long, at the end of which he began singing and dancing, in which he was followed by the king and all the people, who, continuing to sing and dance, came quite up to the tents, when sitting down, the king took off his crown of feathers, placed it on the Admiral's head, and placed on him the other ensigns of royalty, and it is said that he made him a solemn tender of his whole kingdom, all of which the Admiral accepted in the name of the queen, his sovereign, in hopes that these proceedings might one time or other contribute to the advantage of England. The common people, dispersing themselves among the Admiral's tents, professed the utmost admiration of and esteem for the English, whom they considered as more than mortal, and accordingly prepared to offer sacrifices to them, which the English rejected with abhorrence, directing them, by signs, that their religious worship was alone due to the supreme Maker and Preserver of all things. The Admiral and some of his people traveling a distance up the country, saw such a number of rabbits that it appeared an entire warren; they also saw deer in such plenty as to run a thou-

sand in a herd. The earth of the country seemed to promise rich veins of gold and silver, some of the ore being constantly found upon digging. The Admiral, at his departure, set up a pillar, with a large plate on it, on which was engraved Her Majesty's name, picture, arms, and title to the country, together with the Admiral's name, and the time of his arrival there.

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### PASSING STRANGE.

**P**ERFORMERS of miracles are as old as the world, and as eternal as human folly; the pythonesses of Greece and the augurs of Rome can shake hands, across twenty centuries, with the spirit-rappers of America and England. So long as magnetisers contented themselves with telling you the number of your watch, no great harm, perhaps, was done; but at present the evil is proving one of a serious nature, for the spiritualists are as legion, and are indubitably exerting a very deleterious influence over minds. Till the time arrives when the law shall be called upon to treat these impostors in the same manner as it does the comparatively harmless fortune-tellers, there is only one weapon which can be employed effectively against them, and that is ridicule. For this laudable object we will take advantage of the recent appearance of a work by M. Alfred de Caston,\* to give our readers a cursory account of sorcery ancient and modern.

According to trustworthy documents, India was the cradle of the occult sciences practiced by the ancient thaumaturgists. From India the science of the Magi passed to the Chaldeans, and from them to the Egyptians; where, through the sacerdotal organization, it soon made great progress. God's chosen people did not escape infection from the prevalent mania, and sacred history tells us that the Lord punished the Canaanites because they employed enchantments against their enemies. We also read that Moses, ere he became the leader of the Israelites, was educated by the daughter of Pharaoh in the learning of the

Egyptians. The ancients believed that the gods revealed their will to mortals through certain privileged beings. Warriors, women, freemen and slaves went to consult renowned oracles, just as, in our days, we consult a great physician or celebrated lawyer. It was, in short, a golden age for the priests and sibyls. The Temple of Delphi was the most celebrated, and the priests did all in their power to keep up its reputation. Their means of acquiring information are thus described by M. de Caston:

"Every caravan, every deputation, every private person, coming to consult the oracle, was surrounded, while still twenty leagues from the temple, by spies, guides, and traveling companions, who had no difficulty in discovering the visitors' object. All the attendants at the inns where the travelers halted were devoted, body and soul, to the college of priests. The latter, on their side, contrived to gain the requisite time for obtaining information about the new-comers, and, by various pretexts, delayed the day when the oracle would speak. While awaiting the good pleasure of the gods, strangers amused themselves as best they could, by visiting the monuments and curiosities of the country. They were constantly accompanied by guides, who had the double duty of watching and exciting them by artfully-told tales. Here a large fresco displayed the exemplary punishment inflicted on an incredulous man, who had doubted the power of the local divinity. Farther on, a man, hurled from the summit of a precipice, was a miser, who had not kept his promises to the god. In another monument, the statues and admirably-modeled gold vases were the gifts of some great man whom the oracle had saved from mortal danger. All this naturally affected the new-comers, and inspired them with great confidence in the divinity they had come to consult."

When the priests had obtained all the information they needed, they allowed the oracle to speak. Should it happen, however, that the visitor was silent, and on information could be acquired about him, the oracle still spoke, but the answers were very enigmatical. The priests invented about

\* *Les Marchands des Miracles: Histoire de la Superstition Humaine.* Paris: E. Dentu.

a hundred phrases, which were half-way between an affirmative and a negative, and, with such a system, it was very difficult to catch the oracle tripping. This plan, by the way, is extensively imitated by our false prophets, mediums, and extralucid somnambulists. At the same time the rulers took advantage of this jugglery, and managed that prophecies should harmonize with their projects. Demosthenes exclaimed, "The pythoness philippises!" on seeing the priests of Delphi constantly make their oracle speak in favor of Philip of Macedon. It is true that the latter prince had threatened to burn their temple and town on the very first occasion that the oracle spoke in a manner adverse to his wishes.

The augurs, whom the Greeks had borrowed from the Chaldeans, formed in Greece a special college, whose mission was to interpret the will of the gods, and predict the future, by means of natural phenomena, such as thunder, lightning, etc. The augurs also predicted the future from the cries and flight of birds, and by the appetite, healthy or otherwise, of the sacred fowls. Cicero, who believed very little in the augurs, tells us that when the priests wished to give some great personage a favorable omen, they kept the fowls in a fasting state, so as to make sure, when the right moment arrived, that they would peck the grain voraciously. Cato, too, used to say to his friends that he was astonished how two augurs could meet without laughing at each other. The haruspices had the duty of examining the liver, entrails and quivering flesh of the victims burnt in honor of the gods. The sacred college of the haruspices, though it had fallen into discredit, continued its sacrifices at Rome till the year 419 of our era. At that date St. Boniface obtained from the Emperor Honorius a law, which pronounced a sentence of transportation on the mathematici and soothsayers. At the same period the bishops ordered their books to be publicly burned. Sorcery, however, still continued in the Eternal City until the advent of Pope Sixtus Quintus, who issued a *motu proprio*, which freed his capital from soothsayers and astrologers. It seems that Dom

Calmet's legion of fiends did not come to their aid. By the way, we may as well furnish here a list of the chiefs of Hades, as given by the reverend father, who may be supposed to know something about the matter, as in a single morning he counted up no fewer than thirty thousand one hundred and fifty demons of all sorts and sizes. Here are the names of the principal infernal rulers: 1. Lucifer, the monarch; 2. Belzebuth, second chief and prime minister; 3. Astaroth, prince of the thrones; 4. Behe-moth, commander-in-chief; 5. Belphegor, second general; 6. Sabathan, colonel; 7. Axaphat, centurion; 8. Finetail, aide-de-camp; and thirteen thousand other officers of various grades.

According to Grecian mythology, the sacred art of alchemy, known as the hermetic art, was revealed by the god Hermes Trismegistus to the first priests of the temples of Thebes and Memphis. These priests certainly employed, in painting their hieroglyphics, colors which attest their extensive acquaintance with chemistry. From the day when metal was first melted in a crucible, the operators were necessarily struck by the phenomena that took place under their eyes. The mixture of various metals produced masses of different colors; and copper mixed with zinc formed an alloy imitating gold. The melters drew from this natural result the conclusion that it was possible to transmute metals; and alchemy thus started into life, and was speedily followed by the search after the philosopher's stone. The most ancient works on alchemy are attributed to Hermes; but, in fact, they do not date beyond the Alexandrian school. When this city was captured and pillaged for the fourth time by the Arabs in 642, the hermetic science disappeared, and did not rise again until the kingdom of the Califs had been established on the ruins of the old empires. The hermetic art received under the Arabs the name, half-Arabic, half-Greek, of alchemy; and since this epoch we find remarkable men in all countries seeking the philosopher's stone, up to the time when chemistry, by becoming a positive science, was stripped of all the phantasmagoria of olden times.



Alchemy flourished most in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and clever impostors contrived to feather their nests very satisfactorily to themselves. The adventures of one Cornaro, an Italian alchemist, supply a case in point. This Cornaro, who was a bit of a scamp, it would seem, was thrown into prison at Venice, not for his very good behavior. He contrived, however, to inform his patron, the Duke de San Martino, of the fact of his arrest; and knowing the Duke's foible, he promised to teach him the secret of gold-making, which would enable him to raise an army, with which to conquer a small principality to which he asserted a claim. The Duke assented, and Cornaro was set at liberty by his intermediation. The scamp, seeing a fine chance, reduced forty pistoles to powder, which he mixed with earth. This stuff he made into four packets, and sold through his accomplices to the druggists under the name of Chunam earth—a preparation then in great vogue among chemists—and snapped up on this occasion, owing to the moderate price at which it was offered. When the day for the experiment arrived, Cornaro sent the Duke's people to get some Chunam powder at the address he gave. This powder was thrown into a crucible along with ten pistoles; and an hour later, gold to the value of seventeen was taken out of it, to the great delight of the Duke. Cornaro represented to him that, with a large sum, the profit would be greatly augmented; and the poor Duke, who was easy to convince, promised to supply the rogue with twenty thousand crowns. The day of Venus, Friday, was selected for the experiment; and, owing to the importance of the affair, the gold would remain in a state of fusion for two days. The noble Venetian was punctual; and as the clock struck twelve, he threw the money with his own hands into the crucible. The alchemist was left alone to watch the operation; but when the Duke returned on the next day, he found not a soul in the house he had hired for the affair. Cornaro had bolted, and by this time was well on his way to Genoa. And so the poor Duke lost his hopes of the principality.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, we find an alchemist engrossing pub-

lic attention for the last time. In the year of grace 1781—the very year in which Kant published his *Critique of Pure Reason*—all England was talking about the alchemical experiments of Dr. Price, who, by the aid of a powder of projection, publicly transmuted mercury into gold and silver. Dr. Price's reputation became immense, and the vulgar were disposed to make a god of him; but unfortunately he was a member of the Royal Society. It did not suit him to perform his jugglery in the presence of competent judges; and hence he declared that he had no powder left. When called upon to make fresh, Price gave a tragical ending to the farce—he poisoned himself, and thus gave the death-blow to alchemy.

Among the few meritorious acts performed by Louis the Fourteenth, we may place in the first rank the edict issued in 1672, which prohibited the burning of sorcerers and witches, unless they had been proved guilty of poisoning. In truth, it was time for such a decree; and the reader recoils in horror from the lists of victims burnt in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries under the pretext of magic. To furnish an idea of the importance and number of the executions, we will first mention two inquisitors who acquired an awful reputation as witch-burners. The first, one Cumanus, commenced his exploits by burning, in 1485, in the small county of Bulen, forty-one women as witches. Not finding the evil, they cut away at the roots. He pronounced so many condemnations, that the people emigrated *en masse*. Alirat, his worthy rival, performed his feats in Piedmont. He began with a master-stroke, and burned one hundred and fifty sorcerers in an immense *auto-da-fé*. The next year two hundred fresh victims were about to be given to the flames; but the people revolted, expelled the burner, and delivered the poor wretches. In 1489, Innocent the Eighth issued a bull, by which he invited the inquisitors to redouble their zeal in detecting and punishing persons indulging in witchcraft. The consequences of this bull were terrible, and pyres were everywhere kindled. Spain, France, Italy, Germany, were literally decimated. In 1524, in the little town of Como, no less than twelve

hundred persons were burned on account of witchcraft; and we almost fancy we must be dreaming when we find men like Toreno, Nicolas Reni, (the intimate friend of the Duke of Lorraine,) Del Rio, Bodin and Roguet, boasting of having burnt, the first one thousand seven hundred sorcerers, the second and third nine hundred each, the fourth six hundred, and the last only five hundred. In 1570, one Florimond de Remond, counselor of the parliament of Bourdeaux, after he had tortured and roasted some hundreds of wretches, declared that he should give up condemning people, who appeared to arise from their ashes. "It is very sad," he said simply, "on going home, after having sent four or five sorcerers, male or female, to the stake, to reflect that it will be necessary to do it all over again the next day." In 1572, the year of St. Bartholomew, one Bodin, a species of idiot, who wrote a tissue of absurdities under the title of *Demonology*, asserted that the number of sorcerers acknowledged by the wretched Des Echelles, when executed, was three hundred thousand; and that there would be no happiness for France till they were exterminated to the last. In 1859, two months before the assassination of Henry the Third, the parliament of Paris had to try forty persons of both sexes, formally accused of having intimate relations with the demons. Fortunately the parliament contained a few enlightened men, who came to the conclusion that the prisoners were suffering from hallucinations, and required a dose of hellebore rather than the stake. Unfortunately, ere twenty years had elapsed, fresh accusations of sorcery desolated France; and if the Béarnais had listened to the advice of the witch-finders, three-fourths of his subjects would speedily have been roasting. At about the same period, six thousand five hundred persons were burnt for witchcraft in four years in the little electorate of Trevis; in the Netherlands, four thousand; and in Switzerland, two thousand three hundred. In the last century, at the era when the *Encyclopedie* was publishing, witch-fires still blazed in Bavaria and Germany; while in Spain they were not extinguished until the French invasion placed

King Joseph on the throne of the descendants of Charles the Fifth.

The Regent d'Orléans was a fervent believer in the marvelous, and was very cleverly taken in by Count Felix de Belmonte, a celebrated sorcerer, who pretended to raise the dead. The scene took place on the night of April 23, 1720, in the deserted quarries of Vaugirard, whither a fashionable party proceeded with the regent. The sorcerer was at his post, and introduced, as his indispensable assistant, a tall man, whose features were completely concealed by a huge black beard. After a few words had been exchanged between Belmonte and the regent, the latter remained in the foreground with Cardinal Dubois, the rest being scattered about the galleries, whence they could see, but not hear the speeches. The first person evoked was Sully, of whom the regent inquired what he thought of Law's system. The financier of Henry the Fourth replied that the director of the Banque Générale would lead France to ruin. The next specter the regent desired to see was Louis the Fourteenth, who duly appeared at the spot where Sully had disappeared. The regent advanced resolutely toward his great uncle. "Sire," he said, as he knelt on one knee, "if it be true that there is nothing hidden from the dead, you will be aware of the purity of my intentions in revoking your will; and I trust will pardon me." The old king opened his arms, the regent rushed eagerly toward the ex-ruler of Europe, but found no resistance. While Philip was trying to recover from his violent emotions, Dubois inquired whether the shadow of the great cardinal Richelieu could be called from the grave. Count Felix replied in the affirmative; and the cardinal ere long appeared in his red gown. Dubois bowed like a Spanish grandee, and then began a pompous panegyric of his system of government. Richelieu listened attentively, and when Dubois ceased speaking, made him a sign to advance. The regent's minister believed in some important communication from the other world, and overcoming his terror, advanced two paces; but he suddenly received two of the most stinging buffets ever dealt a human face. At the same instant, the

lights were extinguished, and a stentorian voice announced that the evocations were at an end. The regent laughed heartily, as did the ladies, while Dubois cursed in a way that would have scandalized a pagan. But when Dubois sought for Count Felix the next day, he was nowhere to be found.

We find in a correspondence written in 1724, or two years after the death of Cardinal Dubois, the following explanation of this mysterious adventure. It was well known at court that the regent's great desire was to exculpate himself from the infamous accusations brought against him. The Duke de X— formed the bold plan of freeing the regent from the ideas that oppressed him. Having known Count Felix at Venice, he renewed the acquaintance when that adventurer came to Paris, and they arranged together the scene we have just described. Two glasses, a reflector, and a few accomplices, sufficed to carry out the farce. The man with the black beard was no other than the Duke de X—. Unfortunately, the raiser of the dead was ignorant of the duke's hatred of Dubois: the two boxes on the car spoiled the farce, and fearing the minister's vengeance, he mysteriously disappeared from Paris. In 1725, Count Felix de Belmonte was found frozen to death in a sledge, while journeying from Moscow to Odessa.

Among the most extraordinary instances of credulity recorded in history, that of the Convulsionists takes a prominent place. On May 3, 1727, an immense crowd, among which some great people could be seen, followed to the cemetery of St. Medard the body of a deacon, François de Paris. He had acquired public esteem by acts of charity; but had nothing remarkable to justify the character of saintship, which he acquired within a week of his funeral. Crowds flocked to his grave, and miracles began to be performed. Women, lying on the cold stone which covered the priest's ashes, fell into ecstatic fits and prophesied. Paralytics left the grave with joyous bounds. Cripples threw away their crutches. The Archbishop of Noailles was elected chief of the appellants, and undertook to keep a list of the daily miracles. The appearance of the cemetery became

very remarkable: it was more a fair than a resting-place of the dead. On all sides were stalls at which peddlers sold crosses, chaplets, relics, and even earth taken from the tomb of the saint. The most repulsive scenes occurred with hysterical women for more than a year, until the police considered it necessary to interfere and close the cemetery; on the next day a wit placed the following placard on the gate:

“ De par le roi, defense a Dieu  
De faire miracle en ce lieu.”

Expelled from the cemetery, the convulsionists took refuge in private houses, where scenes took place which we will allow our author to describe:

“ Let us say a word about each of these chastisements, in order to show how far religious excitement can carry the unfortunate persons who yield to it. Girls called prophetesses were trained to these exercises. The first of the three great means, called the plank, consisted in laying upon the convulsionist, lying on the ground, a species of platform, on which the visitors were invited to mount. Some twelve or fifteen people sit on it, and the girl frequently remarked that the weight was not sufficient. The second method, that of the stone, was of more simple execution. A sister lay down on her stomach, and a brother beat her hips with a large stone, as long as he had strength. The last method was only employed on great occasions, and on certain subjects. A bar of iron weighing thirty pounds was used, and the wretched prophetess was struck violently with it, she all the while expressing the utmost delight: ‘ Strike, in Heaven's name! redouble your assistance,’ were the words which these maniacs would utter. Other instruments of torture were known by strange names; these were the biscuit, the barley-sugar, the tooth-pick, etc. Each woman had her specialty. One of the name of Marie Sounet was incombustible, and hence called the Salamander. Another, who could remain for hours on the cross, received the surname of Sœur de la Croix. An hysteric convulsionist, who used to utter cries like a cat's miauling, was christened La Chalti. Another who barked, the She-dog,” etc.

This dangerous delusion was finally destroyed by ridicule. A celebrated surgeon, Morand Saint-Sauveur, explained, in the name of reason, the natural causes of these miracles, renewed from the days of the augurs and the haruspices. The *Journal des Savants* opened its columns to Dodard, a member of the Academy. The letters which he published produced an immense effect, which greatly aided to diminish the number of the convulsionists. Dodard and D'Alembert dealt the death-blow by the bold preface to the first volume of their *Encyclopedie*, published at the close of 1750.

In June, 1704, the French army took the important town of Vercelli, the key of the road from Turin to Milan. While the fortifications were being razed, an infant was baptized in the chapel of the Virgin, and registered by the simple name of Pietro. This child was destined hereafter to occupy the public attention of the capitals of Europe, and play a strange and mysterious part. His father was a gentleman; and hence Pietro, though a bastard, received an excellent education, which enabled him eventually to justify his assumption of the name of Count St. Germain. The history of this man has been too recently told in a work called *Remarkable Adventurers*, for us to dwell on it here; and the same is the case with his clumsy successor Cagliostro, who was the final cause of the downfall of another impostor, Mesmer, who arrived in Paris in 1779, and astonished all the world by a discovery which he published under the title of "animal magnetism." Still, though the German physician's conduct was in many points blamable, he rendered humanity an immense service by revealing a power which had long been neglected; while Cagliostro, by blending magnetism with his juggleries, traced the path for charlatans who would discredit and ruin a science whose starting-point was one of the supreme laws of nature.

Of all the fortune-tellers known to history, the one who acquired the greatest reputation is incontestably Mademoiselle Le Normand. For forty years court and city crowded her rooms; and even at the present day, in France, if you tease a person for trying fortune by the cards, the ste-

retyped reply is: "Tut, sir, the Emperor Napoleon himself consulted Mdlle. Le Normand." This woman was a notorious impostor; but her *Sibylline Oracles*, published after the downfall of Napoleon the First, were a disgrace to the government which permitted their issue. Unfortunately, striking a man when down is an act of cowardice, as common with governments as with individuals. This wretched creature, who publicly preached political assassination, has remained, up to the present day, the model for all French fortune-tellers; and we may read daily in the advertising columns the announcements of charlatans who boast of being the pupils or rivals of Mdlle. Le Normand.

Spiritualism is a very old delusion—a collection of all the ancient doctrines. It borrows its form from Egypt and Greece, and its practices from the reveries of the Swedenborgs and Spinosas. The alchemist pursued the discovery of the soul of the world; the mediums and evokers wish to force the Deity to place at their disposal the soul of any man who has shuffled off the mortal coil. Their system is at once antichristian and antilogical; for they desire to keep the soul still bound to the earth, and compel it at their bidding to quit the infinite splendors of celestial worlds in order to return among mortals. Spiritualism is divided into two parts—that of facts and that of ideas. In the first we absolutely deny that matter can subjugate the mind; in the second it is very possible that a strong-minded man should obtain the mastery over weak minds. Unhappily when a man is once convinced of the truth of spiritualism, he will employ any resources; for he considers that in such a case the end will justify the means. Certain that he has been witness of a fact, he will employ every sort of trickery to reproduce it on a given day and hour. And the saddest part of the business is, that, as the spiritualist's decease is to him a reality, he will cheat almost in good faith. Such appears to us to be the case with Mr. Home, who possesses an ardent and mystical mind contained in a fragile body, which exerts a perceptible influence over it.

Although we are not disposed to deny

the influence of magnetism on the human body, we are forced to the painful conviction that every man who lives by magnetism is a charlatan. As our author justly remarks, "Magnetism, like all the occult sciences, at times gives flashes, but never light." He also adds, that though he has assisted at the *séances* of all the distinguished somnambulists, he declares that if by accident a flash of truth dazzled him, it was solely the result of legerdemain. Robert Houdin, the greatest prestidigitator of modern times, merely developed and augmented the resources of magnetizers by creating the anti-magnetic second-sight.

It will be seen from our analysis that M. Alfred de Caston is a rough opponent of all marvel-mongers, ancient and modern. But we can not blame him for it. It is a notorious fact that spiritualism has led to a large increase of insanity; and it behoves every man who has the welfare of his fellow-beings at heart to strive strenuously at putting a stop to these works of the devil and his friends.

L. W.

## VENICE AND ITS PRINCIPAL STREET.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE Riva degli Schiavoni is a paradoxical place. Throughout its entire length you will see all that the Queen of the Adriatic can show of life, of movement, of activity; yet is it in many respects the most un-Venetian thoroughfare in Venice. It is noisy both by day and by night; while the rest of the city is wonderfully still. It is so broad and roomy a promenade that you might easily gallop a horse along it from the Molo to the Giardini Pubblici, laid out by the French under the Napoleonic domination; whereas in other parts of the city, and saving only the few open spaces or campi, and St. Mark's Place, all there is of dry land is narrow and tortuous, and irrevocably barred against the irruption of any four-footed animal bigger than a dog. When Lord Byron lived at Venice, he was wont to boast that he was the only denizen of the city who rode on horseback: and it must have been, I fancy, along the Riva degli Schiavoni that his lordship was

accustomed to display the equestrian proficiency of which he was, not unpardonably, proud. There is no other place on this side the Lagunes where you can ride so much as a donkey, save the Campo di Marte, a parade-ground for the troops; a swamp reclaimed by the Austrians for the express purpose of indulging in their beloved pastime of maneuvering troops; but cavalry are banished even from the Campo di Marte, it having been found inconvenient to transport whole regiments of dragoons thither in flat-bottomed boats. The Venetians, who preserve recollections almost as bitter of the French occupation as they hold their actual experience of the Austrian rule, are never tired of alluding with a sardonic sneer to a picture painted by some Frenchman in the time of the Directory, and engraved in Paris, representing Napoleon on horseback, as general-in-chief of the army of Italy, and surrounded by a brilliant staff, superbly mounted, reviewing his troops, including several squadrons of cuirassiers and hussars, in the Piazza San Marco. The date of the engraving is 1797, whereas the Venetians declare that Napoleon never came to Venice at all until more than ten years afterward—after his coronation as King of Italy, at Milan; and as for the mounted staff, and the cuirassiers and the hussars, they aver that the only specimens of the equine species that have ever been seen in St. Mark's Place are the horses poised in an eternal trot over the architrave of the Basilica; and they, as all the world knows, are of Corinthian brass. There is, indeed, a legend setting forth that one day, in the height of the Carnival of Venice, during the Middle Ages, an adventurous mountebank brought a live flesh-and-blood horse to the Piazza. He was a learned horse—a performing horse; and his owner proposed to exhibit his skill in accomplishing tricks on the cards, dancing to slow music, and pointing out the greatest rogue in company. He was landed from a gondola at the Molo, and brought to a convenient station opposite to the Torre del Orologio, or clock-tower. But the populace regarded him with disfavor. They declared that a live horse ought to have wings. The horses of St. Mark, indeed, they admitted to be wingless; but

then they had been brought from the East, and were infidel steeds; but for a Christian horse, *proh pudor!* They accused the mountebank of being a magician; they beat him badly, and forced him to flee; nay, I am by no means certain that they did not slay the horse incontinent, and straightway convert him into sausages for the use of some of the stifling little eating-houses behind the Procuratie Vecchie.

The inhabitants of the Riva degli Schiavoni still preserve a lively recollection of the poet-peer who was so very anxious to hide a club-foot—as though that speck would have been noticed in the blaze of his transcendent genius—but was not quite so careful to conceal a hump-backed mind. In some of the shops you may yet see catchpenny pamphlets purporting to be “La Vita del Lord George Noel Byron.” He has left his mark here, not to be eradicated, as in other cities where he dwelt; but of his horse and his horsemanship I found no trace. I wonder whether his lordship ever got a spill. It is not unlikely. The Riva degli Schiavoni, although broad and long, is intersected by numerous canals, and these are only to be crossed by steep little up-and-down bridges. Byron, too, although a bold and venturesome horseman, was not a very skillful one. In Madame de Bassanville’s *Salons d’autrefois* she tells a curious story of the poet falling from his horse on the Boulevard de Gand, Paris, in 1817. The fall was a very ugly one, and might have been attended with fatal consequences; but the skillful Corvisart was called in, and speedily set Byron right again. If any credit is to be attached to the French *chronique scandaleuse*, the illustrious bard demurred at the amount of fees he was called upon to pay; and an unseemly squabble took place between Corvisart and himself. But one never knows how much truth or how much falsehood there may be in these said scandalous chronicles, personal reminiscences, fifty-years’ experiences, and the like. Vain old women, and old men too, sometimes pride themselves upon the goodness of their memories, at the very time when they are playing them the strangest of tricks. I dare say Madame de B. thought that she was inditing nothing but verity; yet, were the

real truth to come out, it is quite as likely that Dupuytren, and not Corvisart, was the doctor called in; that Lord Byron was thrown out of his carriage, and not off his horse; and that instead of wrangling with his medicos about the bill, he filled their pockets to overflowing with louis-d’ors. “*Tot ou tard, tout se sait,*” quoth Madame de Genlis—or was it Madame de Maintenon?—I declare I don’t know; only we have to wait an unconscionably long time for a thoroughly clean breast to be made anent every thing.

I have sometimes, wandering on the Riva in the moonlight, tried to conjure up the phantom of Lord Byron on horseback, clattering along the Quay, and reining-in his nag on the Ponte della Paglia to gaze at the Bridge of Sighs, the palace and the prison on either side. But I could not succeed. The commendatore in *Don Juan*, bestriding his stone steed; William, in Burger’s ballad, on his grisly troop-horse; Edgar of Ravenswood, even on his black mare, eddying round, and downward, downward in the fatal quicksand—of these I could summon the images; but Byron would not come, either from the vasty deeps of the Adriatic Sea, or from the turbid shallows of mine own mind, when called upon. And yet the theme seems pregnant, fruitful, facund. Byron in Venice! There he boasted that he would work the mine of his youth to the last vein of the ore. There he had his own gondola, his many mistresses, his convenient agents. There the women went mad about him, *pour ses beaux yeux*, for love, and he went mad about them for lust. There more than one cajoled and cast-off fair one tried to poison the inconstant Englishman. There was some life in Venice in those days. The theaters were open; night-regattas often took place; music on the water was no rarity, as it is now; the Carnival was still the noisiest and most brilliant in all Italy; the Ridotto and the casinos were not wholly things of the past. And of mortal men, who seemed better fit to drink of the delicious goblet of Venetian pleasure—ay, drink of it to the very dregs—than George Gordon, the banished Lord of Newstead? Burning and passionate lines, too, he has written about

Venice; stanza upon stanza of voluptuous music; word-pictures richly glowing as the canvases of Titian or Pordenone; light and coquettish barcaroles, like the incomparable Beppo. But all in vain to me. I can not associate Byron with Venice, or realize his taking kindly to Venetian life. Why did Count d'Orsay ever pencil that abominable profile of the author of *Childe Harold* with huge shirt-collar and semicircular waistcoat, which serves as a profile to Lady Blessington's book about him? Why was that horrible story ever told of his persuading Grimaldi the clown, in wanton sport, to pour soy over his apple-pie? Why did an old lady once tell me that she knew Lord Byron very well when he was a member of the committee of Drury-Lane Theater; and that a young man by turns more deplorably bashful and more insufferably conceited she never knew? Why didn't Leigh Hunt burn that Byron book of his before he printed it? and why, oh! why, did Byron himself do his best to convince us, in his own letters, that he was a splenetic coxcomb of splendid genius, who didn't mean half what he wrote, and too frequently found a hippocrene in cold gin and water?

By the way, my Venice guide-book tells me that equitation in this amphibious city is not an entire impossibility. According to it, there has lately been constructed at the Giardini Pubblici—the Tuilerics garden of Venice, at the extremity of the Riva degli Schiavoni—an extensive series of stables and a large riding-school; and there, if we may trust the same authority, saddle-horses are always kept for hire. It may be so; but I frankly say that I don't believe it. I never saw any stables or any riding-school in the Giardini Pubblici; and I have never heard that any body else ever did. Horses there may be, in some sequestered loose boxes; but I fancy their animals of uncarthly breed, with cloven hoofs and griffin-heads, with horns sprouting from their frontal bones, like the unicorn in the royal arms; with coats covered with piscini scales, and manes of seaweed. Did not Lady Hester Stanhope keep two mysterious steeds continually bridled and saddled for the coming of the Prophet, who never came? Surely

they must have been foaled by the same mare that was dam to these unreal horses in the Giardini Pubblici. If I could not realize Byron on horseback here, how could I gain any thing like a palpable notion of English tourists or Venetian dandies? But there are no dandies left at Venice, hiring park-hacks at five francs the afternoon, and converting the Riva degli Schiavoni into a Rotten Row. Forbid it, memories of the picturesque past, and the scarcely less picturesque present! How the loungers on the Quay would stare if there came suddenly careering along the Riva a Brighton riding-master's cavalcade, the rough-rider himself in the orthodox Newmarket-cut coat, drab cords, and high boots; around him the brilliant *essaim* of pretty amazons. Goodness gracious me! what ever would the Venetians think of a pretty amazon! What impression would they form of her pork-pie or her chimney-pot hat, her gauntlets, her jeweled whip, the laced cambric handkerchief thrust in the pouch of her side-saddle, her habit with its tight corsage and flowing skirt; her exuberant tresses confined by a net of purple chenille or gold thread; her riding-trowsers, "chamois leather with black feet?" And a pretty horsebreaker! But modesty forbids me to pursue the subject. There are some hundreds of blind alleys behind the Merceria and the Torre del Orologio, where dwell the great-great-granddaughters of the famous—you may add an "in" to the adjective if you will—well, the infamous *meretrici Veneziane*, the most beautiful and the most shameless courtezans in the whole world, who were only tolerated by the strict Senate of Venice on condition that they exhibited themselves at stated hours every night at the windows of their houses in full dress, and with lighted candles on each side. The descendants of these Aspasiases of the Adriatic are still numerous, and may be reckoned as first-cousins to the pretty horse-breakers of Hyde Park; but they are horse-breakers *a pied*. They are the dismounted dragoons of profligacy. Their vicious course—to borrow a term from the vocabulary of the roulette-table—is *en plein*, and not a *cheval*.

When I put forward my opening para-

dox, and stated the Riva degli Schiavoni to be, under many aspects, the most un-Venetian thoroughfare in Venice, I should have supported the assertion, perhaps, by better evidence. There are, however, one or two points to be pleaded in justification.

First, there are but very few gondolas to be seen moored at the crowded quay-side. In Venice proper the gondola is the unique and invariable maritime craft to be met with. Men and women go to be married, and the dead are carried to be buried, in gondolas. You shall see one gondola full of garden-stuff, and another piled up with butcher's meat. In one a carpenter's bench is set up, and the carpenter is sawing or planing away, while his shavings or his sawdust are blown overboard into the canal, and drift away with the tide. The very beggars have gondolas, and cripples propel themselves with the oar between their stumps, asking, in the soft and musical Venetian dialect, for alms as they row past you. The bricklayers' laborers row to their work; and the washerwomen ply their vocation in gondolas. Artists sketching in them you may often see; likewise women at needlework, and children at play, and notaries' clerks copying crabbed deeds. They are cleanly and isolated congeners of the Sampans in the Chinese waters. Finally, so far as my late-at-night experience extends, the gondoliers appear to sleep in their boats, and to have and to desire no other domicile. There are said to be as many gondolas in Venice as there are droschkies in St. Petersburg—nearly four thousand; but their chief traffic is on the Grand Canal and its tributary arteries. The great throng of gondolas ceases at the Molo, where they are moored close and thick together at night, two and three tiers deep. From the Molo stretches away for more than a mile the Riva degli Schiavoni, an embankment not unlike the Chiuga at Naples; not unlike the Rivage at Nice; not unlike, even, the Quai de la Joliette at Marseilles; the Port at Dieppe; nay, the Harbor-side at Dover. Barges and boats of every form, schooners and feluccas, speoronare and brigantines, with lateen sails and queer images of saints and Madonnas emblazoned on them or painted on their

sterns and prows, lie at anchor in ranks of tolerable density. There is no forest of masts, and never will be again at Venice, I fear; but there is a pretty shrubbery of spars, and much gracefully-branching rigging. Here and there too, at some distance from the quay, you see anchored a passenger-boat that plies between Venice or Fiume, or Chioggia, or even Trieste and the Dalmatian littoral. It is only vessels drawing less than seven feet of water that can come up so far, or to the island of the Guidecca—so called nobody can tell why, save on the theory that it was once much frequented by Jews. At the Guidecca the maritime element assumes a coarser and less picturesque form. Tar, tarpaulin and oakum assert themselves. Heavy-beamed Austrian sailors poison the air with the fumes of the vilest tobacco; ship-chandleries, marine-stores and grog-shops abound; and the spectacle of a tipsy mariner—English, American or German—is not by any means uncommon. In fact, the Guidecca may be considered as the Wapping of Venice, just as Galata is the Wapping of Constantinople. The seafaring Italians, whatever may be their other faults—such as hugging the shore too close, trusting more to the invocation of saints in the science of navigation than to the shipman's card, going to sleep whenever they have an opportunity, and passing the major portion of their wakeful moments in gambling—are strictly temperate. They can drink their cool draught of *vinò nero*, their rosolio, or their thimbleful of aniseed; but of intoxication they seem to have an utter and innate abhorrence. In fact, a drunken man in Venice seems to be as great a rarity as a horse; and the sober inhabitants, were they to get hold of a confirmed toper, would, I fancy, be so much puzzled to know what to do with him, that it is not improbable they might bring their doubts to a solution by flinging him into the canal.

Over against the upper end of the Riva is the island of St. Giorgio Maggiore, or St. George the Great, with its salmon-colored convents and churches; but between this and the quay, and abominably disfiguring the bosom of the bright blue sea,



rises a hideous Austrian stone fort, bristling with guns, smug and smirking and angular, like one of those Seven Castles of the Devil that perk from the Gulf of Finland at Cronstadt. Confound that Austrian fort! It mars the otherwise faultless and matchless beauty of the view from the Riva as completely as William the Third's dingy brick storehouses marred the medieval grandeur of the Tower of London. It is true, and most fortunately so, that these Dutch excrescences last named were burned down for good and all in 1841, and no architect was found stupid and presumptuous enough to build them up again in the same style. But the Austrian fort of the Riva is, I fear, in no danger of incineration. Its sides are of solid stone. Its grinning teeth are rooted hard and fast in adamantine jaws; and, short of an earthquake or a *feu d'enfer* from the Whitworths or Armstrongs of some Monitor or Merrimac yet unborn, no force will be sufficient to crumble away its ugly bastions; and it is destined to be an eyesore, a nuisance, and a shame to Venice for many a long and dreary day to come.

The extremity of the Grand Canal, close to the island of St. Giorgio Maggiore, runs out in a long spit of land; and on this is erected the Dogana or custom-house, familiar to all Englishmen as the most conspicuous object in Stanfield's picture of Venice, in the Vernon Collection. A custom-house is, under ordinary circumstances, the very reverse of a picturesque sample of architecture; but the Venetian Dogana is an exception to the general rule. It was erected in 1676, from the designs of the famous architect Guiseppe Benoni; and the long line of warehouses behind it date from as far back as the fourteenth century, although they have been recently restored and spoiled by the Austrians. The portico, with its noble columns and rustic pediment, is surmounted by a sword, on which is placed a golden globe and a statue of Fortune, serving at present as an anemometer. This is the sea custom-house, or Dogana del Mar; and pray, don't confound it with the land custom-house, or Fondaco dei Tedeschi, which is ugly, and Austrian all over, inside and out. Danieli's Hotel, one of the best in

Venice, but not the very best, is on the Riva degli Schiavoni, close to the Ponte della Paglia. It lies somewhat low, and is, as I have already hinted, in the un-Venetian quarter; but it is a handsome and commodious house, much affected by English tourists, and has this inestimable advantage, that in summer you catch the sea-breeze, both in the morning and the evening, twenty minutes earlier than you do at the hotels up the Grand Canal, or in the interior of the city. Danieli's, too, is said to enjoy a comparative immunity from those frightful little insects wisely devised by a benign Providence for our torment—the mosquitoes. I say wisely; for, but for the mosquitoes, a traveler would be apt to grow so lazy in Venice as never to wake up again if once he went to sleep. The mosquitoes take good care that you shall not incur any risk through overweening drowsiness. "They may well call this place Stony Stratford; for I have been most terribly bitten by fleas," the inconsequential tourist is said to have remarked. Well may they call Venice the Queen of the Adriatic; for it is most horribly infested with mosquitoes. Do you see the connection?

The Hotel Danieli was formerly the palace of a Venetian patrician. *Cela va sans dire*, almost, in this mournful abode of broken-down nobility. The ex-palace may think itself lucky that it is not turned into a pawnshop, or an Austrian barrack, or the villa *des menus plaisirs* of a Jew money-lender or a retired ballet-girl. Many of the most magnificent palaces in Venice have suffered such shameful transformation. The famous Taglioni has been the proprietor of two, if not three. German contractors and curiosity-dealers have squatted in others; and the superb suites of apartments over the Piazzas in St. Mark's Place, once the official residence of the procurators of the republic (whence their names Procuratie Vecchi and Procuratie Nuove) are now in the occupation of a hybrid gang of Austrian *employes*, notaries, advocates and shopkeepers.

Danieli's is the Meurice of Venice, or at least it may claim such a position as Meurice's enjoyed prior to the erection of the

Hotel du Louvre and the Grand Hotel. Paterfamilias out for a holiday swears by Danieli. The reading-room is full of English guide-books—all equally pretentious, and all equally worthless; and you may gather from their perusal what Mr. Coghlan thinks of Mr. Murray, and *vice versa*.

Although, personally, I prefer the Hotel Victoria, or the Hotel della Ville, (formerly the Palazzo Loredan,) the latter being on the Grand Canal, and the former close to it, I don't dispute any of the good qualities attributed to Danieli's; and, in addition, I admit that to dwell there will save you a great deal of trouble if you entertain any objection to perpetually drifting and plashing about in a gondola. Unrivaled in their beauty and commodiousness as I consider those skiffs to be, there are people who grow weary of passing three-fourths of their time in a boat. I have heard, ere now, a gondola called a bore. I have known travelers bold enough to aver that they would sooner have a Hansom or a *coupe de remise*, or even a Brighton fly, than one of the delicious galleys with the fiddle-headed prows. Now, if you stay at one of the hotels right upon the Grand Canal or its tributaries, you must have a gondola every time you wish to go out; and you had best make up your mind to the inevitable necessity, so soon as ever you arrive in Venice, namely, by hiring a gondola by the day, instead of by the hour. It is true that the hotel-waiters always tell you that you can walk to the Place St. Mark or to the Rialto in five minutes; and I am willing to believe that there really are occult back-ways and mysterious dives up and down alleys and across one-arched bridges by means of which you may reach either of the places I have named without taking water; but then, in nine cases out of ten, you are sure to lose your way before you have been out two minutes. One bridge is the twin-brother to the other; one alley is Cæsar, and the other is Pompey; and Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike, especially Cæsar. You soon become entangled in a devious maze, to which the labyrinth at Hampton Court is as broad and rectilinear as Gower Street. St. Mark's Place may be

at five paces' distance from you, but you fail to discover it, and at last wander half a mile away from it; but as every road is said to lead to Rome, so does every lane in Venioe, if its course be pursued long enough, end in the water. You come out on a little riva or quay, or at the head of some steps; and then you put an end to your vain peregrinations by hailing the nearest gondola, and desiring to be rowed to the Molo. You might have saved yourself a great deal of trouble by adopting this course at the commencement instead of the termination of your attempt to find out St. Mark's Place.

In the daytime the Riva degli Schiavoni is usually too broiling hot for promenading purposes. I speak, of course, of summertime. With Venice in winter I have no acquaintance. You may protect yourself, indeed, from sunstroke by carrying a large umbrella, (sky-blue is the preferable hue;) but a gig-umbrella, or a *dame de la halle's* crimson gingham cupola, would not save your feet from being baked and blistered on the burning pavement. You had best stay in-doors and take your siesta, or lounge under the cool piazzas of St. Mark, eating ices till sundown. Then you may take your ease upon the Riva, and enjoy the refreshing balminess of the sea-breeze to its fullest extent. Then the Riva is crowded. The mass of the multitude belong, however, to the humble classes. Some tourists, French, English, or American, staying at Danieli's hostelry, are to be found there; but the Austrian officers have voted the place snobbish, and won't walk there; and the throng, minus the tourists, is composed of fishermen, sailors, gondoliers, artisans, beggars, and grisettes. There are a great many beggars and a great many grisettes in Venice. As regards the well-to-do Venetians: there are, in the first place, no well-to-do Venetians; and, in the next place, if there were, they wouldn't come out. Italian ladies and gentlemen are precisely the people you don't see in this city, that was once called *la nobile citta* and *Venezia la ricca*. Still, there is a crowd; there is movement; there is the hum of human voices; and all these are something that conduce to wean you from the notion, otherwise ir-

resistible, that you are living in the midst of a colossal cemetery. If the Austrian officers abstain from strolling on the Riva, the Austrian privates exercise no such abstinence, and stagger, or waddle, or prow about, with a vacant stare in their Croat eyes, or an idiotic grin on their Croat lips, or a brutal scowl on their Croat brows, as the humor suits them, or as fate has willed for them to have partaken of the salutary discipline of the stick, or to have been gratified with eleemosynary beer, in the course of the day. They are a sulky, uncouth, and ruffianly lot; but their white jerkins are valuable as points of contrast in a crowd against the black dresses of the women. A pretty apology is this indeed for the Austrian domination! The uniforms of the garrison help out the *chiar'oscuro*, and that is all.

Formerly, I have been told, the Riva degli Schiavoni presented every evening the aspect of a waterside fair. Booths and tents and stall and tables, where you could gamble for cakes and oranges; mountebanks and conjurers and posture-masters; singers and dancers and improvisatori, kept up a continual mart of frivolity and an incessant din. The English "serious world" would be inexpressibly gratified at the change which has come over the Riva under the beneficent influence of the Austrian scepter and the Austrian stick. The fair has been completely put down. Sir Peter Laurie could not have "put down suicide" more forcibly. The mountebanks and tumblers, the jugglers and ballad-singers and story-tellers, have disappeared. The crowd remains, feverish yet listless, sluggish yet irritable. Humanly speaking, the Riva degli Schiavoni, like every other place in Venice, is as a valley of dry bones. And the bones are very dry. Shall these bones ever live again?

INDIAN RELICS. — At the new brick-kiln located on Indian Mound, on the banks of Mormon Slough, below Dr. McLean's place, the workmen are digging up skulls, backbones, thigh-bones, and other portions of human skeletons, showing this mound to have been used as a burial-place by the

aborigines of the country. Mixed with these are found stone mortars and pestles, used for pounding acorns and grasshoppers together. It is said that upon the death of a squaw, the stone pestle she had been in the habit of using was always buried with her. The soundness of the teeth in the exposed jaws was remarkable, and really to be envied, so free from any sign of decay are they. Among these relics were observed stones that had evidently, from their shape and indentions on opposite sides as for the security of keeping fast to a line, been used as plumbers for fish-lines. The dust of these Indians are being thrown into the kiln, and whatever may have been said of them during life, each and every one will soon prove himself "a brick!"

### THE ROMANCE OF REALITY.

FROM THE RECORDS OF A FRENCH DETECTIVE.  
TRANSLATED FOR THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

I HAD some renown as a successful rogue-catcher; and I had some experience, too. My field of operations, as a usual thing, lay within the confines of the Department of the Lower Alps; and though I served under the Sub-Prefect of the third Arrondissement, yet the Prefect of the Department called upon me when he chose. One morning—it was in the latter part of May—I received a note from the Prefect, ordering me to come to Digne, and see him with all possible dispatch. The missive came through the office of our Sub-Prefect, so that I had nothing to do but get ready and start. I took an early dinner, assumed the dress of a peasant, browned my face and hands, and set forth. I reached Digne just at nightfall, and as soon as it was dark I waited on the Prefect. He seemed to be relieved when he saw me, and took me to his private closet.

"Now," said I, "have you got work for me?"

"Yes," he replied; "sit down and listen."

We sat down, and he proceeded: "Within a few months past there have been some of the most mysterious murders committed in this Department, and in the Department of War, that have ever come under my notice. They are done mostly on the road from

Castellane to Aups. The first victim was a Marseilles merchant, who had come up to Castellane to purchase preserved fruits. His body was found by the roadside, near the line between the two Departments; and at first it was supposed that he must have fallen there and died in a fit, as no marks of violence could be found upon him. His pockets had been rifled, however. The next one was found near Annot, and under the same circumstances. He was a merchant also, and from Nice. Since then, five or six more have died upon the same road, in the same mysterious way, and no marks of ill-usage have been found upon any of them; but all have been robbed."

"Have most of them stopped in Castellane?" I asked.

The Prefect told me they had.

"And I suppose they must have put up at the same inn there?" I remarked.

"Yes," said the Prefect.

I then supposed that some of the landlords must be concerned. But my companion informed me that they had been narrowly watched, and that no shadow of evidence rested against them.

"But," said I, "is there not some poison in this matter? Some innkeeper may administer the poison, and then send an accomplice after the victim."

"No," returned the Prefect, with a shake of the head. "Experienced physicians have examined the stomachs of the dead men, but no trace of poison has been found. It is a mysterious affair. The Sub-Prefect has done all he could, but without effect, and now we mean to give the whole thing into your hands. You must go to Castellane at once, and there you can get such further information as the Sub-Prefect can give you."

After conferring a while longer with the Prefect, he let me have a suit of ordinary tradesman's clothing, and, thus habited, I went to a hotel and put up for the night. In the morning I procured a horse and set out, reaching Castellane before noon. During the day I pretended to be doing business. I went to the woolen-factory and examined a lot of stuff, and also visited several places where preserved fruits were put up. I learned that most of the people

who came there on business put up at an inn kept by a man named Juan Fontaix: so I left my horse there, and engaged lodgings.

After dark I called upon the Sub-Prefect. He told me that he had used all the means within his power, but had been able to gain no clue to the guilty party. Most of the murdered victims had been from Marseilles, and the excitement in that city was intense. Gendarmes had been sent out upon all the roads, and secret police had also been upon the watch. The last victim had fallen only four or five days before, and the deed was done only fifteen minutes after the policeman had passed the spot.

I asked the Sub-Prefect if he had any suspicions. He answered that all the suspicion he held was fastened upon Juan Fontaix, the innkeeper. Nearly all the murdered men had stopped at his house, and he must have known something of their business.

I bade the officer keep perfectly quiet, not even to let one of his own men know of my presence. Then I returned to my inn, and finally entered into a conversation with my host upon the subject of the mysterious deaths. He pronounced it wonderful, and assured me that it had injured him more than he could tell.

"Parbleu!" he muttered, "they'll be suspecting me next, if they have not done so already."

I was soon satisfied that Juan Fontaix knew nothing of the guilty party. He was very fearful, and at times blanched and trembled at the thought. Most people would have seen in this signs of guilt; but I thought differently.

I spent all the next day in the town, ostensibly engaged in business with the factories, but in reality hunting after some clue to the object of my mission. Night came again, but I had found nothing new. I was perfectly satisfied that the murderer had laid his plans so deeply that no circumstantial clue could be found. If I would find him, I must catch him with the proof upon him.

I had given an assumed name at the inn, and stated that I belonged to Toulon. On the next morning I called for my bill, and

informed my host that I was off for home. Then I went to the fruit-preserver's and told him the same, stating that I must confer with my partner before I concluded my bargain. After this I went to the woolen-factory and saw the business agent. His name was Louis Cazaubon, and he had come to Castellane about a year before. He seemed to be a straightforward businessman, and yet he was the only one I had seen whom I had thought of suspecting. In conversing upon the murders, he had been a little too free and off-handed, treating the subject more coolly than a man with a heart would be apt to do. But still I had thus far been able to find nothing against him. On the present occasion I told him, as I told the others, that I must return to Toulon.

"If you have not the money with you, we can give you credit," he said.

I told him I had plenty of money, but was not fully prepared to pay the prices he had demanded. He said, "Very well;" and added that he should be very happy to sell me when I came again. I bade him good day, and then departed. As soon as I was alone, I began to suspect Mons. Louis Cazaubon in earnest. When I told him that I had money, but did not purchase, because he charged me too much, why didn't he banter me? Simply because he wished me to leave town with the money in my pocket. At least so it appeared to me. This was sufficient ground for me to work upon, and I resolved to watch the man a little while. So I rode to an out-of-the-way place and left my horse, and then returned and concealed myself in a position where I could see the movements of Louis Cazaubon. In a few minutes he came out from the factory and walked away. His step was hurried and eager. I felt sure that he was not the man who did the direct work of death. The plot was deeper than that, or he would have been discovered ere this. So I resolved to wait awhile and see if he returned. I would have followed him if I could have done so with safety; but he might have detected me, and that would not do. However, in less than fifteen minutes he came. He walked now with a sober, innocent air.

I saw Cazaubon at his desk, and then I

returned to my horse. I knew that I had a risk to run now, but I was ready for it. If the factory agent was at the bottom of the crime, and meant to have me robbed, he had already set his machinery in motion, and the next development would be upon the road. I examined my pistols, and then left the town, taking the road along the river, toward the Alps.

At the end of half an hour I came to the slopes of the Barjois mountains, and soon afterward entered the wood. I now began to be very careful, and keep my eyes about me. I will not say that I was wholly without fear; for the mysterious manner in which the murders had been done verged so closely upon the marvelous, that a sort of superstitious dread attached to it. Had the victims been shot, or run through with a sword, or had their throats cut, I should have felt no sort of dread. But this was new ground. Death had come here, nobody knew how. It might have come from an invisible hand and in dead silence. Yet when I reasoned upon the subject, I felt sure that the murderer must approach very near to his victims ere the blow was struck, since it must be some direct and powerful agent that could cause death in so strange a manner.

I had crossed the little cascade of Saint Esprit, and was descending a short, steep hillside, when I saw a young man by the roadside, at the foot of the descent, engaged in whipping a mule. He was a slightly-built fellow, and his coarse garments were covered with meal. I knew that there was a mill upon a branch of the Verdon, not far back, and I supposed he might be the miller's boy. As I came nearer, I saw a large sack lying upon the ground, close by where the mule stood.

"What is the matter?" I asked, as I drew up near him.

"This ugly mule has thrown both me and my bag of corn from his back," he answered.

"Are you hurt?" I continued.

"My left shoulder is hurt," he said, "and I can't lift this sack again. If monsieur would help me, I would be very grateful."

Until this moment the idea of suspecting the young man had never entered my head;

but the suspicion dashed upon me now. He was altogether too keen a looking fellow for a miller's apprentice. He gave me a glance from a pair of quick, sharp eyes, that meant more than he had spoken. And then, if I had not been very much mistaken, I had seen him holding his mule firmly with that left hand.

I leaped from my saddle, and moved toward him, being careful to watch his every movement.

"Now," said he, "if you will take hold of that end, we will put it on." He lifted at the other end, and pretended that it hurt his shoulder, and begged of me to lift it on alone.

I professed to be willing to comply, and stooped down for that purpose, keeping my head in such a position that I could watch him by a sidelong glance. As I bent over and took hold of the sack, I saw him carry his hand to his bosom and draw something out. I saw his dark eye flash, and heard his quick, eager breathing. In an instant I seized his wrist and bent it upward, and, as I did so, I heard a sharp report, like the explosion of a percussion-cap, and saw a tiny wreath of smoke curl up from the hand I held. He struggled to free himself from my grasp, but I held him with a grip of iron, and fastened my gaze upon him.

"I've found you, have I?" I said, drawing one of my pistols and cocking it. "I will simply inform you that I am an officer of the Prefecture, and that I have been hunting for you. Just offer a particle of resistance, and a bullet goes through your brain! Now give me that weapon."

The young man was frightened and trembled violently.

"It is only a tobacco-pipe," he said, as he handed it to me.

And certainly it looked like nothing more; but I had seen enough of it to know that evil was in it. It appeared to me to be an ordinary meerschaum-pipe, the bowl being colored as though by long use—only the amber mouth-piece was missing. I did not stop to examine it then, but turned my attention to its owner. I saw he was still trembling with fear, and I knew that now would be the time to work upon him.

"So you are selling your soul to Monsieur Louis Cazaubon?" I remarked, by way of letting him know I was thoroughly informed. He started, and I saw very plainly he knew just what I meant; but he tried to recover himself, and clumsily asserted that he did not know any thing about the individual I had named.

"You needn't lie to me," I sternly replied, "for I know all about you. Louis Cazaubon has been watched by me when he didn't dream of such a thing. He thought I was a tradesman. But you are young, and I would save you. Confess every thing to me, and I promise your life shall be spared."

I saw that he wavered, and I followed up my advantage; and ere long I had him bent to my wishes. I made him understand that I held his life in my hand; that I could protect him from the vengeance of any one whom he might criminate, and that he had every thing to gain and nothing to lose by a full confession. He came to it gradually and reluctantly; but my wit finally triumphed, and I gained the secret.

His name, he said, was Henry Dupin. He was born in Paris, but never knew who his parents were. He went to live with Cazaubon when quite young, and had been with him ever since. He said Cazaubon used to be a chemist, and did some business in that line; and that it was in Paris he invented the infernal machine which they had since used with such fatal effect. About two years previous to the present time, they left Paris together, and spent nearly a year in traveling over the kingdom, murdering and robbing for a living. Finally they came to Castellane, where the master got his present situation. Cazaubon marked the victims that were to be robbed, and the young man then did the work. He used various artifices in carrying out his plan, but the usual one was the one he tried upon me.

The young man then explained to me the secret of the pipe. Only the outer surface was of meerschaum. Within it was a pistol of the finest steel, and of the most exquisite workmanship. The stem was the barrel, and the lock was concealed within the bowl, and covered with tobacco. A

thin plate of metal protected the curiously-contrived lock, and upon this the tobacco rested. A pressure of the thumb or finger upon this plate discharged the weapon. In order to cock it the plate had to be removed. And now comes the infernal feature of the contrivance: The powder used in the little barrel was of Cazauban's own manufacture, and very powerful. For a wad a piece of felt was used, and on the top of this was placed the missile which did the mischief. The young man had two of them with him, stitched up in the lining of his cap. He took them out and showed them to me. This projectile was a tiny arrow, not larger than a cambric needle, with one end sharp, and the other beat down to a thin feather. It was of fine steel, but coated with a greenish yellow substance, which was the most virulent and speedy poison that the chemist's art could concoct. The needle once within the course of the blood, and death was already at the heart. Its wound no mortal eye could detect. It punctured the skin not so palpably as the prick of a pin. He who sent it on its fatal errand made sure of his aim, generally striking the neck, and the victim would fall into insensibility ere he could comprehend what hurt him.

I returned to Castellane with my prisoner; having left him in charge of the Sub-Prefect, I took a gendarme along with me, and went to the factory. Monsieur Cazauban was surprised to see me back again so soon; but he was more surprised when I asked him to take a walk with me; and when I called in the officer and bade him put the handcuffs upon the agent, he was ready to sink to the floor. We had him secured before he had sense enough to resist, and he was conveyed to the Sub-Prefect without trouble. At first he denied every thing; but when he found that this would not avail him any, he swore he would kill his accomplice.

In due time Monsieur Louis Cazauban was tried and condemned to death, and the Prefect of Digne took possession of the infernal machine. Before the villain was executed he confessed his crimes—told how many years he had worked to perfect his

fatal instrument and produce the poison—and also owned that the young man had been driven to help him through fear of his life.

So the rascal was executed. Henry Dupin, his accomplice, spent two years in confinement, and was then set free, and commenced an honest life. As for me, I got all the praise I deserved, and perhaps more. At all events, I had done the country some service, and the people were not slow in acknowledging it.

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CALIFORNIA BATS — THEIR IMMENSE NUMBERS. — There are two kinds of bats found on the coast of California—one, the common brown article, very similar if not identical in color and size to that so plentiful around barns and outhouses in the Atlantic States; and another, one-third larger, of a beautiful silvery gray, which inhabits the oak and pine groves, and is very rarely seen near human habitation. There are said to be other species of *verspetilio* in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but these we must leave to the people thereabouts to make note of, and come to the ordinary little fellow of our boyhood, when we used "to war with rear mice for their leathern wings." And this year of curious and unaccountable phenomena of winds, weathers and life animations, the little brown bats swarm around houses in the country toward night in unaccountable numbers, and in many places are exceedingly annoying. Where they all come from is a question, for as one passes by the ruined missions on the stage-road, they sometimes fill the air like bees or mosquitoes, chattering and squeaking as if hungrier than the starved canaries. The store of mosquitoes and small flies, who bite severely ferocious, is of unwonted and pestilent supply; but the uncommon number of bats, it was hoped, would reduce the amount of those blood-suckers in the market. So familiar have the bats become this summer, that a friend of ours, a few days ago, saw twenty or thirty, in broad daylight, hanging in the glaring sun on the side of a country fence; and he was told that on the walls of the old mission buildings in our southern counties they have been seen during the past month in this demented condition, suspended by hundreds in the full light of the sun, or only under the shade of rafters. This is a singular change of habit, and is difficult to account for, as their food is most abundant just before sunrise or sunset, and the bat, since the time of Adam, is an inhabitant of "night's dark chambers."

## MINING DEPARTMENT.

**A** GREEABLE to promises made in our February number, we devote a portion of this number of the **PACIFIC MONTHLY** to our Mining Department, as we shall continue to do in each future number, improving and elaborating upon the same, as the subject in its great importance may demand. We shall be happy to receive, at any time, authentic and reliable reports from any of the great mining districts of the Pacific slope. This feature in the **PACIFIC MONTHLY** is one of great importance to the mining interests of the Pacific States. Our readers at the East who are interested in the development of the great mineral wealth of California, Oregon, Nevada, Idaho, Arizona and Montana, can cull much valuable information from the contents of our Mining Department.

**GOLD AND SILVER DISCOVERIES ON PUGET SOUND.**—Considerable excitement prevailed on Puget Sound, with reference to recent alleged gold and silver discoveries. About 1000 pounds of the quartz was brought into Steilacoom by Messrs. McCaw and Huggins, and is now on the way to San Francisco to be thoroughly tested. There is no doubt of the existence of gold and silver in this rock, as particles of gold can be distinctly seen with the naked eye in many places. The ledge lies northwest and southeast, and is said to be from 75 to 150 feet in width, and has already been traced a distance of more than three miles, in an unbroken lead, and we doubt not can and will be traced much further in a few days. It is probable that 400 or 500 claims have already been located, and perhaps several thousand will be before spring. The distance is but short, and the route easily traveled, as a good wagon-road leads from Steilacoom to within a dozen miles of the mines already. Much strife and speculation have already commenced about town sites and trading points, and a lively race has begun between Steilacoom, Seattle and Olympia, the citizens of each claiming peculiar advantages over the other.

**WASHOE SMELTING COMPANY.**—This Company have just got their furnace in operation. The furnace is built on the same plan as those of the lead mines at Galena, Ill., and promises to prove decidedly successful. Their first bar was taken from 250 pounds of ore, argentiferous galena, and weighs 70 pounds avoirdupois, or 1012 ounces troy. The bar contains a little over \$10 in silver, as it assays about one cent. per ounce in silver. The ore shows a much larger per cent. of precious metals, but it is supposed that the greater part of these remain in the slag, not being melted by the wood-fire to which the lead yields. It is the intention of the company to melt their slags in a blast-furnace, by which means they expect to obtain a good yield of silver. Their furnace is capable of taking in a charge of sixteen hundred pounds of ore. The gentleman in charge of the furnace says that he will be able, when it is in regular operation, to turn out forty bars per day, of the same weight as we have mentioned. The company say they will be satisfied with thirty, which number they feel confident of being able to produce per day. As the silver, alone, in that number of bars would be worth, at a rough guess, about \$300, we see no reason why thirty bars per day should cause the stockholders to murmur. About two and a half cords of wood are consumed per day. The fuel now used is slabs and waste stuff from a saw-mill in the vicinity. It costs the company \$2.50 per cord. The works and mines of the company are situated on Brown's Creek, in a canon, a short distance west of Pleasant Valley. They have two veins, from two to four feet in width, from which they can take almost any quantity of the ore, there being little but metal in the veins. The company incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000, in 1000 shares.

**QUARTZ-MILLS IN MARIPOSA COUNTY.**—There are in Mariposa county ten steam quartz-mills, which are worth \$300,000. They have 220 stamps, and crush an aver-



age of 250 tons of rock per day, the average yield of which is \$15 per ton. From these statistics, gathered from the County Assessor's report, it appears that the Mariposa quartz-mills produce daily \$3000 worth of gold, or about \$1,250,000 per annum.

#### VALUABLE MINERALS IN CALIFORNIA.—

We often hear outside of California of the high value and extended use of metals and minerals which abound in immense deposits in the Pacific domain. Bismuth, which is extensively used in type-making and the mechanic arts, and is now very high and scarce, is said to be found plentifully in some of our mineral formations. Antimony exists in immense masses near the Tajon, and can be carried away from the top of the ground, of very rich quality, and is said to contain a handsome ley of silver. Zinc and tin, which are now very expensive metals, are met with in valuable lodes in the counties of Mono and Los Angeles. Chronic iron is found in immense abundance in Monterey and other southern districts. Iridium, osmium and platina are not scarce in the gold-washings of Klamath and Del Norte counties, and discoveries of these have also lately been made in Idaho. The sulphur deposits of Clear Lake and those of Nevada Territory are on a magnificent scale, and of the purest quality. Borax can be gathered by the bushel nearly free from extraneous matter, and there is no end of it, seemingly, in the mountains of Lake county, where obsidian or volcanic glass, ready to make wine-bottles at a blow, is as plentiful as the world wants—a true mine of glass. Of porcelain clay of the finest quality there is no end; and of amber, tierra sienna, paint ochres of different colors, manganese, and magnesian earths, there is great plenty. As California has some of the purest aluminous, the new metal, alumina, could likely be profitably made. As to copperas, soda, alum, jasper, agate, chalcedony, hematite, and such substances, there is no end of them. It would be interesting and important to the owners of lands in which the various minerals above mentioned exist, to learn the markets and places of demand for them in Europe and

the Atlantic States, and the prices which they ordinarily command there. Perhaps some correspondent who is familiar with the subject may have a few words to say about it.

A MINE OF ARSENIC.—We will eventually fill the metallurgical catalogue with the names of the different minerals that abound on the Pacific coast. One of these rare minerals lately found in great quantities in our neighborhood is arsenic. A vein of it, about three feet in width, exists in the Toiyabe range. The lode is properly an arsenic silver ore, containing about \$250 in silver to the ton, and a great abundance of arsenic. The ore is very heavy, and somewhat resembles tin ore, as it does also a black sulphuret of silver. An experienced miner, however, would at once see the difference, although he would be puzzled to tell what it was. By slightly heating it, it can be told by its disagreeable odor. It is rather dangerous to put much of it in an open fire. Here is undoubtedly a mine of great value, but the question is, what is to be done with it? If mined at present, it would be necessary to ship the ore.

BANKING AND MINING TOGETHER.—In the presence of the new and powerful impulse to banking business, the great results of which are now attracting public attention, we have a suggestion to make, which we sincerely trust the originators of these new enterprises will gravely consider. Mining is the great material interest of California. That interest is now suffering from lack of capital necessary for the development of the mines. They have a positive value, just as much as lands or houses, bonds, mortgages, railroad stock, or any other "securities." There are good mines and bad mines, just as there are good and bad properties of all species. A man or a company that has really valuable mines, ought to be able to raise money upon it, just as he could upon real estate or stock. We would have our new banks come up to the requirements of this age and country in this respect. For this purpose, they should have connected with them as a regular paid officer, a professional met-

allurgist, acquainted with mines, and capable of judging of them and their value. In addition to the requisite scientific qualifications, he should be a man of high character and unquestionable integrity, altogether beyond the suspicion of being "influenced" or "approached." Upon the recommendation of this officer, the bank should be as ready to make loans on mining property as on any other. This is our suggestion; we hope it will be fairly and seriously considered.

WHERE THE GOLD AND SILVER OF CALIFORNIA ARE SUNK.—An account was lately rendered to the British Parliament of the gold and silver imported into and exported from the Presidencies of Bengal, Bombay and Madras, excluding Ceylon and other oriental dependencies of Great Britain. By these carefully-compiled official returns, it appears that the gold and silver imports into the said districts of India, containing 200,000,000 of souls, exceed during one year the exports by a fraction under \$100,000,000. This puzzled and annoyed John Bull immensely. His eastern subjects, it appears, have an old fashion among them, adopted after centuries of war and anarchy, of hoarding their extra profits in very curious places, to provide against sudden eventualities, peculiarly Asiatic, and gold, silver and precious stones are their ancient and modern favorites. But these are also particularly esteemed by Mr. B.'s cash-keepers in India and England, and this oriental plan causes much perplexity to them. The returns alluded to state that from 1855 to 1863, this *excess* of the imports over the exports of India has reached the enormous value of \$550,000,000. There is no doubt that into this Indian maelstrom has been engulfed *our* \$1,000,000,000 of California and Washoe gold and silver, dug out with much perspiration between 1848 and 1864.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.—M. Terrel, a French savant, a few weeks ago perfected his aqueous experiments at Paris, and succeeded in boiling water in pots made of *writing-paper* and other such attenuated materials. A learned report was made by him to the

Chemical Society of Paris on the methods adopted and the phenomena evolved in the experiments, which has conferred great honor on the ingenious philosopher. La Perouse, in 1786, says the California Indians at Monterey used to boil their *atole* or porridge of acorns in straw baskets over the fire, by keeping them in rapid revolution. Bismuth, which is said to be found abundantly in several California and Washoe minerals, has become lately in Europe so scarce and high-priced as to cause its profitable manufacture from old types. The well-known philosophical journal, the *Comptes Rendus*, of the French Academy, contains the methods of Balard to extract the tin and lead from the bismuth, which makes the type-metal, by nitric acid and other re-solvents and re-agents. The bismuth has the quality of expanding when about to harden, which, preventing any contraction, fills the type-moulds and makes perfect edges.

[The question often arises with us, Why don't these great French and German chemists go to California and display their recondite studies? for there every mineral imagined by alchemists or savans is found in wonderful abundance. And another interrogatory suggests itself: Why don't some of the wealthy Californians give their boys the benefit of the high chemical studies of Paris, instead of making them all lawyers, merchants and politicians? It was the old alchemists who found out that the moon was not made of green cheese; and their legitimate successors who discovered steamboats, railroads, telegraphs and coal-oil, and made candles from asphaltum, tallow and lard as lustrous and hard as wax or sperm.—Ed.]

MINES IN SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY.—The Rock Spring special correspondent of the *Alta Californian* says: "Since my last I have visited Silver Hill District, and found some as good-looking undeveloped ledges as I have seen anywhere. They, like the ledges of Macedonia, show on the surface a great deal of copper, but, on going down, the copper gives place to silver-bearing galena; but there is too little work done on any ledge to pronounce judgment on it.

I have been fortunate enough to find something myself—how good it may be, I do not know. The ledges crop out beautifully for several hundred feet, and are from three to six feet wide; but it will take a long time for me to develop them. I am satisfied that there is no place where money could be invested to greater advantage than in this section of country; that is, so far as I have seen yet. I may possibly find some better mineral country in my wanderings. The ledges here are all in either granite or slate formations, and those that are in granite crop out unbroken for a long distance, the granite being stratified and uninterrupted by breaks for miles. I am satisfied that all the ledges found in granite formation will prove to be rich and permanent.

“As regards water, there will be a plentiful supply, and perhaps too much, as I have struck water on one of my ledges at a depth of twelve feet, and in another at a depth of five feet. The water is excellent, better than any that I have ever before drank in this region of country.

“I shall leave here in a few days for the Irataba and San Francisco Districts, from whence my next letters will be dated.”

**BUSINESS OF SAN FRANCISCO.**—The gold incomes of San Francisco amount to \$13,600,000, exceeding \$20,000,000 as a currency basis, and out of 20,000 voters 8000 pay incomes on more than \$600 in gold—the average income of the 8000 being \$1700. The amount of regular annual income tax at three per cent. paid in this district (San Francisco and San Mateo) is \$516,000; and the amount of special income tax at five per cent. is \$675,000.

**FISCAL.**—A reliable commercial reporter in San Francisco says:

Capitalists in the East continue to send funds hither for investment, and a number of orders were received recently for the purchase of some prominent mining shares at current rates. The uncertainty attending fiscal matters at home, arising from redundant paper issues, and the constant fluctuations in gold, will, it is believed, induce many parties to transfer capital to these

shores, where the rates of interest are so much more attractive, and where the currency of the country has a permanent and stable value, and is liable to no change.

A LATE file of the *Virginia Union* says:

The Savage, Chollar and Hale and Norcross Companies have suspended work for the present in their mines. The two former have their ore-houses full, while the latter is compelled to stop operations for a time, because of the difficulty of getting the cars over the track to the dump-pile, owing to the accumulation of snow. Several mines have also suspended operations in Gold Hill for the same reason. It is pretty near an impossibility to haul the ore from the ore-houses to the mills at present, owing to the wheeling being terrific and the sledding miserable.

THE editor of the *Gold Hill News* has been shown a very rich specimen of quartz, taken from a ledge recently discovered near the boundary-line between the State of Nevada and California, in which was to be seen, with the naked eye, the pure gold; and, on examining it with a glass, the rich metal can be seen throughout the entire rock. We were also shown the result of an assay of a few pounds of rock from the same ledge, which conclusively proves that the lead must be a rich one, but of how great extent is not yet known. Work is progressing rapidly on the same, and its owners expect to realize a fortune.

**THE SALT TRADE OF WASHOE.**—The *Washoe Herald* says:

Persons at a distance, who read of the enormous shipments of the precious metals from Washoe, are little aware of the richness of this Territory in other useful and valuable substances, found in profusion within its limits. There are probably thousands of persons, who have resided in the Territory for a year or two, who are unaware of the extent and value of the salt trade in the immediate vicinity of Virginia. In fact, there are very few persons who are aware that the Sand Spring Salt Mining Company manufacture and sell the enormous quantity of 500,000 pounds of salt

per month. To haul this salt from the mine into the town the company constantly employ seventy large teams, and pay from \$10,000 to \$15,000 per week for freight; the company themselves owning a number of the finest teams in the Territory, having \$80,000 invested in this branch of their extensive business. Large as this enormous production of salt may appear, it scarcely equals the demand, the Gould & Curry company alone using forty-five tons per month. Besides the Sand Spring Salt Company, there are several others in this Territory which also do a large business. The salt trade of Washoe is becoming of nearly as much importance as its mining; and, had we a railroad to make the cost of transportation less, Washoe salt would become as important an article of exportation as its famous bricks.

ARIZONA.—We clip the following from the correspondence of the *San Francisco Call*:

The Territory of Arizona must be pronounced a mineral country, yet there is much land well adapted for the cultivation of wheat, barley, cotton, cane, and all kinds of vegetables. In the vicinity of Tucson there are splendid valleys, surrounded by rich leads of gold, silver, and copper. Some of them are being worked, but on the majority work has been suspended for years and centuries. At the Pimo villages, fields of the finest wheat exist for fifteen miles in extent. All that is required in that famous but neglected locality is capital and enterprise, to secure the most profitable returns. Were the leads in that section located at Prescott's or Walker's, at El Dorado, Fort Morgan, La Paz, Washoe, or Pike's Peak, they would command the highest prices. Soon the great wealth of them will be known. Messrs. Lount, Groom, Brooks, and others, are putting up steam machinery. These will supersede the arastras now used in that locality, where the leads are very numerous and remarkably rich.

I have no doubt that the mines have been worked centuries ago. The history of the people is now lost, and all that remains to convey to us their energy and numbers, are everywhere distributed over the country.

Little does the prospector of the present day imagine, whilst penetrating the solitude around him, that he is but following in the footsteps of a nation of men now extinct, or that he drives his boat over the surface of a river upon which, under Spain, her commerce once swayed its scepter.

The country south of Fort Yuma, for one hundred miles, on both sides of the river, running back from ten to twenty miles, is well adapted to cultivation. Captain Trueworthy and myself distributed seeds to the ranchmen, wood-choppers, and Indians, and in an incredibly short time we saw the most splendid results. The timber is abundant, the soil rich, the water good, and the climate healthy. I know of no place holding out so strong inducements to the farmer as this, and the country in the vicinity of Fort Mojave. At the latter place I saw the finest vegetables, corn, etc., come to maturity without irrigation.

In making these incontrovertible statements I am aware that they will be met by that class of persons who, in 1852, pronounced California to be unworthy the name of an agricultural State, and who, even in this late day, pronounce Pike's Peak a humbug, although for years there have been more steam quartz-mills in successful operation there than on the entire Pacific coast, Washoe included. As I have before stated, all that is now required in this country is capital. Let it come, and it will reap its reward. Possessing a healthy climate, in which business may not be suspended a day, with a magnificent river running through the mines, by which the ore may find its way to the markets of the world, Arizona must soon occupy that position for which nature intended her.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—The excitement about the new discoveries of gold and silver quartz in the Cascade Range, near Natchez Pass, Washington Territory, continues unabated. The *Democrat* says:

The quartz is not found in ledges, as in California, Nevada, and other places, but the whole mountain seems to be composed of the same character of rock as that in the discovery-claim. The discovery-claim is on the highest point of the mountain,

the summit of which is perhaps 300 feet above the waters of White River, which run at its base. About eight miles of the mountain have been explored and claimed. The quartz from no other part, except the discovery-claim, has been tested. Much depends upon the assay-return from the half tun of quartz sent last week to San Francisco. Captain Hale, late superintendent of Indian affairs, says there is no doubt about the richness of the quartz. The captain is said to be a good judge of the article, having had some experience in Washoe stocks, and his judgment is much relied on. Many parties have gone out there, located claims, and returned to await further development and favorable weather to begin operations. The people of Steila-coom and Pierce county have commenced the opening of a wagon-road direct to the mines. Honorable S. McCaw and party are exploring a new route to avoid the crossing of Mud Mountain, that terror to all who have crossed the Natchez Pass. A town has been laid out at the foot of the mountain, and we learn that one trader, by the name of F. Marks, has already a large assortment of necessary supplies on hand.

We clip the following interesting account of tin-mining from the *Alta Californian*. It is well worthy of perusal:

Among the ten thousand enterprises which have been, from time to time, laid before this community, and of which a large majority have failed, we yet find, occasionally, one which really exhibits high merit, and has more than ordinary prospects for success. These are usually, too, conducted by wary, cautious men, in a very quiet way, and without making much talk, for such parties don't like to be named with unlucky ventures or failing enterprises.

It was our fortune, a night or two since, among other listeners, to be present at a meeting of the stockholders of the North American Tin Mining Company, who were called together to listen to the report of their agent, and to hear a statement of their company affairs, which are carried on in the province of Durango, Mexico.

The scarcity of tin, the very few places in which it is found in the known world,

and the very high price it bears, (being about seven to eight hundred dollars per ton, in the shape of "slabs,") give the operations of this company a more than ordinary interest. It may be that, like the Almaden Quicksilver Company, this association, by the quality of the metal which they appear to possess in this tin discovery, may eventually, perhaps, control the tin market of the world.

We have seen it stated somewhere that the whole product of tin in Great Britain is only equal to about fifteen thousand tons, whilst the imported tin taken there was only some thousand tons. It may, therefore, be seen that the whole production from Great Britain and the Malay islands, usually known as Banca tin, and chiefly taken to England, is quite inconsiderable, whilst the United States alone pays some six millions for articles in which it is the chief ingredient of manufacture.

With these preliminary remarks, we now proceed to say what we have learned at the meeting we speak of.

Some twelve years since, a gentleman, now a citizen of California, became acquainted with the locality in which this metal is found, during a residence of some seven or eight years at Durango. Not knowing its value, his attention was attracted to California, where he has been residing for some years past, and only within a couple of years had he related it to one of the party, at whose instance they projected a journey to Mexico, and a rediscovery and location of these mines.

A few persons were quietly interested in it, who made up a fund and sent these parties down, who, in the spring of this year, arrived on the ground, explored and located it with all the formality of Mexican mining regulations, and succeeded finally in obtaining grants, in due form of law, of a district embracing wood, water and tin to an unlimited extent; all of which has been conveyed to the now incorporated company, and the last steamer brought up about half a ton of the ore from Mazatlan. The company has a superintendent at the mines, and a number of hands employed in gathering the ore and preparing it for smelting, the experiment of which, so far, shows a yield

of metal of fifty per cent., by (at present) a rude mode, with a pair of blacksmith's bellows, all of which has been accomplished without the necessity of "prospecting," as "tons on tons" of the rock, to use the language of one of the agents of the company, may be seen lying upon the ground.

The process of preparing the metal for market is very simple, *requiring no machinery*, and being nothing more than melting in a simple furnace by the use of charcoal, (of which there are unbounded stores in the well-wooded mountains around these mines,) and then running metal into "pigs" or "slabs," if for commerce. This work may be performed by any ordinary Mexican laborer, after the furnace is erected.

Three different agents have been sent down at different times, and each one affirms that the quantity is unlimited; and the agents of the company believe that the total expense of gathering, melting and transportation to market will not exceed \$150 per ton, while the market value, as we have said, may now be stated at from seven to eight hundred dollars per ton.

It may, therefore, be inferred from these premises, that, putting the company's whole capital at a par of \$800,000, a monthly dividend of two per cent. would amount to \$16,000; and it would only require a production of *forty* tons per month to pay that dividend, also allowing the cost of production to be \$800 per ton. Whilst it is evident, if these statements be true, that the company may just as readily get ten tons per day as forty tons per month, and the conclusion leads to the impression that, next to the Almaden mines, these gentlemen have one of "the best things" on this coast.

**YUBA RIVER.**—From a gentleman lately from Yuba River we learn that about forty men will winter on that stream. The river is represented to be very rich, and will, probably, pay about ten dollars a day, on an average, the whole length of the river. Grouse Creek, a tributary of the Yuba, also prospects well. The Yuba is a tributary of the South Boise. The mines, via Rocky Bar, are between fifty and sixty miles from Idaho City.

**THE HAND QUARTZ-MILL.**—A Reese River paper of a recent date says: "Some few of our citizens have censured us severely for advocating and recommending the use of horse and hand mills, and hand-mortars, for the purpose of crushing ore, and some went even so far as to say that we were encouraging petit larceny, as many of the persons who were engaged in the business did not have claims, or sufficient means to purchase the rock. Now, so far as countenancing or encouraging pilfering is concerned, we deprecate it as much as any one; but, on the other hand, if a man will steal, we should much prefer that he would steal the rock, get the silver out of it, buy his provisions, and put the money in circulation, than to steal the necessaries of life. In the former case he is a producer, and the latter makes him a worthless consumer altogether. But it does not follow that to make a hand-mill pay, a person must 'jayhawk' the rock. There are hundreds of claims in this city and vicinity that have been abandoned, not because they were not rich, but simply because the owners did not have the means necessary to work them. From these claims an abundance of ore can be obtained to run all the hand-mills that will be started here for ages. Three months since there was not a horse or hand-mill in the city, and but few hand-mortars used. Now there are over thirty of the former in successful operation, the latter having gone almost entirely out of use. From Mr. Salmon, the inventor of the new amalgamator, we learn some interesting facts. He is engaged in amalgamating exclusively for the horse and hand mills, and does it with one of his tubs by hand-power. He takes out over \$500 a week, but finds it impossible to do all the work that is offered him. The bullion all runs over 900 fine. Four gentlemen for whom it has been working took out sufficient after night, in hand-mortars, to keep them in provisions and develop their claim, and they are now having a large lot worked at one of the steam-mills. Another, who was on the eve of leaving here in despair, went to work with a hand-mill, and has taken out enough to send for his family in Wisconsin, besides having sufficient means to last him the ensuing

winter. Mr. Salmon knows of many good and experienced miners who would have left the country, but who, by these miniature inventions have been enabled to 'stick it out,' work their claims, and help to develop our wonderful and most remarkable mines. There is at least two thousand dollars per week of bullion taken out by these mills, and it is constantly increasing. They keep many men employed, assist in developing a number of mines, and put many dollars of our buried wealth into circulation; besides, it makes all engaged in the business thorough and experienced millmen. For these and many other reasons that we could give, we favored and still favor the introduction of these mills."

**CALIFORNIA POWDER-WORKS.**—Scarcely a day passes that does not bring to our notice some fresh evidence of the rapidity with which the manufacturing interests of the State are developing and expanding. We have now completed, and in successful operation, a great gunpowder manufactory, not inferior in any essential respect to the best of those in the Atlantic States. We allude to the extensive mills of the California Powder-Works, situated at Santa Cruz, where an article of gunpowder is produced which is believed to be equal in strength and quality to any hitherto offered for sale in California. Until quite recently the product of the Santa Cruz mills has been limited to mining and blasting powder, but they are now, we believe, prepared to offer to purchasers all qualities of sporting, rifle, and standard government powder. These mills have been erected at an expense of nearly \$150,000, and, together with all the necessary works and machinery, cover 100 acres of ground; and in completeness of equipment, we question whether any powder-mills in the United States, or elsewhere, have any thing to boast over these California works. The enterprise is in every respect worthy of success. The list of the stockholders of the company embraces many of our bankers and merchants of known wealth and respectability, which furnishes a reliable assurance of the permanency of the enterprise, and at the same time a guarantee of the quality of their products.

There is no good reason why we should depend upon distant sources for our supply of an article so important to our industrial pursuits, and so necessary to the safety of the State—especially when all its component materials exist here as abundantly, and as cheaply accessible, as in any part of the United States. The company having exhibited so much business enterprise and energy in this undertaking, and embarked in it so large an amount of capital, ought to meet with hearty encouragement; and we are gratified to learn that this is the case. Already the capacity of the works is taxed to meet the demands, and wherever their powder has been used, consumers give it an unqualified preference. Dealers and consumers ought to give the California product a fair trial, and then, if it stands successfully an impartial test, and proves equal to the foreign article, it should have a preference, for the sake of encouraging our own manufactures, and retain the \$600,000 or \$700,000 annually sent abroad for this essential article, if for no other. There is at least one great advantage which the home-made article will have over the imported. It will be delivered without having been subject to very rough usage and the serious deterioration consequent upon a long voyage. The business office and agency of the works are at No. 318 California street, San Francisco, where orders are received and business attended by the agent of the company, J. F. Lohae.

**IDAHO ITEMS.**—We clip the following from the *Idaho World*:

Few countries have basked under a more genial sunshine than that which has bathed the "Gem of the Mountains" in golden glory during the past week. The nights have been cold, but the days warm, clear and delightful.

**CONTRA COSTA COAL-MINES.**—The coal-mines of Contra Costa are growing in importance. The quality is getting better, the supply is proving to be more extensive than was formerly supposed, the consumption is increasing, and the coal itself has become an article of export.

FROM the Virginia *Enterprise* we learn that the veins of Nevada still flow a silver stream of no insignificant magnitude. It is a stream that none will desire to dam. From this city and Gold Hill, Wells, Fargo & Co. took away \$61,534.82, and there passed through here from Reese River, on its way to California, 2818 pounds of bullion, valued at \$17,410.06. This is the largest lot of bullion which has yet been sent from the Reese River mines. Should they continue at this rate, it will take several large-sized yeast powder-boxes to hold the weekly produce of their mills. May they never let up! There are splendid mines in Reese, and in spite of all the croakers in the world, they will be developed and add millions to the specie wealth of the world.

**QUICKSILVER—HOW TO TEST.**—Quicksilver, after being extracted by the plain process of retorting, is seldom quite pure, and generally contains a small proportion of other metals. The eminent naturalist, Priestly, suggests a very simple method to purify mercury, by merely shaking it strongly in an iron flask, and renewing the air in the same repeatedly with a pair of bellows. By this manipulation a black powder will be formed on the surface, which can easily be separated. If no more of this dust is formed, the quicksilver may be considered pure. It will always give a clear sound when agitated in the flask, while an admixture of lead will make it sound dull, as if the vessel were made of potter's clay.

**AUSTIN, NEVADA.**—Nearly all the mines upon which much work has been done have proved exceedingly rich. The mines which have been developed most, and that are paying best at present, are, the North Star, Oregon, Bull North Star, Columbia, Savage, Esther, Morgan & Muncy, Whitlatch, Great Eastern, Isabella and Vineyard, besides many others. The owners of the Esther cleared nearly \$6000 out of it in two months. The ore of all the above mines pays from two hundred to four thousand dollars per ton. The cost of getting it out and working it, when the companies own

the mills, does not exceed \$40 to the ton, and will be reduced to \$25 in twelve months, each stamp in the mill crushing one ton every twenty-four hours. The ledges are generally from eight inches to four feet in width.

**GOOD FOR PIONEER.**—We are informed by Mr. Cannady that among the numerous fortunate ones who have recently left Pioneer City for California, were a company of ten, who started this week, taking with them sixty-five thousand dollars, profits in mining during the last year or two. Four brothers, by the name of Brennan, composing a portion of the company, carried off fifty thousand dollars. These dividends thunder the praises of Hog'em better than any other language.

**SALE OF THE MINES.**—The *Sacramento Bee* is, we think, the first paper that has come squarely out in favor of a sale of the mines. In a late article on the subject it advocated their sale, and the establishment of land-offices in the mining regions, and the disposal of the mineral lands in limited quantities under certain regulations.

**THE PIONEER PLACER OF CALIFORNIA.**—Augustin Jansen, the assessor of Santa Barbara county, who is an old settler of California, lately appointed by the President postmaster of Santa Barbara, informs us that he was well acquainted with his countryman, Carlos Barec, who worked the old placer of Kamuhs, the first washings of gold in this State, between 1838 and 1847. Barec died before the Sacramento fever of 1848 broke out, and left descendants who still live in Los Angeles county. A Sonoran gambusino, Francisco or Chico Sorrilla, also worked the Kamulis diggings with Yaquis and Sonorians, in the rainy season, for several years, as Mr. Jansen knew him since his arrival in California in 1834, and he often got out two or three thousand dollars annually, which was a great deal of cash in those times. The Sonoranian alluded to, on the discovery of gold at Sutler's Fort, left Kamulis in 1848 for the new placers, and has been lost since among the crowd of newcomers.



## OUR EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

THE paramount topic of interest, as we go to press for our March number, has been the many peace rumors which have taken possession of the public mind. The people of the whole North, and we believe those of the entire South, have given evidence of a disposition to close our unhappy struggle without further bloodshed. We trust we may not be disappointed in this conclusion. What the *ultimatum* of the representatives of either section may prove to be in a final adjustment of our national difficulties, we are at a loss to imagine. We have only one hope, however, at present, that we wish to see fulfilled, which, we doubt not, finds an echoing response among a vast majority of the people; and that is, for the complete restoration of the authority of a legally-elected government—the maintenance of the Constitution and the laws of the land, in all their original purity, by both sides, who control the administration of affairs, and the prompt vindication of those principles of our ancestors which made the American name and character an honor and *prestige* abroad among the nations of the world. Honest efforts, stimulated by an earnest desire for peace and re-union, we believe, can not fail of success in the end. Mere political abstractions should not stand in the way of peaceful negotiations. If carried out in a spirit of fairness and magnanimity, terms of settlement may easily be agreed upon. Under whatever circumstance, consistent with honor, the cherished object of the people for an undivided country, with one nationality and one flag, may be consummated, it should not be jeopardized by extreme measures, which, in the heat of partisan animosity, become retaliatory edicts. To insist upon the enforcement of unwise legislation at the very outset, when peace may be brought about by the exercise of a judicious policy, would be the extreme of folly; it would effectually defeat the object sought to be attained, which we all have so much at heart. We can only express the wish, then, that the negotiations, if interrupted by some trifling diplomatic disagreement, may soon be renewed, and a triumphant success in the integrity of the country be vouchsafed us.

The most unfavorable part of the winter season is about over. It has been unusually gay. Balls, parties, soires and *routs* have been all the rage, and divided the attention of the young folks between skating and sleigh-riding. A great deal of snow has fallen during the winter, which has afforded those who are fond of the latter kind of enjoyment a full opportunity for indulgence. The merry jingle of bells, with the swift whirr of the sleighs over the fine, slippery roads

of Central Park, have saluted our ears almost daily. To those who could not undergo the expense of a sleigh-ride behind a fast roadster, or a pair of spanking trotters, with a delightful lady companion, suffocated in a cloud of elegant furs and robes, alongside of you, we can only say, they have much to learn of some of the exhilarating pastimes which a heavy fall of snow brings forth. Of course, to have a complete sleigh-ride, the *sine qua non* is to have a fast horse, or a pair, which can trot low down in the thirties, hooked to a rakish-looking cutter, and a handsome lady, bundled up under the same "buffalo" with yourself. Her smile should be perpetual sunshine, and, of course, warm you with her genial presence. How any person in the shape of a man could freeze, under such circumstances, even on the coldest day, outside of the buffalo-robe, we can not imagine. Try it, when the next snow falls.

The skating carnival has extended to a longer period the past winter than for several years. Ice here—ice everywhere—has been crowded with skaters, curving, spinning, turning, pirouetting on runners. All who could skate—and we must confess we could do so ourselves before we commenced growing old—have embraced every opportunity that offered to indulge in their favorite amusement. It is a delightful, healthful recreation, and we are glad to see it so universally the fashion among all classes.

The opera and theaters are yet in full blast. *Don Sebastian*, *Il Polvuto*, *Hamlet*, and *Solon Shingle* are the favorites in the world of amusement. Manager Maretzek is as good-looking and amiable as ever, and the Academy of Music is nightly thronged. No season, perhaps, in the memory of opera-goers has been so gay and brilliant. The well-deserved success of *Don Sebastian*, both in New York and Boston, is flattering to the energy and good taste of the *impresario*. The style in which it is produced is splendid, and the different *roles* are sustained with marked ability.

The Academy of Music is not the only place of amusement, however, whose sterling merit is observed. Mr. Edwin Booth's great personation of *Hamlet* has been, for weeks, the attraction in the way of theatrical sensation. No actor since the days of Macready has received such universal praise in this character. Mr. Booth's realization of the gloomy and erratic Prince is wonderful.

John Owens, too, has had a *genuine* success at the Broadway Theater. Mr. Owens, as the old, tobacco-chewing, intermeddling Yankee farmer, *Solon Shingle*, produced as great a *furor* as did Mr. Burton in his *debut* as *Toodles*. Owens

is decidedly the Burton of our day. His *Paul Pry* and *Live Infjun* are inimitable.

At Niblo's, the Olympic, and all the other theaters, the houses are nightly crowded.

**MARRIED AND SINGLE LIFE.**—None but the married man has a home in his old age; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unflinching assurances of care and love. The old bachelor may be courted for his money; he may eat, and drink, and revel, as such beings do; and he may sicken and die, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey; but he will never know what it is to be loved; he can never know the comforts of the domestic fireside.

**THE Boston Traveler** tells an immensely funny story of a lady who got up in the night to make a mustard-draught for her husband, who had the colic. Returning, she mistook the room, and observing a light shining in a chamber, which she supposed was the one she left, she entered, and, gently raising the bed-covering, etc., laid the warm poultice upon a stomach, but not the stomach of her lord. "Hallo there! What the— are you about?" shouted a voice of thunder, and the body and sleeves, whence it issued, sprang out of bed. An immense squealing and rumpus ensued; waiters came running, little dogs barked, and the mortified lady kept screaming and going into hysterics. Next morning she and her husband left the house.

**POSTAGE ON MANUSCRIPTS.**—Newspaper correspondents are reminded that all manuscripts sent to publishers are entitled to be forwarded at the rate of two cents for four ounces, provided that one corner of the envelope is cut and left open, and the word "manuscript" is written on the face of the envelope. Authors availing themselves of the provisions of this law will remember, however, that a letter or note inclosed with the manuscript will subject the whole package to letter-postage.

**TUTORS FOR A PRINCE.**—The Queen of Spain has appointed as tutors for the education of her son—the Prince of the Asturias, heir to the crown of Spain—seven military gentlemen of high position—a marshal, a colonel of infantry, a colonel of engineers, a lieutenant-colonel of the staff, a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, another of cavalry, with a captain to aid him. In the preamble to the document conferring this distinction upon the army, the Queen says that

Spain can only be great on the condition that its king shall be a great military leader; that great events must occur in Europe during the lifetime of her successor; and that if Spain is to be elevated to the rank which she held among nations in the seventeenth century, her ruler must become a great military chieftain, capable of taking the field in person. This is not all, however: two bishops are to act conjointly with these seven warriors to make the education of this prince of high destinies complete.

Some one remarks that a female primary school teacher would be worth more for such a boy than all the company above named. If the prince does not grow up a fool, it will not be owing to education.

**THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.**—A gallant gentleman of the old school, in one of the Roxbury cars, the other day, gave his seat up to a lady who, as is almost always the case under like circumstances, failed to make the proper acknowledgment. Standing awhile, after the car had moved on, he stooped over as if to listen, and said to her: "What did you say, madam?"

"Nothing, sir," was the reply of the startled lady.

"Oh!" said he, "excuse me; I thought you said 'thank'ee.'"

**THE EMPEROR'S DOG.**—The *Court Journal* has a letter from Paris in which is the following sketch of the favorite dog of the French Emperor. We quote:

"Neron, the Emperor's favorite, is a sort of half breed, of no particular race, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of all. The people about the court declare him to be silent and *sour-nols*, never barking when a stranger enters his master's presence, but rising suddenly and flying after his heels when he leaves the room; so that the visitor, who had begun by doing the *amiable* to Neron—who always lies stretched in superb nonchalance on the tiger's skin beneath the Emperor's bureau—having forgotten the creature's very existence by the time the interview is over, is sometimes taken by surprise, not of the most pleasant kind, when Neron's claws are heard sliding across the polished *parquet*, and his short yelp of rage is heard close to his boots.

"The Emperor laughs heartily at the alarm expressed by the astonished intruder, for Neron never ventures beyond the door, and was never known but once to do more than express the displeasure he feels at the long bowing and leave-taking his imperial master has to endure. It is one of the few domestic jokes belonging to the Tuileries, and Neron's idiosyncrasy is so well known, that it is one of the great delights of the Prince Imperial to speculate upon the degree of hatred he bears toward each departing

**ONE WAY TO GET A HAT.**—When the cars on the Eastern Railroad were passing through Rowley, one day last week, a passenger lost his hat, and was quite indignant because the conductor would not stop for him to pick it up. Another passenger told him to keep still, and he would give him a better hat than that. When the train reached Newburyport, the last named man opened a window, and calling up a stranger, entered into earnest conversation on politics till the cars had started, when he reached out his hand, grabbed the outsider's Kossuth, and throwing it to the hatless passenger, told him to put it on, and hold his tongue. One man went home bareheaded; but if he don't lose more than that by political disputes, he may think himself lucky.

**WHAT BECOMES OF THE DIVORCED?**—The marriage returns of 1863, which have been just issued in London, distinguish the marriage of twenty-eight divorced persons in the year. Ten of these marriages took place in London. Fifteen divorced men married spinsters, and two divorced men married widows; nine divorced women were married to bachelors, and two divorced women to widowers.

The citizens of You Bet, Nevada county, have had their festival in aid of the Sanitary Commission. Aunt Till, a colored woman, seventy years of age, presented a cake, made by herself, which sold for seventy-three dollars.

**HOW ABOUT THIS?**—Among the curiosities at the recent Mechanics' Fair, in San Francisco, were: "A ten-toed ox, a three-legged calf, a three-legged dog, and the celebrated upright game-cock—four of the most extraordinary creatures in the State."

**WHY** are buckwheat cakes like caterpillars? Because they make the butter-fly.

Those that don't eat butter on their cakes of course will not see the joke.

It is a great mistake to think that the majority are always in the right. They were not so in the matter of the flood, and they've been wrong several times since.

The Sultan of Turkey being very much in love with a young lady of his seraglio, and she being very anxious to have a carriage, the despot had one built for her in Paris, of solid gold, with silver wheels. None but horses of superior mettle are to fill the concern.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, of Wayne county, Kentucky, have twenty-two children. This is the most extensive brewery in the West.

Mr. LINCOLN's hopeful son "Tad" says, his father's "last" is a big thing.

**WORK FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS**—We notice, with much pleasure, the efforts now being made by a few patriotic and wealthy gentlemen of this city in behalf of our disabled soldiers and sailors. We refer to the "Bureau of Employment" which has just been organized, and which has received such a stimulus from the New York press of late. The organization is to be devoted to the interest of the disabled soldiers and sailors who have been honorably discharged from the service. The idea is to have the men banded together in a corps, under the proper discipline, and to secure for them such employment as messengers, porters, etc., as is suitable to their condition. Such organizations throughout the country would be of great assistance to the soldiers, as well as a convenience to the public. We believe Mr. George Cathcart, the well-known writer, is the gentleman who wrote the very able and detailed account of like organizations in Europe, which appeared in the *New York Times* of Monday, January 23.

We trust our friends will look to the establishment of similar corps throughout the country. The committee having the Bureau of this city in charge is composed of Messrs. Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., Theodore Roosevelt, and Howard Potter. The secretary is Colonel Nott, and the office is at 36 Chambers street.

**SOUND OF SUNSET.**—On the arrival of an emigrant ship, some years ago, when the war-vessel North Carolina lay off the Battery, an Irishman, hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what that was.

"What's that? Why, that's sunset!" was the contemptuous reply.

"Sunset!" exclaimed Paddy, with distended eyes; "sunset! Holy Moses! and does the sun go down in this country with such a clap as that?"

SCHNEIDER, the renowned organist of Dresden, considered, perhaps, the greatest of German organists, died on the 13th April, in his seventy-fifth year. Another distinguished organist, Mynheer Tours, of Rotterdam, has also died lately; he was one of the first musicians of Holland, and for thirty years the director of the Eruditto Musical Society.

A FARCE was produced in Bannister's time under the title of "Fire and Water." "I predict its fate," said he. "What will be its fate?" asked his friend. "Why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

**PUNCH'S ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.**—A soft answer may turn away wrath; but a good round expletive will often clinch an argument wonderfully.

**BASE COIN.**—Money placed in a foundation-stone.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

LOVE AND DUTY.—By Mrs. Hubback Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We can not praise too highly the power and truthfulness with which the characters of this story are represented. It is one of that class of novels to which the reader turns with delight, after reading some of the trash that is put forth from the press. It abounds in soul-elevating thoughts, and no person can read it without being made wiser and better thereby. It is full of simple and *naive* wisdom, shrewd delineation of character in great variety, and has a piquancy that rivets the attention even amidst simple incidents. The characters are drawn by a hand which can realize fictitious characters with minute intensity, and the novel stands out much in the same way as "Jane Eyre." It is an excellent production, and we cordially commend it to our readers. Its writer is already well and favorably known as the authoress of the thrilling stories, "The Wife's Sister; or, the Forbidden Marriage;" "May and December;" "The Three Marriages," etc., etc. It is mailed free of postage to those who will remit \$1.50 to the publishers.

FAMILY SECRETS: A Companion to "Family Pride." By the Author of "Pique." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

It is, once in a while, the good fortune of the literary journalist to be able to point out to his readers a recent emanation which may be justly termed a literary banquet. This happens to be our happy fortune at present. "Family Secrets" is replete with all those magic pictures which we look for only in the productions of first-class minds, lit up by the fires of vigorous and awe-commanding genius. Our readers will thank us for inviting their attention to this fascinating work, which may be truly termed one of the most enchanting stories of our time. For real views of human nature, under strange circumstances, in intense human interest, coupled with something of the weird and wild, it, to our thinking, comes up to any cotemporaneous tale; and it contains one character—that of Margaret—to which few equals can be found in modern fiction. Those who wish a really splendid treat in the way of "sensation," can not do better than get "Family Secrets."

THE EMPIRE CITY—New York by Day and Night—Its Aristocracy and its Dollars. By George Lippard. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

It is our pleasure to notice Mr. Lippard's late work, "The Empire City," and to say of it that, according to our notion, it is, perhaps, the best

of all his writings. New York is decidedly *metropolitan* in its character. In its streets may be discerned representatives of all classes and races which have existence on the American continent, mingled with almost every class of the Old World. Thus the great city furnishes more abundant materials for a thrilling, stirring book than any city in the world. It has been the author's *forte*, in this work, to picture New York, its aristocracy, "shoddy," "petroleum," and its dollars, not as they seem, but as they really are. He has traversed its hovels and palaces, described its scenes by night and day, and delineated characters from North, South, East, and West, who are allured to the great city by every motive that can sway the mind of man. The book displays all the powers of a master-hand, and all will read it with indescribable interest.

THE BROTHER'S SECRET.—By William Godwin. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

There are so many books published that are *not* books, that when a work of sterling excellence appears, the public are naturally disinclined to believe in its merits; but here is a book that has an ingeniously-plotted, handsomely-expressed, and well-sustained tale, containing exquisite passages, and imbued throughout with real feeling. We can honestly say, we like it very much. It is written with an intense purpose; it is eloquent; it is vehement; it is passionate. A burning soul under Etna—if souls can burn materially—could not have sent forth a more tremendous oburgation. The earnestness of the author is like the gleaming of a naked sword, or the flash of mountain-lightning. We advise our readers to get this book, as it is one to be appreciated.

FOLLOWING THE DRUM. By Mrs. Brigadier-General Egbert L. Viele. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mrs. Brigadier-General Viele has here given us a book. "A book's a book, if there is nothing in't," says Byron. Concerning the merits of "Following the Drum" we have nothing to say. It may be good; it may not. It is sufficient to observe that the fair authoress's title—Mrs. *Brigadier-General*—will insure it a handsome sale in these war-times, whatever may be its worth.

We have received the following publications from Messrs. Ivison & Phinney, Nos. 48 and 50 Walker street, New York,

"The American Debater,"

"Arithmetical Examples,"

"Wells's First Principles of Geology,"

"How Plants Grow;" for which we return our thanks.



Fig. 1.

## HOUSE-DRESS.

**MATERIAL.** — Cuir-colored, Tamise cloth, trimmed with silk a shade darker than the dress, edged and ornamented with binding and loops of dark green velvet or ribbon; the scalloped basque finishes off with silk tabs in front, and the same material, trimmed to match the skirt, forms the epaulettes and cuffs upon the sleeves.

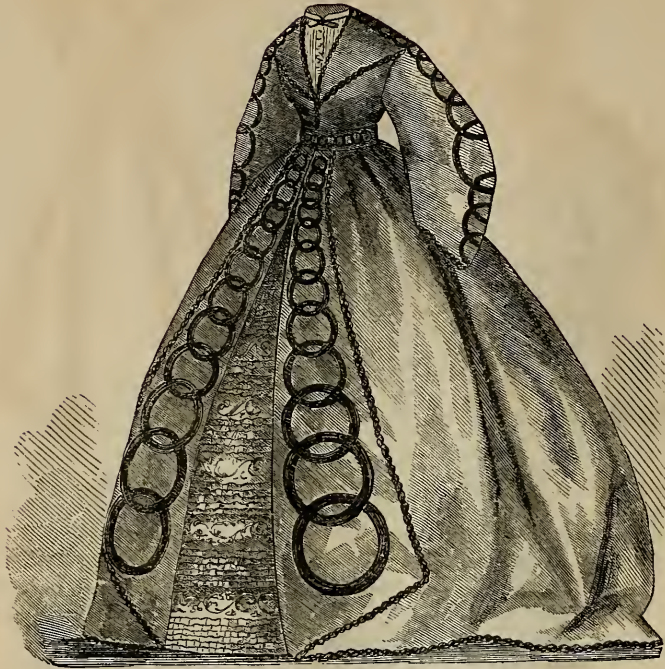
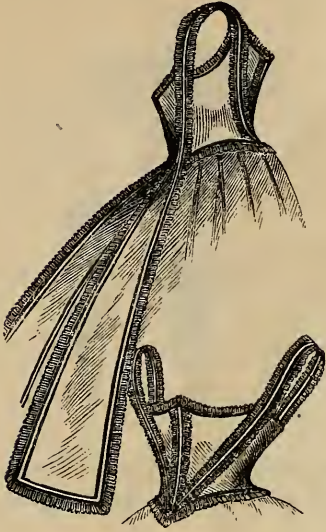


Fig. 2.

## THE "ALEXANDRA" WRAPPER.

This is a very elegant morning-dress, made of fine, soft, pale buff French merino, trimmed with black or purple velvet ribbon, put on rings, which interlock and form a graduated chain down the front of the skirt, and also from the top of the shoulder to the bottom of the sleeve. There is no waste of material in this overlapping of the velvet, one half of each ring forming part of the other; a wide belt is trimmed to match; the waist is full at

the back, but plain on the shoulder, and plaited into a pointed yoke in front, which is cut away so as to disclose a small tucked chemisette, finished with a little standing collar and narrow neck-tie; a very thick, black or purple silk cord defines the outlines of the waist and edges the "revers" and bottom of the skirt. This design may be made up for a bride in bright blue merino, trimmed with white silk braid.



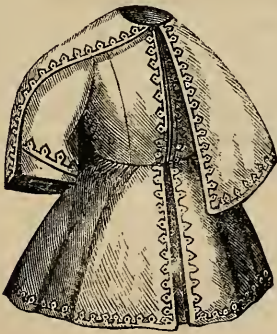
SWISS BODICE.

BLACK velvet, trimmed with narrow violet or scarlet velvet ribbon, edged with black lace; the black finished in a long sash.



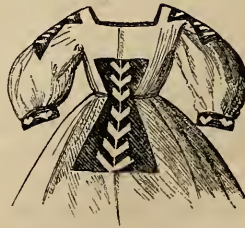
BERTHA WAIST.

BERTHA waist with sash—white illusion, edged with a ruching of white and black lace, fastened with rosettes of lace with barbe ends. This bertha makes an elegant addition to an evening dress for a young lady. It is also very pretty in black velvet with a ribbon ruching, the same color as the dress with which it is to be worn; the ruching to be edged with lace. In this style it can be worn with great effect, either with an evening or a dinner dress.



THE ARCHIBALD.

A VERY pretty and comfortable overcoat for a boy from five to eight years old, is made of light gray cloth, trimmed with narrow black braid and small flat jet buttons, and has a circular cape; the back of the coat-skirt is cut bias, run on the waist, and drawn with a string; plain coat-sleeves, trimmed like the skirt. A yard and a half of double width cloth will make this coat for a boy of six.



MAGGIE'S DRESS.

A PRETTY style for a miss of eight or ten years; made of plaid poplin, the neck cut square and worn with a tucked Swiss body; the trimming is scarlet; cut in pattern, and laid on back and front alike. An epaulette on the shoulder, of the same shape, and a velvet band half confines the sleeve at the waist.



THE ARMAND.

ONE of the prettiest, and, at the same time, the simplest dresses of the season, for a boy of from three to five years; it is made all in one piece, cut like a circular, scalloped at the bottom and up the front, and is belted round the waist with a sash of the same material as the dress, tied at the back; small coat-sleeves, with pointed cuff and epaulette cap. Light drab cloth, with trimmings of violet braid and jet buttons are the materials used in the garment above illustrated.

CONVENIENT FOR COUNTRY LADIES.—Mothers and ladies generally will find orders by mail, either to 473 Broadway, New York, or any of the Branches, a convenient medium for securing patterns of the latest fashions, as they can always rely on receiving the latest designs in vogue, or just the style of garment they choose to order.



BROACH and earrings of gold and black enamel, with ball and lance-shaped pendants.

OUR IMPERIAL DRESS-ELEVATOR.—This simple yet perfect contrivance for raising or lowering the dress at pleasure, commends itself to the judgment and taste of every one, and is now considered an indispensable part of a lady's complete walking costume. We are supplying the dealers in fancy goods and trimmings everywhere, and they are now to be found in all the principal trimming-stores throughout the United States. The price is seventy-five cents and one dollar.



## WHAT THE PRESS SAY OF US.

THE *Pacific Monthly* is rapidly gaining ground with the public, affording a new style of interesting literature, deviating from the old trodden path of general magazine publications, and offers inducements to the public equaled by none.—*Nashua (N. H.) Gazette*.

THIS is a very handsome and interesting illustrated monthly, of about one hundred pages, royal octavo, which has just been added to the teeming literature of our country. As its name implies, it will be devoted principally to the matters and interests of the Pacific States. The present number (January) contains several valuable papers, from some of which we shall make some extracts for our February issue. Its numerous illustrations are well engraved, and, altogether, the monthly is richly deserving of a liberal support.—*American Odd-Fellow*.

“THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.”—We are glad to hail, under the above title, the appearance of a monthly magazine devoted to the topics and interests of the Pacific coast, and especially, we suppose, to the interests of California. The first publication of this sort which was devoted to the new civilization of the farther ocean opened the vein of higher literature under the title of the *Pioneer Magazine*, and it was most ably conducted for some three or four years by that distinguished and most estimable divine, the Rev. Dr. Ewer, now resident in this city. The *Pacific Monthly* worthily succeeds it, and its more extended scope keeps proper pace with the now broader field of far-western scholarship.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*.

THE general appearance of the magazine is favorable, and there is a spirit of energy manifested in its columns which augurs success. It certainly is much needed, and starts out in a new field, and should meet with a hearty support, and we hope it will.—*Banner of Light (Boston)*.

THIS new magazine is devoted mainly to the best interests of the Pacific States and Territories, and the placing before the capitalists and people of the Atlantic slope such facts in relation to the mining, manufacturing, agricultural, commercial, educational, social and national interests of their trans-continental countrymen as will interest, instruct, and benefit. Such an undertaking, if conducted with the necessary amount of ability, will be productive of both communities. The first number promises well. It is printed in excellent style, the illustrations are abundant and good, and the literary contents of a meritorious character.—*New York Atlas*.

CALIFORNIA LITERATURE.—In our advertising columns will be found the prospectus of a new literary venture, designed to be mainly Californian in character, projected by David M. Gazlay, heretofore well known in connection with various Californian publications. Mr. Gazlay's plan is to print his magazine in New York, where the expense of the work will be less than half what it would be in San Francisco, and send it out by steamer to his agents, Messrs. White & Bauer, for distribution. By this means he hopes to be able to furnish a good magazine at a reasonable price. At present we have no California literature worthy of the name, while the material for it is in exuberant abundance. There is scarcely a country in the world which furnishes such a vast and luxuriant field for literary labor, and one which is so nearly untried. The various literary publications of this State have as little flavor of the soil as if they were published on another continent, aside from local news items and theatrical criticisms. They occasionally, it is true, find room amid a mass of English or French sensation trash to publish a tale or a sketch founded upon California experience; but it is very rarely that one of these is worth the reading. The truth is, respectable literary talent will not labor gratuitously, and California publishers can not get sufficient patronage to warrant them in paying any thing for literary contributions, while the cost of printing is so high. We hope Mr. Gazlay will be enabled to remove this difficulty in some measure, and present us with a magazine truly Californian in scope and character. His enterprise is a praiseworthy one, and deserves encouragement.—*Nevada Daily Gazette*.

THE *Pacific Monthly* begins life with the vast advantage of having a definite aim. It is not merely a literary waif, but appeals to a certain class of the community large enough to support such an enterprise.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

It—the *Pacific Monthly*—is very handsomely got out, its articles are well written, and, in general, have relation to the region in which the magazine is intended to circulate.—*N. Y. Herald*.

*Gazlay's Pacific Monthly* is a new magazine, the first number of which is before us. It is got up in good taste—better, we think, than most of the popular magazines of the day. It is particularly devoted to the interests of the Pacific slope, although its matter will not fail to interest subscribers in this part of the country. Its illustrations are good, and its exterior is quite attractive.—*Northampton Free Press*.

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—David M. Gazlay was formerly a resident of California, and connected with its press. He saw that this great State was sadly misunderstood and grossly misrepresented on the Atlantic side, and conceived the idea of establishing some kind of publication there, which should be devoted to the defense of California interests.

The magazine before us is for January—the first number—containing eighty pages of reading matter and illustrations. The first engraving is an admirable likeness of Rev. H. W. Bellows, and the same gentleman is the contributor of a paper to the publication, entitled "Observations on California," in which he speaks glowingly of the reception with which he met while a sojourner among us. The contents, in addition, are, a Salutatory; "A Sketch of Dr. Bellows;" "An Adventure in the Wilds of California," with two handsome engravings of Yo-Semite Valley and Falls;" "Across the Isthmus," with twelve striking engravings; "The Sad Experience of a First-Floor Lodger;" "The Progress of Art in America;" "Steamer Day in San Francisco;" "A River in the Pacific Ocean;" "Odd Names;" "Eveleen O'Connor;" "Explorations between the Pacific and the Head-Waters of the Missouri, through the Walla-Walla Country;" Poetry, Editorials, and Miscellaneous Selections. The work is elegantly printed, and ably edited. It will prove a valuable auxiliary, no doubt, in disseminating useful information relating to the many interesting features of our golden State.

Truly has it been said, that if the vastness of our mineral wealth, the unparalleled productiveness of our soil, the healthfulness of our climate, and the beauty of our scenery, could be realized abroad as they are appreciated at home, the population of California to-day, instead of being six hundred thousand, would be near six millions. These things will be better understood after a while. Mr. Gazlay will devote the pages of his magazine to the instruction of the Eastern mind on the subjects of our mineral wealth, agricultural importance, commercial advantages, and geographical supremacy. He will have a corps of intelligent correspondents on the Pacific coast; he will secure the California papers in exchange; and, to the valuable information which they convey, he will add his own experience, and give us a presentation abroad which can not fail to result in our benefit. We wish his enterprise the most unbounded success, for we deem it in every respect deserving.—*Daily American Flag, San Francisco.*

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY, for February.—This is the second number of a magazine published by David M. Gazlay & Co., No. 34 Liberty street, New York. It seems to be designed to circulate in the Pacific States and Territories, and will be, to some extent, devoted to

setting forth the advantages of that section of the Republic, and advancing its prosperity. But it also deserves, as it will secure, a large circulation in all parts of the country. The number before us contains a fair proportion of original matter, on interesting topics, and written in good style. The magazine is well printed on good paper, each number containing about eighty pages, and is published at five dollars per annum, in currency, or two dollars and fifty cents in specie.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

A NEW monthly lays claims to public favor. It is entitled *Gazlay's Pacific Monthly*, and is published by David M. Gazlay & Co., New York. In their prospectus the publishers say that they look more directly to the Pacific States for support, and their magazine is accordingly devoted chiefly to the interests of that section. It is literary in its character, but has a department devoted to the mining, mercantile and agricultural interests of the Pacific slope. As a specimen of handsome typography, it is the best magazine published in this country.—*Dayton (Ohio) Journal.*

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—This is a new aspirant to public favor, and which, although published in New York city, is designed to represent the interests of the Pacific States, and to circulate there, and among those whose friends are there, or who desire to know more of those growing States of our Republic.

Judging from the initial number, which we have just received, it is to be a valuable magazine; its typography is excellent, and its articles interesting and well written.—*Norwich paper.*

THE first number of a new periodical, entitled the *Pacific Monthly*, has just made its appearance from the press of D. M. Gazlay & Co., No. 34 Liberty street. It is very handsomely got out, its articles are well written, and, in general, have relation to the region in which the magazine is intended to circulate. The principal contributors are the Rev. H. W. Bellows, Dr. F. N. Otis, John Penn Curry, George Cathcart, R. M. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Frodsham, D. M. Gazlay, and Wm. Coventry Waddell. The present issue is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts.—*New York Herald, December 26, 1864.*

THE *Pacific Monthly* presents quite an array of literary and practical talent in its list of contributors, among whom we recognize Rev. Dr. Bellows, Prof. J. J. Mapes, Dr. L. W. Ogden, Wm. H. Coventry Waddell, Esq., John Penn Curry, besides several well-known writers, some of whom have been long familiar with California.

The field which the *Pacific Monthly* is to occupy is one of great interest to our citizens on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, and it can hardly fail, therefore, to secure a large number of readers.—*Christian Ambassador.*

# GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1865.

No. 4.



MAJOR-GENERAL IRVIN MCDOWELL,

COMMANDER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC.

THE subject of our sketch is a native of Ohio, and entered West Point as a cadet in 1834. He graduated, June 30th, 1838, and was breveted Second Lieutenant of First Artillery, July 1st, 1838. He was Assistant Instructor of Military Tactics at the Military Academy, from September to November, 1841, and Adjutant to October, 1845. During that time, namely, in October, 1842, he was promoted to First Lieut-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, by DAVID M. GAZLAY & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. I.—No. 4.—A.

enant. From October, 1845, to May, 1847, he acted as Aid to Brigadier-General Wool, and was breveted Captain, for gallantry, etc., at Buena Vista, February 23d, 1847. His brevet was awarded in May, 1848. He was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain, in May, 1847, and relinquished his rank in the line in February, 1851. On the 31st of March, 1856, he was promoted to Major in the Adjutant-General's Department. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed a Brigadier-General of the United States Army, with rank from May 14th, 1861, to fill an original vacancy. He was placed in command of the army in Virginia during the eventful battle of Bull Run, July 21st, 1861. When General McClellan took command, after that battle, General McDowell was placed in charge of the troops at Arlington. In March, 1862, the Army of the Potomac advanced, with General McDowell as commander of the First Corps. He was promoted to Major-General, March 14th, 1862, and was placed in command of the forces to operate north of Richmond. He was made Commander of the Department of the Rappahannock, April 4th, 1862, and when the Army of Virginia was formed, June 15th, 1862, he was placed in command of one of the corps of that army. He participated in the various battles fought by General Pope, before Washington, in July and August, 1862; and on the 5th of September, 1862, he was relieved from command.

In 1863, under orders from Government, General McDowell assumed command of the Department of the Pacific, succeeding General Wright. In this new field he has, by his able, skillful, prompt and efficient official conduct, elicited the warmest approbation of the loyal and Union-loving citizens of the Pacific States and Territories. The Department of the Pacific has been one in which has been concentrated a strong rebel sentiment. The cohorts of treason in the early stage of the rebellion were numerous, loud-mouthed and defiant, and it has been only by rigid and prompt action on the part of the commanding general that this element has been intimidated into a peaceable and law-abiding course of con-

duct. The rebels of the Pacific States, or Southern sympathisers, as they call themselves, have watched eagerly for a favorable opportunity to throw California into a state of turmoil, bloodshed and riot, more to pillage, rob and devastate, than with any hope of establishing a protege of the bogus Southern Confederacy upon the Pacific. And most heartily can our people there rejoice that the Government has not been indifferent to their necessities or blind to the attempts of their enemies in the accomplishment of their nefarious purposes.

In Dr. Gwin's reputed Sonora colonization scheme, the people of the Pacific were congratulating themselves upon a riddance of this element from among them. The oligarchy of chivalry has always been a curse to the peace, quietness and fraternal prosperity of California. If it has not been one thing, it has been another. It first showed itself in an attempt to make California a slave State; baffled in this, they have wrangled and bartered for office and official power. We congratulate General McDowell upon his perfect understanding of the manner in which to deal with those who would involve a peaceable, prosperous and happy people in an internecine strife, whose isolation and local interests preclude any pretext for reason or justice in it. Our friends in the East need have no apprehensions as to the action or sentiment of the people of the Pacific States in regard to the present crisis. Be the result as it may, no separate or distinct government for the Pacific States; born under the old flag, nurtured under its protecting folds, none other will ever wave over or govern them.

The Department of the Pacific covers a greater area of territory than any other department within the military jurisdiction of the United States; and from its heterogeneous composition, wild and unbroken territory, marauding bands of savages and outlaws, Mormon cut-throats and assassins instigating the brutal savage to deeds of horror and shame—it is a matter of astonishment with us, that amid all the trials and necessities of the Government, peace and order have a semblance of existence in remote parts of the Department of the Pacific.

only judge of those who have a musical education.

It might, perhaps, be urged that national music is the proper criterion. But it must be recollected that the two countries which have produced the best composers, and where knowledge of music most obtains—Germany and Italy—have very little national music. The French also; the English hardly any. The Scotch, Irish, and Swiss have a great deal; so, also, the Spaniards. With the exception of “God Save the King” and “Rule Britannia,” we doubt if there is a national air in England—that is, known to every one who can distinguish one note from another. There are, however, some nursery airs which, perhaps, may claim the appellation. With Americans the case is quite different. Besides our “Hail Columbia,” “Star-Spangled Banner,” “Red, White, and Blue,” and “Yankee Doodle,” we have a large number of patriotic melodies, which have become as much national in character, by their popularity among all classes, as the former. We want no better evidence of the love of music among Americans than to witness the enthusiasm they evince, while at the opera, over some favorite recitative or chorus, or in attending the minstrel halls to listen to the sweet melodies composed and sung to illustrate the life of a negro at a corn-husking or a plantation-festival. Then, again, how often do we hear the gems of a popular opera hummed and whistled by pedestrians in the streets, by workmen in their shops, by carmen, laborers, and the mass of the people generally, in doors and out of doors. Thousands of us became familiar with the celebrated chorus in *Faust* who had never heard or seen the opera by that name. We heard it whistled by passing newsboys, under our windows, at all hours of the day and night; ground out by dilapidated, peripatetic Italian organ-grinders, who, like the immortal Jem Baggs, would not move on under less than a shilling, and eternally dinned in our ears by orchestras at the circus and theaters, and every strolling band on a target-excursion, picnic, or firemen’s jubilee. Since the opera of *Faust* has been introduced in the larger cities of America, we doubt much

whether a single ball, or public evening assemblage for dancing, where music of some kind was necessary to enliven the occasion, has taken place for the two years past without, at some time during the night, the soldiers’ chorus being performed to the satisfaction of a majority of the guests present. We venture to assert that a portion of them, at least, quietly beat time with their foot, wagged their head from side to side with measured motion, as they followed the strains of music, or hummed, *sotto voce*, a few words, here and there, of the now well-known melody.

What was once so popular is now too common as street-music to be further considered a novelty, or to be endured with any greater degree of patience than that of the “Bold Privateer,” “Yankee Doodle,” (in a musical sense,) and other played-to-the-death airs.

The music of other operas received by the educated musical world as more fascinating than that portion of *Faust* we have just named, attained, in their day of greatness, even more celebrity among the American masses.

We have only to go back to the *Trovatore*, *La Sonnambula*, *Traviata*, and *Lucretia Borgia*, when they were first presented to an American public to pass judgment upon, to prove the correctness of our assertion. The American public then greedily hammered away at the anvil chorus in the *Trovatore*, were always giving away rings, in imagination, in *Sonnambula*, when they whistled or sung its favorite aria, “Take back this Ring, ’tis thine, Love,” and, like sensible people, thought “It was better to Laugh than be Sigh-i-i-ing,” with as much earnestness and interest as they now indulge in when they rattle away and merrily glide along over the soldier’s chorus in *Faust*.

When the opera of the *Bohemian Girl* was first introduced in this country, at the old Park Theater in New York, by the gifted Seguins, some twenty years ago, the furore it created at the time has never been equaled by any opera since. Nothing else was talked about or thought of but the *Bohemian Girl*. It was the great sensation of the day, and had an uninterrupted and

triumphant success to crowded houses for several years. New York, like Mrs. Netherby, doted on a sensation then, as it does now, and probably ever will; but Balfe, the composer of the opera, became immortalized in America from that time forth, and was the great sensation whose name was uttered in terms of adulation by every one.

The *Devilshoof* of the late Mr. Edwin Seguín, sen., whose vacant place has never yet been filled in English opera, and the sprightly fascinating *Arline* of his accomplished lady, who is still a resident of New York, together with Frazer, the tenor, made the *Bohemian Girl* what it was at the time universally popular. Its many gems were sung and played everywhere—in hovel, shanty or palace—by good, bad or indifferent sorts of people—those who had cultivated musical tastes and those who had none—far more so than selections from any other opera since offered to the public. "I dreamed I dwelt in marble halls" was as constantly recurring to the weather-beaten washerwomen and poor starving sewing-girls of the metropolis in their attic rooms of some tenement house, as to the fashionable dowagers and sentimental Petrolias who caught cold and shivered in mid-winter, where they dwelt in marble halls in reality. "That you'll remember me!" was the favorite parting adieu of the loitering John Thomas to his blushing Biddy, when she made her diurnal appearance on the door-stoop at twilight to take in the foot-rug, and steal a few moments' chit-chat with the rival neighbor's sleek footman. The *Devilshoof* of Bohemia, sketched in the imaginative wanderings of the author of the *libretto*, found many a faithful imitator in the Bowery butcher-boys of that era. They would crowd the pit and galleries of the theater at night, and in the morning startle you with trifling bits of the performance when they left a steak at your door, or awoke you from sound slumber by bawling melodies of the gypsy-chief under your window, until in the very torrent of your temper the wish would be expressed that such a noisy tirade of music had never become so popularized.

Before the Seguins became so immensely

successful in their list of pieces, English as well as Italian opera had but a weak and flickering existence in America. Miss Sheriff and Mrs. Wood, both first-class artistes and excellent actresses, with several others of no less musical repute, made their appearance in it, but after drawing a few good houses in New York and Philadelphia, the enterprise was abandoned for want of profitable patronage. Thillon, Bishop, and Miss Louisa Pyne were received with more favor in later years. Comparatively speaking, it is only recently, however, that the musical ideas of our people have been enlarged and a cultivated taste for operatic performances promoted. Now the opera may almost be considered a fixed and permanent institution among us.

The lamented John Phoenix, (late Lieut. Derby, Topographical Engineers, U. S. A.,) made a capital hit at descriptive music when he recounted the musical enthusiasm of a party of western emigrants crossing the plains on their way to the Pacific. One of their number, an old German who had some pretensions to the divine art, composed what he termed an "Ode, Symphony to the Plains." The only instrument he had with him was a cracked bugle which he carried through the Mexican war as chief bugler to a regiment of regular cavalry. This would answer his purpose tolerably well; so, one Sunday morning, while the emigrants were resting over for the day in camp he was prevailed upon by his comrades to give them a rehearsal of his new production. None of them, however, had ever witnessed an opera but himself. He described, therefore, as well as he was able, what it was, and proceeded at once to perform his "Ode" on the cracked bugle, interrupted at every few notes by the hearty acclamations of his travel-stained audience. He endeavored to represent an emigrant party starting on their perilous journey—the prairies on fire—attack by Indians—the terrific war-whoop—the battle and charge on the enemy, by the sound of the bugle, and so on till the strife was over, victory proclaimed, and the dead buried by a plaintive note or two, and then the return to the quiet incidents of camp-life. The imagination of his hearers was

worked up to quite an enthusiastic pitch of excitement. He finished, and stood back to see the effect his ode had produced. That it was entirely successful, as a piece of descriptive music, may be inferred from the remark of an aged woman who had always lived on the frontier of Missouri, when she attempted to describe her feelings on the occasion :

"I thort I seed the Injuns come tearing down," she said, "and heerd their yelling, but I knowed it was nothing but that ar blasted horn you wur blowen, but when the pork began to burn, I knowed for certain we war back to camp agin, for I smelt it."

We need scarcely illustrate any further the great hold even refined music, if such we can call complicated harmonies, has upon all classes of Americans, as much so, in fact, as the less difficult and more common songs and refrains of Ethiopian minstrelsy, if the former is as pleasing to an unpracticed ear as the latter.

The unpracticed ear universally prefers the human voice to any instrument, and perhaps we may say, that a great portion of the musical world does the same. The cultivation of the voice happens to be the only method by which the great mass of our fellow-countrymen can ever hope to attain any knowledge of music. Singing in parts is delightful, when the voices accord well; and there are countries we have visited where the most humble peasant can have this gratification in his own family, or with his neighbors. But before singing can be learned properly, reading of music must be acquired, and for the most part by the individual himself, without instruction. And here lies the great difficulty.

The country might be inundated by the cheapest music, but it would all be so much waste paper unless efficient means were provided to enable every one to teach himself the meaning of all the dots, bars and lines. They would be like so many Egyptian hieroglyphics to decipher out. And here some sounding-medium must be provided, for nothing will enable us to put a sound on paper. Cheap instruments must precede cheap music, no matter how simple their construction, or how limited their

power of execution. A guitar, or banjo (fretted) with one string would be sufficient just to enable the learner to study the different intervals. But an instrument of some sort there must be; and therefore to the consideration of the practicability of the guitar or banjo we must confine ourselves.

Any thing of the organ species would be liable to get out of tune. Were it not for this a small barrel-organ, as we sometimes see in our village-churches, containing some very simple lessons, the notes to which should be contained in an accompanying book of instruction, would, to a certain extent, answer the purpose.

A common toy, (we forget the name,) in which plates of glass are struck by a hammer, is not only always out of tune, but the glass is apt to yield harmonies which confuse and do not produce a sufficiently pure tone. But if springs attached to a sounding-board, to be struck with a hammer, could be made to give a steady tone for a few instants, in any way similar to that of a tuning-fork, the end would be very well answered, provided the machine were not too expensive. The instruments which are usually constructed will do but little toward effecting any change. First, because they are too expensive; secondly, for the reason that most of them can not be played in tune, except by a proficient, which renders them no guide for an uncultivated ear; thirdly, being adapted for great execution and requiring a great deal of practice, more time and trouble are thrown away upon them than most people can afford, or than are requisite for mere elementary purposes. Not that the time is lost to those who wish to become musicians and have sufficient natural capabilities, but to all the rest, the mastery of the violin, flute or clarinet, would be like spending time and money in building piers when there is not enough of either to finish the bridge. A simple instrument would be the mere stepping-stone over the gulf which separates written symbols from sounds, and when the object is accomplished might be abandoned.

But it may be asked: Why not at once recommend the adoption of some of the in-

struments already in use, which, if all were placed in the way of hearing correctly played, would do much to fix correct ideas of musical intervals? Unfortunately there is very little hope of any such result being speedily attained. The manufacturers of musical instruments have not yet attempted any thing at once cheap and sufficient, and the greater part of musical books of instruction are very obscure. If we were to recommend, however, an instrument to be made at a reasonably cheap price, if possible, for the industrial classes of this country, it would be the guitar. The difficulty of tuning could be got over by setting separate tuning-forks for each string, and if this were done there would be great advantages at once gained in overcoming the chief obstacles which beset all beginners.

Devotional music for common purposes varies in different churches. Some churches dislike the introduction of any thing but the voice, and seldom admit more than a violoncello, or some one simple instrument. Many have organized volunteer corps of excellent singers, consisting of all such as choose to associate themselves in such a capacity. It must be supposed that none would take the trouble for such a purpose if they had not a little taste for singing, and correct ideas of music. In most of the meeting-houses in general throughout the country the singing is very fair—that is, time, tune, and the several parts, usually not more than four, are tolerably well preserved. In many places the performance is, in this respect, much above mediocrity. Many books of psalm-tunes are written expressly for their use.

When many voices are to join in unison, supported only by a small number in the under parts, good taste points out that the melody should be excessively simple, and the harmony equally so, with a strong, nervous, and almost rude character—not dwelling on minutia, or any very close degree of filling up. All these conditions are well fulfilled in many of the old chants and psalm-tunes. But unfortunately for the art, the composers of this sort of music left the good models, and have produced instead complex, artificial, trashy substitutes, full of false attempts at variety and un-

skillful use of contrast. In the poverty of invention, common airs are often pressed into the service, the harmony of which is that of the opera, not of the church. It must be observed that sacred music has always had combinations peculiar to itself, which we know not, though we can feel, and have always considered as solemn in their character. Sometimes the *air* of an oratorio has been adapted by some mere mechanist to the long, short, or common meter, as the case may be, to the poetical versions of the psalms. We remember a curious instance, in which some parts of Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," have been torn out from the rest, to form three lines of a psalm-tune, the fourth of which has been added by the compiler.

The more fashionable churches of modern times have organs and skillful manipulators to finger them.

The congregations plume themselves on employing, "utterly regardless of expense," (as the bills of the play-house announce when a star performer is to appear,) the most celebrated professional artists to be obtained—for money. This innovation is hardly consistent with our old ideas of religious sentiment and propriety. It is quite in contrast to the time when, in our boyhood days, we took reverential pleasure in singing "Old Hundred" under a persimmon-tree with our sweetheart from the same hymn-book. But custom and usage are revolutionized as we grow on apace in years, and now under the thunder of a diapason-stop, the roar of a hundred pipes and the shrieking of higher notes, we are completely in doubt whether to call it music *a la Chinese*, or an unintentional disturbance of the peace, on the Christian Sabbath properly coming under the *surveillance* of the police.

We never hear one of these huge organs played in our fashionable churches, but what we think of the silent sufferer in shirt-sleeves, who blows the bellows behind the screen. Unseen and unheeded by the well-dressed congregation of devout worshipers, he puffs, wheezes and blows away at the air-bellows to fill the pipes of the organ, by which the sounds are produced, with far more physical exertion than a



blacksmith does in an ordinary day's work at his vocation. It requires an athlete, nowadays, to fill the situation satisfactorily. Unless he is a man of rare intelligence and self-control, the very training he undergoes, especially during "revivals," when his muscular system is daily brought into play, were he suddenly discharged, he might turn his attention to prize-fighting. If the size of the organs is to be increased to greater dimensions, in time, to what they are now, we shall expect to see steam-engines next introduced to perform the bellows-work hereafter.

As the organ is worked now, we look upon the bellows-man simply as a martyr. Jestings aside, however, there is no denying that good church-music is a powerful auxiliary in promoting devotional feeling. One good choir, with a proper selection of pieces, is equal to a dozen bad sermons at least. Music humanizes and ennobles the nature of its hearers, and whatever is lofty in sentiment by word of mouth, the same sensational effect can certainly be obtained by delicious harmonies and exquisite sounds. Shakespeare wrote words for the music of the leading composers of his day. In the plays of this favorite of the muses we find a number of fragments of old songs and ballads with the simple, touching music (which was already old in his time) of his native land.

One of Shakespeare's especial favorites was John Dowland, who was a charming composer, as his madrigal, "Awake, Sweet Love," evinces. To be able to sing a part in the madrigals and other full pieces of the time was then considered as an indispensable accomplishment not only for a private gentleman, but for a prince. Shakespeare is represented to have had an excellent voice and ear for music, besides being skilled on several musical instruments. What they were does not appear, but we suppose one was the lute, and another probably the harp, both of which were the fashionable instruments of music in his generation.

We now come to street-music, and we beg leave to charge its goodness, or badness, not so much upon the perform-

ers as those who reward them, and who most clearly part with their money not to get rid of the nuisance of organ-grinding and tamborine-playing, for that they all know would but bring it back again with interest, but because they have some satisfaction in hearing that for which they pay.

That noise, in all its varieties, is a pleasant thing to the public ear, is proved by the fact that all large towns have a regular supply of wandering street-musicians, who make their country tours in the summer like other gentlemen. In many streets of New York it is no exaggeration to say that during fine weather a succession of organ-men, some with performing monkeys tied to a string, tamborinists, buglers, and fiddlers, parade them from morning till late at night. There must be considerable organization among them, for we have observed that there is seldom more than one at a time to be seen, and that the performers seem to have their regular days for frequenting each street. We have seen for three months together, on one particular day of the week, (Friday,) at one particular hour of the day, the same organ station itself in one particular street to play the very same airs, with the very same flourishes and the very same faults of time and tune. One of its tunes was "*Di tanti Palpiti*," which was learned by heart by every person in the neighborhood. Infants scarcely three years of age would lisp portions of it that they caught from the organ-man. At another hour a second organ-grinder, with a monkey, would make his appearance and turn out lively airs for his "little joker" to dance by. After he had departed, a girl with an accordeon made her *entree* upon the scene. The serious organ-man was not half so acceptable as the one with the monkey among the young folks of the district we lived in. The latter received the lion's share of pennies, as might be expected, while many would give to the lame girl with the accordeon out of pure sympathy, because she appeared so neglected by the majority. We learned afterward that the two organ-men were in close partnership, and that the pretended lame girl, who excited so much sympathy in her behalf, was a sister to the chap with

the monkey. Among the three they must have collected from twelve to fourteen dollars a day.

We hold it perfectly hopeless to attempt any amelioration of this street-system at present. So long as people can be found to be pleased with it, we see no hope of its discontinuance.

The honor of introducing Ethiopian minstrelsy, which is peculiarly American, as a profession has a number of claimants. It is very generally admitted, however, that the late Mr. D. Rice, or, as he was more familiarly called, "Jim Crow Rice" by the press and play-bills of his time, was the first to make it a specialty near, if not quite, thirty years ago.

Rice portrayed the character of an old plantation field-hand away down South, after the day's cotton-picking was over, in a very faithful and correct manner. Full of quaint humor and negro-sayings, he drew around the happy darky a certain degree of romantic sympathy, considerably exaggerated, but nevertheless approaching some resemblance to the original. His popularity in singing and dancing "Jim Crow," the favorite negro melody of that time, was immense. He "starred" it throughout the country, and became the principal attraction at all the leading theaters where he appeared. He made a great deal of money, and his success soon induced others to imitate him and embark in the business. Mr. Rice then sought an addition to his performances, in the person of Master Diamond, who received his careful instructions. Master Diamond was an expert jig-dancer, and the two together, whenever they performed, became the leading feature in the world of amusement.

Messrs. John Smith, (no relation to the Smith of Pocahontas fame,) James Sandford, and others less prominent, followed, until the profession of minstrelsy was fairly established on a firm footing. It has since continued to exist successfully, and the music-halls where such performances are conducted, afford the means of delight and popular recreation for the multitude which even theatrical managers have failed to rival in their entertainments.

Next came burlesque Ethiopian operas, caricaturing the Italian and English opera

style of singing. The minstrels mimicked the leading *prima donnas*, the *basso profundos*, and the artificial mannerisms of the sentimental tenors. As the negro is a great mimic of those who are above him in the social scale, so would the serenaders delineate his peculiar characteristics at burlesque opera, the more faithfully to carry out the deception which their ebony faces and grotesque costumes enabled them to do to perfection. Mr. Rice formed a company composed of actors and singers, and played throughout the country the burlesque opera of *Bone Squash Diabolo*, as it was called, which was written for him, and also, *O Hush!* another burlesque, which has maintained its supremacy on the minstrel stage ever since.

The stirring music of "Dan Tucker," and the pathetic strains of "The Old Folks at Home," with other choice *morceaux* in the minstrels line of business, have become celebrated throughout the civilized world; much more so indeed than any of our national patriotic airs.

We remember that some few years since, while on a visit to Vanu Levu, one of the islands of Feejee in the South Sea, we were reminded of our old American home by hearing one of the airs of the minstrels sung. As we landed on the beach from a surf-boat, our party was surprised by several hundred native children, whose parents were cannibals, rushing toward us, and singing that once favorite air, "O Susannah! don't you cry for me." We were amazed. They intended it as a welcome to us on landing, and as such we received it, and made them a number of small presents. These consisted of old bottles, buttons, beads, and pieces of cotton-cloth, which were invaluable to them, and pleased them greatly; but when we gave them some sugar-plums they fairly danced and sang for us in delight. They could speak no other language but their own; they knew the air and first two lines of "O Susannah!" in English. These, we may rightly suppose they learned from the crew of some "whaler" that had stopped at the island a year previous to our arrival, for no other vessel had in the mean time been seen there.

The popularity of the minstrel music arises no doubt from the fact that it has nothing florid about it, and is free from those flourishes and quavers which have been made by Donizetti, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Petrella, and other composers of operas, prominent features in their musical productions. To a mind uneducated in music these very quavers, trills and cadenzas which are scattered so profusely throughout an opera appear as blemishes, and this class of persons very naturally think that the harmony of a beautiful piece of composition is somewhat destroyed by their introduction, and are only in the score for a grand display of the human voice. The light tripping melody and simple air of most of our negro songs are understood by all, from the little urchin who whistles one of them on his way to school, to the educated musical phenomenon who "does" opera with a roundalade on the piano.

Native simplicity, then, ought principally to be kept in view. Plain melody oftentimes obtains the most admirers. Vocal music ought to imitate the natural language of the human feelings and passions rather than the warblings of canary birds, which many of our singers affect so vastly to mimic with their quaverings and boasted cadenzas.

We trust, however, that for the future good music like good literature may be made accessible to all, and that as a mode of enlarging the cheap enjoyment of a poor man's life, every country town and village may possess the means of teaching the art of reading musical notation and the first rudiments of music. Vocal music is not only the most natural to man, but it is also the most pleasant, agreeable and the easiest to be acquired.

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## MY FIRST VISIT TO CONGRESS.

BY TIGG MONTAGUE.

**T**WO o'clock in the morning! I yawned! Oh! how sleepy I was. Two o'clock in the morning, and the conductor bawling out "Washington!" as though he had never bawled before, and was trying a fresh pair of lungs at it, deafening us and wakening us up from uneasy naps all night as the

train slowly rumbled along the interminable route, with his pesky "Show your tickets, gentlemen!"

I say pesky in the American sense of the word, not that I know that it possesses any other sense; but then I want every body to know that I am not an American, and never intend to be one if I can help it. I am not particularly fond of being drafted, I can tell you. Some call me a Jerseyman, but I shall not confess where I belong to.

Two o'clock in the morning! And as I looked out of the car-window I saw in the murky light of a greasy moon a guard-house to the right of us, a guard-house to the left of us, and a guard-house in front of us, all filled with muskets and soldiers. So much for the war.

But I had a bill before Congress—a bill to incorporate the Universal Self-Supporting Anti-Monopoly Five-Cent National-Subscription Banking Company.

Having a bill before Congress, and not being particularly desirous of enduring the extortions of Washington hotel life any longer than was absolutely necessary, I jumped up, handed a man twenty-five cents for looking at me, (I knew that had I waited a moment longer it would have been fifty,) left the car, took a coach, (fifty cents,) handed my baggage (six paper collars and a tooth-brush) to a black boy, (fifty cents,) and rode over to the Metropolitan.

Between the station, which is near the Capitol, and the Metropolitan, which is half-way down Pennsylvania Avenue, there are two hotels and two stores; yet the distance is something better than a mile. I made this observation to the clerk at the Metropolitan, and he immediately charged me on the books with fifty cents. Introduced to Beau Hickman, (fifty cents,) was shown to my room, (fifty cents,) and went to sleep. (Snore, snore.)

Some call me a Briton. Being a Briton, I got up in the morning and shaved myself. (Fifty cents, cork money.) Asked the way to the Capitol, (fifty cents,) and was driven there in a horse-car, (five cents.)

I notice they don't charge a cent extra, as they do in New York, for the one-eighth of a cent allowed by the Revenue Bill.

Asked the reason, and was charged fifty cents for being told. The reason is that members of Congress would object to paying it, and might take away the charter of the road.

I am a Briton.

I am proud of it.

Being a Briton, and being proud of it, I take this occasion to remark that turning the front of the Capitol away from the city was a capital joke. It was a capital joke, because, notwithstanding it is two miles from the White House, it has opened the *back-door* to Presidential intrigue.

But I have no business to speak of such things, because I am a Briton; but as every Englishman is expected, by Jove, to do his duty, I simply remark that this is not the way we do that sort of thing in England, you know.

I handed my card to the doorkeeper of the Hall of Representatives.

"Mr. Tigg Montague," he read; "ah! well I haven't the pleasure of knowing Tigg Montague, sir."

"What!" I exclaimed, clutching his button-hole in my hand and speaking rapidly in Bengalese, "not know Tigg Montague, formerly Secretary of the Anglo-Bengalee-Life-Assurance and Self-Operating Trust Company, afterward Secretary of the Universal Petroleum Squash Company, and now Manager of the Universal Self-Supporting Anti-Monopoly Five-Cent National Subscription Banking Company! Sir, you perfectly astound me by——"

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "If you repeat that again, sir, I shall be obliged to make a small charge for listening to you. But I recognize the name, and am delighted to see you. (Very affable man!) You were the confere of the lamented Pecksniff, I believe?"

"The same."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Montague?"

"I want to see the Hon. Mr. Sluggs——"

"Engaged in the Committee-room."

"The Hon. Mr. Puffy——"

"Engaged in the Committee-room."

"The Hon. Jefferson Brick?"

"Engaged in the Committee-room."

"The Hon. George Washington Hancock Jones?"

"Engaged in the Committee-room."

"All engaged in the Committee-room?"

"All engaged in the Committee-room."

"Ah!"

"Ah."

Wishing the door-keeper (very affable man) good morning, I strolled about the grounds until the members returned from the Committee-room. Saw the statue of Columbus rolling ten-pins, and George Washington in his under-garment sitting on a tripod, and prophesying the future greatness of the country. Saw Westward, Ho! the Dying Tecumseh, and Perry determined not to give up the ship, and daring General Grant from the opposite doorway to follow him through the canvas painting and the stone wall beyond. Convinced that nobody could follow the daring navigator except the rebel General Jackson, I next turned my attention to the Hall of Representatives. Went up to the gallery, saw Leutz's painting again, (twenty-five cents for a descriptive catalogue, and fifty cents to have the "Golden Gate" pointed out to me,) and then took a look at the House.

Ten or fifteen members present, and the clerk reading off a dozen important bills. As each bill was read off the speaker put the question, "Shall the bill pass?"

Nobody answers:

"All who are in favor of passing this bill will please answer in the affirmative!"

Nobody answers.

"Contrary, in the negative!"

Nobody answers.

"The ayes have it, and the bill is carried!"

Nobody answers. The members are busy franking documents, eating apples, writing letters, chewing tobacco, sucking candy, and picking their teeth. No time to vote. Got something else to do. More bills read and passed. Reporters busy writing out speeches that are never made. Soldiers in the gallery waiting for a bill to pass raising their pay to twenty dollars a month. Bill is passed, same way as the others, and the soldiers go out and stand treat to one another all round.

Not the way we do it in England, you know.

Presently a member rises to a point of order. He has read an article in the *Kalamazoo Terrific Guardian* which reflects upon his political course in Congress. Offers a resolution of censure upon the editor thereof, and demands a vote. Instantly a dozen little boys run out of half a dozen doors, and a minute afterward over a hundred Congressmen swarm through three doors and answer to their names when the roll is called. They all have something in their mouths. Some of them have pieces of bread, others bits of celery, and one had his utterance stopped by a lamb-chop *a la jardiniere*. I am not certain, but I think a stout, healthy, well-fed looking party had a table-napkin in his hand. They all voted without knowing what the vote was about, but took the cue from their party leader, who had previously been in the hall, and knew very well what it was all about. Having voted, and thus conscientiously discharged their duty to their constituents, they all retired through the doors, and more bills were read and passed by the forlorn hope who remained.

I asked where they had gone to, and was told the "Committee-room."

Hum!

One of them came back with a half-peck of apples in his hand, put them on his desk, and sat munching them at leisure.

That's the man that went into Congress on Solon Shingle's "barrel of apple-sarse," I reckon.

I say "reckon," not that I consider it good English, you know, but it is very convenient, you know.

Thinking it was about time I attended to the interests of the Universal Self-Supporting Anti-Monopoly Five-Cent National Subscription Banking Company, I left the gallery and descended to the lower lobby. Asked the way to the Committee-room, and was conducted to it. (Fifty cents.)

Nobody there.

Being hungry, went to the refectory in the basement of the Capitol, and—shall I say it?—found all the Congressmen there! Introduced to the Hon. George Washington Hancock Jones by the waiter. (One dollar.)

The Hon. G. W. H. J. (saving of type, you perceive) was a little wiry man, of sal-

low complexion, little sunken eyes, and hair matted and uncombed, (no time to dress; pressure of public business so great.) His gait was slightly unsteady, (pressure of business in the "Committee-room,") and as he advanced toward me a couple of segars dropped from his over-loaded vest-pocket. (Samples, for the purpose of correctly adjusting the tax on segars.)

"No time to attend to it this session," said the Hon. G. W. H. J. in answer to my question concerning the U. S. S. A. M. F. C. N. S. B. Company. "No time, sir, very busy on the Revenue Bill. The Revenue Bill is an institution of the country, sir, and as such deserves the most absorbing and deep consideration."

"Is the Committee-room one of the institutions of the country, sir?" I asked.

"Ha! ha! Montague!" laughed the Hon. member, "you're a cute one, you rascal you. But honest—honest, you know, your little bill can't pass this session. Wait till the next Congress comes in—devilish clever fellers, I can tell you—and we'll put it through without any trouble. Good-by, Montague—you must excuse me now. The House is dividing on the Colored Orphans' Hair-Straightening Bill, and I wouldn't miss a vote on it for the world. Any thing on *that* subject is important, you know."

And off he went.

I also adjourned.

P. S.—Two o'clock in the morning. I am paying five dollars a day in drafts on the Treasury—called by some greenbacks—and extras at the Metropolitan, and waiting for the extra session. The Hon. Beau Hickman is with me. In fact, he never leaves my presence.

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MYN HEER VAN VLUYTEN, THE  
OPTIMIST.

BY FELIX ORAN.

THE hero of the present narrative was no hero at all; on the contrary, he was as quiet and peaceable a man as ever lived. He underwent, nevertheless, the most singular adventures, and he overcame them all with the help of a stoical indifference and a favorite motto of his own—"Who knows but it may be good for something." This

served his purpose on all occasions, however various; and, as the sequel will show, it actually bore him out to the last, although it did not always appear suited to the circumstances

He had been a wealthy merchant at Amsterdam, but had given up his business there and came over to this country, where he founded a great house in New York, which is in existence this day. Myn Heer had married early in life; but perhaps no two people were ever more dissimilar than he and his wife. She was of French extraction, and had been educated at Valenciennes; her temper had retained all its primitive vivacity, and her manners were highly accomplished, while he surpassed most of his countrymen in phlegm and carelessness. Fortunately, neither of them was inclined to melancholy. He was of middling stature, corpulent, and broad-faced: she was tall and slender, but well proportioned, and she had good features, with a fresh complexion. Her society was sought for, and to be ranked among her friends was a passport into every circle. Her house was considered as one of the best regulated, and it would have become the seat of taste and elegance, if she had been able to rouse her husband into any thing beyond passive compliance with her wishes. He, good man, was forever in his morning-gown, except on Sundays and when he had to go on 'change. It had even been hard work to persuade him into wearing a wig during the day, because he felt so much more comfortable with a cap on his head. Whenever he had to appear in public, she dressed him out herself; and as he found this very convenient, he had not the least objection.

The whole family was entirely under her rule; and he was so far from being jealous of his authority, that he rather looked upon her directions as a relief to his own cares, and never made any attempt to interrupt the march of her government. On the other hand, he also expected to remain in the undisturbed enjoyment of his own comforts. The tobacco-pipe was his constant companion—he took it with him to the office, and back again to the arm-chair, which was to him the central point of earthly happiness. Here he was not obliged to make any

exertion: his tea and his pipe were handed to him as often as he wished; and even the newspapers he had not to read himself, because his wife liked to read them aloud, and to make comments, which saved him the trouble of speaking. In this manner most of their evenings were spent—the lady had the talk to herself, and he seldom furnished any thing to the conversation, except his usual sentence, and even that only during the intervals of fresh pipes.

If a friend happened to call, and Mevrouw complained of Myn Heer's inactivity, the visitors' pokes were only answered with a *who knows*. Their union was not blessed with offspring, and Mevrouw did not bear her disappointment in that respect with quite as much resignation as Myn Heer, who consoled himself, as usual, by thinking and saying *who knows*.

In order to enliven a little the tediousness and solitude of their dwelling, they had adopted a niece, in whose education the lady took great pleasure. She had succeeded to the full extent of her wishes during the first stages of her undertaking, and her *protégée* repaid her cares with the most happy disposition. She began already to be a most pleasing and sprightly companion, and seemed to require only the polish of the great world. This the aunt resolved to give her by degrees; and the house was, therefore, a little reformed. Parties were occasionally arranged, and visitors were admitted. Among the latter was a young gentleman, just returned from his travels, who ingratiated himself with the aunt by his knowledge of French and music; and with the niece, through his refined manners and good qualities.

The young people became intimate, and the aunt suffered it with so much the greater indulgence, as she knew from experience that the desire of pleasing will forward a young person more than any theoretical instruction, and as she actually perceived the rapid progress her niece was making in her studies and accomplishments; but she had not the least desire that the connection should as yet lead to any thing further, and deprive her so soon of what she had been working for, because she looked with pride and pleasure upon the object of her well-

bestowed endeavors. The lovers, however, were of a different opinion, and made some attempts to move their patroness into a speedy compliance with their wishes. They were not successful, and, being loth to delay their happiness for years of an undetermined number, they preferred *love in a cottage* to the fortune which awaited them at a more distant period, and they set off for the country.

Myn Heer had felt considerable uneasiness during all these doings, lest his own domestic quiet might be encroached upon, but he kept up his courage by an occasional appeal to his motto, and he had found it as true as ever. The young people had so much to do with themselves, and Mevrouw was so busy watching them, that he was but seldom thought of at all. His wants were supplied by an old servant, and he escaped thereby all the upbraidings with which they had been administered to in former times. Even curtain-lectures became more rare, because the husband retired earlier to rest than his wife thought it prudent to leave the company; and he took especial care not to awake in the morning before she had left him again. Consequently, his personal situation had been rather improved, and he cared no more for what was going on in his family than if the transactions were taking place in Spain, or in Russia. But, alas! our earthly pleasures are but of short duration; these halcyon days were soon to finish.

The vexation of Vrouw Van Vluyten was indescribable. Disappointed in her expectations, and enraged at the cunning with which the young lady had concealed her intentions, she knew no bounds, and she determined to punish this ingratitude to the utmost extent of her power. Her husband was just returning from his counting-house when she made the fatal discovery. She did not give him time to come up stairs, but related the whole event while he was ascending. This operation was certainly not a very short one with him; and a volubility like hers was fully equal to the task. But her paroxysm was such that she insisted on an immediate and satisfactory reply as to what he would do to avenge the offended honor of the family. He seemed

for a moment perplexed with the suddenness of so unusual and peremptory a request; but, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered for the effort of opening his mouth, he did not fail to say, with every possible equanimity: "*Who knows but it may be good for something.*"

It was not the first time that he had made an improper application of his latitudinarian principle, but never before had it so badly agreed with his own welfare; for, no sooner had he spoken, than he was hurried headlong down stairs, and he arrived at the bottom with a broken arm. This was rather more than the lady had intended; she had never laid hands on him before, and, even this time, she had only been overcome by a momentary fit of passion, of which she bitterly repented. She called immediately the whole family together, and busied herself in the most anxious manner about her wounded husband, who did not even complain. The mildness of his character had never been so advantageously conspicuous before, and, while it filled his wife with redoubled grief, it also turned to his own advantage in another respect, since his patience and tranquillity contributed not a little to his speedy and happy recovery.

In the mean time great changes were going on in the commercial world, and Mr. Van Vluyten, who was deeply interested in the East India trade, found himself imperiously urged to a voyage beyond the seas. He was very far from relishing the thing, but his affairs were of too important a nature to be intrusted to a stranger; and although he himself would have delayed until too late, his wife knew how to prevail on him, by saying, in her turn, *who knows*. He resolved at last to set off, accompanied by one of his clerks.

Mrs. Van Vluyten was really of opinion that the journey would have a good influence on her husband's temper; and, as her wrath against her niece had already, in a great measure, subsided, she also thought that Myn Heer's absence might furnish her with a plausible pretext to take the fugitive into favor again, as soon as the latter should have sufficiently suffered from the consequence of her imprudence. The necessary

preparations for the departure were speedily made, and the parties set off.

The greater part of their voyage was favorable; but a few days before the intended debarkation of the passengers, a storm arose, and drove the vessel to the north coast of Borneo. *Who knows*, said Mr. V. V.; but his traveling companions would not fall in with his sentiments. The condition of the vessel demanded repairs, and as the land seemed to offer the needful, a part of the crew went on shore. Myn Heer, who had been long enough on the water, would not lose so good an opportunity to refresh himself a little, and he attempted to follow; but having soon got tired, he sat himself down, and began to smoke very comfortably, when a party of natives suddenly pounced upon him, and carried him off before his companions could return to his assistance.

A British vessel which hove in sight was hailed, and our wrecked crew were informed of the inutility and the danger of attempting any thing for the rescue of their lost passenger. They yielded reluctantly to circumstances, and set sail again as soon as they could. Mr. V. V.'s clerk accomplished the intended voyage, and having settled the affairs as well as he could, he returned to New York with the melancholy news.

It might be, perhaps, that Mevrouw was not over-much distressed at the hearing of it; but this conclusion would wrong her feelings. Her husband's fate afflicted her deeply; and, indeed, so much the more, as she had, in some measure, forced the business upon him; she reproached herself bitterly, and would not be consoled. Time, however, wore off the keenness of her distress. The young man proved to be steady, and besides being a good husband, he showed himself also to be an experienced merchant. He was taken into partnership by the aunt, who meant to leave her property to the young couple as originally intended.

Myn Heer had become entirely forgotten; but he was still alive. The savages had been for some time on indifferent terms with their gods, and they were extremely

anxious to come again to a friendly understanding by means of an acceptable sacrifice. The seizure of a white man, and particularly one in so good condition as Myn Heer, was justly deemed by them an extraordinary piece of good fortune, and they exhibited their joy by the most extravagant demonstrations of enthusiasm. But the poor man himself concluded, quite as justly, that all this could forebode him no good. He tried to utter his motto, but he could not get it over his lips, and for the first time in his life he found that it would not do on all occasions; yet he was mistaken. The rejoicings of the savages lasted all night, and their dances around him were merely suspended in order to convince themselves, individually, of the victim's fitness, by pinching his well-fed body in regular succession. Toward morning, the more immediate arrangements for the sacrifice were proceeded in. A fire was kindled and the captive was led up to it. When the flame, which fell fortunately on his broken and lacerated arm, made appear larger the scar which had remained, the sacrifice was immediately suspended, and he was released; because victims must be immaculate, and presenting the deity with any thing imperfect, would increase heavenly vengeance instead of appeasing it.

Myn Heer's life was, therefore, safe; but he had still to regret the loss of his liberty. In the mean time it was highly advantageous to his interest that he was absolutely fit for nothing, and that he was found quite incapable to do any kind of work. Nobody would have him for his keep; he was sold from tribe to tribe, and every time under prime cost. In this manner he had reached Borneo, where he met accidentally with a dealer who had correspondence with Batavia. He made himself known to this man, as one who could afford to pay for his ransom, or any service that might be rendered to him. Upon this statement, means were found to get him to a regular Dutch settlement, where he found agents who had known his firm in Amsterdam, and who lent him every assistance in their power. He stopped with them until he had sufficiently recovered from his fa-



tigue, and after having recognized and refitted his person in the European fashion, he began to think of home.

Full five years had elapsed since his setting out from his pleasant home; and his wife was, perhaps, the only person who still remembered him now and then, and bestowed a tear on his cruel catastrophe. She was sitting one Sunday evening by herself, reflecting on the afternoon's sermon, which had awakened her half-slumbering conscience, when suddenly a man stepped into the room who had all the appearance of her so-much-lamented late husband. He was, indeed, much thinner, but still quite substantial enough for a ghost. How could she do less than scream out, and sink down into a swoon?

Her exclamation had attracted a servant-maid, who had no sooner seen her mistress on the floor, and a strange man standing over her, than she shut the door again, quite as quickly as she had opened it, and ran to give the alarm. The clerks, warehousemen, and other people hastened up to seize the supposed murderer; but it is easier to conceive than to describe their astonishment when some of them recognized their master, whom they had been taught to believe roasted and consumed many years ago. During this scene of recognition *Mevrouw* began to recover, and to open her eyes. She could hardly trust her senses, when they were about to convince her that her husband was still living; but her joy was sincere when she became actually persuaded of the reality, and it operated so effectually on her animal spirits that she felt soon completely restored. She did not spare her embraces, and still less her questions; both were lavished in rapid succession, and she led the returned man triumphantly to his well-known old arm-chair, in which he sat down as quietly as if nothing had happened.

Traveling had, nevertheless, improved him a little with regard to conversation; not that he was more prodigal with his words, but because his very laconism had a certain something which made it extremely interesting. After the first ecstasy had a little gone by, the lady said: "But only tell me, my dear, how you managed to get

out of the hands of those beastly fellows?" "Well, now," replied he, with as cunning a look as his innocent phiz would allow, "you were always finding fault when I said sometimes *who knows*; but if our niece had not run away——" "Well, I declare, what can that have to do with your delivery?" "A great deal, my dear; because without the said event you would not have kicked me down stairs." "Oh, dear! how can you plague me so? I am sure I would have forgotten you much sooner if it had not been for that; I have been sorry enough for it." "Nay, don't, my darling, don't be sorry, for that's the best part of the story." "The best part?" "To be sure, my little treasure; because if it had not been for that accident I should never have broken my arm." "Lord, how you make me smart for my folly; I could not have believed you to be so vindictive." "Not a bit so, my jewel; I tell you that it has saved my life." "Saved your life?" "Ay, even so; because the fall caused the wound, and the wound caused the scar, and the scar prevented the monsters from cutting me up, roasting, and eating me." The dialogue proceeded not quite so expeditiously as it is here related, and it required considerable management and patience to bring it so far, but the truth did come out by degrees, and every body was glad and thankful that things had not been worse.

On the next morning, *Myn Heer* rather stared when he found two children playing in the breakfast-room. He asked for an explanation, and did but half like it when *Mevrouw* said that, having believed him dead, and there being no children of their own, she had felt the want of a little company, and she hoped he would not take it amiss. He shook his head, and for some time he did not know what to answer; when finding at last the thing could not now be undone, he resigned himself to his fate, and merely asked what had become of the father? "He lives in the house, my dear, and you'll find him a very nice young man, I dare say." "No, no, that won't do; I'll not mind the children—poor things! how can they help it?—but keeping the father in my own family, what would the world say?" "Oh! but without him our niece is

also not likely to stop; and then the house will be again like a cloister." "Our niece, and what then is he to her?" "Her husband, to be sure. After what had happened, it would have been mere folly to throw further obstacles in their way; and they live very happily together." "Do they, indeed? And are these the children of our niece? Well, that is quite a different affair; in that case they may all stop and be welcome." "But what was it then that you meant, dear?" "Oh! never mind now; I am happy, and every body in my house shall be so: *who knows but it may be good for something.*"

Mr. and Vrouw Van Vluyten lived yet many years in comfort. He had not been long at home when all his old dresses fitted him again as closely as ever; and his lady gave him much less disturbance than she had done in former times; her temper became a little more peaceful by age, and by the remembrance of what had happened.

The nephew and niece died some years since, and the only representative of the name now living may be seen "down town" every day from ten till three, as the successor to MYN HEER VAN VLUYTEN.

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### LOST FOREVER.

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**T**HOUGH it was not a pity which showed itself in any active form of sympathy, the neighborhood did sincerely feel for the two ladies left so entirely alone in the world. They had plenty of money, certainly; a good house and a pretty garden; and as the legacy of poverty aggravates even the loss of a father, (which in this case, however, was rather a relief than a loss,) one might imagine a worse fate than that of Martha and Hester Todyeare, pitiable as theirs was; for, save this one exception of money, there was not a social circumstance in their lives which the poorest need envy.

Their father, William Todyeare, a passionate, self-willed man, had married a woman of a station much inferior to his own. He had married her because he had been obliged to take her on her own conditions; but he revenged himself for the force put upon him in the ordering of their relations

by not acknowledging her as his wife, and letting her appear only as his housekeeper—and the mother of his two daughters. She was not a woman of the Griselda class, and could never bring herself to endure her wrongs in silence, but told the world, whenever it came in her way, the story of her sufferings and the fact of her marriage, leaving it to form its own conclusions. And the conclusion to which it came, almost unanimously, was to avoid Fellfoot altogether, and leave the Todyeares to manage their family affairs by themselves as they liked. People do not like to be made the confidants of suffering wives; and when the question in dispute is marriage or illegality they would rather not give their votes at all, but let judgment go by default. As in this case. Wherefore, when the father died, his two daughters, who had been under a cloud all their lives—unoffending as they were coming in for at least reflected disesteem—had not an acquaintance in the world, and were as much alone as if they and their servants were the sole inhabitants of a desert island.

Mr. Todyeare was a man whose wrongdoing was rather insanity of temper than hardness of heart; so that when his temper was no longer crossed his conscience took the ascendant and tormented him fiercely—his faculty of repentance being as illimitable as his evil will had been resolute. When his wife died and the daily fret of her will in opposition to his own was at an end, he fell into a deep melancholy, which finally became a monomania of remorse for the hard life he had led her, and the injustice he had done her: not an active madness—merely a morbid, quiet kind of insanity, which gave an additional horror to the life and place; but no danger. The world said it was a judgment on him for his sins: so it was, but not in the way they thought.

It would have been no wonder if the whole family had gone raving mad, for Fellfoot was the most melancholy place to be found within the four seas. It was far away from any other house, and stood in a craggy hollow surrounded by woods. Woods and crags rose everywhere, and kept the air in the basin below as stagnant as the water

of a pond. The smoke rose straight from the chimneys of Fellfoot, when, in the villages beyond, houses were unroofed and forest-trees uprooted in the gale; and the autumn-leaves fell in quiet showers, like the pattering of rain on the ground, when the winds, elsewhere, stripped them with frantic fury from the boughs. Sometimes, indeed, a whirlwind caught the sides of the basin, eddying round and round among the woods till the dead leaves were piled up in thick drifts, where a man might be lost standing upright: so with the snow; but in general the air was still and dead, reeking with the vapors from the woods, and oppressive with the varied scents of vegetation; in autumn-time unhealthy, and even in spring and summer unrefreshing. The house was entirely hidden from view, save at one certain point in the road leading to it. It might have been burnt to the ground, and no one would have seen a flame; and every inmate in it might have been robbed and murdered, and the busy world beyond would not have heard a sound and might not have known for days. For it stood away from the main road, lost in this deep hollow, and the one approach to it was by a steep and rugged road, almost dangerous even with sure-footed horses; consequently, the very tradespeople called at Fellfoot as seldom as they could, and the monotony of life was nearly unbroken. Nothing but one eternal view—the same from every window in the house, look where you would: nothing but trees—trees; gold and green, and white with blossom, and flushed with crimson veinings in the spring-time, truly; and gorgeous with all imaginable hues of scarlet and gold and russet and darkening bronze in the autumn; else of one uniform outline, of one eternal sameness.

To this inheritance, then, the two sisters, Martha and Hester Todyeare, had succeeded. The Todyeares were of German origin, and the name had been Todtjahr in earlier times; but it had got softened out of its former grim meaning into what gave local etymologists, ignorant of German, wide scope for wild derivations. They still retained the German look, and both were fair; but Martha, the elder, was a brown-

haired woman, and tall and strong and resolute, with a square brow and a set jaw, yet kind and comely too; a woman with something of the masculine element in her, but not less than woman all the same. Hester, shy and timid, and with all her lines soft and flowing, was one of those golden-headed seraph-women made up of love and fear, who get more cared for than the rest of the world, because they have no fiber in them, no power of resistance or of self-support or of will—very sweet and lovely and feminine, but who live and die mere girls to the last: people for whom the strong invariably sacrifice themselves, or to whom they are sacrificed.

There was a great difference in age between them; Martha being ten years the elder, which made her more mother than sister, for the mother had not lived beyond the little one's first childhood, and Martha had, therefore, taken her entirely to herself. And as no governess was allowed at Fellfoot, and no companions of their own age ever invited, even if any could have been found willing to come, it had been a very entire taking to herself. And, as a consequence, the whole force of the two natures, intensified by the isolation of their lives, had concentrated into one deep love for each other—Martha's the maternal love of the stronger, and Hester's the dependent love of the child, with that other faculty of hers, her fear, reserved for her father. There was no one else to love or fear, for they did not know the only relatives they had, Faber and Susan Todyeare, (the Faber Todyeares as they were generally called,) the children of the younger brother, but older than both these sisters; Susan being older than Martha, and Faber, the elder, almost old enough to be Hester's father. There had been a coolness between the two families ever since William Todyeare, of Fellfoot, had married his housekeeper.

The funeral had taken place three days ago, and the two sisters were sitting in the garden together. It was in the hot and sultry summer-time, when the woods looked unfathomable, and when the air was almost tropical with heat and steaming vapors; it was one of those lowering summer days when the angry temper of the atmosphere

seems to react on men, and to breed angry tempers in the soul. Its only effect on the sisters was to make Martha more silent, and Hester more timid and easily startled than usual. They were sitting now on the seat under the great cedar-tree on the lawn; and as the spreading branches stretched over them, throwing them into deep shadow, you might have fancied they were women of death sitting in the gateway of the tomb; nothing more funereal could be seen any where than those two in their deep mourning—Martha with her close black cap covering all her hair, and Hester with her golden uncurled tresses falling over her face like a veil for her sorrow—as they sat under the great cedar-tree in what might have been a garden of graves, for its solitude and desolateness.

Looking up from a small piece of work she held in her hand, Martha said, suddenly: "It is dull for you here, Hetty."

Hester opened her clear childlike eyes, and put back the crowding hair from her face. "Dull?" she said, in a tone of surprise. "I am very happy here with you, Martha; what more do we want than we have got?"

"You are young, dear, and ought to see a little of the world. We have money, and could travel, if you would like it; or our cousins have asked us to stay with them, if you would like that better. I had a letter from Susan this morning; 'Faber will be here to day,' she says."

"To-day!" echoed Hester, in a voice of dismay. "How I wish he was not coming!"

"So do I; but that does not answer my question about going away."

"I will do as you like, Martha," Hester replied, meekly; "but I hate gayety, as you know."

"Dear child!" interrupted her sister, smiling, "have you ever known it?"

Hester smiled too. "Not much of it, certainly," she said; "but you understand me, don't you?"

"Yes. Still I think a little change would do you good, my dear. You are too depressed here, and I have seen how nervous you have become lately. I should like you to leave Fellfoot for a little while."

"Me to leave?" cried Hester, with quick alarm; "not without you, Martha."

"Certainly not. There, see how that has fluttered you?—but both together; perhaps to Switzerland in the spring, after a winter in Paris or Italy. Would you like that better than Greymoor and the Faber Todyears?"

"Oh! any thing better than that!" cried Hester. "I have such a strong presentiment against those people."

"So have I," said Martha; "but such feelings are very foolish, and, indeed, wrong if indulged in."

"Who is that?" Hester exclaimed, pointing to the one turn of road which they could see from the garden.

It was a solitary horseman, picking his way down the steep path carefully.

"I dare say that is Faber Todyear," said Martha; and she, too, turned a little pale, and her teeth set themselves together as if she had a task before her both difficult and disagreeable.

Soon the horseman was out of sight, lost in the windings of the wood-path; and presently they heard the gate-bell ring loudly as he reined his horse at the entrance. The servant opened the gate, and a tall, dark, handsome man, first asking if the ladies were at home, dismounted and came quickly toward them.

"How like papa," said Hester, shrinking away. "O Martha! he has come for no good."

Why did she say that? It is not usual for young women to regard the advent of handsome cousins with displeasure or terror, and Faber Todyear was one whom most girls would have welcomed very cordially; yet both sisters shrank from him, in their several ways, as if he had been something terrifying or frightful. He was neither. He was a tall, handsome, manly-looking person, with nothing specially noteworthy about him, save a blandness of manner that seemed a little excessive and out of harmony with his character, as judged of by his face. That a man with inscrutable eyes, penthouse brows, a flat forehead, a broad jaw, and thin, closely-shut lips, should be as gracious and gallant as a Bath M. C.—that so supple a back should lead up to so stern a head, might seem, to a close observer, out of course and misfitting; yet

there was nothing about him to which the most fastidious could object, so perfectly well-bred, well-looking, and well-appointed was he.

He raised his hat as he came near them, and held out his hand. Martha gave him hers with strange coldness; Hester with repugnance.

"I am sorry I could not come in time," he said; "I should have liked to pay the last respects to my poor uncle."

Martha slightly moved her head. "Thank you," she said; and that was all.

"I suppose his last moments were peaceful? they generally are in such cases as his," he asked. "Did he recover at all? I mean, was he sane at any time before his death?"

"Sane! he was never insane," said Martha, bluntly. "He was depressed and melancholy, but he never lost his intellect."

Faber smiled blandly, but unpleasantly. "He left a will, that means?" he said, with his interrogative accent; "one made quite of late, I presume?"

"He left no will," said Martha, and looked him straight in the face.

"Indeed!" and as he spoke he glanced round him, at the house and garden and the woods about, as if with a new interest. This did not escape his cousin.

"He wished my sister and myself to inherit equally, so there was no need for any will," she added.

Again Faber Todyear raised his heavy eyebrows and smiled.

"The very reason why he should have made one, while his mind was capable of an independent act, and in such a condition that the law would recognize its acts as valid," he observed.

"The law gives the same award as his wishes," said Martha, steadily. "His only children, we share alike; and it is not probable that we shall ever have divided interests."

"I think you labor under a mistake," said Faber; "the law"—emphatically—"will award differently."

"Hester, my dear, go and see if dinner is nearly ready," said Martha to her sister. "I dare say Mr. Todyear" (neither had called the other cousin yet, and he had not

given them any name at all) "will dine with us while his horse is resting."

And Faber smiled, and looked at Hester graciously, and said, "Yes, he would remain very gladly," and thanked them for their kindness.

When they were alone, Martha, turning to her cousin, said abruptly: "So, you have come to dispute the property, Mr. Todyear?"

He bowed.

"I have come to claim it," he replied; "there are no grounds for dispute. You know as well as I, that the law does not recognize a man's illegitimate children, however openly he may have done so. Had your father wished you to inherit his property, he would have made a will while sane and capable of managing his own affairs; with a will of late date—since his mind went, or with none at all, your claims are absolutely worthless. I am sorry to speak with such seeming harshness, but you are a woman to whom, I am sure, one can speak of business matters plainly."

"I told you in my letter that you were mistaken," returned Martha. "My mother was lawfully married, nearly two years before I was born."

He shrugged his shoulders, and again smiled.

"I have the certificate," said Martha, flushing a little, and speaking with a certain hurried and peremptory accent; "and this."

She pointed to a ruby ring she wore, inside which was engraved her mother's name, her father's, and the date of their marriage, with "married" set against the date. Perhaps not of much value as legal evidence, but of infinite preciousness to Martha, as it had been to her mother.

"What is that?" asked Faber, contemptuously. "Allow me," and he held out his hand for it.

She drew it from her finger, and gave it to him, calling his attention to the letters inside. He looked at it intently, both at the engraving and the stone, for it was a balass ruby of large size, and intrinsically worth much. Then he gave it back to her with a smile, shaking his head, as he said:

"Counsel would say, 'The clever dodge

of an artful woman.' If your claims rest on no more solid foundation than this, and if your proofs are of no greater legal value, the question will soon be decided.'

"You forget the certificate," said Martha.

"Ah! the certificate! That is something more to your purpose. Yes, I confess I should like to look at this certificate, if you will allow me; it is the first time I have heard of it, and I am curious."

"You shall see it," Martha said loftily; and they both walked across the lawn, and through the open French window into the drawing-room, where Martha left him, while she went up stairs to her own room for those sacred "marriage-lines," which were her own and her sister's all.

"You keep this in a safe place, I suppose?" asked Faber, carelessly, while examining it with even more attention than he gave to the ring.

"Yes," Martha answered; "it is never out of my own possession: I keep it with my valuables in my own room."

"Ah! the best place," said Faber.

After turning the paper about, and looking at it in every light, as if he would have detected a forgery in the very substance of the paper itself—after counting up dates, and comparing handwritings, knitting his brows with anxious meaning as he was slowly and reluctantly obliged to acknowledge the truth, Faber handed back the certificate, and pronounced himself satisfied; thanking his kind cousin—he called her cousin now—for her patience and candor, and begging her to dismiss from her mind all remembrance of the fact that he had ever been so misled by ignorance and common report as to doubt the exact legality of their condition. He was very glad he had come himself, he said, and had made personal acquaintance with his cousins; he thought it so much the best thing to do at all times, and nothing was ever lost by frankness and candor. If he had delegated this task to a lawyer, what a hungle would have been made of it! but now, every thing was as clear as daylight, and there was no possibility of further mistake remaining. They had all done their duty, and was not that a pleasure to think of? He then wound up a slightly too florid oration by

inviting them both to Greymoor; where, at least, he could promise them a somewhat different kind of prospect—laughing—to what they had here, for save in their own garden, there was not a tree nearer than a day's journey!

To which Martha replied, a little bluntly, perhaps, but good-naturedly enough, that she and her sister were not much given to visiting, or great runaways from home. Then she added: "My sister knows nothing of the doubts which were thrown upon our mother's marriage; of what good to perplex and distress one so young and innocent?"

And Faber said, "Of what good?" too; and commended her wise care with almost enthusiastic appreciation. Dinner being ready, he asked his kind cousin's leave to go up-stairs to make his toilet.

It was a pleasant house, he said, when he returned, and capital rooms; and the conversation fell upon the size and disposition of them, all in the most natural and easy manner possible; and yet Martha did not like the talk. To a reserved woman it was a little too much like a freedom to pry so narrowly into the personalities of their domestic life; but Faber was a man difficult to withstand on any point which he might choose to press, there was so much blandness and friendly confidence of manner united to so much resoluteness of purpose and distinctness of aim. Which did not much assuage Martha's discomfort, or make her more affectionately inclined to their cousin, or disposed to discuss the sites and aspects of the Fellfoot bedrooms with greater pleasure.

On the whole, the sisters had never passed a more uncomfortable time than they did during this visit, and, indeed, as the hours wore on, Hester's dislike became only too apparent. She sat as far away from Faber as was possible, her head bent over her work, seldom looking up, and never speaking unless spoken to, and then she gave only curt cold answers, looking at Martha while speaking to her cousin. But he seemed to be much struck with her—and truly she was a rarely beautiful creature—and almost persecuted her with his attentions and compliments, seldom taking his eyes from her,

and doing what he could to engage her attention and win a pleasant look for his reward. But the girl sat resolutely, almost sullenly, apart, in what would have been a rude display of temper and caprice, but for the pleading sweetness of her timid manners, and the softening charm of her beauty.

Heartily glad were they when the moment came for his leave-taking, and they were rid of his handsome face and flattering smiles. Their solitude came like a delicious repose to them after the weariness of this man's visit; and the two sisters sat together rather later than usual, and even more lovingly than usual, as if to enjoy to the fullest the one true happiness of their lives. But their comments on their cousin were none of the most complimentary, and their determination not to know him better, and by no means to go to Greymoor, very distinct. Then they went to bed, and the house was shut up for the night; if, indeed, that could be called "shutting up" which was merely locking the front door, and leaving half the windows open. The utter solitude of the place had made them careless, and the nightly fastening of Fell-foot had grown to be a mere name. The sisters always slept with their windows open; not so much as a stray cat invading the premises in general; and to-night—this hot, stifling, thundery night—the house was like a pierced fan, open at all sides to catch the faintest breath of air stirring.

At about midnight the storm burst forth. It had been brooding all the day, and when it came it came with terrific violence; but strangely enough, it did not rouse the household—not even Hester at the first, constitutionally susceptible to all the influences of electricity as she was. At last one tremendous flash, followed by a deafening roar, woke her up; and just in her night-dress as she was—without slippers or wrapper—she softly opened her bedroom-door, and crept across the passage to take refuge with her sister; wondering, indeed, why she had not come to her, as she generally did when there was a thunderstorm, knowing her nervousness.

She found the door, turned the handle, and went in; but as she entered her foot

slipped in something strange, something thick and wet and warm. She shuddered and called "Martha," but no one answered; again she cried; and then a flash, flaming through the air, showed her the body of her sister, with her face downward to the carpet, lying in a shining pool of crimson on the floor. But it did not show her that other thing that crouched in the dark corner beyond.

"Martha! Martha!" Hester whispered, and touched her, kneeling by her; and kneeling in the warm, wet, crimson pool. Again the lightning flashed, showing now the white night-dress, her hands and the dropping lengths of her golden hair, all dyed crimson—all wet and soaked in blood.

"Martha! Martha! Wake! Speak to me!" cried Hester, turning the dead face toward her; but the head fell heavily back in her arms, and there was no kind voice to answer her.

"Then the truth came upon the girl, and saying, "Take me with you!" she flung her arms over the dead body, and sank senseless—her pale head resting on her sister's neck, and from head to foot crimsoned with her blood.

The man crouching in the corner came and looked at them both; turning the dark lantern in his hand full upon them while he stood and studied them; and once carefully putting back the blood-stained hair from Hester's face, he stooped down and kissed her lips, and kissed them again, with a strange pleasure. Then he cut a long lock from her head, and turning away, continued his search for what he wanted; all the while as quiet and unmoved and resolute as if murder was an every-day occurrence, and need stir no man's nerves. When he had found what he wanted, he looked again at the two lying on the floor, and taking up Martha's hand, drew the ruby ring from her finger; and guided now by the flashes of the fierce tempest, he went softly out by the way by which he had entered, letting himself down from the window noiselessly.

As the morning broke the storm passed, and when the servants came to call their mistress it was a glad fresh summer day;

the woods were alive with the songs of birds and the hum of bees; the trees and flowers were radiant with freshened bloom and rich in scents; the blue sky had not a cloud, and the green earth did not seem to have a care; but within that quiet room lay one sister stabbed to the heart, and the other paralyzed and imbecile.

It had been done for plunder every one said; Martha's costly ruby ring was gone; and the davenport, in which she kept her money and valuables, was rifled; and though some things which, it might have been thought, would have tempted a thief, were left, others were taken, and all was in confusion. No one knew, indeed, though, what had been taken; for Martha Todyeare was not a communicative woman, and even Hester was never told of any business matter; so that it was only conjecture at the best. One thing, however, was sure, the ring—and presumably money, from the rifled state of the davenport. This was all that was ever known; and who had done the deed no one could imagine, or why, unless for plunder; and yet, if for plunder, why had not certain valuables been taken, lying handy as they did? It was conjectured that the assassin had got in by the open window, climbing up by the ivy which grew thick over the house, and favored by the storm which drowned any noise he might have made. Martha had been struck down, perhaps, while crossing the room, probably to go to her sister. There was no sign of any struggle, and she lay in the position in which a person would have fallen if struck from behind. There was no expression of terror on her face, as would have been had she seen her assailant; but it was calm and still as usual, showing that at least she had been spared the anguish of knowledge, which was something.

Faber was just leaving the inn, where he had put up for the night, (having lost his way between Fellfoot and the railway-inn where he was rightly bound, so taking refuge here, at midnight or after, drenched to the skin with the terrible storm,) when the fearful news of the murder came in. The Fellfoot gardener, half scared himself, had ridden over to the village for legal

assistance; for the two ladies were so lonely there was no one to turn to as of course, and the law must do its business without the intervention of any friend. When it was found that Faber was still within distance, to him was at once given the superintendence of matters and the charge of Hester; and all with whom he was brought in contact expressed their satisfaction with him, so kindly, so prompt, so considerate as he was, and so anxious for the welfare of his poor young cousin.

The world was quite at rest on the subject of Hester Todyeare, when Faber's sister Susan came down to Fellfoot, and at once stepped into Martha's place of head and manager. Hester, indeed, was unfit to undertake any kind of responsibility. Still gentle, lovely, timid, she showed only one active feeling—and that was an intensity of hatred for Faber, and a childlike dread of Susan.

Susan was not unlike what Martha might have been if harder, older, and sterner; Martha, with all her womanly tenderness left out, and her strength roughened and sharpened to hardness and aggressiveness. They carried Hester off to Greymoor for change of air. It was of no use her protesting or refusing; she was in their hands, and there was no one to help her out of them. So they took her to their own house, and people said they hoped the change would do her good, poor girl; but it was not a pleasant charge her cousins had taken on themselves, for who would like to have a dazed half-idiot always about them? Indeed, from the first Susan seemed to have felt it as a painful duty that must be accepted, doing her best to perform her part as well as was in her nature to allow; but she could never conquer the girl's visible terror of her, nor could Faber overcome her hatred, and the more he tried with flatteries and caresses and tender little cares—cares so tender that one could scarcely understand how they came from so strong and stern a person—the more pronounced was her hatred, her horror, and her fear.

Greymoor was, as he had said, the very antithesis of Fellfoot—a wild, lonely, desolate moor, without a tree or shrub any-



where; an illimitable horizon lost in the restless sea for half the distance round, the other half leading down into a broad open country, showing villages and shady copse-lands, meadows full of sheep and cattle, and churches with their flame-shaped spires pointed ever up to heaven, and all the sweet pastoral richness of English country life; but this only in the distance—a peace and sweetness not belonging to the dwellers in that desolate house on the moor; like happiness seen in others' lives, but not coming near our own.

But the change from the damp, low-lying house at Fellfoot did Hester the physical good people had anticipated; her cheek lost a little of its cream-colored, corpse-like look, and got rosier in hue, and more transparent; her eyes were less fixed and more observant; she ate more, as if she knew that she was eating, and not only as if it was a merely instinctive act of obedience; she lifted her feet from the ground when she walked, and did not drag them as she had done; sometimes the tears came into her eyes as if she were thinking, and sometimes her color changed; she would answer now when spoken to, instead of, as hitherto, sitting dumb and motionless until Faber came near her, when she would flame up into a passion of wrath more terrible because more mad than even her stupor had been; or when Susan touched her, and then she would utter a little cry as if she had been hurt, and shrink away from her as a half-tamed animal might have done. Now, however, all this had become modified, and some of her symptoms had wholly disappeared; and by the time she had been nearly a year at Greymoor she was the same as other people, saving always her intense timidity, and the wonderfully touching sweetness of her beauty. Lovely as she had always been, she was now almost unearthly; and looked, as an old woman said of her, "as if she had been in heaven for a time."

The year was round again, and it was a warm calm summer evening, with the wind blowing softly from the south, like the days of rest which sometimes come before a death. Hester was in the garden, sitting where she could see the sea—her favorite

place; and Susan and Faber were standing by the window in the dining-room talking low together.

"I do not like it, Faber," said Susan; "if it is against her consent it will be a crime."

"Crime or no, it must be," said Faber, in a stern voice. "If I do not marry her, we are ruined."

"Yes, yes, I know all that; you have told me often enough! I only say that I do not like the poor thing to be forced; and she certainly does not seem inclined to make a willing bride."

"I have love enough for two, and will enough as well," said Faber.

His sister looked at him with genuine surprise. "Do you mean that you love her?" she asked, slowly.

"As I never loved before, and could never love again," he answered. "I have loved her from the beginning, and even if she was not a necessity by circumstances, she should be my wife by my own free will and act of love."

"You are mad," said Susan, disdainfully; "I should as soon have thought of your loving a doll."

"I dare say you would," he answered, with indifference; "but you see you do not know much about love."

"Still, I shall not like her to be forced," said Susan, going back to the point.

"She shall be my wife, forced or not," repeated Faber, and left the room.

What he had said about their being ruined was only too true. More than a year ago this had come upon them, not by their own fault so much as through the crafty advice of their lawyer, who had persuaded Faber to invest in certain mining speculations in which he held a large stake, and at a time when he knew the property was worth nothing. A convenient way of shifting his own liabilities and saving himself—not uncommon among friends. Which state of things made Hester in truth a necessity, as he had said; and willing or unwilling, she had to be wooed and won, even if she was never won. And yet he resolved to win her. A man of strong passions and arbitrary will can not easily accept defeat; and whatever the secret charm

to him which Susan could not discover, the result was, he loved her, and he was determined that she should love him—after marriage if not before.

When he left his sister he went out to Hester sitting in the garden, watching the white ships sailing—sailing, who knew where?—watching them with that vague wistfulness one feels so often when looking at the sea, that desire one scarcely knows for what, but for something removed from our present life. Faber stood by her for some time, studying her face as she looked and dreamed; then he said, in a low, soft voice, softer and richer than usual, and it was always soft to her: "Would you like to travel, Hester?"

Her eyes filled with tears. She remembered who had asked the same question just about a year ago, and how it had been answered.

"I should like to leave Greymoor," she said.

"You do not like it?"

"No; you know that I do not," she answered, quietly, and turned away.

"You can go where you like, Hester," Faber said. "We are your friends, not your jailors. Where would you like to go?"

"Home," said Hester, and looked into his face.

He blanched a little; but then he took her hands and held them, though she tried to release them. "You shall go to Fellfoot next week, or earlier—as soon as you will; on one condition," he said, speaking slowly and deliberately, though still very softly; "that you take me with you, as one having the right to be there—the right to be by your side."

"What do you mean?" she said, startled.

"That you take me with you as your husband."

She gave a cry and covered her face, he having loosed her hands to put his arms round her waist.

"It must be, Hester," he continued. "I love you, and I have vowed to Heaven to make you mine."

"To Heaven!" she cried, lifting up her white face. "What have *you* to do with Heaven, cousin Faber?"

He shrank back as if she had struck him,

and then, as if fearing she would escape him, he drew her to him again, and made her sit down on the seat beside him. "Hester," he then said, speaking calmly as to voice and manner, though passions too hot for words were raging in his heart, "you believe that you are the owner of Fellfoot, do you not? Yes, I see that you do. Listen to me attentively. You are not the owner; it belongs to my sister Susan and myself, as the heirs-at-law of your father. You and your poor sister were not his heirs, Hester—you were illegitimate; your mother was never married." He paused, waiting for her to speak; but she said nothing. "At this moment," he continued, "you have absolutely nothing in the world but what you receive through me. I have not cared to bring this before you hitherto. I have waited until time had a little healed and restored you, before touching on matters that must be so painful to you, my poor child! Also, I have waited until I spoke to you of my love, reserving this as an argument to decide you. It must be, Hester; your only safety lies by my side. You must marry me that you may live."

"I will not!" cried Hester, tearing herself away from him. "I will die first."

"You will, you must, and you shall," returned her cousin, in an inflexible, monotonous voice. "If I carry you to the church in my arms like a child, you shall be my wife. I love you, and in your own interests I will make you love me!"

"Never!" she cried, flinging up his hand. "I hate you! You are terrible and loathsome to me—you are telling me falsehoods—you are all over blood!"

And as she spoke the red sunset poured over him, as if it did indeed shine through blood.

They did not meet again that evening; for Hester rushed to her own room, the door of which she locked, and no threats or entreaties of either brother or sister could induce her to open it again—scarcely to answer when she was called and spoken to.

Pale, restless, seeking she knew not what, but seeking Something, Hester wandered through the house that night like a ghost come up from the grave. Moving with

her light, noiseless tread, and shading the candle with her hand, she went down stairs, and into the library—her cousin Faber's own peculiar room. Haunted she knew not with what—lured on she knew not to what—she opened drawers and desks and cupboards, searching, searching for something—that nameless Something which always had been before her mind as one day to be found. At last she tried a certain desk; it was locked, but by some oversight the key had been left in the lock, though in general Faber was both careful and exact. She opened it, and turned the contents—papers, trifles, letters—over and over; but she found nothing to interest her. She opened some little packets, and some small boxes; but the locks of hair, and the rings, and the locket, and little scraps of verses they contained, were nothing to her. At last she fell upon a packet sealed and secured with more than ordinary care. She broke the seals; she cut the string; and took from the cover a paper which she soon made out to be her mother's certificate of marriage, a long lock of golden hair, and the ruby ring which had been stolen from her sister the night she was murdered.

Now she understood what had haunted her poor bewildered brain, and what had lured her on till she had found it; now she knew what she had dumbly divined; and both the past and herself were revealed to her. Quietly, with ashen cheeks and glazed eyes, she glided up-stairs again; the house yet in its first heavy sleep, and she walking so softly she would not have roused even one who watched. Still shading the candle with her hand, she stopped at her cousin's door; she tried it, it was unfastened; and softly opening it, she glided in, and went up to the bed where he lay sleeping.

For a moment she stood and watched him, as he tossed his dark head restlessly on the pillow, muttering in his sleep. Then she touched his hand, bending her face near to his and calling him by his name. He started up with a man's shout of defiance; a shout that passed into a low moan of abject terror when he saw that ghastly face pressed so near to his, the glistening hair

streaming round it and falling on to the bed-clothes, and the slight figure, looking still slier in its melancholy black, bending over him. In one hand she held the paper, the ring, and the lock of hair; in the other the candle; and the light fell on the ruby and the gold in strange fantastic brilliance.

"I told you that you were all over blood, Faber," she said, in a low, penetrating voice. "Now I know it. Do not ask me to forgive you; I do not forgive you."

In the morning a great cry went through the house. Still fully dressed, and with all her hair combed straight on her shoulders like a parted veil of gold, Hester was found lying on her bed, stone dead and cold and stiff. No sign of struggle, nor of any means of self-destruction was about; no poison, no blood, no knife, no cord; a quiet, pale, waxen figure, lying as if asleep, and full of maidenly sweetness and beauty even in its death.

The verdict was, "Died by the visitation of God;" the medical men said, "Syncope of the spine;" and no one was ever heard to say it was an unrighteous verdict, or that any other could have been returned. If there was one who knew more than the rest, he passed through life unchallenged and unsuspected. The dead told no tales, and the ruby ring which Faber Todyear always wore now was like the dead, and betrayed nothing.

But though Fellfoot and all the property belonging to the two sisters came by right and law now to Faber and Susan, and though their ruined fortunes were repaired without the world ever knowing that they had been endangered, yet their prosperity brought no blessing with it. Susan died before that year's fruits were ripened in the Fellfoot gardens; and for all his life after Faber Todyear was a haunted, hunted, broken-down man, to be met wandering about the earth, without rest or peace or love or home; a miserable wretch whom some called mad, but of whom the priest who saw him die in a lonely little village in France, said with a long-drawn breath, as he closed his eyes: "That man was a murderer."

## CATTLE-HUNTING ON HAWAII.

THE first cattle on the Sandwich Islands were brought from California by Vancouver, the celebrated English navigator, in the year 1793, during his second voyage round the world. They were committed to the care of Kamehameha the First, and were by him and his successors put under a strict tabu for a long time—the natives say for thirty years. They were first landed at Kealakekua Bay and turned loose, a bull and a cow, on the upland slopes of Hualalai. Here they rapidly increased, and becoming a flock, were removed to Waimea plains, from whence, breeding very fast, they spread inland and wandered off among the hills and valleys of Mauna Kea, and becoming so numerous, that, when the tabu was removed some thirty years ago, the interior plain and the three mountains of Hawaii were full of them, and they were in some seasons hard pushed for feed, though generally very fat. A large portion of the country over which these flocks roamed was entirely destitute of water three-fourths of the year, and during the time when there was water it poured down from the mountain-side in an impetuous torrent, sinking at once and disappearing in the sandy plains.

As the first cattle were brought from California, (Monterey,) so the first bullock-catchers came from there to teach the Hawaiians how to use the lasso, to jerk beef, and to cure hides. Their appearance was novel, and they attracted crowds of the wondering natives wherever they went. They belonged to a race once numerous enough all over California, but now confined mostly to the lower country and Sonora, whither they have retired before the superior stock management and tame herds of the Yankees. The "vaquero," as he was called, with his little gay-colored profusely-buttoned jacket, worn over one shoulder, his shiny, steeple-crowned hat, his leather leggings and huge jingling spurs, when mounted on a spirited California horse, and seated on that curious contrivance, a Spanish saddle, looking as though he grew there and was an inseparable part of the whole affair, was a picturesque object, and would have attracted a crowd at

any time in the streets of New York or London. They were generally light, but well made, as active as a cat, with eyes like a hawk and nerves of steel, and well fitted by nature for the perilous calling of wild bullock catchers. At the same time was imported a cargo of California horses, of a superior breed in point of size and spirit, and whose descendants still continue in demand among the flocks of Waimea, to which place they were principally sent on their arrival at the islands. But the imported vaqueros of Hawaii have disappeared before the march of time, and their perilous adventures in pursuit of the wild cattle among the gulches and over the hills and plains of Mauna Kea are only remembered and rehearsed by some of the old residents. In their place has sprung up a class of Hawaiian mountaineers, equally as skillful horsemen as their foreign predecessors, but leading a vagabond sort of life, alternating between hardships and privation on the mountain and plenty and lavish experience on their return to the settlements. During a recent trip to Mauna Kea, I came across a camp of some thirty of these bullock-hunters, and accompanying them on one or two of their expeditions, was no little interested in their somewhat romantic and exciting mode of life.

The government conjointly with the king, I believe, are the owners of the unmarked wild cattle on Hawaii, and have sold or leased the right to slaughter to private parties, upon what precise terms I am unable to say. An agent resides at Waimea, who engages the hunters, agreeing to pay them at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents for each bull's hide, and one dollar for each cow's hide, properly dried and delivered at a certain point on the mountain. From thence they are conveyed to Waimea in carts, and after undergoing the process of salting, are shipped to Honolulu, where they figure among our list of domestic exports, to a very respectable amount. During the first two quarters of 1859, according to the published Custom House statistics, two hundred and twenty-two thousand one hundred and seventy pounds of hides were exported, mostly, I presume, to the United States, where a fair quotation, per

last mail, would be twenty-five cents per pound, giving us an export value of fifty-five thousand five hundred and forty-two dollars, wherewith to help pay our debts in New York and Boston. That the business is profitable, would appear from the very good prices paid the hunters, and from the fact that the exports of hides for the second quarter exceeded those of the first by five times the quantity in weight. The wild cattle are now hunted almost solely for their hides, and they possess the advantage over those of the tame herds for the purposes of commerce that they are not mutilated with the branding iron. Under the present indiscriminate and systematic slaughter of these cattle, by which young and old, male and female, are hunted alike for the sake of their skins alone, they have greatly diminished in numbers, and a few years only will suffice to render a wild bullock a rare sight where they now flock in thousands. The country through which they roam is in many parts composed of fine grazing-lands. Thousands of acres could be devoted to wheat-growing, being composed, to a good depth, of a light, sandy soil, capable of being plowed with facility. The only drawbacks to this as an agricultural country, would be—first, the great scarcity of water; second, the depredations of wild hogs. As to the first, water no doubt could be found in plenty by digging; and the hogs would have to be exterminated. I wonder that some one has not, ere this, purchased the government right in these hogs, and set up a lard-factory on the mountain. Why would not it pay at twelve and a half cents per pound—or even for soap-grease?

But I started to tell you something about the life of the hide-hunters. First, for their camp. This was situated on a side-hill, in a grove of koa-trees, that sheltered them somewhat from the trade-winds, which here blow fresh and cold, and furnished them with firewood—no small consideration at this elevation. The hut was built of three walls of stone, open to the south; the roof formed of koa-logs, plastered on the outside with dry grass and mud. The ground was covered with hides for a flooring, and perfectly swarmed with fleas of enormous size

and bloodthirsty dispositions. In front, within a few feet of the sleeping-places, a large fire was kept constantly burning, and all around, for an acre or so, the ground was covered with drying hides. In the hut, within a space of about fifteen by twenty feet, some twenty-five or thirty native vaqueros found a sleeping-place by night, and a place to play cards in by day, when not engaged in the chase. Near by was their "corral," an inclosure of sticks and hides, containing some sixty horses, all owned by natives, and which had been collected for a grand "drive in," to take place on the morrow. This I will attempt to describe.

Early in the morning I repaired to the camp of the bullock-catchers, and found them to the number of thirty or forty, including three native women ready mounted for the start. An odd-looking company it was. The men wore mostly flannel-shirts, as did the women; but while some few had hats, the majority were bareheaded, with thin, long elfin-locks, confined by a gay-colored handkerchief, and streaming behind in the wind, gave them a wild, Indian-like appearance. The inseparable leather-leggings and huge spurs, with each a lasso, completed the outfit, and, mounted on their lean and scraggy but well-trained horses, they galloped off to the corral or pen to which the bullocks, collected from the mountain, were to be driven. This is identical with the contrivance which is made use of by some of the Western Indians, and also, as described in Livingstone's travels, by the negroes of Africa to entrap the buffalo and other wild animals. The pen, which generally incloses a half an acre, is built square, of strong posts and rails, and from the narrow entrance a long line of fence gradually diverges like the upper half of the letter Y, extending its arms out toward the mountain from which the cattle are to be driven. Stationing myself at the farther end of the pen, I waited to see the sport. Our horsemen, separating to the right and left, made a long detour and were soon out of sight among the round hills which are so numerous on the sides of Mauna Kea. After waiting about an hour, we spied a great cloud of dust some three

or four miles up the mountain-side, and here came at a full gallop several hundred head of cattle of all sizes, closely pursued by a semicircle of vaqueros, driving the game right down for the corral. As they rapidly approached the arms of the trap, the ground shook beneath their hoofs, and they wedged and crowded each other into a compact body to avoid the dreaded horse-men. Now and then some monstrous bull, "with front of Jove," or a vicious cow, excited for her calf, would face about as if to attack the pursuers. But the coyote-like yells of the natives and a twirl or two of the lasso, of which they appear to have an intuitive dread, quickly drove them in terror to join the flying herd. Mixed up with the cattle, and driven along with them, were probably not far from a thousand wild hogs, who, disturbed in their interior haunts, had got into the trap designed for nobler game. Their piercing squeals as, kicked and tossed by the frantic cattle, they rolled over in the dust, added no little to the amusement of the scene. But now, as the herd approached the narrower part of the trap and found themselves gradually hemmed in, came the most exciting part of the chase. A bull and two cows, catching sight of us who stood by the outside of the pen, suddenly wheeled and dashing past the vaqueros, made off for the mountain again. Three horsemen put after them at full speed. The foremost, named Komo, (or Tom,) was one of the best riders and most skillful with the lasso that I have ever seen, though his little squat figure and apathetic countenance would lead one to expect less. Mounted on a tall and noble-looking gray, he soon outstripped the others, and with unerring aim threw his noose over the horns of the bull. As quick as a flash, the moment he felt the lasso, the bull turned, and before the horse could brace himself, drove his sharp horn into his flank and tumbled horse and rider to the ground. It hardly seemed, though, that Tom had fallen, so soon was he on his feet and on the lookout for his fierce antagonist, who, regardless of the prostrate horse, now made a rush for Tom. I thought it was all over with the poor native, for he ran, as if to try to escape. But it was for only a few steps, to

draw the bull away from the fallen horse, when, just as the creature's horns were apparently within an inch or two of his body, Tom sprang aside like a cat, and, as the bull went by him on his headlong plunge, brought his keen hunting-knife down, and hamstrung both legs! The next instant the little fellow was again astride the noble gray, who had recovered his feet, and stood, like an intelligent creature as he was, with a firm strain on the lasso, one end of which was fast to the loggerhead of the saddle, and the other around the bull's horns. All this occurred in less time than I have taken to relate it. The bull, though dragging his hind-legs on the ground, was still a formidable and dangerous enemy; but another vaquero coming up threw a lasso which caught him by the heels, and while he was thus held between the two horses, Tom dismounted, and, giving one seemingly delicate touch of his knife just behind the horns, severed the "pith" or spinal cord, and, with but a slight quiver of his huge frame, the "lordly bull" was dead. In a few minutes more the hide was off and the carcass left, as a perquisite for the wild hogs and dogs, of which last there are a great many in the mountain, but very shy.

The work of "driving in" being finished, the pen was closed by tying a hide across the entrance, and, after a half hour's amusement in lassoing hogs, our party returned to camp, with two or three horses laden with the fat meat of the two cows that had bolted with Tom's friend, the bull, but had both fallen under the vaquero's knife. The next day, and for several days after, the party returned to the pen and at their leisure lassoed the cattle one at a time, and slaughtered them outside the inclosure, until the plain was dotted with the carcasses and the air rendered fetid from the decaying animal matter. Though the atmosphere was very dry at this place, yet decomposition takes place in a very short time. This is no doubt caused in part by a species of large fly, which has the peculiar faculty of voiding a living maggot, a quarter of an inch long, which immediately commences to prey on fresh meat as soon as it is exposed. I shot a hog one day toward evening in a gulch some distance from the camp, and, returning the next day at noon, I found these interesting creatures had "jumped my claim," and were in full possession of "the entire swine."

## MINING AND SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

**M**OTHER-VEINS OR DEPOSITS OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.—From the past experience of California and the countries of Spanish America, we are led to believe that the precious metals exist in separate masses or mother-veins, which gradually thin off at the extremities, when they become unprofitable to work. We shall herein attempt to show this by some prominent examples.

As to gold, the great mother-mass or vein seems first to develop itself most richly near the California line, in Oregon, and this mass, so far as is known, impoverishes as you advance farther from the center. Its degradation, disintegration, or diminution, makes the placer-washings of the adjacent portions of Oregon and California. Another such vein or mass seems to have its center near Nevada City—another near Sonora City—another near Mariposa—another on the headwaters of Kern River. As these veins dip toward the ocean in the north, they seem to reach their greatest state of comminuted abrasions—how far to the east this obtains is as yet unknown. As a general thing all the placers of the coast-mountains of California and Oregon have been very inferior, as have been the lower levels of the great valleys of the center.

Mother-veins may be found farther east, either on the declivities of the snowy range from forty-nine degrees to the Tejon, and from thence they will very likely invariably impoverish, as they slope and thin off to the ocean, even as far as Cape San Lucas. They come up thinly near Los Angeles, at the Armagossa mine of the Vegas de Santa Clara, near the Gila, and on the gulf-coasts of the State of Sonora, as rich placers were developed at Cienegueta about 1772.

The mother-veins farther east may be found richest in some of the numerous longitudinal mountain-ridges of the Great Basin; these run out and come up again farther north, as at the disintegration of the Colville and Fraser River mines, or farther east at Pike's Peak and vicinity, or

farther south in the Apachena, on the headwaters of the Gila and branches; or, still more southward, near Bacuachi, or Bapispe, of the Opataria of Sonora, where, forty years ago and anterior, very rich placers were worked by the Mexicans, until driven out by the Indians. This hypothesis may be extended indefinitely south to Panama, and as far east as Virginia and Georgia.

This theory seems to be borne out in silver. The mother-vein of Washoe, or some other equally rich, seems to have been known to the Shoshone Indians of the Great Basin, who are said to use the mixed metal commonly for various purposes—the silver and lead must be found somewhere there in metallic mass, as those Indians hardly understood the art of reduction of mineral ores. The outcrops of this mass seem to have been known to Californians as early as 1849. Since 1851 it has been well known that the gold-grains were so alloyed with silver as to reduce the value in certain places as low as twelve dollars an ounce. The inclination of this Washoe vein is very likely southeasterly and southerly.

Native silver was found in one of the arroyos near Pacheco's Pass as early as 1849; also large deposits of (said to be) argentiferous antimoniated lead in 1855. A silver-mine was announced in Monterey as early as 1802, as existing in the mountain-pass running south from San Juan, across to the Salinas Plain, and probably as far south as the Chalon Peak. The whole of this range has richly-developed highly-metalliferous indications of iron, lead, mercury, silver, copper, chrome, and other minerals. On the opposite sierra to the coast, (the Carmel Mountains,) metal has been brought in by the Indians and sold to the merchants of Monterey, (about 1825,) which proved to be one half silver—there are living witnesses to this fact among the old residents of that town. Frequent attempts have been made within the last five years to find this vein, but as yet without effect, but it undoubtedly exists.

As to northern indications of silver, to-

ward the coast, Bryant, in his "What I Saw in California," states that Old Greenway, the hunter, asserted there was a silver-mine not far north from Clear Lake. The Napa discoveries seem to confirm this story.

As to cinnabar and mercury, the Indians of Napa and Sonoma have often asserted the existence of native liquid mercury to the Spanish settlers of these valleys, prior to the American occupation.

**NATIVE SILVER.**—Silver, as well as gold, is by no means uncommon in native mass, both in and out of the rock. The discovery of silver in metallic mass is by no means rare in the history of Spanish America. Native lumps of great value have been found in Mexico and Peru at different times. The Jesuit histories of Sonora and Lower California expressly declare the existence of silver-metal *en massas massissas*, or heavy masses, found in the Apacharia of the present Arizona as early as 1700. The same statement they make of rich copper and silver-ores, which time has put the seal of truth on since the treaty of December, 1853. In fact, all the Jesuit histories of the Americas have been found extremely accurate as to their description of natural facts, as to the Indians, geography, minerals, etc.

It will be remembered what incredulity was expressed in 1853, on the publication of Captain Aubrey's journey to New Mexico, at his being shot at by the Indians with bullets of gold. We have always believed there were good grounds for that story, and that it was evidence of some immense deposit of gold in situ, in the country within a hundred miles radius of the junction of the Virgin and Colorado Rivers—the scene of the gold-bullet battle. It must be remembered there is no natural or scientific reason known to men why gold and silver should not be equally as plentiful, naturally, as iron or lead. Let no man dread their superabundance—they have not been so common heretofore, as, previous to the gold discovery in California, the world was but partially explored for such minerals. Even yet the knowledge of mineralogy is only in its infancy—Australia, Washoe, Pike's Peak and Frazer River are only the callow brood of California. Gold in thread-masses

is known at the Armagossa Mine—the "Mountain of Gold" of the 1850 emigrants. Silver is known to be largely mixed with the lead-ore, and very likely exists richly as argentiferous galena, or rather as antimonial and galenous silver, in all that region of country. In the Navajo country there is a range of mountains known as the Sierra de Plata.

The worst feature of this country is that it is so scarce of water and grass—much worse to travel in than the Washoe and Carson River country; its immense deserts of sand and volcanic sierras, and dry hills, cut up with deep cañons, are great obstacles to mineral explorations, except on Government account.

**CLIMATIC INFLUENCES ON WATER.**—The fickleness of seas and sea-like lakes arises from the extreme impressionability of water to outward influences. But while so movable and docile that the slightest inclination of its bottom causes it to flow in that direction, and the slightest breath on its surface raises a ripple, which is magnified into mountain-waves by the impulsive force of stronger winds, water expands and contracts, in varying temperatures, only in quite a moderate degree.

To appreciate fully the value of what is, we may sometimes imagine what might be instead. Thus, what a blessing it is to the human race, to the animate world, to all organized nature, that water is not as expansive as oil! Great heats would cause rivers to overflow, animals to be smitten with apoplexy, sap-vessels to burst, making every plant one wound, while seas in summer would inundate the coasts which had the misfortune to bound them. There is no abstract cause, no fundamental reason, why water should not be as expansive as oil. Happily, it is not so. On the contrary, the slight variation of which it is susceptible tends to our advantage and convenience.

Pure water is at its greatest density, or heaviest and most contracted, at four degrees, centigrade, (to avoid fractions,) or at exactly thirty-nine degrees Fahrenheit—that is, at seven degrees above the freezing-point; but if the temperature changes,



either way, the water expands. From the maximum density up to the boiling-point, the expansion amounts to four hundredth parts of its volume—a mere nothing. If it cool below its maximum density, it still expands up to the freezing-point. Consequently, water which is near the point of freezing is lighter than water that is only just a trifle warmer. It therefore rises and floats on the surface, allowing the warmer stratum of water to sink. Rivers and lakes, therefore, freeze *from the top downward*, (which would not happen were the density of water to continue to increase with increasing cold,) and the fish and water-weeds remain uninjured. Were the case otherwise than it is—if our streams and pools froze from the bottom—in long-continued frosts they would become solid blocks of ice; aquatic plants and animals would perish; and even in cases of partial freezing, the thaw and the return to a normal state of things would be much more tardy than under existing circumstances.

THE CASAS GRANDES OF THE COLORADO.—Arizona miners occasionally refer to the ruins of old Indian buildings on the Colorado, some forty miles up the river above La Paz, on the east bank. They are said to be similar to those on the Gila River, a few leagues above the Pimo villages, and the fact of their being “ruined towns” is much doubted. On Ehrenberg’s “Map of Arizona and South California,” (1858,) they are located as above intimated, and that is all that is known about them. As the western portions of the Colorado valley are asserted to contain remains of the ancient Indian populations in old irrigating canals, pottery, etc., it is not unlikely that Ehrenberg’s location on the eastern side may be correct; and if so, these half-civilized races of Alta California must have occupied an extent of country 500 miles in length and breadth, between the Gila and the Mormon settlements of Utah, and from the Rio del Norte, in the vicinity of Sante Fe, to the base of the California mountains. The Spanish chronicles between 1540 and 1600, relate that the population of this vast territory was very numerous and not much less than five hundred thousand, of which prob-

ably not more than twenty-five thousand remain at the present time in New Mexico and Arizona. The extensive ruins of houses, towns, fortifications and irrigated lands within the above limits, indicate a thickly-settled country formerly, and the great question is, what has become of the people? Some writers assert they were wasted by the Spanish wars and mining labors, while the Spaniards of the early times, before 1600, say that they often met with old ruined towns and heard of rich countries further west, and also further north. Davis, of New Mexico, says there is an Indian tradition that the old Pueblo nations were broken up by volcanic and earthquake convulsions before the Spanish times.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.—A paper on this subject was read at the British Association by Mr. Haviland of the Bridgewater Infirmary. It is stated that the author had collected over 5000 cases of death, with the hour of death and other circumstances recorded, which he had tabulated and exhibited on a large chart. By this chart he showed that in 1000 cases of death in children under five years of age, the periods of the greatest mortality took place during the hours between one and eight in the morning; that an extraordinary depression took place in the succeeding hours, and that between nine and twelve P.M., the rate of mortality was at its minimum. He then compared these statistics with 2891 deaths from all causes, and the chart showed how remarkably the wave-lines of death compared with those above. In the cases of death from consumption, although there showed a general resemblance in the wave line, yet between the hours of four and eight A.M., when there was a depression when compared with the first four-hour period, the mortality was the greatest. The extraordinary mortality was in the early hours of the morning, when the powers of life were at their lowest ebb, and strange to say, when the patient was most cared for. He urged the necessity of feeding and stimulating the patients at their weakest hour, so as to tide them over a critical period, and even if death be inevitable, to support the patient so that he

might at least have a few hours more of life snatched from eternity, to admit of his being able to carry out some neglected duty, pardon some enemy, or see some beloved friend.

**MASSIVE MINING-MILL.**—The famous mill of the Gould and Curry silver-mine of Nevada is thus described by a correspondent writing from there, under recent date:

“Without going into details, we may state that this mill is without parallel in magnitude and the perfection of its parts, and may not have its superior in the matter of mechanical excellence, and all that relates to modern improvement, elsewhere in the world. Massive, substantial, and vast in proportions, every thing within and around it is on a corresponding scale with the building itself, and of the most recent and approved pattern. The mill, over two hundred feet long and sixty wide, with wings covering nearly a like area, and varying from two to four stories in height, is a very wilderness of strange contrivances and gigantic machinery—great wheels, belts, and pinions; ponderous batteries, tubs, bins, and vats, each large enough for a family dwelling; elevators, condensers, tubes, hose, hoppers; balustrades along lofty platforms; galleries leading into dim recesses; stairways going up and down; great furnaces, smoke-stacks, and steam-pipes, with innumerable things nameless and unknown to the stranger, crowd every part of this immense temple of industry and art. Wherever iron, wood and stone could give steadiness and strength, there have these materials been employed without stint. Every thing seems to be of the best quality, while the workmanship throughout shows care and finish. It will be gratifying even to the public to know that the machinery, in all its parts, so far as tested, works well. The engine runs smooth and steady, and the ponderous fly-wheel, weighing over six tons, makes its revolutions with hardly half the racket of a lady's sewing-machine; though, when the stampers chime in, the noise is terrific. As yet but a single battery, consisting of ten stamps, has been started. There are four of these, making forty stamps, each of

which is capable of crushing at least one ton of ore every twenty-four hours. This ore, consisting of the first class taken from the company's mine, must yield largely—perhaps, on an average, five or six hundred dollars to the ton; wherefore it is easy to see what the earnings of this mill will be when once it is fairly under way. If the ore yields only the lower sum named, forty tons would give \$20,000 per day. But let us suppose it turns out but half of this—a safe calculation—then the daily proceeds will be \$10,000; the weekly, \$60,000, running six days in the week; the monthly, \$130,000, and the yearly \$1,500,000—a very handsome income for a single company to realize from the proceeds of one mill, for it is quite probable they will raise more ore from their mine than can be reduced at these works alone. These are altogether our own estimates, and may be wide of the actual facts, though we believe them to be within bounds. The stables, for the shelter of the teams belonging to the company, are spacious and comfortable. The boarding-house is a large, handsome edifice, airy and well lighted. The smelters' and assayers' rooms, containing also the roasting-furnaces, are capacious and fitted up with every needed convenience and appliance. The shops, the water-works, the tanks and culverts; the fine roadways excavated from the hillsides; the walls, terraces and steps cut from granite; the stone-quarries and covered springs; the immense piles of stone, brick, building material, wood and lumber, giving to the place the appearance of a public work, with the splendid granite foundation for the smoke-stack, with numberless other objects curious and interesting, go to make up the out-door attractions of the Gould and Curry Mill.”

**STRANGE WIND.**—The Indians on Frazer River tell of a wind which suddenly overtakes or meets men in that region, which is so overpoweringly cold as to freeze one to death in a few minutes. The traveler has certain premonitions of its approach, and prepares to weather it or die. He can only weather it by killing a horse or some other animal on the instant, cutting him open and crawling into the palpitating

vitals. The wind soon passes over, and before the carcass of the dead beast becomes cold the life of the traveler is saved. What reliance may be placed in this statement we leave to the philosophers to determine. Such a wind would seem to be the very opposite of that fierce and blighting wind which passed through some of the southern counties of this State last summer, burning up all vegetation, roasting green fruit upon the trees, and striking animals dead with heat upon the plains.

**THE MINING DISTRICTS OF IDAHO AND EASTERN OREGON.**—The mines of Idaho were discovered in the beginning of October, 1861, at the mouth of Oro Fino Creek, by E. D. Pierce, at the head of a party of ten men. He had been trading for several years with the Indians, in what was then the eastern part of Washington Territory, and after finding gold in several places, had attempted to prospect with small parties, but the Indians had forbidden any search for gold. At last, in October, 1861, Pierce succeeded in pacifying the Indians, and making an examination which proved the existence of placers that would pay. Gold had probably been found in what is now Idaho by others before him, but it was not found in quantities to pay, and it is the discovery leading to practical results that is most valued. Soon after the discovery, the party returned to Walla Walla, where they spent the winter. They published accounts of the new diggings, showed the gold they had dug, and invited their friends to go with them in the spring. An excitement arose, and a rush of people followed. Paying gold diggings were found on most of the tributaries of the Clearwater River. The chief towns of the Clearwater Basin are Lewiston, Oro Fino City and Elk City. The course of the Clearwater is about east and west, and the latitude of its mouth 46 deg. 30 min.

In the fall of 1862, the mines of Salmon River—which has a parallel course and lies sixty miles south of Clearwater—were discovered, and for a year they were the center of attraction. The chief town of Salmon River basin is Florence City.

In the summer of 1863, the mines of the

main Boise River, 100 miles south of the Salmon, were discovered, and they proved to be the most productive, and probably the richest and most extensive placers on the American continent outside of California. The discovery was made by a party led by Mr. Grimes, who was shortly afterward killed by the Indians, and whose name was given to the creek on which the gold was first found. The chief towns of the Boise mines are Idaho City, Placerville, and Centerville. Boise City, the capital of the Territory, is in the agricultural part of Boise Valley. There is a quartz-mill at Placerville and another at Idaho City.

In the spring of 1864, the mines of South Boise were discovered by a party of men led by a Mr. Miller; and the mines of Owyhee, by Mr. Jordan, at the head of thirty prospectors. Soon after the discovery of the South Boise mines, Comstock, of Washoe notoriety, arrived there, and he has since been a leading man in opening the country there. There are three quartz-mills at South Boise now.

In 1862-'63, placers were found in the basins of the Bitter Root, Deer Lodge, Wisdom, and Flat-head rivers, all of them east or northeast of the Salmon and Clearwater basins. While the adventurers were going from the Willamette valley to the Clearwater Mines in the spring of 1862, they discovered placers in the basins of the John Day, Powder and Burnt rivers, all of them in Eastern Oregon. In the spring of 1864, placers were discovered in Eagle Creek, between Powder and Burnt rivers, and an excitement prevailed about the diggings last fall. There is some rich auriferous quartz, and one mill has been built there.

The mines of Powder, Burnt, Salmon, Clearwater, and John Day rivers, are exclusively placers; those of main Boise chiefly placers; those of Owyhee and South Boise, chiefly quartz containing both silver and gold. The gold of Powder, Burnt and John Day rivers, and Eagle Creek, is of high value—worth \$16 or more per ounce—while the gold of Southern Idaho contains much silver, and a considerable portion of the metal is worth only \$12 per ounce.

The chief town of the Powder River mines is Auburn; of the John Day mines, Cañon City; of Eagle Creek, Hogen.

## ARIZONA GOLD AND SILVER MINES.—

Mr. E. Knight, formerly connected with the California press, writes from the Sacramento district of Arizona, under recent date, as follows:

I have lately paid a visit to this district, of which but little has yet been said or written. It lies some forty miles northeast of Fort Mohave. The district is one vast deposit of mineral; lead, copper, silver and gold. The leads are immense, and so many in number that you would scarcely credit me, did I enumerate them. There may be no one claim, perhaps, so rich in gold as the Moss lead, but there are more paying claims prospecting and assaying well than in any other district I ever visited, not excepting Washoe. The attention of capitalists is being drawn to the district, and it will not be long before its merits are known and discussed in your city. It possesses the following advantages: there is grass, wood and water in abundance; the leads are immensely wide and easily worked, yielding pay ore from the surface. There is lead enough in the ore to serve as a flux, and the silver can be run into bullion by the simple furnace process; several experienced lead-workers are about erecting the necessary furnaces, and are confident of its entire practicability. As yet no companies have been incorporated in this district, no large quantities of ore have been shipped; merely a few hundred pounds of specimen croppings. As a general thing, the discoverers own the controlling interest in the claims, but will be compelled to associate capitalists with them, as they have not the means themselves to work them fully.

The Greenwell Lode, so called in honor of Captain Greenwell, of the United States Coast survey, is also rich in gold, silver and copper, and can be traced by a clear unbroken chain of croppings for miles. But to enumerate all the rich claims in this district would take more space than you would allow for my letter; suffice it to say that the whole country east of the Colorado River, so far as I have been, (and I have been from the mouth of the Rio Virgin to the head of the Gulf,) is one almost unbroken deposit of mineral, and is destined to afford an immense field for the profitable investment of capital and labor.

## DRAINING THE COMSTOCK SILVER LODE.

—A company has been formed to cut a tunnel to drain the Comstock lode, Nevada, at a depth of one thousand, or fifteen hundred feet below the level of the surface, at the Gould and Curry claim. A tunnel two miles long, it is thought, would accomplish the purpose. The cost is estimated at ten dollars per lineal foot, or one hundred and ten thousand dollars for the entire work.

It is estimated the cost of draining the mines at Virginia, by pumping, now amounts to \$25,000 per month, or \$300,000 yearly. The annual expenditure of the Gould and Curry alone on that score amounts to 60,000. The deeper the shafts go down, the larger the quantity of water and the higher the cost of pumping. So, really it seems that if a draining tunnel be cut, even for half a million, it would be a most economical investment. The pumping of water from a depth of one thousand feet is, necessarily, extremely expensive, and the water can not be kept out of many places where the workmen might work to advantage; but by cutting a tunnel five hundred feet below the present workings, the ground will be made quite dry, and the mines will be more healthy than at present. Besides, a tunnel might be cut large enough for taking out ore, and many of the companies now send their ore down to the Carson River. At San Dimas, in Durango, there is a tunnel five hundred varas long, and so large that a stage-coach might be driven into it.

The news from the Gould & Curry is favorable. The quantity of ore in sight seems sufficient to secure the payment of seventy-five dollar dividends for a long time. New pumping apparatus is on the road. The mine is kept free by the present pump, but it was considered prudent to be prepared against a greater influx of water.

THE MINES OF REESE River.—The Revenue Company are now taking out some of the richest ore ever produced in any country, being, as it is called, a sponge of metallic and chloride silver. Bodies of almost solid silver of several ounces weight are frequently found. The vein is from eight to twenty inches wide, with a rich streak on the upper side of the lode of from one to three inches thick, that furnishes this remarkably rich ore.

## OUR EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

THE inevitable season for picnics, yachting, and spring-tide merry-makings, and for the fashionable world to be out of town, we need scarcely say is rapidly approaching. *The Sanctum* conscientiously believes it were impossible to postpone it much longer. To do so indefinitely—as no doubt many of its gentle readers would prefer who have indulged in a happy and uninterrupted carnival of *soiree dansantes* and Germans, *bal-masques* and the opera, skating and sleighing, not on the hearts of susceptible youths, it wishes to be understood, but on runners—is entirely out of the question. We must first of all effect a radical change in our solar system and the *Tribune Almanac* before we can make any advances toward accomplishing this result even if so desired. At this time we must confess that the many complex astronomical problems which both present utterly preclude a reasonable hope of a further postponement of spring-tide on account of the weather.

To the Lenten fast, however, must we attribute almost a complete cessation of our winter enjoyments. Young ladies of sweet sixteen summers and more, and wondering mammas who were fascinating belles forty years ago, recline on their laurels to dream over the happy moments passed, which the harmony of seductive music and the graceful whirl of the voluptuous waltz inspire. Bachelors like ourselves—well, no matter how old we are—sum up the alarming figures in the new tax-bill, the increased cost of board and lodging, and the great obstacles which lie in their path to wealth and wedded bliss under the present deplorable financial situation of their private incomes; while the attention of those still younger in years is divided between the number of assaults they gallantly made upon the “iron-clad” hearts in the army of blushing beauty they were called upon to storm, and the study of Jomini—Napoleonic maxims and the art of modern warfare, with an eye singly to the operations of the conscription. Life has its comedies and its farces, as well as its melodramas and tragedies. The plot and substance of either are made up of every-day occurrences in the common vicissitudes of mankind, in the passions and rivalries, prejudices and antagonisms of poor weak human nature. While the former are being enacted in the whirlpool of fashionable festivities, the latter are almost hourly occurring amid the stirring events on many sanguinary fields which are to perpetuate our existence as a nation. We may congratulate ourselves, therefore, that in all our mirthful enjoyments we are so far removed from the stern realities and hor-

rors of war, and that, apparently, so few of its mournful indications surround us.

Where will you go this summer? is a much vexed question, almost as difficult to answer as the interpretation of the recent inaugural address of the Vice-President. The hotel proprietors, *gamins*, steamboat-owners and railroad-managers await with anxiety the return of the fashionable tide to the scenes of rural recreation, to swell their receipts.

Those who love to ruralize in quiet and secluded country cottages are fortunate indeed if they possess one to rid themselves of the heat and turmoil of city life. Stately villas and grim-looking *chateaux* appear to be more in demand among our affluent petroleum and shoddy well-to-do neighbors for the coming season than even the rapid snpply can well accommodate. Magnificent in their expenditures, pathetically patriotic in their loyalty, and gorgeously sumptuous in their ideas, they are only too thankful for a limited chance to recuperate their energies, far removed from the diplomacy of sharp tradesmen and impertinent collectors of the income-tax. Then again there are those unsympathising, hard-hearted creatures who would almost die with envy if they were not able to out-rival these new-comers upon the world's stage. Newport, Saratoga, Cape May, Sharon, Niagara and other fashionable watering-places, in turn will be visited, if only for a few days at each. To be packed in a room six by nine, like a herring, up four flights, to gad about all day long, to stare at and be stared upon in return, devoured by mosquitos, dress, dine, dance, wine and flirt *ad libitum* without having your motives questioned, to many constitute the very pinnacle of most of their earthly enjoyments. Such exploring expeditions after summer pleasure as we all have to endure at times, is really perplexing in the extreme. Let us not conjure up evils, however, for the skillful domestic strategy required to make us only wretchedly miserable at these crowded fashionable watering-places is partly atoned for by finding ourselves seemingly happy under the circumstance that your neighbor Jones's wife is not there, and that the Simpkins family—who declined to notice your pretensions to be considered leaders of the *ton* by neglecting to invite you to their last winter receptions—have since been under a cloud of obscurity by the failure of the great Oily Gammon Petroleum Company, of which Simpkins, senior, was president. Thus your envy will be gratified, and your stock in trade of gossip wonderfully replenished.

A new club has recently been organized in

New York by a small party of ladies, but so far it remains unnamed. The object of the fair bevy is to consider domestic economy, fireside happiness, household inventions, etc., etc., not forgetting that inevitable institution, the inexhaustible topic of conversation—servants. Tea and coffee are to be mooted, and their relative merits regarding health. Only wait until the momentous question of clubs, billiards, and none of us can tell what more beside, may be brought up as antagonistic to woman's rights. One fair member advocated with becoming diffidence the benefit of sunlight, endeavoring to prove the efficacy of light and air in our dwellings; and, warming with her subject, boldly denounced state apartments for company, and suggested the horrible idea of allowing children the privilege of ranging through households at will. The cultivation of beards by husbands is to be the subject of a coming lecture before the club by one of the lady members.

A writer says: "We are often troubled with severe coughs, the result of colds of long standing, which may turn to consumption or premature death. Hard coughs cause sleepless nights by constant irritation in the throat, and a strong effort to throw off offensive matter from the lungs." The remedy he proposes has been tried and often recommended with good results, which is simply to take into the stomach, before retiring for the night, a piece of raw onion, after chewing. This esculent, in an uncooked state, is very heating, and tends to collect the water from the lungs and throat, causing immediate relief to the patient.

A friend writes from Naples: "Italy is beginning to pay her debt of gratitude to her distinguished men, a sure sign of national elevation. It is some time since I announced that a statue was to be erected to Tasso in his birthplace, Sorrento; and I have now to inform you that this work I have seen the model of in the studio of Cali, the sculptor who has received the commission. If well executed, it will be a noble record of the great poet."

Notwithstanding the devotion of the Berliners to sport on the ice, it has been reserved for an American to give them such an exhibition of what could be done by a skillful skater as had never been seen or thought of in that city before. Mr. Jackson Haines, the gentleman in question, is the champion skater of the United States. He appeared recently at the so-called Rousseau Islet, where a number of the royal princes, many court gentlemen and ladies, and a large general public were assembled to witness the performance. Mr. Haines was attired in a tight dark suit, and on his breast wore the medals he had won in contests at Chicago, New York, and other American cities. The lightning rapidity, the elegance and grace of all his movements threw the whole public into aston-

ishment. The skill and ease with which he drew the most difficult devices on the ice were, according to the judgment of his Berlin critics, something almost incredible. He seemed to engrave with his feet. Mr. Haines was to give a few more performances in Berlin before he proceeded to St. Petersburg to astonish the Russians with his most remarkable display.

OUR thanks are due to our friends of the press throughout the country for their many kind notices of our monthly. We hope always to merit such favors, knowing that so long as we succeed in obtaining an occasional approving word from them, the course of the PACIFIC MONTHLY will be onward and increasing in patronage, and the public as well as ourselves benefited.

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.—A young lady of wealthy parentage, a fledgling from one of our fashionable boarding-schools, a type of modern elegance, was recently united by the silken tie of matrimony to a gem of a beau. The mammas and papas on both sides being surrounded by all the concomitants of luxury, and many an agreeable little paraphernalia bespeaking the possession of the "dust," determined to get a fine "establishment" for the young couple, and, accordingly, they were "fixed" in a mansion out Walnut street, on "the East End."

A few days after this, a school-companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she, "what in the name of sense have you so many people about you for?"

"Oh!" replied madam, "we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chambermaid, two house-girls, one house-keeper, and—a—child's nurse. I am sure there are not too many."

"Ha! ha!" said her friend, "what do you want with a child's nurse! Oh! that is too funny."

"Well, we haven't any immediate use for her, but then, when we were married, Charles said we would want one, and you know it's not always best to leave things until the last moment."

LADY MARY MONTAGUE, the famous wit and beauty, made the most sarcastic observation that was ever published about her own sex. "It goes far," said my lady, "to reconcile me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am in no danger of marrying one."

"CAN you tell," asked a blooming lass of a suitor once, "what ship carries more passengers than the Great Eastern?" "Well, miss, really I don't think I can." "Why, it is courtship," replied the maiden, with a conscious blush.

"JUST HOVER IN THE HAFRICA."—Two newly imported Englishmen, just off the steamer, strolled into the restaurant attached to the Tremont House, Boston, last fall, and, after a wondering stare at the long row of individuals, each busily and silently engaged in bolting their allowance of food in the shortest possible time, climbed up on two stools and hesitatingly ordered:

"A chop and some hale."

While the agile William was ordering their meal, the attention of one of the Bulls was attracted to a dish unknown to him, but of which his neighbors were partaking with great gusto. Carefully waiting until the man next him grunted "Nother ear of corn," he nudged his brother Bull with

"'Enry, there's an Hamerican vegetable that we don't 'ave at 'ome. Let's 'ave some," and accordingly ordered:

"Haw! Waiter, hear o' corn."

The corn (a dish unknown in England) was brought in smoking hot. Bull passed it to his countryman, who, observing the manner of his neighbors, sliced it down with his knife, and tasted it with an approving wink.

"Good?" asked Bull No. 1.

"Wery," said No. 2, adding, with true British economy: "There is no use in hording another; 'ere's enough for both of us, passed the *cob* to his companion, who gravely sliced it after the manner of a cucumber, and, seasoning it, commenced eating the sliced *cob*. He got through two or three slices with some difficulty, to the huge delight of a small boy with a cropped head behind the bar, and then, turning to his companion, ejaculated:

"My hyes, 'Enry, hif this is a sample hof Hamerican vegetables, their stomachs must be iron-plated, like their 'orrid ships!"

An unctuous grin slid over the faces of the witnesses, and William turned fiercely on the small boy and ordered him to "make change at the other end of the counter."

THE ANCIENT MEXICANS.—The arts and trades of the ancient Mexicans produced not only what was indispensable to the necessaries of life, but also for articles of luxury. They were clever in weaving cotton; they made a sort of cuirass (*escarpil*) impenetrable to arrows; they knew how to tint their clothes with a large variety of mineral or vegetable colors. They baked pottery for domestic use, and, like the Russians of our own day, made utensils of varnished wood. They had no iron; that useful metal was not known, or at least was not in great use, on either continent, till long after civilization had spread; but, like the Egyptians and the elder Greeks, for their tools the Mexicans used bronze, which by hammering acquires great hardness. Bronze, however, was not common among them, since

they employed for the same purpose "obsidian," (called by them *itztli*), a vitreous mineral substance, but harder than glass, and belonging to volcanic regions.

They excelled in giving an edge to this natural glass, making out of it knives, razors, (for barbers,) and pike or arrow-heads. From their mines, though rudely worked, they extracted lead, tin, silver, gold, copper. They were proficient in fashioning the precious metals. The ornaments and silver that Cortez received from Montezuma before reaching the table-land, and those he found at Mexico, were moulded, soldered, sculptured by the graver, enriched with cut stones, enameled with skill at least equal to that then attained by the majority of the goldsmiths of Europe; and the latter admitted themselves vanquished, if we may credit the authors contemporary with the conquest. "No prince in the world," writes Cortez to Charles the Fifth, "possesses jewels of such great value as Montezuma," and he clearly states that the working was in no way inferior to the material.—*Ancient and Modern Mexico*, by M. Chevalier.

SPOONER was once arrested for drunkenness, and waxed indignant thereat. Spooner is loyal. "Now I axes," says he, "if it's right to go and arrest a man for supporting the Gov'ment. Every drop of licker I swallows is taxed—taxed to support the war. S'pose all us fellers was to stop drinking? why the war'd stop. That's the very reason I drinks. I don't like grog; I mortally hates it. If I follered my own inclination, I'd rather drink buttermilk, or ginger-pop, or soda. But I lickers for the good of my country, and to set an example of loyalty and virtuous resignation to the rising generation."

GOSSIP OF THE STUDIOS.—The wife of a rich petroleum operator got her husband to take her to the studio of one of our leading portrait-painters the other day, in order to have her full-blown face and figure transferred to canvas. They were received in an anteroom by a pupil, who said that Mr. ——— was busy on a study and could not receive them that morning. "Oh! if he hasn't got farther than his studies," said the lady, flouting out of the room, "he's not the man for my money. I want an artist that knows his business."

A capital shoddy story is told in the amusing volume entitled the *European Mosaic*. Some time since an eminent American sculptor at Rome was requested to model the bust of a young lady who had lately died. The father asked what sum the artist generally received for a work of that description. On being informed, he remarked: "I presume, as that is the amount you receive from adults, you will of course make a deduction for the bust of my daughter, whose age was only fourteen."

A SINGULAR BIRD OF CHINA AND JAPAN.—An old and esteemed friend, an officer of the navy, writes to us from Hong Kong, of a singular bird of China and Japan he saw and examined recently at the American Consul's office. He says "it is called the Slenhoh, on the crown of whose head there is a beautiful scarlet tuft of down, or velvet skin, to which the natives believe the poison of a serpent it is fond of eating determines. This downy crest is often formed into a bead, and that bead is concealed in the ornamental necklace of the high officers for judicial purposes, in case of imperial displeasure, which, as report goes, is easily effected, by merely touching the venomous bead with the tip of the tongue, when death follows instantly. I saw a pair, also, of the ornithological curiosity at Ning Po. They were natives of Siam, and resembled the crowned crane. They were both young, male and female, nearly of a size, and had very long legs. The head was of a most handsome black, forking behind, having on the crest a scarlet skin. The rest of the body is a pure white, except on the secondaries of the wings, which are not red, as represented in some Chinese drawings, but black, and overlapping the tail. The bird itself is perfectly harmless. On the embroidered breast-pieces of dresses worn by the highest mandarins and nobles of the state there is a copy of this bird elegantly worked. A native work on the ornithology of China gives some curious and prodigious stories about this fowl. It represents that it usually lives one thousand years; at sixty years of age it can sing regularly and beautifully every hour of the day, and that on reaching its nine hundredth year it is enabled to mount trees, but never before that."

We know that the Chinese doctors and high dignitaries have poisons more deadly and secret in their results than any known to the medical faculty of the civilized world, leaving not a trace of their existence after their effect is once produced. This singular bead, found in the Slenhoh's head may be one of them.

AN IDEA TO SAVINGS-BANKS.—It is well known that the United States Government, and that of several of the States, as well as many cities and towns, and also sundry railroad companies and other institutions, are in the habit of issuing bonds with coupons (or little certificates) attached, representing the interest falling due on each bond, for each six months of its endurance. I have before me now four coupons really cut or detached from a fifty-dollar United States interest-bearing greenback treasury note, written as follows:

Pay Bearer \$1.82½, August 15th, 1865, for Second Six Months' Interest on \$50 U. S. Treasury Note, No. 22,061. SPINNER, Treas., U. S.

Pay Bearer \$1.82½, February 15th, 1866, for Third Six Months' Interest on \$50 U. S. Treasury Note, No. 22,061. SPINNER, Treas., U. S.

Pay Bearer \$1.82½, August 15th, 1866, for Fourth Six Months' Interest on \$50 U. S. Treasury Note, No. 22,061. SPINNER, Treas., U. S.

Pay Bearer \$1.82½, February 15th, 1867, for Fifth Six Months' Interest on \$50 U. S. Treasury Note, No. 22,061. SPINNER, Treas., U. S.

Now, owing to the length of time which must elapse before any of these little slips can become available, they are stowed in sly corners of pocketbooks, and other equally unsafe depositories, there to lie for six months, twelve months, eighteen months, two years, as in the case cited; but in many instances which might be noted, they must so lie for three, five, seven years, etc., and in many, *many* instances, will be wholly lost to the rightful owners and proper recipients. But in that event it would result or inure to the profit of the company or government issuing, as so much unclaimed dividends; for upon the loss of the coupon the dividend or interest could not be claimed. The idea which I would suggest would be for banks of savings to offer to receive and hold and collect these coupons for the benefit of depositors in this wise—*practically*—if no other and better mode can be proposed, namely:

Persons bringing a coupon to deposit should present it in an unsealed envelope, having written crosswise thereon—first, the number of the depositor's book; second, the name of the depositor; third, the date of the deposit; and fourth, (if in the case of the coupon first above noted) thus:

"C. Aug. 15, 1865. Tr'y note, U. S. \$50—\$1.82½."

The deposit of the coupon should be noted on the depositor's passbook as above, *except* that the sum of \$1.82½ should be **SHORT EXTENDED**, until the amount shall have been collected, and the same shall be recorded in the books of the bank, **SHORT EXTENDED**. The coupon (received as above by the bank, in and with its envelope, after the contents shall have been examined carefully by the teller) should, in the case referred to, and similarly in others, be placed in a long cloth envelope, marked across its upper end:

1st. August 15th, 1865, and

2d. Coupons, and

3d. No.—(No. of account of Bank Depositor,) \$1.82.

And as each coupon falling due on 15th August, 1865, may be deposited, it should be placed in the same cloth envelope—each depositor being required to place in separate small envelopes the coupons falling due on one particular day, and the bank-teller noting on the cloth envelope the bank-depositor's number, and the amount of the coupon.

The beneficial results from the adoption of a



system like this must be apparent, not only to the banks themselves, but also to many of their depositors, and give an increased value to detached coupons, by providing safe places of deposit where they may become available.

A VERY amusing and pointed rhyme upon the alphabet is one got off every night at Woods' minstrels. One of the minstrels says he has recently become a great politician, whereupon "Johnson" requests an explanation. "Bones" says that he has become so efficient in the current topics of the day that he can make an apt rhyme touching some well-known political character or event upon every word in the alphabet. "Johnson" desires to hear him do so. "Bones" proceeds until he reaches W, when he makes the letter rhyme with the name and some deed of the great Washington. He now stops, and "Johnson" desires that he will continue to the end. "Bones" says he has finished. "Johnson" tells him that he has said nothing about X, Y, Z. "Bones" says it is not necessary. He goes as far as most politicians—to Washington.

A SINGULAR TRADITION.—Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men, all of which were fair complexioned; after making which, he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap in and wash. One of them obeyed and came out of the water purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water became muddled, and when he bathed he came out copper colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and he came out with his own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, he gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest. The copper-colored man then chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest.

When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second unwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engines of the mind—the means of mutual improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

THE GREAT STRASBOURG CLOCK.—A European correspondent furnishes the following interesting account of the great Strasbourg clock:

"The priests and military have retired and, I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the bottom to the top not less than

one hundred feet high, and about thirty feet wide and fifteen feet deep. Around me are many strangers, waiting to see the working of this clock; as it strikes the hour of noon, every eye is upon it. It wants five minutes to twelve. The clock has struck and the people are gone, except the sexton or head man.

"The clock was struck in this way: The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, and on each side of which is a cherub, or little boy with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet above the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands the figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns and glides, with a slow step, around behind Time; and then comes in an old man with a mallet, and places himself in front. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all around through the region of the church. The old man glides behind Father Time, and the young man comes around again. As soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus: There is a high cross with the image of Christ. The instant twelve is struck one of the apostles walks from behind, comes in front, turns facing the cross, bows, walks on around to his place

"As he does so another comes in front, turns, bows, and passes in. So twelve apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow and pass on. As the last appears an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, puts forth its neck and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church for some distance, and so natural as to be mistaken for a cock. Then all is still as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1571, and has performed these mechanical powers ever since, except about fifty years, when it stood for repairs."

LONG DRESSES.—"We do not see one lady in ten walking the streets," says a venturesome cotemporary, "without a constant fidgeting with the long skirts of her dress. Some pin them up at regular spaces, giving them a very rumpled appearance; others wear "pages," or an elastic cord just below the waist, pulling up the dress just as our grandmothers used to do when they went to scrub the kitchen; others frantically seize the side-breadths, holding them in front, having the appearance of a desperate determination of sitting down the first conve-

nient opportunity. Some walk on, letting their dress hang, are suddenly brought upon the front breadth, stumble, flounder, pull up, and try it again. Now all this could be avoided. Modesty and respect for the opinion of mankind demand a reformation in this matter. If ladies would only put a quarter of a yard less in the length of their dresses, they would save the amount the goods cost, and as much public observation.

LATEST FROM THE INSANE RETREAT.—Why is Sherman the most gallant general in the army? He rushed across the continent to *save Anna*. (Savannah.)

What did Governor Brown do when he heard of it? He swore he'd destroy him with a proclamation, and rushed off to *make 'em*. (Macon.)

Where did Jeff the next time he took snuff, say he would stop him? O-gee-chee.

What was the next sound Sherman heard? Ossabaw. (Lunatic secured.)—*Hartford Press*.

NEW YORK INCOME.—An ingenious calculator in New York has averaged the income returns in some of the wards of that city, and sums up the result in the statement that "the annual profits of our bankers are from twenty-five to one hundred thousand dollars. Our lawyers receive, in fees, from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars per annum; the importers range from six to sixty thousand; the jobbers from five to fifty thousand, while the retailers are content with incomes that vary from three to thirty thousand annually. Physicians report some incomes as high as fifteen thousand dollars, running down to fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars."

COURT REMINISCENCE.—A writer of court recollections mentions a curious incident within his own experience. Happening to stroll in the United States court-room at Baltimore in 1828, he found a venerable judge on the bench, a lawyer addressing the court, and another taking notes of his speech. These three and the marshal composed every person but myself in the room. They were all strangers. I asked the marshal who they were. "The judge," said he, "is Chief Justice Marshall, the gentleman addressing the court is William Wirt, and the one taking notes is Roger B. Taney," three of the most distinguished men in the United States; and yet, in a city with a population of then fifty thousand souls, they were unable to draw an audience to the court-room.

ABSINTHE-DRINKERS.—The use of absinthe in France is rapidly assuming the magnificent proportions of a national vice. The literary and artistic vocations seem the principal sufferers from it—the temporary stimulus, which, like

opium, it imparts to the brain, rendering it especially seductive to those whose pursuits are mentally exhausting. The gifted Alfred de Musset fell a victim to the excessive use of this most subtle and pernicious stimulant. Eugene Sue is said to have hastened his death by its use. So prevalent has the habit become that it engaged the attention of the chief medical authorities of France, who pronounced the beverage only less injurious in its influence upon the mental faculties than opium. In fact, what the hasheesh is to the Syrian, the opium to the Chinese, absinthe is rapidly becoming to the Frenchman.

We get some of our fashions from Paris. Let us hope that it will be long before the habit of absinthe-drinking be quoted among the recent importations.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.—At the close of a lecture on physiology before an evening school not long since, the lecturer remarked that any one was at liberty to ask questions upon the subject, and he would answer them as far as he was able. A young lady with much apparent sincerity, remarked that she had a question to ask, though she was not certain that it was a proper question—she would, however, venture to ask it. It was as follows:

"If one hen lays an egg, and another sits on it and hatches out a chicken, which hen is mother of the chicken?"

The lecturer said:

"I will answer you in the Yankee style by asking you a question: If a little pretty, white, genteel, native pullet sits on an egg of Oriental extraction, and hatches a great homely, splinter-shanked, siab-sided, awkward-gaited Shanghai, would you, if you were a pullet, own the great homely monster?"

"No, I wouldn't," said the lady.

"Very well," said the lecturer, "that settles the question, for it is a principle in physiology that hens think and act alike in all essential particulars."

THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.—Langley, in his *Travels in India*, tells this exciting story:

When on one of his sporting excursions in Wynaud, Captain Croker was told of an enormous boa or anaconda, which had been occasionally seen, and was held in great terror by the natives, but could obtain no certain intelligence of its whereabouts. Being, however, one day in pursuit of game, accompanied by a Shikaree, and a very powerful and high-couraged dog, the latter made a rush forward, and suddenly he heard a whimper and choking noise. Captain Croker at once thought that his dog was in the clutches of a cheetah, and pushed on to his assistance through the thick jungle, where he got

sight of a large object, in color black and orange, which he at first thought was a tiger, but presently saw that it was a huge boa-constrictor coiled up. As he approached, the monster began to uncoil himself; presently its head glared, as the animal glided toward him.

Captain Croker was a man of great nerve, and fired both barrels at the boa's head; both balls took effect, yet, though checked for an instant, the snake came on more fiercely than before, and the Shikaree having bolted with the Captain's rifle, he also was compelled to run, and had just time to climb up a tree when his pursuer arrived at its foot. Captain Croker lost no time in reloading; but to his dismay found that the Shikaree had carried off all his balls; luckily, however, he had plenty of shot, and having reloaded, saw that one of the boa's eyes was knocked out; nevertheless the animal appeared quite aware of his proximity, having seemingly followed him by the scent.

By this time the boa was twining itself round the bole of the tree in order to ascend it, when Captain Croker fired one barrel into its remaining eye, at a distance of only about ten feet; the creature at once fell back, but again and again renewed its efforts to reach him, though without effect, and Captain Croker continued to fire till life appeared to be extinct; though for a considerable time it continued to writhe and lash the bushes with its tail, the vast muscular power of which seemed quite astonishing.

#### NAUTICAL WAIFS PICKED UP ADRIFT— BY A. BOATHOOK.

A lacing of the slip that went in stays.  
A crow's from a royal mast-head.  
A slab from an Indian's log.  
A strand from the equinoctial line.  
The hoof of a bounding billow.  
A puff from a windlass.  
A lock of hair from a capstan-head.  
A drove of pigs from the royal yard.  
Found—but not picked up—the track of a man-of-war.  
A Shanghai chicken from the main hatch.  
A lash from a dead eye.  
An oar from the cook's galley.  
A ferrule from a hurri-cane.  
A sealed verdict of a jury-mast.  
The handle of a sail ho(e)!  
A branch of coral from the third reef.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.—The *Richmond Dispatch* says: "A gentleman who was in the army when Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell passed through the confederate lines, on their way to Washington, says that shouting all along the lines was prevailing, and it would indicate that they hoped for preparations for such terms of peace as would allow the armies to

disperse. Once before the acclamations of the armies were united, as when they lay before Fredericksburgh. A fine military band played 'Secessia,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Dixie,' and other tunes and other national airs. They were appropriately responded to by the two armies, alternately; but when the band struck up 'Home, Sweet Home,' the opposing camps forgot their positions, and united in vociferous cheering."

In our last from Mrs. Partington, she thus discoursed concerning Ike: "Betsy Jane writ to you about poor Isaac bein' grafted into our noble army; it was during the late prevailing restriction. I've been so dreadful uneasy—laws a me! But Daniel, at las we've heard of him by a neighbor who is home on a furrow. He—poor innocent!—at once took his place, so neighbor Tibbins says, as first corpulent, and soon proved so deficient that he was prompted to be an ordinary surgeon—poor child! But what the blessed dear knows about taking up arterials, computation of limbs, and the like surpasses me. Howsumever, if he can be the humble implement in the hands of the Lord of saving the lives of the gallus fellows whose heads have been disseminated by the bursting open of pontoons and things, why we must sacrifice him freely on the altar of eplenrisy uniform, and may the Lord have mercy on his solar system."

THE editor of the *Gardiner Journal* has no doubt of the truth of Dr. Bellows's story about planting a walking-stick in California and gathering from it a peck of peas. He speaks of a fellow in that far-off State, who planted a pair of old-fashioned fire-dogs in his garden, and in three weeks raised a litter of pups, and advises Dr. Bellows, if he can't do better credit to the fertility of California, to leave off lecturing.

DIETING.—Some persons eat themselves to death; others diet themselves to death. When a man is sick he is weak, and concludes that as when he was well he ate heartily and was strong, if he now eats heartily he will become strong again; well-meaning but ignorant friends are of the same opinion, and their solicitations to eat become one of the greatest annoyances of a sensible invalid. Nature purposely takes away the appetite under such circumstances, and makes the very sight of food nauseating. A sick man is feeble; this feebleness extends to every muscle of the body, and the stomach being made up of a number of muscles, has its share of debility. It requires several hours of labor for the stomach to "work up" an ordinary meal; and to give to it that amount of work to do, when it is already in an exhausted condition, is like giving a man, worn out by a hard day's work, a

task which shall keep him laboring half the night. Mothers are often much afraid that their daughters will hurt themselves by a little work, if they complain of "not feeling very well;" and if such daughters were to sit down to dinner and shovel in enough provender for an elephant or plowman, it would be considered a good omen and the harbinger of convalescence. A reverse of such procedure would restore multitudes of ailing persons to permanent good health; namely, to eat very little for a few days; eat nothing but coarse bread and ripe fruits, and work about the house industriously; or, what is better, exercise in the open air for the greater part of each day on horseback, in the garden, or walking through the woodlands or over the hills, for hours at a time. Objectless walks and lazy lolling in carriages are little better than nothing.

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S OPINION OF AMERICANS.—Many of our readers will remember seeing, or hearing of the famous Indian Chief Irataba—head-man of the great Mohave tribe—while on a late visit to the principal cities and notabilities of the Atlantic States. The Mohaves are considered the most warlike tribe of red-men in Arizona. For several years they gave our troops under General Heintzelman a great deal of hard fighting. Finally a treaty was made, under the terms of which they have since preserved amicable relations with the whites.

It is only recently that Irataba has returned to his hunting-grounds. Following the example of Dickens, Mrs. Trollope, and Basil Hall, he now ventures his own opinion upon our manners and customs, as they appeared to his untutored mind. A correspondent at Arizona writes in relation to Irataba's return as follows:

Seeing the chief a short time since, I talked with him of his travels, and being anxious to know how our ways of civilization impressed his uncultivated nature, I said: "Irataba, what do you think of Americans?" He put his hand on my shoulder, gave a whiff at his pipe and said, slowly: "You, To-nightum, (the name he calls me by,) Irataba heap see 'em 'Mericanos; 'Mericanos too much talk, too much eat, too much drink; no work, no raise pumpkins, corn, water-melons—all time walk, talk, drink—no good." The old chap had seen the big restaurants always full of hungry people, coming and going, and heard the incessant clatter of dishes from morn till midnight, and thought it was *the same people eating all the time*, and with even an Indian's appetite, it "got him."

Then again, at the large hotels in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and other places which he visited, he saw men buzzing each other and buttonholing by the hour, and he was shrewd enough to observe that half the time the talker was boring the other to death—that he neither listened nor cared for what was told him.

And this, too, rather conflicted with the Indian's native idea of politeness. And then he saw the same men standing at the bar drinking round after round by the hour, still calling for more, until they were unable to stagger home; and these he put down as fools, for when I asked him what he meant by saying "'Mericanos too much talk, too much eat, too much drink?" the old chief shrugged his shoulders, and, looking very wise, said: "To-nightum, Irataba see 'em; heap talk, heap lie, heap eat, heap sick, heap drink, heap damn fool—no good."

All our philosophy, from Lord Bacon down, does not embody any more than this old chief had discovered on his first glimpse at civilized (?) life. He has resumed his place at the head of his tribe, and, laying aside the gray uniform and brigadier's *chapeau*, which were presented him, has donned the primitive fig-leaf of his tribe, and seems as happy and contented as Diogenes in his tub.

He returned, safe and sound, to his own people at home, and his reception was that of a father by his household. The warriors gathered about him night after night in eager groups to listen to the wonders he had seen, and the perils he had encountered, in his long journey. Much he told them which they could not comprehend, and being told by any one else they would openly have doubted, but it was enough that Irataba had seen it, and Irataba told it. You should have seen them when he told them of the ride he took on the cars from New York to Washington; the big wagon that went without horses or mules—only a little fire—and never stopped all night. It was, to them, what "Sindbad the Sailor" and "Aladdin's Lamp" were to us, in our first readings.

A HUGE TOOTH.—A gentleman who recently left Salt Lake for the East, took with him the remains of a tooth weighing over six and a half pounds. Dr. Eaton, professor of geology, stated that the tooth was from an extinct species of elephant, called the *Elephas Primogenus*, or, more popularly, the Mammoth. The form of the tooth shows at once that it is not that of the Mastodon. It was found in Alden Gulch, Virginia City, Montana Territory, in latitude about forty-five degrees north. This is farther north than is usual for the occurrence of such remains. That region has at present a climate much warmer than would be indicated by its northerly position, the isothermal lines sweeping far northward, and doubtless the same relative warmth of climate has existed for ages. These extinct species of animals seem to have been the last "lords of creation" previous to the "historic period," or the appearance of man upon the face of the earth.

WHEN an army is about Raisin' a siege, do they always use Grape-shot?

THE OCCIDENTAL.—We give in this number of our Monthly a very correct view of the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, as it will appear when fully completed according to original designs. Only about one half of the edifice is now completed, and occupied as a first-class hotel, under the management of Mr. L. Leland—one of the Leland brothers famous throughout the United States as popular landlords in connection with the Metropolitan Hotel, New York. The Occidental is furnished throughout in elaborate magnificence, and possesses all the requisites of the most modern eastern hotels. This illustration is the commencement of a series of engravings we intend giving of the leading public buildings on the Pacific coast. The attention of our friends on the Pacific is respectfully called to this fact, and we shall be obliged to them if they will furnish us with photographic views or drawings of appropriate buildings.

AMERICAN INTERESTS IN EASTERN ASIA.—The American Geographical and Statistical Society, the New York State Agricultural Society, and other scientific and industrial bodies, have lately had under discussion the subject of an enterprise projected by Dr. Macgowan, having for its object the appointment by a general government of a commission composed of scientific men and practical agriculturists to visit and explore the unknown portions of eastern Asia, with a view to acquire information bearing upon arts and manufactures and the processes of agriculture there pursued, and to obtain and transmit seeds, plants and animals, the propagation of which are likely to add to the valuable products of our farms.

Several European governments have, to some extent, engaged in undertakings of this kind in China, and with satisfactory results. Dr. Macgowan's enterprise is more comprehensive, and promises correspondingly greater results, for in addition to the industrial and scientific objects contemplated by the proposed mission, Dr. Macgowan advocates a renewal of the attempt to open trade with Cochin China, and to negotiate commercial treaties with all the powers in that part of the world, with which we have no intercourse, as far as Madagascar. He calls attention to the fact that as England opened China to the commerce of the world, and as we in like manner opened Japan, so the French has done in Cochin China, or Annam, with which empire we made several ineffectual attempts to negotiate a commercial treaty. France, it is true, has seized a large portion of Cochin China, but there still remains a considerable extent of maritime country whose ports have been opened to France and Spain for trade. This is a brief outline of a comprehensive scheme which the national legislature has under consideration. Its projector adverts, in his public addresses on the

subject, to the importance of his projected enterprise to American interests on the Pacific coast. He appears to think that our country does not properly appreciate the advantages that might accrue from the extension of our influence in that part of the world. He shows that ignorance of the mode of cultivating and crystallizing sorghum has cost our farmers incomparably more than the sum required for pursuing the investigations that he recommends. Arrangements have been made by the Geographical and Statistical Society to call a public meeting in New York to promote the undertaking in the event of its failing to secure the favorable action of Congress.

“A BIG THING ON ICE.”—One evening, in the second dog-watch, we heard Fin Butterfield, an old Greenland “blubber-hunter,” spinning one of his hawser-laid yarns, and we listened just long enough to hear of the best “time” ever made on any course in the world.

“Ye see, shipmates, ’bout fifty miles due west from Uppernavik, down there in the Greenland sea, we struck a big bull-whale; and the old lubber, instead of takin’ dead to wind’ard, as a struck whale order, blast my tarry eyebrows if he didn’t go straight to leeward toward a big floe fifteen miles across, and smooth as a big lookin’-glass.

“Ole bull took us in end forty-three mile an hour, and went slap under the floe, takin’ the boat under after him.”

“And all hands in her, Fin?”

“Thunder! no. D’ye s’pose we were goin’ to be drowned to please that bloody old whale? When the boat went under we all jumped on the ice, cut right across it W.N.W., got to the other side first, and, when the boat popped out, all hands jumped in again, hauled up to the old lubber and turned him up with our lances!”

“PAT, do you love your country?”

“Yes, yer honor.”

“What’s the best thing about Ireland, Pat?”

“The whisky, yer honor.”

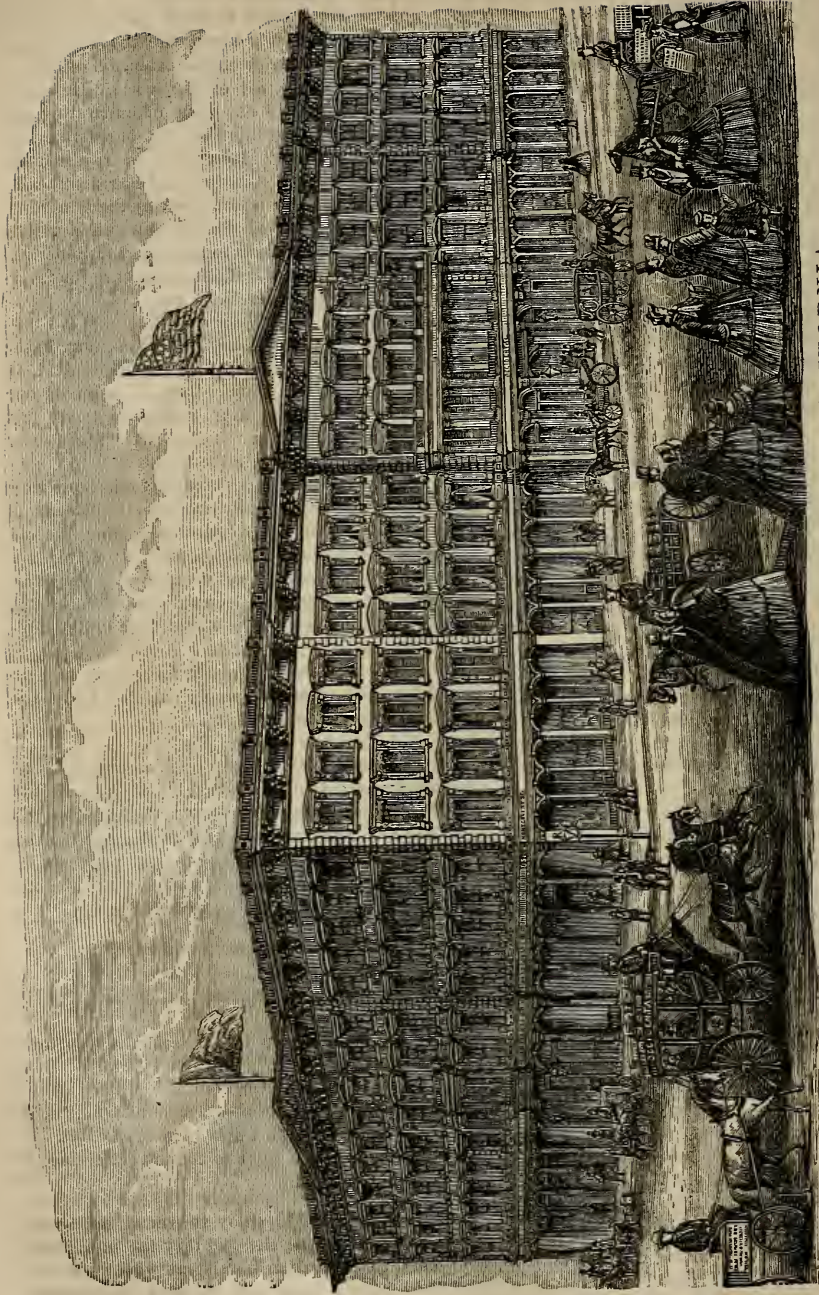
“Ah! I see, Pat, with all her faults, you love her *still*.”

“You are a nuisance—I’ll commit you,” said an offended judge to a noisy person in court.

“You have no right to commit a nuisance,” said the offender.

THE poor might enjoy the most important advantages of the rich had they the moral and religious cultivation consistent with their lot. They have a book that contains more nutriment for the intellect and heart than all others—the Bible.

WHAT is it that is taken from you before you have it yourself? Your portrait.



U.S. PENNFIELD, N.Y.

**OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.**  
*(For Description, see Editorial Sanctum.)*

# FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FURNISHED BY MME. DEMOREST, 473 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

IT is difficult to detect any falling off in the splendor and variety of full-dress costumes. That there has been an immense falling off in foreign importations is undoubted, so that less rich goods must have been sold; still, by the aid of judicious additions to their wardrobes, and that ingenuity which women of taste know so well how to employ, all the usual effects of the most brilliant and tasteful toilets have been produced in fashionable assemblages, giving additional color to the terrible charges of extravagance which are regularly preferred against New York women.

Long and wide sash-ends are decidedly the favorite method of ornamenting the rich silk and satin dresses of older ladies; some of these are made with points at the back and front of the waist, but when the wide belt and buckle are to be worn over them, the points are omitted, and the waist cut straight round, with the sash-ends descending low and wide upon the skirt at the back, at the front, and upon the sides. An immense buckle is also worn at the back, as well as at the front.

The trimming for these sashes consists sometimes of embroidery in silk and jet, sometimes of fringe, but more frequently of handsome ornaments in passementerie, which come in sets, including epaulettes for the sleeves, which are almost invariably of the coat-form.

A novel design in sleeves is received with great favor by those who do not like tight coat-sleeves; this is, to gather the material into a band on the inside of the arm over a coat-sleeve lining, adding the epaulettes and cuff, as usual, at top and bottom; or instead of the epaulette, it may be tied in a puff at the top, with narrow ribbon, velvet or lace, and the bow left flat, or with ends hanging, according to taste.

Jackets seem to be in greater vogue than ever. Cloth jackets, for house and street wear, are made double-breasted, with coat-lappels behind, and trimmed with large square buttons. Velvet jackets, on the contrary, are altogether *a la position*, that is to say, loose and straight round, with coat-sleeves, epaulettes, *revers* at the wrist, and trimming consisting of small hanging steel or silver buttons.

Small standing bands are added to all kinds of coats and jackets, and over these, small turn-down linen collars are worn, sometimes edged

with a narrow ruffle of Valenciennes lace, and always finished with a narrow colored tic, fringed with lace.



THE "LUSETTE."

A PRETTY little dress for a girl of three years, made of pale buff merino, and ornamented with an edge and leaf design in black velvet; the skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, a style exceedingly fashionable and becoming to little girls; the scalloped edge to waist and sleeves affords an opportunity for complete and effective decoration matching the skirt.



SILK BONNET.

AN elegant evening bonnet of pale blue silk, shirred, trimmed with black and white barb lace, blue roses and tan-colored leaves; inside trimming of white lace, blue roses, and tan-colored leaves.



Fig. 1.

## BALL-DRESS.

SUPERB robe of the new flame-colored ribbed silk, trimmed with narrow velvet a shade darker, and rich black thread lace; a row of lace and velvet ornaments the bottom of the skirt, and above this a second row is festooned, at intervals of about half a yard; the body is extremely "decolletee," forming a simple band across the shoulders, just sufficient to hold the sleeve, and having rows of narrow velvet and lace arranged as a border round the arms and neck; sash-ends form an ornament upon the front and back,

gradually increasing in width as they descend upon the skirt, until they terminate in wide, rounded ends, which are trimmed to match the rest of the dress. The sleeves consist of full scalloped caps over short, white, puffed lace ones, and are finished on the shoulder with bow on ends of silk, trimmed with lace and velvet. A similar bow, only wider, completes the ornaments of the skirt. The engraving gives a back view, also, of this elegant dress.



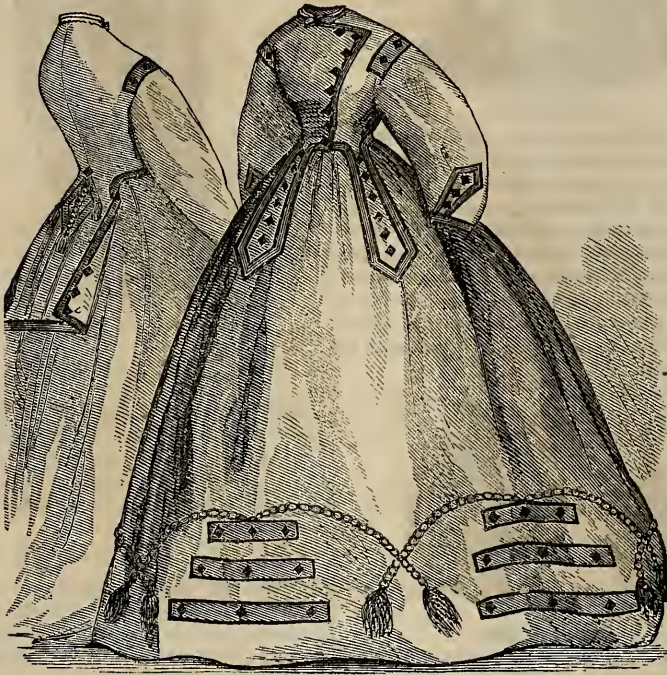


Fig. 2.

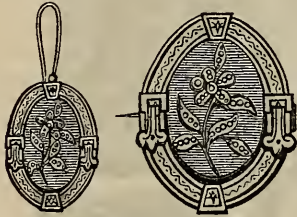
## DOUBLE-BREADED COAT-DRESS.

DRESS of rich emerald green poplin, trimmed with velvet, with black corded edge and square jet buttons; serial bands of velvet, studded with buttons, ornament the skirt, connected by chains made of green silk cord, and finished with tassels, the body has a coat-back with *revers* and double-breasted front, with side-tabs; coat-sleeves shaped to the arm and trimmed to match. Our engraving gives a back and front view.



THE SALOME.

LADIES' deep basque waist; the dart seams in front are run down the skirt of the basque under the trimming; a small coat-sleeve trimmed to form a cuff; the trimming consists of a wide fold of velvet, put on shallow scallops, edged with narrow bugle trimming; the basque is open in the back as far as the waist; stamped velvet, edged with chenille fringe, is trimmed on below the waist to simulate a second basque; epaulettes, front and cuff-trimmings are also of stamped velvet.



EMERALD SET.

AN elegant brooch and earrings; the setting an elaborately chased gold band, crossed at intervals with bands of dead gold; the stone is a large emerald, set in with diamonds. These sets may be obtained in whatever stone is preferred.



THE "LUCILE."

COAT-SLEEVE, with puffs let in, three in the upper, and one in the under side; they extend nearly the length of the sleeve, leaving just room enough to simulate a jockey and cuff. The edges are bound with velvet; buttons velvet or steel.

EVERY lady who has any regard to the protection of her dress from the mud and slush of a thawing day, or even from the dust, should provide herself with one of Madame Demorest's Dress Elevators, especially as their aising of the dress in graceful folds is now so fashionable. They are sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price, 75 cents.

## WHAT THE PRESS SAY OF US.

THE *Pacific Monthly* is rapidly gaining ground with the public, affording a new style of interesting literature, deviating from the old trodden path of general magazine publications, and offers inducements to the public equaled by none.—*Nashua (N. H.) Gazette*.

THIS is a very handsome and interesting illustrated monthly, of about one hundred pages, royal octavo, which has just been added to the teeming literature of our country. As its name implies, it will be devoted principally to the matters and interests of the Pacific States. The present number (January) contains several valuable papers, from some of which we shall make some extracts for our February issue. Its numerous illustrations are well engraved, and, altogether, the monthly is richly deserving of a liberal support.—*American Odd-Fellow*.

"THE PACIFIC MONTHLY."—We are glad to hail, under the above title, the appearance of a monthly magazine devoted to the topics and interests of the Pacific coast, and especially, we suppose, to the interests of California. The first publication of this sort which was devoted to the new civilization of the farther ocean opened the vein of higher literature under the title of the *Pioneer Magazine*, and it was most ably conducted for some three or four years by that distinguished and most estimable divine, the Rev. Dr. Ewer, now resident in this city. The *Pacific Monthly* worthily succeeds it, and its more extended scope keeps proper pace with the now broader field of far-western scholarship.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*.

THE general appearance of the magazine is favorable, and there is a spirit of energy manifested in its columns which augurs success. It certainly is much needed, and starts out in a new field, and should meet with a hearty support, and we hope it will.—*Banner of Light (Boston.)*

THIS new magazine is devoted mainly to the best interests of the Pacific States and Territories, and the placing before the capitalists and people of the Atlantic slope such facts in relation to the mining, manufacturing, agricultural, commercial, educational, social and national interests of their trans-continental countrymen as will interest, instruct, and benefit. Such an undertaking, if conducted with the necessary amount of ability, will be productive of both communities. The first number promises well. It is printed in excellent style, the illustrations are abundant and good, and the literary contents of a meritorious character.—*New York Atlas*.

CALIFORNIA LITERATURE.—In our advertising columns will be found the prospectus of a new literary venture, designed to be mainly Californian in character, projected by David M. Gazlay, heretofore well known in connection with various Californian publications. Mr. Gazlay's plan is to print his magazine in New York, where the expense of the work will be less than half what it would be in San Francisco, and send it out by steamer to his agents, Messrs. White & Bauer, for distribution. By this means he hopes to be able to furnish a good magazine at a reasonable price. At present we have no California literature worthy of the name, while the material for it is in exuberant abundance. There is scarcely a country in the world which furnishes such a vast and luxuriant field for literary labor, and one which is so nearly untried. The various literary publications of this State have as little flavor of the soil as if they were published on another continent, aside from local news items and theatrical criticisms. They occasionally, it is true, find room amid a mass of English or French sensation trash to publish a tale or a sketch founded upon California experience; but it is very rarely that one of these is worth the reading. The truth is, respectable literary talent will not labor gratuitously, and California publishers can not get sufficient patronage to warrant them in paying any thing for literary contributions, while the cost of printing is so high. We hope Mr. Gazlay will be enabled to remove this difficulty in some measure, and present us with a magazine truly Californian in scope and character. His enterprise is a praiseworthy one, and deserves encouragement.—*Nevada Daily Gazette*.

THE *Pacific Monthly* begins life with the vast advantage of having a definite aim. It is not merely a literary waif, but appeals to a certain class of the community large enough to support such an enterprise.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

IT—the *Pacific Monthly*—is very handsomely got out, its articles are well written, and, in general, have relation to the region in which the magazine is intended to circulate.—*N. Y. Herald*.

*Gazlay's Pacific Monthly* is a new magazine, the first number of which is before us. It is got up in good taste—better, we think, than most of the popular magazines of the day. It is particularly devoted to the interests of the Pacific slope, although its matter will not fail to interest subscribers in this part of the country. Its illustrations are good, and its exterior is quite attractive.—*Northampton Free Press*.

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—David M. Gazlay was formerly a resident of California, and connected with its press. He saw that this great State was sadly misunderstood and grossly misrepresented on the Atlantic side, and conceived the idea of establishing some kind of publication there, which should be devoted to the defense of California interests.

The magazine before us is for January—the first number—containing eighty pages of reading matter and illustrations. The first engraving is an admirable likeness of Rev. H. W. Bellows, and the same gentleman is the contributor of a paper to the publication, entitled "Observations on California," in which he speaks glowingly of the reception with which he met while a sojourner among us. The contents, in addition, are, a Salutatory; "A Sketch of Dr. Bellows;" "An Adventure in the Wilds of California," with two handsome engravings of Yo-Semite Valley and Falls; "Across the Isthmus," with twelve striking engravings; "The Sad Experience of a First-Floor Lodger;" "The Progress of Art in America;" "Steamer Day in San Francisco;" "A River in the Pacific Ocean;" "Odd Names;" "Eveleen O'Connor;" "Explorations between the Pacific and the Head-Waters of the Missouri, through the Walla-Walla Country;" Poetry, Editorials, and Miscellaneous Selections. The work is elegantly printed, and ably edited. It will prove a valuable auxiliary, no doubt, in disseminating useful information relating to the many interesting features of our golden State.

Truly has it been said, that if the vastness of our mineral wealth, the unparalleled productiveness of our soil, the healthfulness of our climate, and the beauty of our scenery, could be realized abroad as they are appreciated at home, the population of California to-day, instead of being six hundred thousand, would be near six millions. These things will be better understood after a while. Mr. Gazlay will devote the pages of his magazine to the instruction of the Eastern mind on the subjects of our mineral wealth, agricultural importance, commercial advantages, and geographical supremacy. He will have a corps of intelligent correspondents on the Pacific coast; he will secure the California papers in exchange; and, to the valuable information which they convey, he will add his own experience, and give us a presentation abroad which can not fail to result in our benefit. We wish his enterprise the most unbounded success, for we deem it in every respect deserving.—*Daily American Flag, San Francisco.*

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY, for February.—This is the second number of a magazine published by David M. Gazlay & Co., No. 34 Liberty street, New York. It seems to be designed to circulate in the Pacific States and Territories, and will be, to some extent, devoted to

setting forth the advantages of that section of the Republic, and advancing its prosperity. But it also deserves, as it will secure, a large circulation in all parts of the country. The number before us contains a fair proportion of original matter, on interesting topics, and written in good style. The magazine is well printed on good paper, each number containing about eighty pages, and is published at five dollars per annum, in currency, or two dollars and fifty cents in specie.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

A NEW monthly lays claims to public favor. It is entitled *Gazlay's Pacific Monthly*, and is published by David M. Gazlay & Co., New York. In their prospectus the publishers say that they look more directly to the Pacific States for support, and their magazine is accordingly devoted chiefly to the interests of that section. It is literary in its character, but has a department devoted to the mining, mercantile and agricultural interests of the Pacific slope. As a specimen of handsome typography, it is the best magazine published in this country.—*Dayton (Ohio) Journal.*

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—This is a new aspirant to public favor, and which, although published in New York city, is designed to represent the interests of the Pacific States, and to circulate there, and among those whose friends are there, or who desire to know more of those growing States of our Republic.

Judging from the initial number, which we have just received, it is to be a valuable magazine; its typography is excellent, and its articles interesting and well written.—*Norwich paper.*

THE first number of a new periodical, entitled the *Pacific Monthly*, has just made its appearance from the press of D. M. Gazlay & Co., No. 34 Liberty street. It is very handsomely got out, its articles are well written, and, in general, have relation to the region in which the magazine is intended to circulate. The principal contributors are the Rev. H. W. Bellows, Dr. F. N. Otis, John Penn Curry, George Cathcart, R. M. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Frodsham, D. M. Gazlay, and Wm. Coventry Waddell. The present issue is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts.—*New York Herald, December 26, 1864.*

THE *Pacific Monthly* presents quite an array of literary and practical talent in its list of contributors, among whom we recognize Rev. Dr. Bellows, Prof. J. J. Mapes, Dr. L. W. Ogden, Wm. H. Coventry Waddell, Esq., John Penn Curry, besides several well-known writers, some of whom have been long familiar with California.

The field which the *Pacific Monthly* is to occupy is one of great interest to our citizens on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, and it can hardly fail, therefore, to secure a large number of readers.—*Christian Ambassador.*

# GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1865.

No. 5.

## VIRGINIA CITY AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

VIRGINIA CITY, of which we present our readers a faithful and correct illustration on the preceding page, lies directly in the heart of the great silver regions of the new and prosperous State of Nevada. The present site upon which the city is located, six years since was comparatively a barren waste, interspersed with mountains, hills, and valleys, and tenanted almost exclusively by a few prospecting adventurers after silver lodes, and by roving and predatory bands of savages. The latter were exceedingly warlike and troublesome at times, and were almost wholly instrumental in hindering the more rapid development of the country, and in delaying mining operations of the early settlers in their search after the precious metals. It was long after reports of the fabulous richness of the mother-veins of silver in Nevada were confirmed, and the Indians nearly exterminated, that the tide of emigration set across the bleak sierras from California and Oregon. It is only within the past five years, however, that Virginia City can really begin the date of its existence. Now it is the most prominent and thriving section in the whole State—the center of mining and commercial activity, and the principal artery that feeds and succors the various mining camps, towns, and settlements which diverge from it in every and all directions.

When a stranger arrives in Virginia City, and observes a city containing a population of twenty-five thousand people of both sexes, long blocks and squares of brick and granite structures, with whole ranges of

frame buildings, and ascertains further that immense sums are daily being paid for real estate, he naturally wonders whether growth in this ratio is likely to continue, and if so, whether the mines of Nevada will be sufficient ultimately to pay for it all. As he passes along the crowded foot-walks and notices the streets blocked up with teams laden with goods and merchandise from beyond the mountains, he comes to the conclusion that there must be some parties well supplied with money to pay for these; but whether the outlay will be repaid by returns from extracted ores is still in his mind an undecided question. But if he steps into the leading banking-houses in the city and takes a view of the silver "bricks" generally to be seen there, he begins to imagine there is something tangible in Washoe after all. And if he will next ascertain how many quartz-mills are running in the vicinity of Virginia City, Gold Hill and Silver City, and how much bullion each returns on an average weekly, he will unquestionably be led to the conclusion—which others have come to before him—that the rapid growth of Virginia City is only the outward evidence of a profitable development of the mines.

The streets are macadamized, well lit with gas, water introduced through pipes, and it boasts of three theaters devoted to dramatic entertainments, an opera-house which seats in its auditorium some two thousand people, and where Italian and other operas of the best composers are produced by artists equal to any which appear before the audiences of much older communities. The

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, by DAVID M. GAZLAY & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York

VOL. I.—No. 5.—A.

large amount of wealth which the earth so bountifully produces enables the population of the State to provide themselves with every comfort and luxury of civilized life. Stores of every character well supplied with merchandise of all descriptions, hotels, and fine market-houses filled with an abundance of game, meats, and vegetables, attract the eye on every side. The churches of various denominations, and school-houses attended daily by nearly a thousand children, will compare favorably with those in the Atlantic States. An excellent volunteer fire department, police force, and the working of a good municipal government, are no less attractive features of the new city which has so suddenly sprung into existence within the short space of five years. The country around is cut up with mines, mills, farms, and gardens, while in every section the topography is dotted with smiling villages, and even palatial private residences give unmistakable indications of the thrift and wonderful enterprise of its hardy and industrious population. There has been no difficulty as yet experienced in obtaining labor for mining operations. The supply is fully equal to the demand at any and all times. Good mining hands receive usually four dollars per diem, while the tariff of prices for ordinary laboring men is fixed at from three to three and a half dollars per day, payable in gold; amalgamators and engineers of mills receive from five to eight dollars. Wood for milling and hoisting purposes is worth twelve dollars in summer, a cord, and fifteen in winter. Lumber for "timbering" and "shoring" up mines, and building purposes, may be obtained at from forty to fifty dollars per thousand feet, in any quantity that may be desired for all practical purposes. Fresh meats of the best quality can be had from twelve to eighteen cents a pound; butter, milk, eggs, cheese, and fruits and vegetables of all kinds raised in the State, are as reasonable in price as the same may be procured in the city of New York on a specie-paying basis.

The elevation of Virginia City, on the east slope of Mount Davidson, is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. There are no extremes of heat or cold ex-

perienced at any season of the year; but for the reason that the air at this elevation becomes rarefied, many people at first find some difficulty in breathing as freely as they could in a lower atmosphere. Persons affected with asthmatic and lung complaints find great relief in inhaling the rarefied air of Mount Davidson. In the valleys, however, where the temperature of the atmosphere is more moderate, the objections raised by some to the former locality for a place of residence is entirely overcome. The best test of the general healthiness of the climate is to be found in the fact that there are few deaths in proportion to the population, and that the climate does not impair the energy of settlers is proved by the enterprise and activity which in Virginia City is evident on all sides, and in the rosy, blooming complexions of the people we meet on every hand. Since the discovery of silver in the Washoe country, initiating, about five years ago, the era of extended mining operations, there was spent in what may be considered a legitimate manner, such as the development of paying claims, the building of mills, and in the erection of other permanent and productive property, about \$100,000,000; in return for which we have the mines with their improvements, worth at least \$50,000,000, with bullion extracted from them, say \$30,000,000, and at the lowest estimate \$40,000,000 worth of improvements in the shape of towns, mills, smelting-works, roads, and other betterments, making up more than the money expended, and exhibiting Washoe as paying for itself, so far as legitimate outlays are involved, inside of five years. Had the enterprise of our people been restricted, then, to this class of mines and improvements, it is obvious, parties operating and investing there, instead of being losers, would, as a class, have come out ahead, while they made large accessions to the productive wealth of the country. The losses that have occurred in Nevada have chiefly grown out of reckless speculation or transactions in what are termed outside mines, being other than those in the immediate vicinity of Virginia and Gold Hill, upon the line of the Comstock lead.

Go where you will about Virginia City during business hours, and nothing is talked about but silver—silver. Every few days somebody comes in with a piece of favorable-looking rock, which was found by a private party, away off some where, and soon there is an excitement. Every old, half-starved horse is in great requisition, and a universal stampede is the result. It is reported that a certain party, whom night overtook in their search for a rich vein of silver, thinking they were in the neighborhood of the place, and being anxious to forestall all other claimants, commenced posting up notices upon every piece of rock they saw, claiming so many feet of this ledge, with all its dips, angles, and spars. Imagine the discomfiture of the party, when daylight dawned upon them and they found that they had stuck one of their notices upon the chimney of a miner's cabin!

With regard to the permanency of the Washoe mines there can be but one opinion among those who have carefully surveyed the country and studied the peculiarities of its mineral-bearing veins—which is that they are inexhaustible. Go where you may, gold and silver bearing lodes abound; and although a hundred times the amount of capital now invested were applied to the opening of these mines, still there would be room for more being profitably employed, directly and indirectly.

Nothing is more gorgeous and beautiful than the cloud scenery which circles around the summit of the Sierra Nevadas. Daily, and with the utmost punctuality, the white, transparent mists begin their journey from the green, slumbering valleys below, toward the rugged landscapes of eternal snow. Slowly they march upward, one fold of brightness carelessly and lazily rolling over the upper edges of another, until a huge mountain of many-hued clouds is presented to the eye along the entire line of the Sierras, from the farthest north to the extremest southern horizon. They seldom produce rain, or assume those hues of darkness that distinguish the rain-cloud. Viewed from the high points of Virginia City, the contrast between these

gay, fantastic air-castles, and the dark glens and somber forests beneath, is wonderful and striking.

A few years hence, Nevada, as well as Idaho, Montana, and Utah are destined to be teeming with people and abounding in wealth beyond any thing we can now conceive. And there is nothing in its climate or its water to prevent the growth of a large population.

In respect to the working of the mines of Nevada we must necessarily speak of their past yield in order to draw the comparison between their relative condition before the modern appliances of machinery were introduced and adopted. On their first discovery the rudest sort of Mexican *arastas* and hand-mortars were used for crushing the ore. By this process at least one-half of the metal was lost. Silver mining, to most Americans, was entirely a new business practically, though some had a theoretical knowledge of the subject. Still, mere theory in mining is a long way from practice. The mines almost lay unworked for over a year after they were discovered, for the perfection of the McCulloch and other process by which they might be more profitably worked, and the heavy losses in tailings saved to the owners of the mines. Few could be found who would venture capital in an undertaking they knew nothing about. Notwithstanding only the richest ores were worked by the old method, and the poorer class thrown aside as scarcely being worth the labor expended in crushing, and the quick-silver used in amalgamating, the yield even then was a source of large revenue to the owners, gave good paying dividends, and left a surplus to develop further the mines by sinking shafts and running tunnels. Most of these tailings were afterward worked through what is known as the *patio* process, and yielded all the way from fifteen to forty per cent.

In Nevada there are about three thousand five hundred stamps, ranging from five to eighty stamps to each mill, crushing quartz; or in all some one hundred and sixty mills in successful operation, running night and day, with others being rapidly constructed.

## PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION IN SIAM.

BY REV. GEORGE B. BACON.

FROM the earliest history of Asiatic research, Siam seems to have been, in a measure, overlooked. When the early navigators, rounding the Cape of Good Hope, had found their way into the Indian Ocean, the new treasures of the Indies—of the countries bordering on the Arabian Sea, on the one hand, and of the Bay of Bengal on the other—demanded their first attention and absorbed their first interests. And when, a little later, they followed on down the Straits of Malacca, the great China Sea opened before them, with its new treasures to be possessed, its new mysteries to be explored, naturally they would follow on to China, and even to Japan, rather than turn aside to the deep Gulf of Siam, where, at the best, their discoveries could be but limited.

The position of this country, then, lying as it does one side of the direct route of travel from the West to the far East, and bordering a gulf which even yet is somewhat imperfectly known, and which is liable to very fierce and sudden squalls of wind that require uncommon watchfulness and caution, will perfectly explain its long seclusion. It was not in the highway, and it had to wait a little until the byways of the seas began to be explored. There was more than enough of wealth in China to stimulate commerce, and more than enough of mystery in Japan to stimulate adventure. This smaller kingdom, therefore, was passed by.

Besides, whatever occasional attempts Western civilization might make in Siam, met with the discouragements and oppositions which the Oriental countries have always thrown in the way of such attempts. Commerce, which at one time flourished with a good deal of vigor at Bangkok, was again almost put at an end by the ungenerous course of the Government, greedy to secure to itself impossible profits. It is only within a few years, within one generation certainly, that the future of Siam has opened full of promise.

What I propose, then, is simply to show, chiefly by the narrative of what I myself saw, the extraordinary condition of things

which presents itself to the traveler in Siam; to show something of the richness of the country, in vegetable and mineral wealth; to show the strange commingling of two tides, the old barbarism receding, and the new civilization advancing; to show especially what ample opportunities are opened and are opening for our more intimate acquaintance with this country and its people, and for our commercial participation in its wealth.

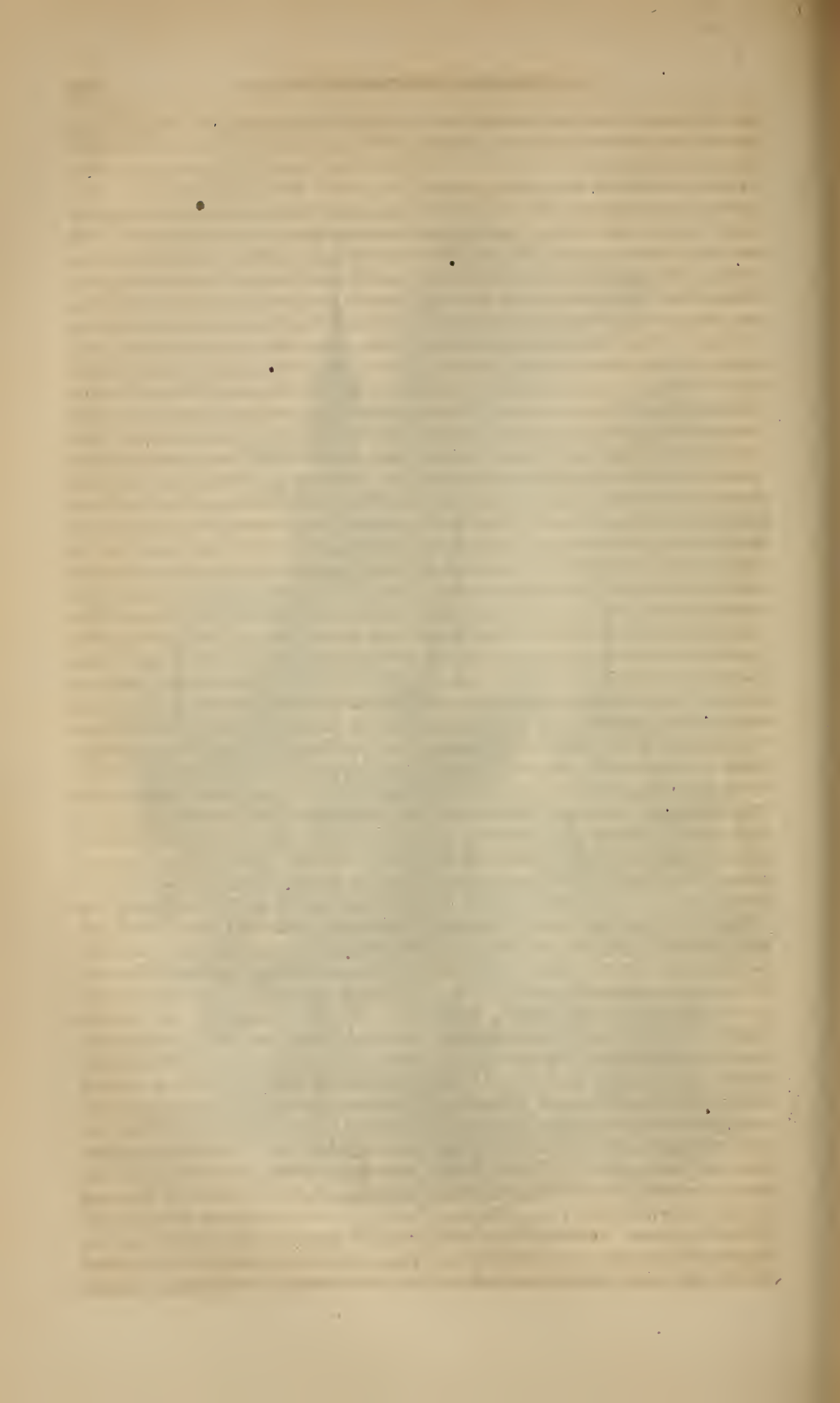
The one great national avenue by which the country is accessible is the Menam River, which, rising in the mountains beyond the northern frontier, divides the kingdom proper, east and west, into two not very unequal parts. Off the mouth of this river the vessel to which, at that time, I had the honor to be attached, dropped her anchor, in the month of May, 1857. It is a peculiar pleasure to me to remember that one ship bearing the American commission, with the ratified treaty between the United States and Siam, was commanded by an officer whose distinguished services in this cruise and preceding cruises have been almost forgotten in the brighter luster which has attached to his name during our present national conflict with rebellion, and which makes that name forever sacred in the memory of his countrymen. To the lamented Admiral Andrew H. Foote, to the enlightened interest with which he aided every good cause of science and philosophy whenever it was in his power, the country has more than once been indebted. And to no one was the progress of Western civilization in the East, and especially in Siam, a cause of more intelligent and hearty satisfaction than it was to mine.

Upon this Menam River, thirty miles from its mouth, Bangkok, the capital city of Siam, is situated; and were it not for the shallow bar at the head of the gulf, vessels of very large tonnage could pass readily into the very heart of the city. As it now is, however, vessels of the largest size anchor almost out of sight of land, in a somewhat exposed roadstead. If the growing commerce of Siam should justify it, and if it should prove practicable to construct a deeper channel through the bar,





STREET SCENE IN SIAM.



the only natural obstacle in the way of the maritime prosperity and enterprize of Siam would be removed.

Once inside the bar, we rapidly approach the low shores through which the river breaks its way into the gulf; and before long, it is easy to make out the long lines of white fortifications by which the river is commanded. Four miles from its mouth is the little village of Paknam, where is a government officer, who records the marine intelligence and transmits to the capital the news of arrivals and departures. From Paknam it is a tedious journey, rowing against the strong current more than a score of miles to Bangkok; and if there could be monotony amid the wonderful variety and richness of tropical nature, it would be a monotonous journey. But the wealth of foliage, rising sometimes in the feathery plume of the tall cereca palm, or drooping sometimes in heavier and larger masses, crowding to the water's edge in dense, impenetrable jungle, or tamed here and there by the toil of cultivation, or cleared for dwellings—all this, to a stranger, is full of interest. Here and there one sees a bamboo house, with women looking out from under the branches of the trees at the passing boats, or children whose pleasant voices are silenced with their wonder at the stranger. Not unfrequently the white walls and shining roof of a temple gleam through the dark verdure, and near them there are groups of priests in their sacred yellow robes.

Superb white pelicans watch by the river-side for fish, or sail on snowy wings with quiet majesty over the stream. Or it may be that some inquiring monkey peers at you with fearless curiosity from the jungle. And if upon the traveler the sudden night comes down while he is yet upon his way, besides the splendor of the tropic stars above him, there will be other splendors all about him. I remember that upon my first trip to Bangkok, the boatman turned off from the stream into the dense jungle through which a narrow canal had been cut, in order to avoid a long circuitous bend of the river. Entering it, the dense shade of the jungle gave a blacker blackness to the night. Great fern-leaves, ten

or fifteen feet in hight, grew thickly upon either side, almost meeting over my head, and among them and above them rose the forest-trees. From among them came the noises of night-birds, of lizards, of trumpet-beetles, and of creatures countless and various; and myriads of fire-flies, which, for size and beauty, I have never seen equaled, sparkled on every side. I pause to make especial mention of them, because, to all of our officers, even to those most familiar with the wonders of the tropics, they were so singularly beautiful. The peculiarity of them was that they would cluster, as by a preconcerted plan, upon particular kinds of trees, avoiding with like unanimity all other kinds, and then, as if by signal from some director of the spectacle, they all emitted their light simultaneously and at exact intervals, so that the whole tree seemed to flash and palpitate with living light. At one instant was blackness of darkness, and suddenly the whole form of the tree, from topmost twig to outermost bough, was studded thick with jewels! We were almost ready to pronounce the night more splendid than the day; no one of us had ever seen in any land so singular a display of pyrotechnics. Among sights and sounds like these which I have described, the traveler passes on into the very heart of the city of Bangkok. It is literal and exact truth to say that the city is situated *upon* the river. A very large proportion of the houses either float upon the water or are built on poles along the banks. It is the Venice of the East. Its highway is the river, and the canals are its byways. Its travel and its carriage are, in a great measure, done by boats. There are no streets, or at least but few; in place of these is water; and day and night-boats, large and small, are plying to and fro—sometimes in oyal boat, with a score of oarsmen; sometimes a single peddler, with his little cargo of varieties, paddling and peddling by turns. The shops on either side expose goods toward the river, and expect their customers from the thronging boats. It is a busy scene on which you look, as you pass on amid the throng. Boats with curved and gilded prows rush by you hurrying with the rapid current,

and little frail skiffs, dexterously managed, work their way along against it, keeping close to shore. Occasionally, like a monster among pigmies, some stately ship, whose tonnage has permitted her to cross the bar, rides at her anchor beneath the very shadow of the towering temples and vast palaces that rise on either bank.

Of these temples and palaces the architecture is of singular good taste and beauty. It augurs no mean discernment on the part of their builders that they should have hit upon a style so perfectly accordant with the great natural wealth and beauty of a tropical country. On my first morning in Bangkok, (I had reached the city in the night,) I was awakened by a sweet, low sound of music, very clear and liquid in its tones, and joining with the music, the pleasant ringing of small bells, of which the air seemed full. Rising, I found that the music came from the palace of a prince close by me, on one side, and was produced, as I afterward found, from very simple instruments of smoothed and hollowed bamboo, and that the bells belonged to a great temple which was close to my domicil, within a stone's throw on the other side. I despair of conveying any adequate impression of its magnificence. Its great pagoda is two hundred and fifty feet in height. They call it a pagoda, but it has no resemblance to the Chinese structure so called. It tapers gracefully and irregularly from its broad octagonal base, to a slim, rounded tower, and, last of all, to a slender needle-like spire. Its outer surface is of shining porcelain, of divers colors. Where the rounded tower springs from the broader base are rows of kneeling figures, which seem to support the vast edifice in their outstretched hands. Above them, in a niche on each of the four sides, stands in mute porcelain a triple-headed white elephant. There are rows of birds and grotesque beasts, rising above each other at short intervals, and there is profuse and elaborate ornamentation from base to summit; and, last of all, over the magnificent pile, from the tip of the needle-like spire to the foundation, from every prominent angle and projection, there were hanging sweet-toned bells, so arranged, with little

fans attached to their tongues, that they became vocal in the slightest breeze. Here was the secret of the pleasant ringing that had awoken me from slumber. About this larger tower there were small ones similar to it; and besides these, other temple buildings, with pure white walls, that were more dazzling from the dark richness of the verdure about them, and with shining roofs of green and gilded tiles. Among these buildings there were groups of priests, in orange-colored scarfs. Upon these richly-colored towers and roofs was found the full golden sunlight of the tropical morning; and where I stood, the early breeze came from the distance, rippling the smooth surface of the swift river, where busy oars and carved and gilded prows of many boats were flashing in the sun, swept whispering through all the varied richness of the tropical foliage, stealing from it the perfume of its blossoms, and then caught all the shining bells of that great tower, and tossed from out them tones of pleasant music. I seemed to have awoken in some unreal land. It was like a dream of romance passing vividly before me.

I can not convey an impression of the beauty of these architectural works and of their perfect harmony of detail, with all their natural surroundings, without seeming to be carried away in the attempt. In one, we pass through long corridors, dimly lighted, filled with rows of great solemn idols, richly carved and gilded; or there are spacious open courtyards, paved with large slabs of stone, and filled with graceful, slender spires, or perhaps with high marble shafts and columns; on either side, white temple walls, with gilded eaves and cornices; or we pass on beneath arches lined with gold, to sacred doors of ebony, richly inlaid with pearl, iridescent in the splendor of the sun. Or we enter in and find, perhaps, that colossal image of which the fame has gone forth far and wide, the reclining god, a monstrous mass of masonry, covered thick with heavy gilding, measuring a hundred and fifty feet in length. But every where, whether in temples or palaces, we fail to see the rude and tawdry style which marks the barbarian; but elegance and skill, of which the Western nations might well feel

proud. Good taste and a quick sense of beauty, and the ability to express them in their handiwork—all these are constantly indicated in the architecture of this people; and they make the city one of almost unequalled picturesqueness to the traveler who glides from river to canal, from canal to river, under the shadow of these temple-towers, and among the shining walls of stately palaces.

The same magnificence, united with good taste, is also to be noticed in the costume of the kings and nobles in their ornaments and in the furniture of their houses, and, to a certain extent, in the pomp and ceremony of the court.

The dress of the people is, to be sure, not very ample; but for that torrid climate it ought not to be. It is enough, however, for comfort, and it certainly is abundant for decency. The usual dress consists of a long scarf, worn full around the waist and hanging to the knees, with the ends thrown over the shoulder. For the common people, it is usually of plain cotton cloth; but for the higher classes, it is of costly silk, extremely fine in texture, and beautiful in color and in figure. It is said, "that some one," (I quote from an American traveler, who was in Siam a year or two before my visit,) attributing to the Siamese a barbarian taste for tawdry materials of glittering colors, "had brought in a lot of such goods for sale, but they were rejected as vulgar." One of these scarfs which was given me by the king has been the admiration of every body who has seen it, for its richness and beauty. Sometimes, on state occasions, for full dress, a plain grass-cloth jacket, buttoned perhaps with costly jewels, will be worn. The dress of the women is not dissimilar; but the little children, till they are five or six years old, go innocent of clothing, or almost so. Instead of clothing, they are decorated (I speak now of the children of the nobles) with costly necklaces, rich with gold and lustrous with jewels, and with bracelets and anklets of gold or silver; besides all this, they are stained all over of a light yellow color, by means of tumeric, or some such pigment. The most I saw were beautiful children. They would come running into our quarters at all hours of the day, fear-

less, but never impudent. They were very graceful in their movements, and had a kind of independence and dignity, which would wear off, no doubt, as they grew older, and which was in pleasant contrast with the obsequiousness of the adults, who bow down in the most abject reverence, each one before the higher rank of his superior. They wore their strings of gold beads over the neck and shoulders with a kind of careless and barbaric opulence. There was infinitely more promise in them than in the children of China, who almost instantly begin to be fettered and cramped by the stiffness of an effete civilization. I have been told there is a custom prevalent in a certain part of China, that when a boy is weaned, the first animal food that shall be given him must be a goose's head, in order that he may thus acquire the haughty and dignified bearing by which that noble bird is so proudly distinguished. A style patterned upon such a model may be well imagined. It is typical of the conceit and prejudice by which the dead civilization of China is characterized, and the most insuperable barrier in the way of revivification and progress of that ancient Empire. No obstacles of this sort seem to me to exist in Siam. There is, indeed, a civilization there, but it is of a different sort. It shows itself in their architecture, for instance, which is natural and beautiful. It is nothing which lies in the way of their progress. On the whole, they are more barbarous, but for that very reason they are more ready to receive new light, and to adopt new arts, and to pursue new sciences. The king himself admits, in signing the ratification of the treaty with our Government, that his nation is half civilized and half barbarous. Such an admission is full of significance. What possible power could extort such a confession from a Chinese official? It is with nations as with individuals, that pride is the most stubborn obstacle in the way of all real progress, and national humility is the earnest of national exaltation.

The king, indeed, was quite right in the words he used. His nation is half barbarous and half civilized. Semi-civilized would scarcely convey the meaning. It is this fact

that gives to it its singular interest. In some respects, the natives of Siam seem to touch upon the very edge of barbarism. Take their currency for example, and we find it to consist of the simplest and rudest description. A species of money called "cowries" is the smallest denomination, and for the higher evidences of value, masses of silver rudely rolled up into round balls of various sizes, and roughly stamped, pass current among all classes for all the purposes of exchange. Then again, as workers in jewelry and as goldsmiths, they exhibit the most ingenious skill. When a nobleman goes abroad he is followed by a retinue of attendants, who bear golden beetle-boxes, golden teapots, cigar-holders of the same material, the workmanship of which is massive and elegantly wrought, and studded thick with precious gems and oftentimes very beautifully enameled in various colors, excited our admiration. On every side we saw a profuse display of wealth, from the splendid diamonds on the fingers of the king to those of lesser magnitude that ornamented the persons of his retinue. We observed the same glittering ornaments set in gold hung carelessly on the necks and shoulders of the little children of persons of rank. It fairly dazzled us to see the way in which these costly stones and precious metals were put in such common use, as if they had really but trifling intrinsic worth, and were held in no value in the eyes of the wearers.

I called one day, with a brother officer, on a young nobleman, who, we were told, had a collection of jewels uncut, and that he might be willing to dispose of some. After a hospitable cup of tea with him, the business on which we had come was introduced; and he brought out a large assortment of stones, such as sapphires, rubies, and others of value, for our inspection. He passed them about loosely, inclosed in papers, as one would a box of snuff, and heartily responding to our proposal to purchase two or three as specimens, he insisted that we should freely help ourselves, as if they had been some species of refreshment.

The richness of this land in vegetable wealth can scarcely be over-estimated. All the productions of the teeming tropics may

be found growing luxuriantly. I suppose that there is not a richer valley in the world than the valley of the Menam. Probably not half the arable land is under cultivation; and yet there was rice enough raised in Siam alone, the year before my visit, to supply Southern China, where the crops had failed, to prevent the famine which, but for this supply, would have made fearful havoc with the crowded multitudes of that empire, and to make large fortunes for those enterprising merchants who, quick to avail themselves of the advantages of commerce which had been opened by the new treaties with the western powers, transported large cargoes from Bangkok to Canton. Cotton grows freely beneath that burning sky, and sugar and pepper, and all spices, are freely yielded by the rich soil.

Forests of excellent teak-wood, more buoyant and durable than oak, abound, than which there is none more precious to the shipwright. The vegetable products of the tropics grow in luxurious profusion; *gutta percha* is taken from the native forests, dye-stuffs and medicines from the jungles, and the painter obtains his gamboge, as its name implies, from Cambosia, a province of Siam, but which acknowledges more directly the authority of the King of Bangkok. As for fruits, I know of no other land that can boast of a larger or richer variety. The mangosteen, most delicate and most delicious of them all, grows only in Siam and the countries adjacent to the Straits of Sunda and Malacca. Here, too, the "darien," intolerable at first, but indispensable at last, hangs in golden plenty. The king sent to our quarters, one day, a gift of fruits. We were absent when it arrived, but when we returned we found the spacious floor of the chief apartment which had been assigned to us covered with more than a hundred large brazen dishes, filled full, containing something like twenty different varieties—not less lavish in its display than the mineral riches of which I have before spoken.

My narrative would be most incomplete if I failed to add something concerning the two men in whose hands the destinies of Siam, under Providence, are placed. It is a peculiarity of Siam that there may be, as

it happens, one king or two reigning conjointly. The law of succession does not seem to be uniform, nor does it seem possible to ascertain it. At present the government is an anarchy; and of course it happens, as it must always occur, that the real form of government rests with the king, who is the eldest, or, by any reason, the strongest—while the other has to be sure, a nominal authority and dignity, but keeps discreetly in the background. The present kings are brothers. The first king, the elder of the two, for a number of years before he came to the throne, was a Buddhist priest, and is Master of the *Bali*, or secret dialect of that priesthood. His long seclusion in the monastery, however, has not unfitted him for cares of state. On the contrary, during the ten or fifteen years of his reign, the kingdom has made greater advances in civilization than for scores of years before—I might almost say, centuries of years preceding. He is accomplished in Oriental scholarship, and it is one of his titles that he is "Professor of the Magadha language and Buddistical literature." He evidently prides himself on his smattering of Latin, styling himself, "by the blessing of the highest *Superegency* of the Universe. *Rex supremus Siam ensium.*" He speaks and writes English with a good deal of fluency and accuracy, though with occasional droll blunders—as when, in writing an autographic letter to the eminent missionary Judson, he speaks of having read the memoir of his first, or as he says, "ancient wife." He is a man of liberal views toward foreign countries, and, I believe, possesses a sincere desire for the welfare of his own, recognizing, as I have said, with rare humility, that it is as yet only "half civilized and half barbarous."

It was this king who, only a year or two since, wrote to the President of the United States an autograph English letter, proposing the importation of elephants into America. He has heard "that with us an elephant is regarded as the most remarkable of the large quadrupeds," and that they were exhibited at so much a head. By judicious care, he thought that they might be turned loose in some of the warmer portions of our country, and might

increase and multiply, till they should be no longer rare and curious, but available, as he expresses it, "being animals of great size and strength, to bear burdens and travel through uncleared woods and matted jungles, where no carriage or cart-roads have yet been made." It was not deemed wise by our Government to accept this kingly gift; but the offer is curiously illustrative of the good-will and of the mixture of ignorance and knowledge concerning other lands which prevails at the court of Siam.

The second king, however, is in some respects a far more interesting man than the former. He speaks English better than his brother, and writes it very elegantly, and has a greater practical familiarity with foreign affairs. He has the leisure, which the first king has not, to amuse himself with acquiring foreign accomplishments and manners, and with studying the latest discoveries in science, or posting himself in the current history of the world. He has a special fondness for military affairs and for navigation. He takes observations, solar or lunar, with his sextant, and works out the mathematics of them afterward very correctly. His army, consisting of several thousand men, about his own palace, and separate from the soldiers of the first king, is carefully disciplined and drilled in European tactics. He made a squad of them exercise one day for our special amusement. Their orders were all given in English, and were obeyed with great accuracy. In the rapidity and precision of their movements, the drill exceeded any that I had ever seen, even among more civilized soldiery. His Majesty is a regular subscriber to several English and American serials, and he asked my opinion about a new improvement of firearms which he had recently read of in an *Illustrated London News*. He had given an order to one of the noblemen of his court to arrange for lighting his palace with gas. I suppose that this has since been done. He is surprisingly familiar with the geography of the United States. He asked me from what place I came, and when I told him from New Haven, in Connecticut, (where my home

then was,) and was about to show him on the map which hung upon the wall the situation of our pleasant city, he laughingly interrupted me, and said he knew about it, and where it was located, and also that they made plenty of guns there. He has named his eldest son George Washington, and in the welfare of the United States he has always taken a deep and lively interest. The letter which the King of Siam wrote to the late Admiral Foote, and which was published in some of our newspapers, expresses the deep interest he experienced in our present conflict with rebellion, and from its tenor, he evidently understood better than many of our European neighbors. I had the pleasure of two different interviews with him—one private, and the other in company with several officers of our vessel. I can not better convey an impression of the strange commingling of the advancing tide of civilization and the receding tide of barbarism, than by giving some description of the first of these two interviews.

The king's dress—for even in that there was significance—was not wholly barbaric nor wholly civilized, but partly Siamese and partly European—a combination of the two, as befitted the king of a nation which was fast emerging from barbarism to civilization. Above the scarf of rich silk that hung gracefully from his waist to his knees, he wore a loose sack of dark blue cloth, fastened with a few gold buttons. A single band of gold lace decorated the sleeves, and an inch or two of the same material was worked upon the collar. There was no showy tinsel or savage finery about him, but throughout he displayed admirable propriety and good taste in every part of his costume.

His Majesty entertained me very pleasantly for an hour or more, with as much politeness and ease of manner as if he had been a private gentleman of wealth and accomplishments in our own country. He showed me through several of the apartments of his palace, all of which exhibited the same good taste and elegant beauty that I had admired in his costume. I strolled through his library—quite a large one—some portions of which had been presented

to him by the English and American Governments. There were various encyclopedias and scientific works; the Abbotsford edition of the *Waverley Novels*—for his majesty is a special admirer of Sir Walter Scott, a bust of whom ornamented one of the bookcases, and after whom, I was informed, one of his ships was named. There were two copies of *Webster's Quarto Dictionary*, unabridged, one of them splendidly bound, a present from the President of the United States. To these volumes the king called my especial attention, saying: "I like it very much. I think it the best dictionary; better than any other in English." I noticed also several religious works, and among them some of the publications of the American Tract Society. The rooms were ornamented with engravings, maps and paintings. There were portraits of Washington and of President Pierce, statuettes of Napoleon and Wellington, of Victoria and Albert, and engravings of all the American Presidents, from Washington down to Jackson.

Before I withdrew, the king offered me cigars from a very elegant gold cane, or, if I preferred, a richly-ornamented amber-tubed pipe. Then he ordered refreshments, which were brought in handsome dishes of solid silver. There were various wines, and there were tea and coffee, which his majesty prepared with his own hands. There were cakes which must certainly have been made by Occidental rule, and as nicely cooked and deliciously flavored as if they had come hot, on some magical dumb-waiter, from the bakeries of Paris or New York.

While we were at "tiffin," one of the king's little children—a beautiful boy, two or three years old—came into the room, dropped on his knees, and lifted his joined hands in reverence toward his father. After him crawled his mother, who, with Prince George Washington, one or two noblemen of high rank, and a great dog from California, lay prostrate with obsequious reverence on the floor, receiving with great respect and gratitude any word that his majesty deigned to fling to them, so abject and humiliating is the attitude which every one must take in the presence of his supe-



rior. No one is exempt. From the little child to the unwieldy nobleman of elephantine bulk and clumsiness, all must prostrate themselves before the dignity of rank above their own.

But the strangest thing to see here in Siam, in a country which I had always considered buried in heathenism and ignorance, shut out from civilization and from the knowledge of the world, almost lost sight of by western nations, was the interest with which they have been exploring other countries—to see here in Siam, about which I knew little more than that it had produced the Siamese twins and was famous for its white elephants, a gentleman more polished in his manners, more hearty in his politeness, and, I verily believe, better informed and more intelligent in regard to the present condition of other nations, in regard to matters of general science, and perhaps, I might say, of general literature, than many who claim to be men of rare intelligence among us.

Before my audience with his majesty was more than half concluded, I ceased to wonder at the display of knowledge which he seemed to possess, and began to experience surprise if the conversation developed any thing new in which he was not partially read. When I withdrew, Prince George crawled out after me, only to renew his upright position when he reached the steps outside of the palatial reception-room. The interview between the king and myself was of the most agreeable and pleasing character throughout, and I have ever since felt that I had passed an hour with one of the most remarkable men, in one of the strangest countries, in the world. The reception given me by the first king was characterized with much more splendor, show and pomp than the one extended by the former, but in no other respect was it essentially different, so far as downright cordiality and kindly feeling and the expression of sentiment were concerned.

At present the Christianization of the people of Siam has hardly commenced, although its civilization and advancement in every other respect have made more than a beginning. Let us trust that both will come in time, and that this heathen nation

may share not only in the substantial gains of an open and extended commerce with more enlightened countries of the globe, but that before long our western civilization, with its arts and sciences, morality and religion, be established there on a permanent and lasting basis for the future.

## PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF COTTON THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

BY HON. FREDERICK A. CONKLING.

IT will readily be conceded that cotton is a necessity of the human family. In cheapness and in adaptability to textile fabrics, no other material has been, and it is not too much to affirm, that none can, be found to take its place. Another point of the highest interest and importance, which the disclosures of the last four years have gone far to determine, is, that in the growth of cotton no portion of the globe can successfully compete with the Southern States. Whether for quantity or quality of yield, the preëminence of our cotton-lands is indisputable. That this fact is destined to exert a potential influence in repairing the ravages of the greatest civil war on record, none can doubt. Especially in the payment of the national debt is the ability of this country to command the cotton market of the world like to prove effective. In 1860, the year next preceding the rebellion, the quantity of cotton exported from the United States, according to the returns of the Treasury Department, amounted to 1,767,686,338 pounds, averaging in value 10.85 cents per pound, which is equal to the sum of \$191,806,555. An export duty upon this quantity of five cents per pound, which the American staple can readily bear, amounts to \$88,384,316—a sum, if steadily applied, adequate to cancel the existing public debt, as officially stated, within the lifetime of the present generation.

During the last three years, the culture of cotton has been extended over a greatly augmented tract of the earth's surface. At the present moment, cotton, in some one of its numerous varieties, is probably more widely cultivated, and more universally used by

man, than any other vegetable substance. It is grown in China, Japan, a part of Australia, Burmah, East India, Persia, Arabia, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, in nearly all the explored parts of Africa, Madagascar, the West Indies, North and South America, between the fortieth degree north and the corresponding parallel

of south latitude, and in most of the islands in the world which lie in the temperate and torrid zones.

The following statistics of the use of cotton throughout the world, showing in detail the population of the various countries, have been kindly furnished by Professor A. J. Schem :

COUNTRY.	COTTON WEARING.		NON COTTON WEARING.	TOTAL POPULATION.
	EXCLUSIVELY.	PARTIALLY.		
Russia America.....	.....	.....	54,400	54,400
British America.....	.....	4,100,913	300,000	44,000,913
*United States.....	.....	31,229,891	200,000	31,429,891
*Mexico.....	2,500,000	5,061,000	100,000	7,661,000
Central America.....	1,500,000	727,000	.....	2,227,000
*South America.....	10,000,000	11,078,743	200,000	21,278,743
Hayti.....	200,000	300,000	.....	500,000
Foreign Possessions.....	1,000,000	1,484,206	.....	2,484,206
Free Indians.....	50,000	150,000	119,000	316,000
Portugal.....	.....	3,923,410	.....	3,923,410
Spain.....	.....	16,560,813	.....	16,560,813
France.....	.....	37,472,732	.....	37,472,732
Austria.....	.....	35,019,058	.....	35,019,058
Prussia.....	.....	18,497,458	.....	18,497,458
German States.....	.....	17,046,137	.....	17,046,137
Italy.....	2,000,000	20,430,000	.....	22,430,000
Switzerland.....	.....	2,400,000	110,494	2,510,494
Holland.....	.....	3,569,456	.....	3,569,456
Belgium.....	.....	4,731,957	.....	4,731,957
Great Britain.....	.....	29,290,000	17,199	29,307,199
Denmark.....	.....	2,677,278	.....	2,677,278
Sweden.....	.....	3,780,000	76,888	3,856,888
Norway.....	.....	1,570,000	47,564	1,617,564
Russia.....	.....	65,569,391	250,000	65,819,491
Turkey.....	2,000,000	14,440,000	.....	16,440,000
Greece.....	300,000	796,810	.....	1,096,810
Ionian Isles.....	46,483	200,000	.....	246,483
Asiatic Russia.....	.....	.....	8,203,000	8,203,000
China.....	350,000,000	65,000,000	.....	415,000,000
East India.....	150,000,000	21,000,000	.....	171,000,000
Farther India.....	22,000,000	3,000,000	.....	25,000,000
Turkey.....	3,000,000	13,050,000	.....	16,050,000
Archipelago.....	26,000,000	3,000,000	1,000,000	30,000,000
Japan.....	25,000,000	10,000,000	.....	35,000,000
Tartary.....	.....	.....	8,000,000	8,000,000
Persia.....	.....	10,000,000	.....	10,000,000
Afghanistan.....	.....	4,000,000	.....	4,000,000
Beloochistan.....	.....	2,000,000	.....	2,000,000
Arabia.....	.....	5,000,000	.....	5,000,000
Africa.....	100,000,000	50,000,000	50,000,000	200,000,000
Australasia and Polynesia.....	.....	1,500,000	1,000,000	2,500,000
Total.....	695,596,483	516,656,253	69,678,545	1,284,931,281

Thus it appears that of the twelve hundred and eighty-five millions of people now in existence, seven hundred millions, in round numbers, are clad exclusively in cotton, while all but seventy millions use it to a greater or less extent. Of those who do not wear clothing of cotton, more than five-sixths, comprising fifty millions in Africa, regard any sort of covering for the body as a superfluity, and accordingly dispense with it altogether; of the remainder,

all but one unimportant fraction are the neighbors of the polar bears or of Arctic ice.

It will be shown that the annual consumption of cotton in East India, exclusive of the native States, is 2,400,000,000 pounds, or 6,000,000 bales of 400 pounds each. The home consumption in China can not be less than twice as great; so that India and China together consume no less than 18,000,000 bales annually. In view of these figures, and of the large extent of

cotton-producing lands elsewhere, it is difficult to estimate the present annual yield of the world at less than 30,000,000 bales. The largest amount ever reached, in any one year, in the United States, is 5,000,000 bales. Hence it would appear that the part so long played by the American staple in the commercial world has been disproportionate to its intrinsic importance. What, then, becomes of the following statement, which occurs in the Report of the Department of Agriculture for the year 1862, page 104? "Much the larger proportion of cotton grown is produced in this country. Seven-eighths of the entire product of the world, it has been estimated, has been reached by our increased production."

While the chief office of cotton is to furnish the clothing of the human race, the article subserves as great a variety of other purposes. The natives of India use cotton fabrics not only for clothing, but for beds, cushions, awnings, draperies, hangings, carpets, screens, curtains, tents, ropes and numerous other articles. Among the most recent and careful estimates of the cotton supply in British India, is that of Dr. Forbes Watson, communicated to the Society of Arts, in March, 1857. He remarks: "There is reason to believe that from time immemorial, the cotton-plant has been grown in all parts of India, and has always afforded suitable clothing for the inhabitants of that country. Not only does it serve for clothing, but it answers all the several purposes for which flax, wool, hemp and hair are employed in this country. It may be, indeed, impossible to state the exact quantity per annum thus consumed: it has been variously estimated at from five to twenty pounds per head for the whole population. If we assume twelve pounds as likely to be near the mark, we shall find that the present population of India, calculated at 180,000,000, requires annually 2,160,000,000 pounds; and if we adopt Dr. Royle's average of a hundred pounds as the yield of native cotton per acre, we shall find that there can not be less than 21,600,000 acres under cotton culture, exclusively of that which supplies the present export of raw cotton. This, on an average of the

last three years, amounted to 272,000,000 pounds, (including the cotton sent to China, and all other places, as well as to Britain,) and this again divided by one hundred, will add about 2,700,000 acres to the former quantity. The total quantity of cotton grown in India, according to the above calculation, will consequently amount to upward of 2,432,000,000 pounds, and demand for its culture certainly not less than 24,000,000 acres." Orme, in his *Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire*, says: "On the coast of Coromandel, and in the province of Bengal, when at some distance from the high-road or a principal town, it is difficult to find a village in which every man, woman and child is not employed in making a piece of cloth. At present much the greatest part of the whole provinces are employed in this single manufacture." Again he observes: "The progress of the cotton manufacture includes no less than a description of the lives of half the inhabitants of Hindostan." Another writer remarks: "The cotton manufacture in India is not carried on in a few large towns, or in one or two districts; it is universal. The growth of cotton is nearly as general as the growth of food; every where the women spend a portion of their time in spinning, and almost every village contains its weavers, and supplies its own inhabitants with the clothing they require." Without multiplying testimony, it may safely be affirmed, that there is more cotton manufactured *by hand* in India than is manufactured by machinery in all the remainder of the world put together.

Since the outbreak of the rebellion, and the cessation, comparatively speaking, of the supply of the American staple, East India has been the largest exporter of cotton. In 1864 she sent to Great Britain alone 1,399,514 bales. The area of land planted last year was greater by fifty per cent. than during the previous year; and although the season, in consequence of the absence of the "later rains," was accounted unfavorable, yet the grand total of the output reached 1,948,900 maunds in 1864, as compared with 1,122,051 maunds in 1863. This great augmentation in the yield is due, in a considerable measure, to the un-

precedented care bestowed upon the crop. Mr. Forbes of Meerat says: "Men, women and children are continually to be seen in the fields, weeding, clearing, loosening the earth about the young plants, and fondly contemplating the crop upon which all their hopes are this year centered." In some districts, especially in the northwest, the excitement regarding cotton amounted almost to a mania, and led the farmers to neglect the cereals to such a degree as at one time to threaten a famine.

Fortunes of fabulous extent have been made by all who have been largely engaged in the cultivation or in the purchase and sale of cotton. Bombay appears to have been the center of this traffic. During the year, sixty millions sterling, in hard cash, have been brought into this port alone, to pay for the staple. No tale in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment* is more wonderful than the transformation that city has undergone. A Parsee merchant, Premchand Roychund, lately an under-clerk at thirty pounds sterling a year, is now said to be worth £2,000,000, or \$10,000,000 in coin. Numerous other instances of rapidly-acquired fortunes have occurred. Even the ryots, the poorest and most despised of all the agricultural laborers of Hindostan, have shared liberally in this auriferous harvest. After surrounding themselves with luxuries of which before they had scarcely dreamed, many of them are still at a loss what to do with their riches. Some bind their cart-wheels with silver tires; and one ambitious farmer went so far, in a recent procession, as to provide his followers each with an enormous bag of rupees, which they bore in his wake, suspended from stout poles. But even these displays of barbaric ostentation would seem to indicate progress. From the dawn of history the current of the precious metals has flowed unceasingly to India, which has proved to be the Dead Sea of the treasures of the world. It is known that for a hundred generations the common people have buried their gold and silver, and that in this way most of it has been irretrievably lost.

To us who, just now, feel so sensibly the evils of an inflated paper currency, it ap-

pears curious that in Bombay, where paper, as a circulating medium, is unknown, an analogous condition of things should exist. Between a plethora of coin and a diminished production of grain, rice and other edibles, the necessaries of life have risen enormously in price, houses and lodgings keeping pace with the advance. Persons of fixed income find it impossible any longer to live in the city. Englishmen are constantly separating themselves from their wives and families, because they are unable to maintain them in Bombay. There are actually subalterns and even captains in her majesty's army, who can not afford to have butchers' meat on their tables more than once a week. Accordingly a general increase in the salaries of all persons, in both the civil and military service, is loudly demanded.

The notion has long prevailed that, in the manipulation and weaving of cotton, the Hindoos excel the Western nations. We are told that the use of the finger and thumb of the Indian spinner, carefully and patiently applied to the formation of the thread, and the moisture at the same time communicated to it, are found to have the effect of incorporating the fibers of the cotton more perfectly than can be accomplished by our most improved machines. Who has not read of the gossamer tissues made at Seconge, in the province of Malwa, which are so fine, that when a man puts them on, his skin shall appear as plainly as if he was quite naked, and all of which are appropriated by the Great Mogul and the principal lords of his court, for the garments of the sultanas and noblemen's wives; or of the robes worn by Hindoo ladies, so delicate in texture, that they may be drawn through an ordinary finger-ring; or of the muslins of Decca, denominated in Oriental hyperbole, "breezes of heaven," "webs of woven wind," and the like, which, when laid upon the grass, and the dew has fallen upon them, are no longer discernible? Finally, one traveler, less imaginative, perhaps, than the rest, tells us of a piece of cambric woven of thread so attenuated that twenty-nine yards of it weighed only a single grain, making two hundred and three thousand yards to a

pound avoirdupois; that is, one hundred and fifteen miles two furlongs and sixty yards. Now, it so happens that we have it in our power to meet this statement on its own ground, and to demonstrate, incontrovertibly, the superiority of the civilized man over the Hindoo. When the society of church-wardens of Nancy desired to present an embroidered robe to the Empress Eugenie, they procured it to be made at Tarare, the threads being number four hundred and eighty, and the amount of raw cotton used for it being half a kilogramme, or one and one-tenth pounds. If, says M. Andigaune, the threads used for this robe, and coming from so small an amount of material, had been extended in a line, it would have reached four hundred and eighty kilometres, or one hundred and twenty leagues. Thus it will be seen that, if from a pound of material the Hindoo is able to produce a thread one hundred and fifteen miles long, the Frenchman, with his machine, can, from the same quantity, produce one two hundred and sixty-five miles in length.

But whatever may be said of the skill of the Indian spinner and weaver, we know that the Sarat cotton of commerce is shorter in fiber, and that, for the most part, it comes to market in a worse condition than any other—a result which might reasonably be expected, from the fact that the appliances used for cleaning it are essentially the same as those employed for centuries before the Christian era. According to *Knight's English Cyclopaedia*, "at a time when the price of this description of cotton ranged in the Liverpool market from three and a half to four and a quarter pence per pound, that of the United States 'uplands,' of corresponding grades, ranged from four and three-quarters to seven and a quarter pence. The reason for this difference," the writer observes, "was, that the East India article was so dirty, that sixteen ounces of fiber would only yield twelve ounces of yarn; whereas, an equal weight of 'upland' would yield thirteen and a half ounces of yarn."

Mr. Henry Ashworth, the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, at the annual meeting held in January last, re-

marked, in reference to the falling off of the cotton importation, "that the employment had increased in a greater ratio, by reason of the inferiority of the staple, which was principally from India, and has required a much larger number of hands to manipulate a smaller quantity of cotton. Hence, the fifty per cent. of cotton consumed had employed between sixty and seventy per cent. of the hands; and if we were to receive another fifty per cent. of cotton, it must be obvious that there were only thirty to forty per cent. of hands to work it." Mr. Maurice Williams, of Liverpool, remarks, that the present supply in the United Kingdom will lose at least ten per cent. in the process of manufacture, more than in the years when the bulk of the stock came from the United States. Within the last year, most of the machinery in the cotton-mills in England has been altered, in order to adapt it to working the shorter staple cotton of the East. Still, a considerable admixture of cotton of longer fiber, such as is obtained from this country, Egypt and Brazil, is essential, in order to impart to the yarn the requisite degree of strength. So far as the condition of the Surat cotton is concerned, an essential improvement may reasonably be looked for. Mr. Martin, speaking of the influence of the land tenure in India upon the cultivation of cotton, observes: "The minute subdivision of landed property has, no doubt, the effect of preventing the accumulation of capital, and thereby the means of purchasing cotton-cleaning and pressing instruments; but private companies are springing up all over the country, and providing the necessary apparatus to the trading classes."

In the absence of accurate information respecting the internal condition of China, all estimates of her production and consumption of cotton must be, in a great measure, conjectural. Nienhoff, who visited that empire in 1655, says that cotton was then cultivated in great abundance, the seed having been introduced about five hundred years before. Other writers affirm that the introduction of the plant into China was cotemporaneous with the conquest of the country by the Mogul Tartars, which took

place in the year 1280. All travelers concur in the statement that nearly the entire population is clothed in cotton. Mr. Cooke, who, in the year 1857, was sent by the *London Times* as a correspondent to China, and whose letters, which have been published in a volume, abound in commercial statistics, says: "Every morning, throughout the Chinese empire, there are three hundred millions of blue cotton breeches drawn over human legs. Men, women, and children alike wear them. My coolie says that his breeches cost him two hundred cash, (equal to twenty-five cents in coin,) but that he is obliged to have a thick quilted pair in winter, which cost him one thousand cash." One of the early Jesuit missionaries who visited China, says: "We did not meet with a single flock of sheep on our land journey."

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, the Chinese began to import cotton-wool from India and the Burmese territories. A famine which occurred about that time induced the government to direct, by an imperial edict, that a larger proportion of land should be devoted to the cultivation of grain. The importation of raw cotton from India has continued ever since, and of late years has amounted to about one half of her entire export. This relation is now changed. China has become an exporter of cotton, and as such holds the second rank, coming next to India. The returns contained in the *Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom*, published officially in 1864, show that between 1856 and 1862, a period of six years, the quantity of raw cotton imported into Great Britain from China, amounted to 8960 pounds, which is an average of only four bales per annum. Last year the importation reached 399,074 bales, besides which large quantities of the article were sent to France and to the United States.

After China, in the scale of cotton-exporting nations, comes Egypt. Prior to the year 1863, her shipments of the staple to Great Britain were so limited in amount as not to be thought worthy of a separate mention in the official returns. Yet, in 1864, the amount received into the United Kingdom from Egypt amounted to no less

than 247,102 bales. Although there is sufficient reason to believe that the culture of cotton in Egypt, and its manufacture into cloth, are of high antiquity, being, indeed, coeval with the use of the commodity by the ancient Hindoos, it is not a little remarkable that prior to the year 1821, the crop had been almost wholly abandoned. In that year M. Jumel, a Frenchman, laid before the viceroy all the advantages which would arise from its production; and from that date to its cultivation, under the encouragement of the government, it has become one of the principal branches of agriculture. Here, as elsewhere, the new stimulant of high prices has had its full effect in augmenting the breadth of land planted. What is perhaps quite as important in its bearing upon the future, is that, owing to the judicious exertions of the viceroy, the farmers, unlike those of India, have been induced to invest a large share of their surplus profits in steam plows, gins, and other labor-saving implements. Since Nubar Pasha has been appointed Minister of Public Works and Commerce, he has had the railway under his control, and goods are now forwarded with rapidity, so much so indeed, that the merchants complain that too much cotton is accumulating at Alexandria. It is stated that the arrivals from the interior at that port amounted in one week to 30,300 bales. In the first two weeks of this year, the receipts of Egyptian cotton into England amounted to 21,000 bales, against 16,250 bales for the whole of January, 1864; and a fleet of over fifty steamers, engaged in carrying cotton from Alexandria, is likely to have full employment for the greater part of the year.

Fourth in national rank, as regards the export of cotton-wool, comes Brazil, which for many years prior to the year 1862 has sent a larger quantity of the staple to the United Kingdom than any other country, with the exception of the United States and of East India. For some reason the increase in the import from Brazil, during the last three years, has not kept pace with the shipments from the Eastern countries.

Previous to the year 1861, when the slaveholders' rebellion assumed the form of open

war upon the Government, the United States had annually furnished the countries of Western Europe with six-sevenths of all the cotton they consumed. From that period we have been steadily but rapidly sinking in importance, until the year 1864 found us fifth in rank as regards the exportation of cotton.

The rise and progress of the cotton culture in this country, is the most wonderful in the history of agriculture, ancient or modern. The earliest record of sending cotton from this country to Europe is in the table of exports from Charleston in 1747-8, when seven bags were shipped. In 1764, William Rathbone, an extensive American merchant in Liverpool, received from one of his correspondents in the Southern States, a consignment of eight bales of cotton. This lot on its arrival was seized by the custom-house officers, on the allegation that the article could not have been grown in the United States, and that it was liable to seizure under the shipping act, as not being imported in a vessel belonging to the country of its growth. When afterward released, it lay for many months unsold, in consequence of the spinners doubting whether it could be profitably worked up. In 1792 the quantity of raw cotton exported from the United States was 138,328 pounds, no manufacture of cotton goods having been attempted in America for many years after that date.

Such was the state of the cotton culture in the United States, when in 1793, Eli Whitney, a native of Massachusetts, who, after completing the study of the law at New Haven, had emigrated to Georgia to practice his profession, invented the cotton-gin, a machine for separating the seed from the fiber. This invention of a Northern man conferred an almost incalculable benefit upon the planters of the South. A process which before had been performed at an immense sacrifice of time and labor was now effected almost instantaneously. In the year 1800 the export of cotton from the United States reached 17,789,803 pounds, and in 1860, as has already been stated, it rose to the enormous sum of 1,767,686,338 pounds, valued at \$191,806,555. The whole production of the year last

named, including of course the home consumption as well as the quantity exported, amounted, according to the United States census returns, to 5,196,044 bales, which, reduced to pounds, makes the yield 2,078,777,600 pounds.

In the absence of trustworthy data, the estimates of the quantity of cotton now remaining in the Southern States have ranged from one million as high as six million bales. The facts which are known seem to favor the supposition that the stock on hand is not much short of four million bales, or, in other words, that the yield of the year 1861 remains substantially intact.

It will be remembered that the rebellion culminated in the attack on Fort Sumter, on April 12th, 1861. In all the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and also in the greater part of South Carolina and Arkansas, the crop is planted by that date. The year 1861 was, in the main, a favorable one for the growth of the cotton-plant. There was no serious disturbance of the social and industrial systems in the States referred to until after the crop of that season had been secured. Hence there would seem to be no reason why the product should not have been as great as it was in the previous year, when the marketable crop—not the entire yield—is reported to have reached 3,656,086 bales. On the contrary, it is safe to assume that the picking and preparation of the crop for market in that year were more thorough than ever before.

It is known that the deportation of the slaves in the border States to the far South was extensively carried on during the year 1861. Large numbers of the negroes were removed to Texas, where the masters not only felt secure at once against military interference and the escape of their slaves, but where the abundance of subsistence, comprising wheat, corn and cattle, insured their maintenance at a comparatively low cost. The migration of the masters with their slaves, from the States further north, to the cotton-growing region, has gone on ever since; so that, at the present time, only a small remnant of the slave population is left in the border States. This concentration of agricultural laborers, within

the area peculiarly suited to the production of both cotton and Indian corn, which crops admit of simultaneous cultivation, without interference one with the other, has unquestionably had the effect to secure a large continuous supply of the former. In this way it is believed that a quantity has been annually grown, equal to the home consumption of the South, and to the exportation to the North and to Europe, *via* Nassau, Bermuda and Havana. It is true that attempts have from time to time been made in several of the States, by means of legislative enactments, to confine the culture of cotton to certain narrow limits; but it may well be doubted whether these laws have been heeded by any considerable number of the planters. So too as respects the orders promulgated on various occasions by military commanders, for burning the cotton exposed to capture by our armies. It is perhaps equally dubious whether they have had any appreciable effect upon the stock remaining in the country.

The capacity to produce cotton of that portion of the Southern States which, to this day, has remained almost untouched by the national forces, is vastly beyond the largest yield, in any one year, of the entire country. Included in this district is the southern half of Georgia, Florida, the southern half of Alabama and Mississippi, the most fertile section of Arkansas, the greater part of Louisiana, and the whole of Texas. "The most successful cultivation of cotton in the United States," says the *Cyclopedia of Commerce*, page 438, "is in the lower parts of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. In these regions there is comparatively little frost, and the winter is always mild, with considerable heat in summer; but this is tempered, to a great extent, by the pleasant and salutary effects of the sea-breeze, which sets in from the Gulf or the Atlantic, for a great part of the day. There are heavy dews at night, and frequent showers occur in the spring as well as in the summer." The article in question proceeds to show that the peculiar combination of heat and moisture which characterizes this region, taken in conjunction with the effects of the sea-breeze, constitutes the most favor-

able climate, for the production of cotton, to be found in any portion of the earth.

In estimating the productive capacity of Texas, it is to be borne in mind that its area comprises 237,321 square miles, which is ten times the size of South Carolina, and five times that of Mississippi. In 1860, according to the census returns, the yield of ginned cotton, in the State of Mississippi, was 1,195,699 bales. The same ratio of productiveness applied to Texas gives a total for that State alone greater than the yield of the whole United States in the largest year on record. In 1850, the greatest average product of cotton per acre, in all the States, was officially ascertained to be in Texas. The limited extent to which her resources had been developed, prior to the outbreak of the rebellion, is forcibly illustrated by the fact that the product of cotton, in 1850, amounted to only 58,072 bales, and in 1860 to 405,100 bales. The following statement is taken from the article on cotton in the *Cyclopedia of Commerce*, which has been already quoted: "In the southern parts of Texas, where the climate is very congenial, the plant does not require to be renewed more frequently than once in three or four years, to yield a crop superior in quantity and quality to the annual production of Louisiana. Cotton planting, in that part of Texas, commences in February, and picking begins at an earlier, and continues for a longer, period, than in the other States; the average return, also, to the acre, is considerably greater in Texas than in the other States, and the expense of cultivation considerably less, in consequence not only of the great richness of the soil, but also of the peculiar mildness of the climate. The cotton, moreover, is of a superior quality, and planters of acknowledged veracity state that it is not uncommon to pick four thousand pounds of seed-cotton from one acre."

Mr. Featherstenhaugh, a traveler of large experience and rare powers of observation, after crossing into Northern Texas in about latitude thirty-three degrees forty minutes, observed that he had never seen the cotton-plant grow in greater perfection before; for, in the cotton districts he



had passed through, the plant was a low, dwarfy bush, not exceeding two feet in height, but here the plants were five feet high, often bearing three hundred bolls, and yielding from one thousand five hundred to two thousand pounds of seed-cotton to the acre.

Perhaps in no other section of the South, since the commencement of the war, has the cotton market proved so constantly remunerative to the planter as in the State of Texas. Her ports have continued to be accessible for commerce after all others had been closed by our cruisers. Even now she has egress to the Gulf of Mexico, through the Franco-Mexican town of Matamoras; and it is notorious that she has availed herself of it to the utmost possible extent. A vast system of land transportation, by means of wagon-trains, rendered feasible by the presence of a surplus slave population, has been organized, extending into Louisiana and Arkansas. These trains, many of them miles in extent, have conveyed large stores of cotton to Brownsville and Matamoras, and have taken back warlike munitions and manufactured goods from Europe in return. The trade has proved highly lucrative, affording, as it does, a double profit; and has employed a heavy amount of tonnage—not less than a hundred sail of vessels frequently lying at one time in the Rio Grande. With such powers of production, and such facilities for reaching a market, there is little room to doubt that the stimulus of enormous prices has led to a greatly extended development of the cotton-lands of Texas. On the 11th of February last the stock of American cotton in Liverpool amounted to 39,870 bales. On the 3d instant, three weeks later, it reached 58,000 bales. What proportion of this increase was made up by shipments from Matamoras must be left to conjecture.

Whether, as seems to be taken for granted by those immediately concerned in it, this traffic is to go on indefinitely, or whether the attempt is to be made to break it up, which involves a campaign on a grand scale in the Trans-Mississippi region, time must determine. With this source of supply dried up, it is difficult to imagine where

the 200,000 bales of American cotton which figure in the estimate of receipts into the United Kingdom for the year 1865 are to come from.

Since the commencement of the war the area of the cotton-culture has likewise been extended far northward, so as to include no inconsiderable portion of the territory of the Free States. Unfortunately, so far at least as official sources of information are concerned, we are left in almost total ignorance of the results. Large appropriations of money have been made by Congress, to be expended by the Department of Agriculture, for the procurement and distribution of seed, and in the employment of traveling and other agents; and earnest efforts generally have been made by the Government at Washington to foster the planting of cotton in the middle latitudes of the country. In the Report of the Department of Agriculture for the year 1862, a brief space is taken up by a disjointed and superficial discussion of the subject; but in that of the following year, we look in vain for light—a fact which furnishes a significant commentary upon the administration, or, more properly speaking, upon the mal-administration of the department.

Anterior to the war of the revolution, cotton was regularly planted for domestic purposes on the eastern shore of Maryland, and in the southern part of Delaware. Thirty years ago, it was profitably grown in the Wabash valley, and throughout Southern Indiana and Illinois. But with the opening of the cotton-lands of Arkansas and Texas, the conviction became general that the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude—the line which divides South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi from North Carolina and Tennessee—constituted the limit of profitable culture.

Accordingly, the production north of the line referred to gradually fell off, until, by the year 1861, it had dwindled into comparative insignificance. But when the price rose above fifty cents per pound, and continued to advance, until finally, on the 24th August, 1864, it reached one dollar and ninety cents per pound for the grade known as "middling," a suffi-

cient inducement was found to encounter the hazards and accept the more limited and precarious returns of a higher latitude. Hence, the crop has been cultivated during the last two or three years, not only in Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, but likewise in Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Delaware, and even in the southern part of New Jersey. From the Report of the Department of Agriculture for 1862, it appears that the following was the result up to that time at the northern limit of the new field of production. In Kansas and Southern Illinois the experiments were attended with a degree of success commensurate to the skill of the farmer. With a proper selection and preparation of the ground, followed by intelligent and industrious cultivation, the success achieved was gratifying—giving the assurance that cotton-growing is the most lucrative business in which the agriculturist can at present engage. At a public meeting held in Lyons county, in Kansas, for the purpose of promoting the cultivation of cotton, it was stated that fifteen hundred pounds of unginned cotton could easily be grown to the acre, and instances were named in which even a higher rate of yield had been obtained. At Cresco, Anderson county, a product of three hundred pounds of clear cotton was secured at an average outlay of twenty-five dollars. From Champaign county, in Illinois, through which the fortieth parallel of latitude runs, it was ascertained that up to October 20th—the date of the first frost—no bolls were open, and yet a sufficient quantity came out after frost to pay the expenses of cultivation. In Clay county, Indiana, the plants did not mature in consequence of a wet season. A manufacturer at Wilmington, Delaware, with some seed from Southern Virginia, started his plants in a hot-bed, and set them out about the middle of May, in a poor clay loam. They grew to the height of five feet, producing good strong fiber—“quite as good cotton,” he says, “as the manufacturers in these parts commonly use.” No data have been furnished for computing the aggregate of cotton raised in the section under consideration; but it may be assumed that the yield has at least sup-

plied the home consumption of that portion of the new field of cultivation which lies westward of the Alleghany mountains.

The question of the future price of cotton, as has been already shown, directly concerns the whole family of man. In our own country, its recent enhancement in value has fallen with aggravated severity upon the industrial and poorer classes. So far as the interests of humanity are concerned, there can be no doubt that, in the main, they will be promoted by the reduction of the cost of the staple to something like its normal standard.

The trite commercial maxim, that the price of an article is determined by the relation of the supply and demand, would seem to be eminently applicable to the subject matter under consideration. What, then, is the supply on hand, and what contributions are likely to be made to it in the future? The occasion does not admit of extending the investigation of this subject beyond Great Britain, which, as representing more than one-half of the consumption of cotton of Christendom, may properly be taken as the type of the whole. First, then, of the stock on hand at Liverpool:

	1865.	1864.	1863.
Week ending			
Feb. 11th,	526,660 bales.	234,860	394,370

The increase of the stock in port, during the last three months, has been rapid and progressive. On December 2d, 1864, it amounted to 383,800 bales, and on the 3d instant it reached 589,000 bales, being an excess of 350,000 bales over the quantity on hand at the corresponding period of last year, at which time the stock, small as it was, was still decreasing. The stock remaining at this port on February 11th, 1865, was greater than at any period since February, 1861, when the price of American “middling” was seven and three-eighths pence per pound, against twenty-two and a half pence this year.

Second, of the future additions to the stock:

Months elapsed after the fall of Fort Sumter before even the people of this country could be made to realize that the differences between the North and the South were irreconcilable, and consequently could

only be referred to the arbitrament of the sword. In England, the notion was for a long time widely prevalent that there would be an amicable dissolution of the Union. Even the galling disaster at Bull Run failed to awaken other people from this delusion. As soon, however, as the conviction was brought home to the ruling classes that a great war was inevitable, and, as one of its consequences, that the supply of cotton from this country was certain to be greatly curtailed, if it was not entirely cut off, with characteristic promptness and energy they set about making preparations to meet the crisis. Statesmen, ambassadors, consuls, merchants and manufacturers vied with each other in their efforts to this end. Nothing that individual or associated endeavor, backed by unlimited pecuniary resources, could accomplish, was left undone. Some conception of the magnitude of the work undertaken may be formed from the following minutes of the executive committee of the Cotton Supply Association, at their meeting held in January last:

“At the meeting of the executive committee, held on the 3d, a letter was read from Tortola, West Indies, containing grateful acknowledgments for the aid rendered by the Association to the cultivation of cotton in that island, and stating that the writer, who has already shipped 3500 pounds of cotton, expects this year to be able to ship 15,000 pounds. A letter from the Kingston Cotton Company, which was established in May, 1863, for the purpose of testing the cultivation of cotton in Jamaica, and to provide employment for the boys and girls attached to the reformatories at Kingston, states that there have been seasonable rains which have made the Sea Island cotton look very promising, and that handsome returns are anticipated, if not again blighted. In some parts of the island the long drouth has been very injurious to most kinds of Jamaica products. The report states that Cuban or vine-seed cotton has begun to give a second crop, and that five bales are ready for shipment. The second crop from this seed, however, does not seem so good as the first; the bolls are smaller, and the cotton of an inferior kind. It has therefore been resolved to clear away the first-year plants

from some of the fields, and to sow fresh seed, with a view to determine whether the vine-cotton will ratoon, or whether it will be more profitable to plant fresh seed for each succeeding crop. A letter forwarded by the Bombay Government was received from the commissioner in Scinde, detailing the results of an experiment made with Peruvian cotton in the different collectorates of that province. It is stated that the experiment was made in so unsystematic a manner that it is impossible to arrive at any decision as regards its failure or success. In one case in Kurrachee, the produce, though small, was pronounced by the Chamber of Commerce to be superior to Candahar cotton, which is the best that comes into that market. Experiments were made also at Hyderabad, Halla, Mahomed, Khan's Tanda, and Shikarpoor. The results, though as yet unsatisfactory, indicate the adaptability of the Scinde climate and soil to the Peruvian cotton; but a more decisive opinion will be formed from the crops of the present year. A letter was read from the vice-president of the Anatolian Cotton Commission, Smyrna, stating that the commutation of tithe on cotton is working fairly in those parts, and that the Government has redeemed its pledge. The crop is turning out better than was expected, except in the northern districts. A report on the cultivation of cotton in Greece, forwarded by the Foreign Office, was received from her Majesty's minister at Athens, which states that the cotton crop this year is expected to yield about 10,500,000 pounds. The price of labor has increased, but there is every probability that cotton cultivation on a considerable scale will eventually be established on a solid and durable footing in Greece. Consular reports were received from the Foreign Office on the cultivation of cotton in Panama, Maracaibo, Madagascar, Reunion, Galatz, Brussa, Smyrna, Jaffa, Trebizond, and Manilla. The area planted with cotton in the State of Panama has increased from one hundred and thirty-seven acres in 1863 to five hundred and fifty acres in 1864, and the produce which in the former year was 45,000 pounds, is expected to be in the latter 500,000 pounds, and still further prog-

ress is anticipated this year. In the State of Zulia, (province of Maracaibo,) Venezuela, two thousand four hundred acres have been planted with cotton this year, and the produce, which was 7000 pounds in 1863, is estimated to be this year about 13,400 pounds. The probabilities of an increased production can not, in the least, be doubted; and if pecuniary assistance could be obtained, immense tracts of land would be brought under immediate cultivation. The cotton grown in this State from exotic seed obtained a high price in the Liverpool market. In Madagascar the quantity of cotton at present grown is very small, of the short staple, somewhat resembling that of the West Indies; but the production might be greatly increased by the introduction of foreign seed, and by care being bestowed on its cultivation. The present defective system of local administration is a serious hindrance, the produce being at the mercy of the village chiefs. About two thousand acres are believed to have been planted with cotton. Reunion has, at times, produced samples of cotton of finer quality, perhaps, than any place in the world, and of a class highly appreciated in France; but, though a considerable extent of land was planted in 1863, the yield was so bad and so small as to make it unworthy of notice, and little or no progress has since been made. Her Majesty's Consul at Galatz reports that in his district but little seed has been sown, and owing to the weather being unusually wet, the plants were either neglected or abandoned altogether. The recent emancipation of the peasants had made the landlords entirely dependent on paid labor, and but little disposed to turn their attention to cotton; and for some years but little will be done in this direction. Her Majesty's Consul at Brussa states that much of the cotton planted did not come forward, from cold and rainy weather in May; but what was re-sown gave good promise, and was partly in course of being gathered when, in October, an unparalleled inundation occurred. Though hopes were entertained of copious crops from New Orleans and Egyptian seed, a return of cold weather makes

it doubtful whether there will be any gathering; and accounts from other parts of the district of Hodovendakian are of similar import. In the consular report, dated Smyrna, November 30th, it is stated that the quantity realized is as yet unknown, although it must be far below the anticipated amount, owing to the late continual rains. A larger extent of land will be prepared for cotton this year than last, as the result is far more profitable to the cultivators than any other agricultural produce, and the farmers have found out the localities favorable to the growth of cotton, and can guard against future disappointments. Gins and presses are at work in the interior at Minimen, Magnesia, Aidin and Baidir. The cotton exported from the port of Smyrna during 1863 was in value £1,674,536. From Jaffa some fine pods of cotton were received, grown there from American seed, by her Majesty's Consul, and which present a striking contrast to the bolls from indigenous seed. The example exhibited in the consular ground has had the effect of proving to the cultivators of the district the great advantage of growing this description of cotton. A gin was placed at the disposal of the Consul to encourage his further efforts. Her Majesty's Consul at Trebizond reports that Persia will send to that place, in the course of the winter, forty thousand bales of cotton, equal to four thousand tons; and that Georgia will likewise export twenty thousand bales, equal to about one thousand five hundred tons. The consular report from Manilla states that cotton is but little cultivated in the Philippine Islands, tobacco having the preference; the Spanish Government possessing a monopoly, and being determined to promote its growth in the different provinces."

As the result of these combined labors, and with the all-powerful stimulant of high prices superadded, a large increase of production, every where except in the United States, may be anticipated. The following estimate of the receipts into the United Kingdom, during the current year, appears to have met with general acceptance in the best informed circles:

	Actual import in 1864.	Estimated import in 1865.
India . . . . .	1,399,514 bales.	1,500,000 bales.
China, . . . . .	399,074 "	600,000 "
Egypt, . . . . .	257,102 "	357,000 "
Brazil, . . . . .	212,192 "	250,000 "
America, . . . . .	197,776 "	200,000 "
West Indies, etc.	59,645 "	100,000 "
Smyrna and Mediterranean Ports, }	62,053 "	93,000 "
Total, . . . . .	2,587,356 "	3,100,000 "

Last year the importation of cotton into Great Britain (see Annual Trade Report on Cotton, dated Liverpool, December 31st, 1864) was equal to 901,850,000 pounds weight, against 682,810,000 in 1863; 535,001,500 in 1862; 1,260,325,900 in 1861; 1,417,374,800 in 1860; 1,191,055,300 in 1859; 1,018,130,000 in 1858; and 974,287,900 in 1857. The quantity imported in 1864 was equal to the average amount consumed in 1857, 1858, and 1859, when the prices of American cotton were only seven to seven and a half pence per pound, while now they are eighteen and three quarters to twenty-one pence per pound. The prospective supply for 1865, after deducting 800,000 bales for export, is equal in weight to 1,010,000,000 pounds, while the consumption in 1860, before the great falling off in the export from this country, was 1,083,600,000 pounds in weight. It is conceded on all hands that, previous to the war, the markets of the world had been overstocked, and that the cotton-spinners of England had over-manufactured themselves. All authorities agree that if the then rate of production had been continued much longer, a panic of the most disastrous kind must have been the inevitable result. This accounts for the difference, so long continued, between the price of the staple in the manufactured and unmanufactured state. The same condition of things, it will be recollected, existed here. As late as the close of the year 1861, and after the price of the staple had begun to advance, the quotations for many descriptions of cotton fabrics were lower than they had been for a long time previous. The increase during the year referred to in the price of the raw material was, however, inconsiderable; the average cost of the staple, according to the returns of the Treasury Department,

being 11.07 cents per pound against 10.85 cents in 1860, and 23.30 cents in 1862.

The overthrow of the rebellion and restoration of the national authority, by at once liberating the cotton held in the Southern States, and throwing it upon an already glutted market, must in its immediate result work a great reduction in the price of the staple. Opinions differ as to the extent of the consequent depression, but intelligent men every where recognize the bearing of these events upon the market of the world. "The question," says Mr. Williams of Liverpool, "which appears most likely to influence the immediate future of cotton is: How long will this American war last?" Mr. W. C. Plowden, Secretary to the Board of Revenue, to the government of the northwest provinces, writing from India under date of 24th October last, says the rumors of peace in America had disturbed prices throughout the country. Mr. Hume, the collector of Ftawah, in his circular addressed to the cotton-growers of India, holds substantially the same language. The *European Times*, in an article on "Cotton and its Prospects," remarks: "The ultimate solution of the question (of price) must depend in a great measure upon the course of events on the other side of the Atlantic, and for these events we must patiently wait."

The more permanent consequences of peace have likewise been made the subject of much speculation. Mr. Hume, in discussing the question, "How far the East India Cotton Trade is likely to be affected by the reestablishment of peace in America?" says in reference to this country: "The conditions of their labor market, their internal economy and political relations, have so vastly changed that even if peace were made to-morrow, they would never, I believe, regain that supremacy in the English cotton market that they once enjoyed. Their prices would be higher and their exports smaller." The *Friend of India* in December last used the following language: "That the Southern States of America will ever be able to produce as much cotton as heretofore, even were peace concluded immediately, is fairly open to ques-

tion. The slave population has been much disturbed, and it is possible that the South will in the present crisis destroy the Northern pretense for the war by itself abolishing slavery, and thus taking from the North that powerful support in England which their supposed anti-slavery crusade has brought them. If the South had done this long ago, it would have been better for them, and probably their labor market would have been but little thinned, though doubtless it would have affected it in the future. On the other hand, they could easily have obtained abundance of free labor."

The views thus expressed, which may be regarded as embracing the conclusions of the great majority in Europe, are worthy of serious consideration. Should the war terminate at once, the necessity would arise for reorganizing the industry of the South. The enslavement of the negro must cease with the return of peace. The transition from slavery to freedom, it is to be hoped, will develop new power in the colored man; but time will be needed to adapt him to his new condition. Besides we can not shut our eyes to the fact that there has been a great reduction of numbers in the colored population of the South. Nor can we doubt, with the recently inaugurated policy of recruiting the wasted ranks of the rebellion from the negroes, that the process will go even more rapidly in the future. Indeed it would seem that if the war is to be protracted, one of its consequences must be the extinction of the colored race within the Southern States.

How, then, is the industry of the South to be built up? I answer by immigration. No sooner will the national flag be unfurled in the South, than the millions of both the North and of Europe, who have shunned her slave-trodden fields, like the shade of the Bohan Upas, will rush to occupy her deserted lands, and to develop her resources, as they never were developed before. Even the blasted wastes of slavery, revived by the touch of Liberty, will again be made to blossom as the rose. The first year of peace, in all human probability, will witness the accession of a million of freemen to the population of the South, bring-

ing with them, at once, the economies and the improved processes of intelligent labor. Before two years shall have elapsed, it is safe to predict that America will resume her former supremacy in the cotton market of the world, never more to be deprived of it.

Even should peace be deferred, it is certain that, between the extension of the area of cultivation in that portion of the Southern States which, of late, has been wrested from the rebellion, or to which repose has been given by the progress of our arms, the operations of legalized trade with the rebels, and the captures made by our victorious legions, an increased quantity of the staple, estimated by some at one million bales, will this year be brought into market.

The demand for the staple remains to be considered.

It is a maxim of universal application, that the increase of the cost of an article tends to diminish its consumption. Besides, the enforced economy incident to an exorbitant price, various causes have conspired to abridge the demand for raw cotton. Owing to the dearness of textile fabrics, composed exclusively of that material, those made of wool, or of wool and cotton combined, have to a large extent, especially in the colder latitudes, taken the place of the former, for the purpose of clothing. It is, perhaps, likewise worthy of remark, that the practice which formerly prevailed to so great an extent of clandestinely mixing cotton with silk, wool or linen, in the fabrication of various descriptions of goods, has been almost wholly abandoned. In numerous branches of manufacture, which formerly consumed large quantities of the staple, other fibers have supplanted it. Conspicuous among the branches referred to are those of sail-cloth, cordage and carpeting, in all of which hemp and flax have, in a great measure, been substituted for cotton. Altogether, it is safe to affirm that the demand for the staple, since 1860, has fallen off considerably, and that the tendency at the present moment is to a still further diminution. It follows that if the United Kingdom was able, in the year referred to, to consume 1,083,-

000,000 pounds of raw cotton, 1,010,000,000 pounds, the computed supply of 1865, will be in excess of her wants.

Thus, it would seem that between the greatly augmented supply of cotton, and the diminished demand for its use, nothing can long delay a great reduction in its market value; while it is quite probable that an early restoration of peace will, temporarily, carry the price to a lower point than it has ever yet reached. The same grade of the staple which, in August last, brought one dollar and ninety cents per pound, is quoted in the newspapers of this morning at sixty-six cents per pound, showing an average monthly decline of eighteen cents. A continuance of the same ratio of depreciation for a few months longer will bring fabrics of cotton once more within the reach of all of us.

Did time and the reasonable limits of such a paper permit, some of the topics which have been referred to might have been discussed at more length; but enough has been said to show that the subject is

of the greatest interest and importance to Americans. The silken wool of the fertile South is only one of our numerous great staples. First among equals. It moves in harmony with all our commercial and agricultural resources. While the assertion that Cotton is King, in the arrogant sense of the Southern planter, has been proved to be false, by the terrible logic of the last four years, still it must be admitted that, viewed in the light of its influence in the councils of nations, in the marts of commerce, and among the comforts and luxuries of domestic life, cotton has a power and a dominion which belong to no other product of the field. Like our popular sovereignty, it wears no crown and has none of the ostentation and exclusiveness which hedge a king, yet its sway is growing only the more resistless, as it has been rescued to freedom and as its influence is spread over the whole surface of society and is felt in the business and bosoms of the universal people of the world.

### TIME—A VISION.

UPON a cliff that frowned above the sea  
 I saw a white-haired man. His form was bowed,  
 As by the weight of years; but in his eye  
 Glowed the pure fire of an immortal youth.  
 His thin and tremulous hand upheld a glass  
 Filled with bright sands of gold, and as he bent  
 Above the tide that ever surged below,  
 He let the glittering contents of his glass  
 Fall, one by one, into the mystic depths  
 Of that unfathomed sea. So far removed  
 The gulf wherein they fell, no echo came  
 Back to the listening ear. Once sunken there,  
 Those shining particles of rarest worth  
 Were lost for evermore.

The while I watched  
 This silent toiler at his silent task,  
 A rosy boy came bounding to the spot:  
 He paused awhile to note, with pleased surprise,  
 The ancient man; and then his tuneful voice  
 Rang out the music of his merry thoughts.  
 "Ho! father, ho! that's pleasant work of thine;  
 I'd like right well to let those treasures fall.  
 How bright they sparkle ere they sink from sight!

One, two, three, four. But, ah! they go too slow.  
Lend me the glass; I'll shake its glittering sands,  
And then you'll see a dazzling shower of gold  
Go merrily dancing down."

No answer came  
To this sweet, childish plea. The aged man  
Paused not, nor turned an instant from his work,  
But, like a faithful steward, who must keep  
Exact account of what he meteth out,  
His cautious hand to its appointed task  
Kept steadiest movement still.

Now, like the dawn  
That breaks in summer skies—so fair, so fresh,  
So rosy sweet—came forth a youthful maid.  
She smiled, and sudden sunshine seemed to flash  
Its morning splendor o'er that rugged cliff;  
She spake, and listening echo caught the tones,  
And laughed them back so tunefully, that all  
The summer air rippled with sweetest sound.  
These were her words:

"O venerable man!  
If thou wouldst be the friend of friendless souls;  
If thou wouldst aid two fond and faithful hearts,  
List to me now. My own true lover waits  
The tender signal of the evening star—  
Waits for its sacred light to guide him here.  
We dare not meet, save when night's friendly veil  
Enfolds and hides us from the angry eyes  
That frown upon our love. We have no day  
Save in each other's smiles. Thy hand alone  
Can speed the lagging moments on their way,  
And bring the hour we consecrate to joy.  
Then shake your glass, good father, shake the sands  
And send them flying faster on their course."

Untempted yet by that alluring voice—  
Unsoftened by its sweet and tender plea,  
The Ancient One, still faithful to his trust,  
(As all must be who have great deeds to do,)  
Toiled on, and on, with steadfast spirit still,  
At his appointed task.

Another came—  
A pallid man, with eyes of lurid fire;  
He clutched the outstretched hand that held the glass,  
And in a hoarse, wild whisper sternly said:  
"Hold! dotard, hold! Waste not those precious sands.  
My doom is fixed, and by to-morrow's sun  
The avengers of the law will take my life.  
Each sparkling grain you scatter in yon gulf  
Is dearer to my soul than mines of gold.  
I have brief space for penitence and prayer:



Keep, keep the golden moments till I make  
 My peace with Heaven. Look! Could I coin  
 These drops of anguish which bedew my brow,  
 And these hot tears to showers of priceless gems,  
 I'd give them all to have thee stay thy task!"

Still no reply—no token that he heard  
 These varied pleas, came from that stern old man.  
 Silent and calm, as when the stately march  
 Of untold ages first began their course,  
 He steadily measured every golden grain,  
 That he might render to the Eternal Mind  
 That ruled above a faithful record still  
 Of every precious treasure meted out  
 To the dark gulf below.

O human hearts!

So fickle and so thoughtless—glad to-day  
 To have the moments fly—to-morrow, grieved  
 To see them go so fleetly—heed, I pray,  
 The vision that I saw. Fret not Time's ear  
 With vain and weak appeals, but rather take  
 A lesson from his teaching. Do your work,  
 Whate'er in life it be, as he doth his,  
 With purpose firm, and with unflinching zeal.

EMELINE SHERMAN SMITH.

## THE RED HAT.

### A LEGEND OF THE MALMAISON.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

**A**MONG upward of a hundred portraits of the man Napoleon Bonaparte that I have collected, and about which a sufficiently curious historico-calographic memoir might be written—don't be afraid! I am not about to attempt it now—there is one which has ever been my favorite, and which seems to me to represent most truly and most eloquently the lineaments of him who was in youth "eminently beautiful," (as Johnson says of Milton,) in mature age majestic, and in death even sublime. My pet portrait is the whole-length one, erect, executed in the French stipple or imitation of soft-chalk manner, and which shows Napoleon still youthful in face and spare in form; his hair, however, shorn of the extreme length to which he let it grow when he was General of the Army of Italy, and himself clad in the straight surtout, *large* cocked-hat, top-boots, and buskins of 1802-3. One hand is thrust in the opening of his vest; the attitude is staid and composed; the countenance collected but grave, and tending more to the gravity of his later years. There is almost a touch of melancholy about the eyes and mouth; although at the time this portrait was taken, Napoleon had but little cause for sadness. He was First Consul, the foremost man of his age; and the world was full of his fame. He was at peace with this country. D'Enghien was unslain, and Josephine undivorced. Austrian mariages, Spanish ulcers, Moscow pyres, Beresina snows, Leipsic bridges, Gemappes flights, Rocheford surrenders, St. Helena miseries, were all to come. Yet is this stippled effigy vaguely but unmistakably sorrowful to look upon. It was for years very popular in England; for it was the first well-authenticated portrait of the man

that found its way to our shores. Hitherto the mind of the British public had been abused and their credulity outraged by the hideous monstrosities purporting to represent the "Corsican brigand," etched by the government pensioner Gilray, who, by the way, went mad at last, and was actually confined in an upper room of the same house in St. James's street, on whose ground-floor his prints were vended.

In the background of this portrait (which is growing scarce now) you may see a trim garden and the tall pavilions and sloping roof of a French country-house. This house is La Malmaison, a modest mansion purchased by Bonaparte after his Italian campaigns, and which, with his modester *piéd à terre* in the Rue Chantreine at Paris, formed then the sole property of the conqueror who had refused a bribe of millions at Campo Formio. And, indeed, why should he have amassed francs whose object was to acquire continents? The whole world was his Tom-Tiddler's ground, whereon he picked up crowns and scepters.

On the margin of my portrait, under a flourishing title and dedication, are faintly written in pencil the words, "*Adieu, Malmaison*"—words traced probably by some admirer, and over which I have often sadly pondered. It was, in truth, a long farewell he was about to bid to the quiet country-place, and one which in the end proved of the bitterest. "*Adieu, Malmaison.*" There he was to leave the young, fond, beautiful wife; the placid evenings spent with Monge and Denon and Bertholet—the evenings devoted to chess and playful chat, or to the lectures of the grand old Frenchmen who reigned in letters before the epoch of the prurient baboons came in. "*Adieu, Malmaison.*" He left it conqueror and consul—a young, ardent, studious man, whose heart was still unseared, and whose hands were clean; left it to become emperor and king, mediator and protector, and what besides all the world knows.

Josephine, however, came back, as you are aware, to Malmaison after her cruel divorce. There she surrounded herself with pictures and statues, and flowers and tapestry, and was generous to her ladies and

good to the poor, and spent more than her immense income, like the kindly, bounteous, prodigal Creole she was. There a page, deputed by her former lord, brought her word that her rival was a mother, and that a King of Rome was born. Choking with sobs, and with head averted, she pressed money and diamonds into the page's hands. Poor woman! There she heard of the disasters of 1812, the struggle of '13, the crash of '14, and listened to the cannon booming from Montmartre, and the sputtering of musketry from Barrière de Clichy. There, when she was told of the defection of the marshals, the red spot of anger came to her cheek, and a curl of scorn to her lip, and she cried out, with Creole vehemence, "*Les lâches!*" And there, when the Allies had it all their own way in Paris, the Czar Alexander (who was not destitute of a kind of chivalry) came to comfort the first bride of his mighty foe, and spoke her fair and tenderly; but she recovered not the downfall of her Cid—her "Achilles," as she called him, who had used her so hardly—and died before he came back from Elba, really and truly of a broken heart, and was buried in the little church of Ruel. And her spirit was at rest.

If the hunters-up of old legends are to be believed, a gloomy fate had always hung over this Malmaison—literally the house of evil. The negro sorceress who told Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie's fortune—not yet Madame Beauharnais, not yet the Empress Josephine—had prophesied that she would die in an hospital; and Malmaison, the legend-hunters say, had once been a pest-house.

There is even a stranger story concerning the place. The famous Russian Princess Bagratian had a story about Malmaison, which she professed to have heard at Vienna from the lips of Prince Eugène, ex-viceroy of Italy, and the son of Josephine; and this story, as succinctly as I may, I propose to relate to you now.

On the evening of a dark and rainy day in the month of December 16—, a solitary horseman, wrapped in a large cloak, might have been seen spurring his jaded steed along the high-road leading from Ruel

toward the gloomy and antiquated château then the residence of the formidable prime-minister of Louis the Thirteenth, Armand du Plessis, Cardinal and Duke of Richelieu. Remember there was but one cavalier. Add another, and you might think I was borrowing from the lamented G. P. R. James.

This horseman drew bridle and dismounted at the door of an humble little village inn, bearing on its signboard the effigy of St. Nicholas, and which stood at the entrance to a gloomy avenue of poplars, at the opposite extremity of which was the château, and to which it served as a kind of lodge.

The horseman wore a felt hat, without plume, band or buckle; and his doublet of brown drugget, destitute of either ribbons, lace or embroidery, was sufficient to indicate, in an age when costume so closely denoted the gradations of rank, that he did not belong to the patrician class: still, from his open and almost defiant countenance and cavalierly turned-up moustache, it was not difficult to pronounce him one of those sturdy and independent burghesses whose fathers had fought in the wars of the League, and who, temporarily kept in subjection by the iron hand of Richelieu, reappeared during the troubles of the Fronde, but were destined to be completely absorbed by the glory of the Grand Monarque.

His horse appeared completely worn out, and the muddy state of his coat testified to his having come a long distance by bad roads, in an age when all roads were execrable.

"May the plague light on the rogues who are bound to keep the king's highway in repair!" grumbled the traveler, as, tethering his steed to a post, he entered the inn, and proceeded to hammer with the butt-end of his whip upon a long table of coarse deal, which stood in the midst of a low-ceiled, smoky common room.

A fat man, of rotund abdomen and purpled face, clad in the traditional white apron and nightcap, and with a knife stuck in his girdle—for he was cook as well as host—entered the room.

"What might your lordship be pleased

to want?" he asked, pulling off his cap, and making a lowly reverence.

"I am no lord, master of mine," replied the traveler, twisting his moustache not without complacency; "but a plain burghess, who owes nothing, and asks for nothing without he can pay for it. I am hungered and athirst. Give me some supper; make up a blazing fire; see to my horse; and I promise you that you shall have no reason to complain of me."

And as he spoke the traveler struck his pocket, which gave forth a metallic chink pleasant to hear. The purple face of the innkeeper became one grin.

"We have not one room unoccupied," he said, "but my own private bedroom is at your grandeur's service. My wife shall make up a bed directly. As for the rest, you have but to wait a few minutes, and all your wishes shall be attended to."

Mine host was as good as his word. Ere long the traveler was comfortably stretched in a huge arm-chair, toasting his feet at a blazing fire, to which a couple of logs had been added. He could see through the casement that snow was beginning to fall thickly; he could hear the wintry wind dolefully howling; a soft warm odor from the kitchen began to titilate his nostrils, and he felt as cosy and complacent as men in all countries and ages have felt under similar circumstances.

"Come, this is better," he murmured, with a sigh of relief. "A dog's life is that of a traveler in December. May the black fever choke the Cardinal—"

He bounded in his chair with terror; he was nearly falling into a swoon, as, looking upward, he saw the innkeeper, nightcap in hand, standing before him.

"Sdeath, man, what do you want?" he exclaimed with ill-disguised trepidation.

"I am desirous," returned the other, with apparent embarrassment, "to ask a favor of your excellency."

The imprudent burghess breathed a little more freely after this, for he had expected nothing less than to be at once arrested by an exempt of his terrible eminence, the Cardinal.

"Ask what you will, my friend," he responded in a courteous tone.

"Only imagine, your highness," pursued the diplomatic innkeeper, twisting one of the corners of his apron, "that no sooner had my wife made your room comfortable and tidy for you than another customer arrived. He is an old customer, and a very good customer too, for he only asks how much there is to pay; and allows me to tot up the reckoning. Well, you see, your superiority, that I can't exactly turn him out of doors on such a night as this; so I've just come to ask your grace if you'll allow him to share your fire and your supper till bedtime, when I must find him a shake-down somewhere."

"Is he an honest man, this customer of yours?" asked the traveler in a dignified tone.

If it were possible for the deep-tinted face of the innkeeper to assume an intenser hue, he may be said to have blushed.

"Yes, yes, your excellency," he replied, "he is honest—a very honest man, as honest men go, and in his way of business."

"Tell him, then, that I shall be very pleased with his company, and that he is welcome to half my supper—the best half; and, hark ye, Mr. Landlord, see that it be good, and that the wine is of the right sort."

The innkeeper was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and in promises of a speedy appearance of excellent cheer; and then he left the room, somewhat precipitately, as the traveler thought, to inform his customer of the result of his mission.

In a minute or so the customer made his appearance. He was a strange customer—a curious customer—and, to tell truth, somewhat of an ugly customer. He was very tall, very thin, had very harshly-marked features, very small gray eyes, whose lids drooped whenever he was looked full in the face, and a pointed beard and moustache coarse and grizzled. His hands were knotted and bony, and of huge size. He was plainly dressed in a doublet, vest, and trunks of gray serge, bordered with black taffety, and terminated by long boots of untanned leather; but the most noticeable point in his apparel was his hat, which, of the same material

as that of the traveler, and, like his, adorned by feather or buckle, was of a dull crimson color.

"I don't like the look of that Robin Redhead," the traveler bethought himself. "His eminence wears a scarlet hat; but it has tassels and a broad brim. Who ever saw a peaceable citizen in such a blood-stained-looking *couvrechef* as that?"

However, he was an open-hearted burgess; and, rising, held out his hand to the stranger, saying: "Welcome, sir, and friend!"

To his surprise, the man with the Red Hat drew back, as though half-alarmed and half-astonished at this simple act of courtesy, and, instead of reciprocating it, contented himself with making a low bow.

"A very ceremonious personage, upon my word," mused the guest. "Perhaps he is a Huguenot; or, just as likely, a Catholic, and thinks I am a heretic. The spotted fever take all religious differences, say I." Then, raising his voice, he said: "Sir, I am extremely happy to be able to offer you a share of my supper and—"

"A thousand thanks!" hastily interposed he of the Red Hat. Then diving into the recesses of a pouch at his belt, he produced a handful of silver, and continued: "Take, I entreat you, what I have to pay as my share of the reckoning."

"Sir, sir," protested the traveler, drawing himself up, "do you take me for a niggard curmudgeon who expects a stranger to pay for the meal to which he invites him?"

"Invites! Do you mean to say that you invite me?" faltered the Red Hat.

"Of course I do. I told the landlord so," replied the other.

"Then," responded the Red Hat, with a very peculiar and not very pleasant smile, "I accept your invitation as heartily as it was given. This is the first time in my life that such a thing has happened to me. But the sky has fallen, and we may expect to catch roast larks." And he drew a stool up to the fire and began to bask and hug himself in the genial warmth.

Roast larks failed to come down; but a splendid roast goose just then came up, flanked by a hotchpotch of savory ingre-

dients, and two portly pitchers of wine. The strangely-acquainted friends sat down to table, and did the amplest justice to the edibles and potables; and so delighted did mine host seem with the appetites of his guests, that he insisted upon standing treat in more than one flask of his choicest vintage.

"No doubt, sir," the Red Hat remarked, when the landlord had removed the fragments of the repast, and they were left alone, "that you are as well known as I am in this hostelry. Goodman Aubry waited on you as though you were a prince."

"Not in the least," replied the burgess, smiling. "But I just sounded my pocket, and he was content with the ring of the little livres Tournois."

His interlocutor smiled grimly in his turn. "Yes," he pursued, "gold has immense power in every country; still it is far from prudent to show the contents of one's pocket to every body, especially in such a place as this."

The burgess looked at him uneasily.

"Do you mean that there are any pick-pockets hereabouts, brother?" he asked.

"Do you mean to say that you are not acquainted with the neighborhood?" returned the other, answering one question by asking another.

"Faith, not I. This is my first visit, and I come from a long distance, too. I am from La Rochelle."

"From La Rochelle!" and the Red Hat in his turn regarded his new-found friend with perturbed looks. "What on earth brings you from thence!"

"The force of circumstances, my unlucky star, and his eminence the Cardinal. 'Tis a very long story. I have been specially sent for to wait upon his eminence."

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed the Red Hat; "what have you to do with him? Have you offended his eminence?"

"Never, to my knowledge," responded the burgess. "As fate would have it, however, I have been accused of doing so; but my complete justification can be neither long nor difficult. You must know that the Rochellois are very troublesome folks; and that evil-speaking, lying, and slandering are far too common there. Some scurvy

wag among our citizens has written an anonymous satire against the administration in general, and Monseigneur the Cardinal in particular. Then there has been a talk about Urbain Grandier, about tragedies and verses written by his eminence, about a certain saraband said to have been danced by him before the queen; a pack of nonsense! Some secret enemy of mine has been good enough to denounce me as the author of these roguish pasquinades—I who never rhymed two lines together in my life. It is a most perverse and treacherous time. To exculpate myself, I referred to a certain worthy monk, Father Joseph, who is said to be honored with the friendship and confidence of his eminence. He was fully convinced of my innocence; and subsequently informed me that Monseigneur would deign to grant me an interview; and here I am, deeply flattered by his eminence's condescension, although I should very much prefer being snug at home in my own house at La Rochelle."

"Humph!" quoth the Red Hat; "for my part, I think you would have done much better to have remained at home, and left this fool's errand to take care of itself. Eminences are dangerous personages to have interviews with. But I must be going," he resumed, hastily rising. "Farewell, master of mine! Thanks for your hospitality, and pray heaven and St. Nicholas we may never meet again." And so saying, the Red Hat abruptly left the room.

"A fool's errand! what can he mean by that?" mused the burgess. "Poor man, he must be cracked. Who but a madman would think of wearing a red hat? However, my little affair will be soon settled—nine o'clock was the hour fixed at which I was to wait upon his eminence. 'Tis not five minutes' walk to the château, and then I shall come comfortably home to bed."

Paying his reckoning at the polite request of the host, who hinted that cavaliers who went up to the château sometimes found their arrangements for returning at a fixed hour interfered with—a hint which the traveler wholly failed to comprehend—he went out into the night, wrapping his cloak around him to shelter himself from the still falling snow.

He had not proceeded many paces along the somber avenue of poplars before he thought that he had heard the clinking of sword-blades and some smothered groans. He listened attentively, but a sudden gust of wind came howling about him, and drowned the sound of the swords.

"It must have been fancy," he reasoned. "That confounded fellow with the red hat has made me nervous. If I were a coward, I should dream of him to-night."

"Help! murder!" suddenly cried a lamentable voice close to him.

"Courage, we are here!" cried the brave burgess, drawing his sword and summoning up all his presence of mind. "Hold on, we are four of us, well armed! Ah! rascals, would you!" And he rushed forward in the direction whence the cries had come.

His ruse had seemingly succeeded, for in the obscurity he could dimly descry at least three men making off in all haste, and anon he stumbled over a body lying on the ground. The moon came out for a moment through the murk, and he recognized, pale, bleeding and groaning, the Red Hat. He seemed to be severely wounded. The burgess helped him to rise, but finding him too weak to walk, valorously hoisted him on his shoulders, and—not without difficulty, for the Red Hat weighed heavily—bore him back to the inn of St. Nicholas.

"This pestilent fellow with his red hat," he murmured, as, with the assistance of the landlord, he bore him up-stairs and laid him in the bed which had been prepared for quite another purpose, "seems fated to be mixed up with my life. And I shall have to sleep in the arm-chair, forsooth, because he chooses to get waylaid and stabbed."

"Where am I?" faintly whispered the wounded man, when his wounds had been bound up, and he had recovered consciousness.

"Among friends, brother," replied the honest burgess consolingly, as he bathed the temple of the sufferer with vinegar.

"Friends!" repeated the Red Hat bitterly; "I have no friends! Who was at the trouble of saving the life of such a miserable wretch as I am?"

"Well, for the matter of that, 'twas I

who picked you out of the mud, and set the rascals to flight who were besetting you. Three to one, the cowardly knaves! How they scampered! And then, you see, I brought you here, pickapack—for walk a step you could not."

"And you—you then are my preserver!" the Red Hat exclaimed in a voice of agony, and pressing the burgess's hand.

"Yes, if you like to call it so. Wouldn't you have done the same for me?"

The innkeeper was down-stairs. The wounded man made signs to the burgess to close the door securely, and to come close to the bedside. Then he put his lips to the burgess's ear, and in a hoarse whisper said:

"Had you not an appointment at nine o'clock this evening with his eminence?"

"Of course I had, and shall get a pretty scolding for being late. But perhaps the existence of a poor devil like me has slipped his eminence's memory?"

"Then," quoth the Red Hat solemnly, "I can give life for life. You have saved mine. I, too, was bound to wait upon his eminence at nine this night, and I have little doubt that it would have been my dreadful duty to strike your head from your body."

At this appalling intimation, the Rochel-lois, with horror in his countenance, made for the door, thinking the Red Hat to be in a state of delirium; but the other called him back.

"'Tis not I, unfortunate, that thou must fly," he said. "Escape rather from this horrible neighborhood. Listen to what I say. The merciless Cardinal had doubtless condemned you without a hearing, and it would have been my task to execute the sentence; for I—yes I, whose hand you have pressed—I whose life you have saved—I who have eaten and drunk with you—I am the most miserable, the most abandoned, the most accursed of mankind. I am the executioner of Chartres."

He paused for a moment, keenly eyeing his companion, who, brave and honest as he was, could not banish from his countenance the expression of repugnance he felt at being on familiar terms with the abhorred headsman.

dred and twenty dollars—the whole basket thus selling for one hundred and thirty-six dollars! Somebody shot a hare, while the train stopped, and passed it through the cars, (there were thirty-six,) and it sold for two hundred and forty dollars! A lady put a plank across a ditch, and sold the right of way at fifty cents, until she made fifty dollars. The sack-of-flour man sold his flour there for about two thousand five hundred dollars—it having already sold for thirty thousand dollars up in Nevada Territory. He is here now—Mr. E.—a most decided case of pluck, patriotism and California, all mixed. H. W. B.

## STADDON FARM.

BY JULIA STONE.

**H**OUSES, especially country houses, have for me a peculiar attraction, inasmuch as I often fancy that I find in them, as one does in human faces, a character and expression all their own, and quite apart from their beauty or ugliness, or the degree of liking I may have for those that live in them.

It is this character, fanciful or not, which makes the image of many a house which was familiar to me in my old South Cove life, cling so pertinaciously to my remembrance, that often, with very little encouragement, or no encouragement, its likeness starts out of the mist of the past and claims recognition, although no pains nor pleasures of my own, or of those I loved, are graven on its face.

Such a house was Staddon Farm; a prim little gray homestead, now existent only in the remembrance of a few old prosers like myself, but which, in the days of my youth, was nested high among the tufted hills that overlooked the sea some half-mile from my home.

Staddon had no architectural beauty to boast of, though its antiquity was not of mushroom date, for it had been in the old time an out-lying farm, on the skirts of the fair demesne belonging to a great monastery miles inland. The narrow maze of winding lanes, full of violets and brier-roses in spring, it must be owned, dripping deep with mud all the winter long, which

we called Staddon lanes, ran twisting and twining through a deep ferny rocky dell, overhung with aged ashes and elms, the special haunt of innumerable blackbirds, whose sweet, broken questions and answers, now coaxing, now mocking, now exulting, might be heard there all the day long, and pretty nearly all the year through. Then, the path crossed a tiny tinkling brook, which a few steps higher up made a portentous amount of bustle and scurry round a corner formed by a mossy lump of gray rock, and gave itself vastly conquering airs among the stepping-stones, especially after a hard shower of rain. Up the hillside, among a cluster of other hills soft and bossy with golden furze, went Staddon Lane, and ended at the farm-yard wall and the narrow ivied door with the treacherous high stone threshold.

The farm-yard went shelving down-hill to the dwelling-house, which stood in a dip on the further side, and a very noisy untidy old-world sort of farm-yard, I must needs own, it was; rudely and only half-paved; sloppy, and strewn with litter; and, above all, rendered terrible to me in the remotest days of my acquaintance with it, by threatening visions of a truculent mother-sow, whose family broils seemed never off her mind, and by the apparition of a hideous white calf with one black eye, which persisted in charging at me with tail erect from the open cow-house door. There was a slender gray tower—thrashing-floor below, pigeon-house above—which stood in one corner of the farm-yard; a bell had probably once hung in its upper story, and, though it showed no other sign of having served for religious purposes, it was invariably called "the chapel." The answer often given by a farm-servant to inquiries after the master of the house, to the effect that "Maister be gwayn to chapel," only signified that the master of Staddon, Mr. Isaac Dart, must be looked for within the low-arched door-way of the little tower, ever resonant with the cooing and whirring of pigeons, and the dull heavy rhythm of flails.

The way from the farm-yard to the front entrance lay between hen-houses and pigsties, and the outhouse where old Croppy,

the donkey, abode, and skirted the kitchen-door, beside which an immense blush-rose-bush overspread the wall and touched the low eaves of the roof. Then, turning a sharp corner, one stood on the narrow paved path which ran along the front of the house, where the low windows of the best rooms looked across a straight stripe of border, filled always (as it seemed to me) with the gayest and most glowing flowers, and a decrepit dwarf wall that bounded it, to the soft wavy perspective formed by the turfy dip between the hills, in the middle distance of which grew a weird old ash-tree, all knotted and gnarled, as if its woody joints were deformed by cramps and rheumatisms. And away beyond, and far below, the pale turquoise blue of the sea shimmered as with diamond-dust till it met the pearly sky horizon.

Staddon used to be the goal of many of our walks, when, under the convoy of kind, sandy-haired, long-suffering Miss Chamberlayne, our deaf governess, my sisters and I went roaming about the beautiful hills in all weathers. It goes to my heart now to think how, as often as our unruly tribe made a descent upon the quaint dominions of Miss Arabella Dart, the bachelor farmer's maiden sister, that poor dunny dozy creature, Croppy, used to be led out on the turf from his warm stall, caparisoned with a wonderfully patched and incommodious side-saddle, and given up to the exacting caprices of a trio of mischievous imps, who enjoyed nothing better than teasing and persecuting him, like a bevy of importunate summer flies, into the extreme measure of a brief and superannuated gallop.

But all this time I have not said what was the peculiar character and stamp of expression which fixed the likeness of Staddon in my memory after the indelible fashion which, as I have mentioned, it is the property of some houses to possess. It was the marvelous resemblance between the house and its master; a resemblance, as it seemed to me, not merely fanciful, or based on generalities, but tangible, and so to speak, physical; a likeness of lines and colors, which I felt all the more because I knew I could not make it felt by others. As often as I saw his weather-dried little

visage, his sharp nose, square chin, and high-pitched forehead running up into a yellow-gray stubble of short-cropped hair, there stood before me the queer time-stained little old house, its low gable, crowned with some fluttering sprays of wall-flower rooted among the stones. The pinched and napless hat he always wore perched high on his head, did duty for the dilapidated little tower where the dovecot was; and the jutting angles and ragged roofs of the incongruous farm-buildings were aptly mimicked by his sharp elbows, and the meager, fluttering skirts of his high-shouldered swallow-tailed coat. I never saw the brick and mortar *double* so strangely like its fleshy brother, as one day in the late autumn, when one of our grand wild winds was abroad, and the sky was full of piles of hurrying lurid cloud, fitful scuds of rain, and weak gleams of sunshine. As I came panting before the wind along the dip between the hills, one of those gleams was just flushing the face of the old house dashed with rain and spray, and touching the sharp once-gilded gnomon of the sun-dial over the door, while the rows of great scarlet and crimson and yellow dahlias were tossing their burning faces, and swaying like tortured things at every blast. Staddon was that day looking its best, and as I was more than twelve years old then—for Croppy, poor soul, I know had gained his well-earned rest many a winter before—I was quite capable of feeling, and *did* feel, the picturesque charms of the place. Yet, for all that, nothing could prevent my recurring to the grotesque likeness between master and house, as soon as I entered the low wainscoted kitchen on the left of the entrance-door. For there sat Farmer Dart, flushed and peevish with the unlooked-for, and certainly undeserved, visitation of a twinge of gout in his knee, the firelight glittering on his sharp red nose, and flaring over his wrinkled russet skin, with the pale pinched gray hat planted grimly above, and, to complete the picture, a grand flowered chintz dressing-gown, crimson and yellow and green, which Miss Arabella had carefully folded about his waist and lower limbs, but which waved its parti-colored skirts, like the flowers



outside, in the draught of the opening door.

When first I knew Staddon, Farmer Dart and his sister, with their men-servants and maid-servants, were its only denizens. In later years, our worthy little French master, Monsieur Huillier, and his mother, became lodgers there for a considerable period. How so strange a thing should come to pass as that the master of Staddon should have admitted a couple of foreigners to a permanent seat at his hearth-side, I am quite unable to guess; but there they were living, and living in excellent good harmony too: partly owing, no doubt, to the unfeigned admiration of the French mother and son for all things English, and partly to the sympathy between Madame Huillier and Miss Arabella in the matter of dried simples and medicinal confections, in the preparation and exhibition of which to suffering mortals each was a devoted adept, though I more than half suspect that each in her secret heart looked down upon many of the other's nostrums as vain and superstitious. One strong reason that Madame had for considering so out-of-the-way an abode desirable, was her anxiety to remove her son—her dear Victor—whom she cared for and cosseted and guarded against designing womankind with a hen-like fussiness, as though, at near forty, he were still quite incapable of self-defense or management, from contact with certain too potent attractions at South Cove. There was one sea-side house, called "The Rocks," which she especially hated, and the very mention of which would set her gray moustache quivering, and the perky brown bow on her cap nodding with a suppressed wrath, which filled us mischievous young people with delight. "The Rocks" stood at the extreme end of one of the horns of the crescent-shaped quay, and in the broad shadow of Stony Point, where the branches of the garden-bushes were shorn away and bent landward on the side toward the sea, and the spray dashed over the chimney-pots every time it blew a gale.

I shall have to come back to the "The Rocks" in the course of my rambling old stories, and to tell what manner of folks were the Crouch Tolleys, who occupied the

house for several years, and were, in truth, as singular a family as any of our South Cove notables; but at present I have only to do with the contraband attraction which set Madame Huillier's bow a-nodding, as I have said, and allured her generally obedient Victor in the direction of Stony Point. This attraction was Miss Davida Tolley, the orphan daughter of the long-deceased younger brother of Mr. Crouch Tolley. Madame Huillier, so kind and considerate in her demure fashion toward all the world beside, (except when a touch of acrid sectarianism curdled up her better nature,) had no consideration, no indulgence, for poor Miss Davida and her doings; from her long solitary rides on old Hector, the venerable relic of a hunter who tenanted her uncle's little stable, to the perpetual mixture of faded greens and blues in her somewhat untidy attire, which always gave my vagabond fancy the impression that her gowns and shawls were continually afflicted with a series of severe contusions. Her flute-playing, too—her only accomplishment, and one strange enough, it must be allowed, in a lady—came under the ban of Madame's most fiery anathemas. It was, in truth, as she well knew, the secret of the offending Victor's first slip into transgression; for Miss Davida had a true musical ear, and skill and feeling enough to reach the hearts of her hearers, especially if by chance the grotesque figure of the player were unseen. And Victor Huillier really prized good music made by others, though his own was angular and colorless enough. And so, of course, the luckless flute-playing of Miss Davida was ranked among the very worst of those transgressions against the duties of right-thinking spinsterhood, by which, as Madame loudly declared, "that old maiden was forever shocking the conveniences."

Many a time, in our walks, we met Miss Davida trotting along the lanes, her short olive-green habit splashed to the knees, and her pale blue bonnet-strings fluttering behind her; and many a time she made my sisters happy by the gift of heavy bunches of great shiny blackberries which she had twisted off the hedges on her way, with the

hooked whip she always carried. I myself was growing a great girl then, and generally lingered a few steps in the rear on such occasions, trying hard to leave the taste for blackberries behind me with other childish propensities, but wanting the courage to look on calmly at the feast.

At Godpapa Vance's, too, I used to see Miss Davida, but rarely, for her restless ways and abrupt jerks of laughter discomposed the old gentleman, and I verily believe made him half afraid of her, so used was he to weigh out his emotions, as he did his rhubarb and manna, by the grain. Aunt Bell, dear soul, with her large benevolence and her proneness to give a share of protection to all things persecuted, had a kind word to say of the offending "old maiden," as often as Madame's wrath overflowed in complaints against her; and she would have taken up her defense yet more stoutly, but for the unconscious feeling of liege-vassalage to her "beloved," which constrained her, as far as her sweet nature would permit, to accept godpapa's nervous dislikes, and bow to his washed-out antipathies, and so keep the gilding always bright and burnished on the judgment-scales of her idol, even at the expense of a speck or two on her own.

Once, and once only, our walking party, Miss Chamberlayne at its head, came upon Miss Davida and her worshiper, strolling in Staddon Lane, or rather just turning into the lane from that pretty miniature glen where the rivulet made an abrupt turn, as I said before, round a point of gray rock, and the blackbirds were forever asking pleasant questions of one another, and seemingly getting no answer. I must premise that the rencontre took place before Madame Huillier and her son went up to lodge at Staddon Farm, and was, indeed, indirectly the cause of that event. Miss Davida was, as usual, perched on old Hector, but in an unwonted and meditative attitude—the rein loose in one drooping hand, and the stiff horn-handled whip swaying in the other, while the green gauze veil which should have shaded her features had perversely turned round and meandered down her back. Monsieur Victor seemed to have gained all that she had lost in briskness.

His gait was more elastic, and his look far less prim than usual. We, sharp-eyed little critics, saw at a glance, as they came upon us, that our demure teacher, "Mr. Howly," was looking up earnestly into Miss Davida's face, and that his right hand was helping hers to guide poor Hector's flapping rein, although they, on seeing us, instantly fell into a more commonplace position, and our discreet governess, who, though deaf, was by no means blind, after a passing bow of recognition to the pair, turned into the glen they had just left, and so placed her little troop in safety among the harmless primroses and bluebells. But one thing we saw—how could we help seeing it?—in that brief passing glance, which set our hearts fluttering with laughter, and our tongues busily chattering in an under tone for the rest of the walk. It was a straggling garland of ivy and forget-me-nots—those fine large turquoise-blue forget-me-nots we had gathered so often where they sat dipping their feet in the rivulet—wreathed carelessly round Monsieur Huillier's rustic straw hat, and ending in a maze of stalks over his left ear, like the head-gear of a certain picture of Vertumnus lightly clothed in a green rag, which used to adorn our Roman Mythology. No doubt Miss Davida's hand had placed the flowers there, and they had both forgotten the fact in the hurry of meeting us; but the ridiculous incongruity of the adornment was, of course, the only thing that caught our fancy, and set us laughing hours afterward with its comical remembrance.

Ah me! how often in these latter years, when trying to live back for a moment into those phases of feeling with which, in the old days, I and my compeers in age were wont to regard any symptom of great and unusual emotion, any outward sign of mighty heart-quaking on the part of our elders—how often, I say, have I had to confess to myself that, after all, healthy childhood, in its early portion at least, simple, trustful, innocent childhood—the poet's ideal of all that is pure and good—is but a soulless beautiful shape, like the fair water-spirit of the German tale. Pleasantly enough it wanders along the singing

summer-land of its ignorance, where the heavy branches of the awful tree of knowledge cast as yet no shadow on the turf, and the red rose-leaves are never plucked, and laid up as dry relics of past delight; yet, alas! this sweet and tender creature is, in truth, more dumb, selfish, and merciless, in the presence of any strong, or noble, or passionate emotion, than would be the way-worn man or woman it shall one day become, when the evil world shall have faded its freshness, tangled the golden strands of its simplicity, and set its footsteps to a funeral march, tramping painfully through slough and shade, and never more to lead the wreathed fandangoes long left behind in the bowers of that singing paradise.

Poor, homely Miss Davida, ill provided, and little cared for in her daily life! Poor, hard-worked, prosaic Monsieur Victor! The little overflow of tenderness conveyed in the giving and the wearing of that uncouth garland was very likely the first snatch of melody which had sweetened the ever-jarring monotony of their lives, in spite of all the scrapings of his tenor, and the pensive pipings of her flute. But of course the broad caricature of Monsieur Huillier's bedizened hat and Miss Davida's drooping veil, were the only features of the picture which touched my fancy. Would they had not done so. For in the course of that day I was the unlucky and unwitting means of bringing a hail-storm of trouble about the ears of the ill-starred pair, by the vivid remembrance I retained of their strange appearance.

It so happened that I was engaged to dine and spend that lovely May afternoon at God-papa Vance's, in Meadow Row. Aunt Bella was unable, as it chanced, to sit and chat with me that day before dinner in our usual sunny window-seat, for she was closeted with Tackett in the lower chamber, where the mysterious gallipots and pill-boxes were, and where that ghastly picture of the race-horse Childers stood planted on its bony legs above the mantelshelf, taking part in the careful bottling of some delicate elder-flower syrup, that morning concocted by Keziah from the Dowager Mrs. Vance's family receipt-book.

I wandered in and out of the room once

or twice with a sniff and a shudder, for the Venetian blinds were down, and the cupboards wide open. I kissed and buzzed about dear Annt Bella for a while, and pronounced judgment on the merits of her clear amber-colored syrup, and then I betook me to the drawing-room, where, lighting on a pencil, and extracting a scrap of paper from Aunt Bella's writing-book, now only laid on the table for show, I sat down behind the china bowl of early pinks, intent on executing a sketch of that subject dear to every girl-artist scarce yet in her teens, the "Portrait of a Young Lady in Ball-Dress."

But, somehow, the scene of the morning recurred to me as I began, and in a twinkling the curly head and feathers of the "Young Lady" were transmuted into a likeness of poor Miss Davida stooping over Hector's neck, with Monsieur Huillier triumphally wreathed, pacing at her bridle-rein. I had to begin from the lady's poke bonnet, pushed backward and upward, like the keel of a stranded boat, and showing the thin harsh black hair pulled straight behind her ears, as no one wore it then. Next came the round forehead and large out-looking eyes — Miss Davida's eyes were by no means ugly, but of course that did not enter into my conception of the portrait, so I gave her the eyes of a lobster. I exaggerated, too, the flatness of her nose, and the slight projection of her upper front teeth, and then passed on with masterly strokes to her lank figure, insisting unduly on its real angularity, and especially bringing out the long booted foot projecting below the short habit. So much importance did I give, in fact, to Miss Davida's figure, that poor Hector became a sort of mere after-thought and interloper, and was so curtailed in the matter of legs, owing to the shortness of the paper, that he assumed a painful likeness to a monstrous turnspit-dog, with the head and mane of a sea-serpent. Monsieur Victor, too, I well remember, preceded his lady and her steed, for I was totally unable to make him occupy his proper place in the picture, so he was represented as looking back at her, cocking his Roman nose jauntily in the air, and theatrically extend-

ing his hand with all five fingers outstretched as in earnest entreaty, while the garland, on the drawing of which I lavished great care and pains, fluttered a yard from his hat.

When the design appeared to me complete, I put the finishing stroke to it, in order to leave no possibility of mistake as to the subject, by printing the names of Miss Davida Tolley and Monsieur Huillier (mis-spelled, by the way, I remember) over the heads of the lovers; across the blurred pencil-marks which stood for the hedge I scrawled "Staddon Lane;" while from Monsieur Victor's open mouth proceeded the touching exclamation, in round hand: "O you dear!"

I was stopped in a last flourish I was giving to Hector's tail, by the sound of godpapa's lame foot on the stairs, so I pushed paper and pencil into the drawer where Aunt Bella kept her knitting, and, by the time dinner was over, had forgotten all about my drawing, and was standing among the flower-beds of the little garden, profitably engaged in patting the round cheeks of the heavy Gueldres roses, to make the rain-drops left in them by a morning shower fly out in sparks upon my face and dress. Suddenly Tackett threw up the drawing-room window and called me. Wondering at the summons, I turned unwillingly from my Gueldres roses, and went slowly up stairs, possessed with a misgiving lest godpapa should have lighted upon some terrible new sea monstrosity in his walks, and should intend to honor me with a first sight of it. But far more appalling than sight of any living creature that creeps or wriggles among rocks, was the presence that awaited me. There, behind Aunt Bella's chair, stood Madame Huillier, one hand behind her back, the other grasping the chair, her face flushed, her head trembling, her black eyebrows twisted into a knot of indignation. The moment I looked at Madame's face, I remembered my delinquency. Oh! that miserable drawing! Oh! why had Madame come to pay an afternoon visit, and, above all, why, oh! why, had she gone to fetch Aunt Bella's knitting out of that guilty drawer,

and lighted on my unmistakable performance!

I went silently over to Aunt Bella, and slid my hand into hers for sheer weakness of spirit. I verily believe my touch was a sort of comfort to her at the moment, so confused and troubled was she at having had to bear the first brunt of the storm. She only whispered, "Dear Boonie," to give me courage. Boonie, I have said before, was the pet name she used to give me. Then came Madame's menacing hand slowly from behind her back, and held my luckless caricature on high—I suppose to prevent my snatching at it, and by her frowns, and her cut-and-thrust questions, and oh! by the tremendous bobbing of that ominous brown bow on her forehead, she speedily wrenched out of me all my reminiscences of the scene of the morning, and plainly showed, by the violence of her wrath, that however hitherto tormented by suspicions of her son's transgression—and why his admiration for Miss Davida should have seemed so grave a sin in the good lady's eyes I can not to this hour rightly understand—yet the fatal certainty of the facts only reached her through my unfortunate caricature, for which I had to suffer, over and above the present terrors of that dreadful examination, such an endless series of French impositions, and such maddening applications of irregular verbs in the future, as utterly sickened me of pictorial attempts for a long time.

But these lighter troubles had hardly faded out, before another event occurred, which impressed me the more, inasmuch as it placed me for the first time face to face with death. When poor Godpapa Vance was so angry with Aunt Bella on the evening of his quartet party, for miscalling his new conchological hobby a "Pholex," he little dreamed how bitterly those ill-omened Pholases would yet be revenged on him for so obstinately poking them out of their peaceful retirement in the limestone rock. Only a few months after that quartet party, he came home one day, hoarse and feverish from a walk, during which he had spent a long hour in lounging and probing their holes with his cane in the teeth of an east

wind. The hoarseness became a bad cold, and the bad cold became a fatal sickness: a sort of rapid senile consumption I think the doctors called it.

The real illness seemed to put his visionary maladies to flight. It appeared, if I may say so, to satisfy him as to his claims to be called an invalid, and he grew much less querulous and exacting in the last weeks of his life. After a few days of confinement to his bed, he was allowed to get up again, and even encouraged to potter about the house, and busy himself with his old employments. But I think he never cared now to hunt up his symptoms in "Carver's book," perhaps from an inward consciousness of his condition, though no word of it had fallen from those about him. Strangely, too, he seemed to try and persuade himself that his sufferings, which, after all, were by no means sharp, were more fanciful than any thing else; he, who in former days would sulk for hours if his right to a share of some ghastly malady was disallowed! Nay, in the diary I have spoken of, and which godpapa kept till a week before his death, his only mention of his health during those weeks consisted, for the most part, of such remarks as, "Not much to complain of, thank God;" "a little shortness of breath, but less cough;" and so forth. Toward the end he was much tormented by restlessness and want of sleep; but even then he was marvelously patient, considering his nervous, irritable temper; and, after a bad night, he would even allow one of us young ones to sit down on a stool at his feet and read him into a doze: a condescension which to us at first seemed hardly credible, but which we were glad to remember when he was gone.

And Aunt Bella! Loving, devoted Aunt Bella! What of her, when she saw "her beloved" thus gliding away from her, almost painlessly, but very surely, and with him all the music and sunshine and life of her life?

Nay, she did *not* see it, poor darling; for her blindness had by this time grown so dense that she could distinguish no feature in that best-loved face, though she yet saw the outline of any one standing betwixt

her and the light. She would still sometimes flutter her small brown fingers—pretty, round, tapering fingers—close before her eyes, to ascertain if she could yet discern their motion, and that little she always saw as long as she lived; but the wasting and waning of her poor old husband, his weary, sallow look, his shrinking and shriveling up, until his very head, small as it always had been, seemed half its former size, was mercifully hidden from her. She was always with him now, for she had grown bolder in her care, and he more helpless in his weakness; and I am sure she knew his state by his step, by the tone of his voice, by his very gentleness with her. But I think, with that knowledge, and out of the depth of it, came so strong a conviction of her having but a short time to stay on earth without him, that it enabled her, blind as she was, to be the same ministering angel, even to his last moment of consciousness, as she had been through all their married years.

She had a little patient word often on her lips in that sad time, which sounds very touching to me now in the remembrance. It was "Ah! that blessed hope!" And I remember the first time I heard her say it—it was but a very few days before his death—she had left him sleeping for a moment, and was standing by my side at the sitting-room window, where we had so often watched for his return together. I, longing to comfort her, but not knowing what to say, nor whether I ought to break the silence, had caught up one of her little hands, and was kissing and smoothing it as I often did, when she took her poor dim eyes from those broken flights of steps on Stony Point, where they had unconsciously rested, and smiled down on me and whispered: "Ah, Boonie dear! that blessed hope!" I almost started, for I fancied she must be deluding herself with a dream of godpapa's recovery, which we all knew at that time was hopeless; but now I feel that it was the hope of soon following her "beloved" in death that made the poor eyes smile. After godpapa died, I do not think she ever used the words. The hope had almost grown to certainty then.

Godpapa's life went out meekly and pa-

tiently enough. He died with his poor lean hand folded in the clasp of his true-hearted, tenderly loving wife. There was no "agony," as people call it, in his departing. A little catching of the breath, a little quivering of the limbs, were all he had to endure. During the last hour or two, Aunt Bella, sitting by his pillow fanning away the faintness of death, was more than once bidden to speak to the dying man, to see if he recognized her voice. Was it a tearful memory of the days of their old courtship that made her twice call him by his Christian name, "Roger! Roger dear?" by which, uncoupled with the surname, she had never been used to speak to him, even in my father's remembrance. Did she fancy the name could have for him, amid the shadows of the death-haze, the same talismanic power that it had retained for her? However that may be, poor godpapa *did* hear it, and did know her too, and feebly pressed her hand each time in answer. Alas for the moment of supreme anguish, when that flickering pressure died out, and with it the troubled breathing, and Aunt Bella could lay her head upon the pillow, and let out the hard, tearless sobs without thought of disturbing him who had been all her thought. But she indulged in no extravagant violence of grief, and soon let old Madame, who had been a great comfort to her throughout her trial, lead her quietly away.

So Godpapa Vance was laid, by a long train of mourners, under the great twin elm-trees, close to the church-path at the Cove. And thereafter Aunt Bella lived alone in Meadow Row; Tackett and Keziah, Bet and Duke the pointer, occupying their wonted places in the household. Small change was there, either inside or outside of the quiet house. All things went on, after a little while, as usual. The very study was duly dusted, aired, and kept holy, as of yore; and I am afraid that we children, selfish as we were, were half glad poor godpapa was not there to awe us, till we marked how silent and drooping dear Aunt Bella was; how often the white lamb's-wool or the braiding silks lay untouched beside her; and how her chirping little songs had quite died out, though there

was no one near her now to take exception at their want of skill.

Still, as the months passed on, this first great numbness of the heart wore off, and she would talk again at times—on the old themes, too—in the old cheerful voice which called young children and dumb creatures about her, as the sound of the pipe is said to call the merry little lizards irresistibly to listen. Far from shunning speech of her "beloved," or "that dear angel," as she would call him now at times, she seemed to find the greatest satisfaction in referring to the circumstances which she thought gave him the highest claim on her gratitude and affection, that she might embalm her saint's memory in a precious casket, and so fall down and worship it! What she loved best to speak of was her weary work-a-day life before she knew him; his stupendous generosity in choosing her for a wife; and the joy she had felt when first she began to find that her presence in the dull old London house had power to fence him off from many a bitter, querulous word and look of his crabbed old mother.

I never loved to sit thus listening to dear Aunt Bella half as well as after godpapa's death; for I was older now, and could estimate her true and tender nature at something like its value. She seemed in my eyes, too, quite handsome—no, handsome is not the word—quite lovely, though so very unlike any type of loveliness that I had ever seen.

If the truth must be told—a truth which would have stabbed dear Aunt Bella to the heart could she have ever so remotely conceived it—Mrs. Vance, the widow, was far more comely in her simple black dress and prim close cap, from under the border of which a few little iron-gray rings of hair peeped out on her forehead, than ever she had been as a wife. The gaudy-flowered chintzes and the gay taffeties were laid forever, and her great green fan and her bright-colored braiding silks were thenceforward the only patches of color about her, as she sat day by day in the usual place, but turned a little from the window now, wearing out the hours in patient occupation, and waiting her appointed time.

One day I brought her tidings of a wedding. One of my cousins, a frank, blue-eyed sunshiny girl of nineteen, the darling of her home, was going to marry a neighboring squire's son—a gay, generous-tempered, fair-faced stripling, who had loved her ever since they were both out of long clothes, and had told her so while they were yet in pinafores. We were all in a pleasant bustle about this marriage, especially I, who was to be exalted to the signal honor of acting as sixth bridesmaid on the occasion. So I emptied all my budget to Aunt Bella, and it was the first time I had seen her smile brightly, and kindle with any thing like her own cheerful spirit, since the great sorrow fell upon her. She even fell to talking of bridal finery and of the tall fly-cap and rich white lutestring sacque in which she had helped to array some friend of her young days—long, long turned to dust—when she went to the altar with a dashing young soldier, who was killed at the outbreak of the American war.

Aunt Bella even undertook to give me an idea of that bride's dignified head-dress, by the help of a sheet of newspaper and a few pins; and truly, if the form of the original edifice at all resembled that of the copy as fastened to the crown of her own widow's cap, it must have produced a very remarkable effect on those who had the good fortune to behold it.

"Ah! Boonie, dear," said Aunt Bella to me, with a quiet sigh, when the fly-cap was taken off, and she had turned to her netting again; "Ah, Boonie, my child! selfish old soul as I am, talking of that wedding sets me thinking of my own, that was so unlike it. How could it be otherwise, with *me* for the bride? People are fond of preaching, especially to you little ones, about good looks being of small account. I do not believe such a saying was ever heartily uttered by any woman who was without them."

It was a weakness in dear Aunt Bella, this yearning after the unattainable gift of beauty; it was a weakness—I know it was—and I knew it even then; but the symptoms of vain regret which would peep out now and then from a heart so honest and unselfish as hers, only proved how painful-

ly and persistently the fact of her unloveliness must have been ever before her, like a false mirror, to scare her with a distorted exaggeration of her own image. And even from this small feminine weakness her sweet nature conjured out an unmerited offering to her life's idol; for, after sitting awhile silent, she broke out with trembling lips:

"Perhaps, child, it was best so. For if I had been worthier of my beloved's choice, I might have taken it to be my due, and so not have been half thankful enough for it. But to think that that dear angel chose out *me*, with my handsome, clever sisters to choose from!" And here the struggling voice fainted off into a sob, and we talked no more about weddings for that day.

No one said or thought that Aunt Bella died of grief for godpapa's loss, when about twelve months later his grave was opened to make room for her. She had not seemed to pine away nor sicken, nor had she foreboded the end as near. She was only a little duller, quieter, less fond of the sunshine, in those last months. That was all. But she never used to come trotting down the hill to our house in the early freshness, leaning on her slender, ivory-topped cane, with Tackett jerking along beside her, bearing a little basket, roofed over with green leaves, and brimful of extra fine white currants or glistening black mulberries for "the children's" breakfast. Nor did I ever see her in that bright autumn weather, busied as usual with old Sam the gardener, in the little flower-plot across the road before her house.

So she went away, very peacefully and gradually, but never pausing to look back or recover any of the ground she had lost. The closing days of her existence were painless, and passed chiefly in sleep; there seemed no reason why she should die, except that her light of life had dwindled down, and nothing seemed to rekindle it. The last words I ever heard her speak were uttered in the dusk of the evening before her death, when, tearfully kneeling at her bedside, I folded my hands over hers, lying listlessly outside the quilt, and heard her whisper to herself: "Boonie's little hand; God bless her!"

## IMPERIAL AND ROYAL AUTHORS.

BY S. B. GOULD.

IS the present Emperor of the French aware that, in publishing his *Vie de César*, he is treading a beaten path? that his predecessors on the French throne have, from a remote age, sought to unite the fame of authorship with the glory of regal position? and is he aware of the fact, that their efforts in this quarter have not unfrequently been accounted dead failures? Julius Cæsar has already been handled by one of them, and with poor success, for Louis the Fourteenth, at the age of sixteen, produced a translation of the first book of the *Commentaries of Cæsar*, under the title "Guerre des Suisses, traduite du premier livre des Commentaires de Jules César, par Louis XIV., Dieu-Donné, roi de France et de Navarre." This work, consisting of eighteen pages, was printed at the royal press, in folio, 1651.

Louis the Fourteenth, however, was not the first French monarch to try his hand upon Julius Cæsar; he had been preceded by Henry the Fourth, who translated the whole work, and did not give it up after the first book. Will the present *Vie de César* reach a second volume? and, if it does, will it extend to a fourth? Those who know best the occupations of the imperial writer, say that it might be rash to feel sure beyond the first volume, or to calculate on more than a second. Let us see whether there is much novelty in the circumstance of a monarch becoming an author. We shall only look at the emperors of Rome and the kings of France. We know well enough that our own Alfred translated Boethius, Orosius, and Bede, and that Henry the Eighth won the title of "Defender of the Faith" by his literary tilt with Luther; and that James the First wrote against tobacco; and we are not disposed to revive the dispute about the Eikon Basilike.

Let us turn then to the Roman emperors after Cæsar, who was an author himself, or neither Henry the Fourth, nor Louis the Fourteenth, nor Louis Napoleon, would have had much to say about him.

Augustus, we are told by Suetonius, composed several works, which he was wont to read to a circle of friends. Among these were *Exhortations to the Study of Philosophy*, which we have no doubt the select circle listened to with possible edification and probable *ennui*. He wrote likewise his own memoirs, in thirteen books, but he never finished them, or brought them beyond the Cantabrian war. His epigrams were written in his bath. He commenced a tragedy upon Ajax, but, little pleased with it, he destroyed it; and in answer to the select circle which asked, "What had become of Ajax?" "Ah! poor fellow!" replied the emperor, "He fell upon the sponge, and perished;" meaning that he had washed the composition off his papyrus.

Tiberius, says the same author, composed a lyric poem on the death of Julius Cæsar, but his style was full of affectation and conceits.

Claudius suffered from the same passion for becoming an author, and composed several books of history as well as memoirs of his own life, and these were read in public, for the friendly circle was too narrow for his ambition.

He also invented three letters, which he supposed were necessary for the perfection of the alphabet, and he wrote a pamphlet on the subject, before assuming the purple. After having become emperor, he enforced their use. He wrote also, in Greek, twenty books of Tyrian, and eight of Carthaginian history, which were read publicly every year in Alexandria. Nero composed verses, Domitian a treatise on hair-dressing, Adrian his own life; Marcus Aurelius wrote his commentaries, which are lost, and his moral reflections, and letters to Fronto, which are still extant. Julian the Apostate was the author of a curious work, the *Misopogon*, or *Foe to the Beard*, a clever and witty squib directed against the effeminate inhabitants of Antioch. A few passages from this work will not be out of place.

"I begin at my face, which is wanting in all that is agreeable, noble, and good; so I, morose and odd, have tacked on to it this long beard to punish it for its ugliness. In this dense beard perhaps little insects



stroll, as do beasts in a forest; I leave them alone. This beard constrains me to eat and drink with the utmost circumspection, or I should infallibly make a mess of it. As good luck will have it, I am not given to kissing or to receiving kisses, for a beard like mine is inconvenient on that head, as it does not allow the contact of lips. \* \* \* You say that you could twine ropes out of my beard; try it, only take care that the roughness of the hair does not take the skin off your soft and delicate hands."

Valentinian the First is said to have emulated Ausonius in licentious poetry.

Of the later emperors some have obtained celebrity by their writings.

Leo the Sixth, surnamed the Wise, was the author of a very interesting and precious treatise on the art of warfare. He also composed some prophecies, sufficiently obscure to make the Greeks in after ages find them apply to various events as they occurred. Constantine the Sixth was also an eminent contributor to literature. This prince had been early kept from public affairs by his uncle Alexander, and his mother Zoe, so that he had sought pleasure and employment in study. After having collected an enormous library, which he threw open to the public, he employed both himself and numerous scribes in making collections of extracts from the principal classic authors. The most important of these, and that to which he attached his own name, consisted of a mass of choice fragments, gathered into fifty-three books. This vast work is lost, together with many of the books cited, except only two parts: one treating of embassies, the other of virtues and vices. Constantine also wrote a curious geographical account of the provinces of the Greek empire, a treatise on the administration of government, and another on the ceremonies observed in the Byzantine Court; a life of the Emperor Basil, an account of the famous image of Edessa, and a few other trifles.

Let us now turn to the French monarchs, and we shall find that they began early to take the pen in hand; and, unfortunately, the very first royal literary work in France was a blunder. King Chilperic wrote a

treatise on the Trinity, under the impression that he had a gift for theological definition, and he signalized his error by asserting that the word Person should not be used in speaking of the three members of the Trinity. Having burned his fingers by touching theology, the semi-barbarian king attempted poetry with like success. But his pretensions did not end there. He added the Greek letter *v* to the Latin alphabet, and three characters of his own invention, so as to introduce into that language certain Teutonic sounds. "He sent orders," writes Gregory of Tours, "into every city of his kingdom, that all children should be taught in this manner, and that ancient written books should be effaced, and rewritten in the new style."

The great and wise Charlemagne, perceiving the glories of his native tongue, and the beauties of his national poetry, carefully collected the Teutonic national poems, and commenced a grammar of the language. Robert the Second was not only a scholar, but a musician; he composed some of the Latin hymns still in use in the Church, with their accompanying melodies. His queen Constantia, seeing him engaged on his sacred poetry, one day, in joke, asked him to write something in memory of her. He at once composed the hymn, "O constantia martyrurum," which the queen, not understanding Latin, but hearing her name occurring in the first line, supposed to be a poem in her honor.

Louis the Eleventh is supposed to have contributed to the *Cent Nouvelles nouvelles*, which collection, however much credit it may do him in a literary point of view, is inexcusably wanting in decency.

A volume of poems by Francis the First exists in MS. in the Imperial Library. It contains, among other interesting matter, a prose letter, and another in verse, written from his prison to one of his mistresses.

Louis the Thirteenth had, says his epitaph, "a hundred virtues of a valet, not one of a master;" but he could write sonnets, and compose the music for them. The best, perhaps, is that composed on, or for, Madame de Hautefort, which is charming. But Louis the Thirteenth was more

of a barber, gardener, pastry-cook, and farmer, than an author.

Louis the Fourteenth, besides his translation of *Cesar's Commentaries*, Book I., composed *Memoires historiques, politiques, et militaires*; but his writings were not remarkable, as his education had been so neglected by his mother and Mazarin, that, according to La Porte, his valet, he was not allowed to have the history of France read to him, even for the sake of sending him to sleep.

Louis the Fifteenth wrote a little treatise on the course of the rivers of Europe, and printed it with his own hands. It consisted of sixty-two pages, and contained nothing which was not perfectly well known before; as, for instance, that the Thames ran into the North Sea or German Ocean, and that the Rhone actually fell into the Mediterranean. In 1766 appeared a description of the forest of Compiègne, and guide to the forest, by Louis, afterward Louis the Sixteenth, composed by the unfortunate prince at the age of twelve.

Louis the Eighteenth wrote an account of a journey from Paris to Coblenz, which was published in 1823.

This work was full of inaccuracies and mistakes, so that it became the prey of critics.

Finally, Napoleon the First wrote much, but not in the way of book-making, though he began a history of Corsica, which remained in MS. His writings have been collected and published in five volumes, under the title, *Œuvres de Napoléon Bonaparte*.

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## THE PEARL FISHERY.

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PEARL oysters are found in various parts of the world—in Europe, in Asia, and in America. The localities from which they are procured in the greatest abundance are the Persian Gulf, the shores of Ceylon and Japan, the Sooloo Archipelago, and the Gulfs of Panama and California. Those of Panama and California are very large, and their shells very thick and beautiful, forming what is usually termed "mother-of-pearl." A considerable profit has been de-

rived from carrying these shells from California to China, where they are manufactured by the Chinese into a variety of ornamental and fancy articles. Pearl oysters are said to arrive at perfection in seven years, and after attaining this age they soon die. They are usually procured by divers, at depths of from three to eight fathoms. Though pearls are not peculiar to one kind of oyster, the pearl oysters of Ceylon are all of one species and one shape, being an imperfect oval, about nine and a half inches in circumference. The body of the fish is white and fleshy—much fatter than that of the common oyster; and the flesh of those oysters which contain pearls is usually rank and unfit for eating. In the center of the pearl is often found a grain of sand or other extraneous matter, which may be considered as the nucleus of the formation, thus leading to the conviction that on the introduction of this particle into the body or shell of the oyster, in order to prevent the disagreeable effects of friction, he covers it with successive layers of the glutinous matter that constitutes the pearl. The Chinese are said to take advantage of this peculiarity of action in a singular manner. In the beginning of summer, when the oysters rise to the surface of the water, and open their shells, five or six beads, made of mother-of-pearl, are sometimes thrown into each one of them; and at the end of the year, when they are drawn up and opened, these are found covered with a pearly crust, so as to have a perfect resemblance to the genuine pearl. All round pearls are taken from the body of the oyster. The others are found adhering to the inner part of the shell, being flat on that side which is attached to the surface. Sometimes between one and two hundred pearls have been found in a shell; and it often happens that three or four hundred shells may be opened without containing a single pearl. The pearls, after being extracted and cleaned, are polished with a powder made of the pearls themselves. They are of various colors—white, brown, and even black. They are next assorted into classes, according to their size, by being passed through sieves, and then, after being drilled and strung, are ready to be sent to

the different markets in various parts of India, Europe and America. The oysters usually adhere to the rocks and to each other in immense heaps and clusters, until age has enfeebled the fibers of their beards by which they cling; and at an age of probably between six and seven years, breaking from their hold, they may be found in perfection upon some sandy bottom near their original domains. The beds of oysters on the rocks are said sometimes to exceed eighteen inches in thickness. Attempts have been made to transport the pearl oyster to a more northern climate, both in America and Europe, but invariably without success. In the island of Ceylon, instead of opening the oysters immediately after they are gathered, they are suffered to remain in heaps on the shore until they have undergone the process of putrefaction and become dry. Then the pearls can be removed with comparatively little difficulty from the shell. Sometimes the body of the fish is of a brilliant scarlet hue; and then the inside of the shell possesses the same peculiarity of color. The oyster, and particularly the pearl oyster, is generally admitted to be something of a philosopher, and given to habits of meditation. Perhaps it is so. But we can hardly suppose that as he lies quiescent beneath the waves, adhering to his coral home, he ever dreams that he is constantly engaged in the manufacture of beautiful ornaments for beings of another race, and that one day the rude hands of man will tear him from his native element, and pull him to pieces for the sake of his beautiful pearls.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW LAKE.—A new and by no means insignificant lake has been discovered beyond the first range of mountains east of the Sink of Humboldt. The lake lies about east of the Sink, and is some twenty miles long and six miles wide. It is called Lake View Lake—rather a bungling name—and the surrounding country is well timbered.

A SPRING of fine petroleum has been discovered in Garden Valley, Eastern Nevada.

CYCLONE IN MEXICO.—An American, writing from Tacubaya, Mexico, gives the following description of a violent cyclone which occurred there recently. He says:

“Whilst walking with my brother on our *azotea*, (flat roof,) we observed a small cloud in the northeast, of a leaden or ashy color. We watched it attentively. It very soon assumed larger proportions, which rapidly increased, until the whole heavens were covered. The clouds appeared to assemble from all parts, and to engage in desperate battle. Several powerful chiefs gathered their hosts around them, manifesting their independent action by a whirling motion. At length a big fellow came upon the field, and swept every thing into his powerful vortex. Then there was one large whirl, and occasionally (I suppose when taking breath) a huge tail of a water-spout made its appearance, to be dragged up again as soon as the whirl recommenced. When nearly over our heads, the stupendous artillery began to play, and for about three quarters of an hour we had one continued roll of thunder, the result of an uninterrupted display of the most magnificent lightning that I ever beheld. As darkness came on, the lightning assumed a purple color; it was one continued play of up and down, horizontal, diagonal—every imaginable direction, and at the same moment; one flash crossing another, and forming the most fantastic shapes, the W, as usual, being the most frequent. I have not heard of any accident. A deluge of water fell, and the next morning the whole valley was steaming under a cloudless sky and hot sun. There had been (apparently) for some time a great excess of electricity in the atmosphere, and the storm I have attempted to describe was the first discharge of the surplus. The second discharge came in the form of an earthquake, which roused us out of our slumbers at five minutes to two o'clock in the morning. I immediately arose and lighted my candle, but there was not any thing hanging in my room to indicate the direction of the shock, which, however, appears to have been, as usual, from northeast to southwest.”

## MINING, SCIENCE, AND ART.

THOUGH properly belonging to a single mining district, being the first laid out in this region of country, the name of Silver Mountain is generally applied to the entire basin about the headwaters of Carson River, embracing no less than nine mining districts. Of these, the Monitor and Mogul lie east of the east fork of the Carson. They contain fine sugar pine-timber, and have heavy crops of grass and abundance of water. The Silver King district, about the sources of the stream, is well wooded, with also an abundance of water, which is indeed the case with the greater part of the mountain district lying to the south and west of Monitor and Silver Creek. To the south and west of this, again, are the Raymond and Highland districts, both well wooded and watered. West of the Monitor and Mogul, and between the east and middle forks of the Carson, is the Alpine district. The Webster district, to the northward of the Alpine and Raymond, and like it, is well off for wood and water, having the middle fork of the Carson on one side, and the west fork on the other. The Mokelumne district lies further to the westward. Through it flows the north fork of the Carson. The whole of the districts of Silver Mountain are finely watered and timbered. Mill sites can be found on every fork of the Carson, either for lumber, sawing, or mills for crushing. Mokelumne district is situated on the extreme western verge of Alpine county, between the Big Tree Road and the Amador Grade Road, and is reached by either with equal facility.

Summit City, its capital, is four miles south of Hope Valley, through which a good wagon-road is nearly completed, connecting Summit City with the Amador Road—built partly by the State, and commenced in 1863. From Stockton, the distance by the Big Tree Road is about one hundred and thirty-five miles; the road being one of the finest in the State. Provisions and machinery can be teamed in from Stockton for three cents a pound. By the Amador Grade Road the distance from

Sacramento is about one hundred miles, over an equally good road. Thus, of the whole group of mining districts in Silver Mountain, the Mokelumne and Alpine districts are the nearest either to Stockton or Sacramento.

Summit City is situated near the center of the district, in a beautiful and picturesque valley, on the headwaters of the Mokelumne River. It is surrounded on nearly all sides by lofty, snow-capped mountains, and is pronounced by Professor Whitney to be the highest mining district on the North American continent. A line drawn on a level from here would pass high over Virginia City, Aurora, Markleville, or any other inhabited place in Nevada or in California. By scrambling up Silver Era Peak—altitude eleven thousand feet—which it takes three hours to ascend from the valley, a most superb view is had of both California and Nevada. To the eastward, the eye, looking over and past Silver Mountain, takes in Lake Tahoe, Carson Valley, and, in fact, the whole mining country around Virginia City, while the locality of that famous city, though invisible from this distance, can be plainly noted. To the westward, the view extends over the whole grand panorama of California, with its plains and rolling country extending to a dimly defined ridge, which is recognized as the coast range. On a clear day this affords the most splendid prospect that imagination can conceive.

The mill power of this district is found on a stream discharging into the north fork of the Mokelumne River, on which Summit City is situated, and is supplied from the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada range—an unfailing and eternal source. Along this is found ample power for one thousand mills. The hills and mountains are clothed with dense forests of majestic pines, affording fuel and timber enough for all mining purposes for the next century. Thus the great requisites of wood and water abound in Mokelumne district. The ledges are wide and well defined, running

generally north and south, and crop boldly out of the ground. The character of the rock is shown in gray and black sulphurets of silver. The principal hill into which these ledges run is called Silver Era Peak—altitude eleven thousand feet—which is the highest land in the country. The ledges can be traced on each side of this peak, on the northerly side showing quartz, and on the southerly a white porphyry, having streaks of black sulphurets. The casings of all the ledges are metamorphic slate.

The Alpine district is the best watered and timbered of any of the districts in this mountain range, and is situated in the center of the mining region. The town of Mount Bullion is situate on both sides of the East Carson, at the junction where Monitor Creek flows. It is becoming quite a place of importance; fine houses, hotels, stables, etc., have been erected; tunnels have been run to develop the mines, and, although a few have only struck paying rock, all are very sanguine that 1865 would prove to the outside world that they would be paying institutions. The Mount Bullion Tunnel is being run, and will cut a great many ledges. This district, already famous, was the first that located their claims in what is now known as "series," or ledges, back of each other, and which is now the favorite plan in all new mining regions. And I thought when it was explained to me to be best for developing numerous ledges with less expense, as a tunnel can cut all on the hill on the side on which the tunnel is commenced, and if required can be run clear through the mountain, cutting not only known ledges, but also great numbers of what are known as blind ledges. Mount Bullion lies in both Monitor and Alpine districts, therefore I will mention another tunnel as an illustration: the Michigan Tunnel will cut about twenty ledges, which lie the same way as described. The Alpine district has abundance of fine timber, large and fit for any purpose in building, being fine sugar pine; also an abundance for fuel for mill and other purposes. The Webster district lies nearest to Woodfords, in Carson Valley, and north of Alpine, and contains a large

quantity of fine arable land, now under cultivation. It is well watered and timbered, like the other districts in the Silver Mountain region. The town of Markleeville is second only to Konigsburg in point of population, and is situated on the north bank of the middle fork of the Carson River, and about six miles south of the old emigrant trail, one hundred and forty miles from Sacramento, thirteen miles from Konigsburg, twenty miles from Silver King district, and seven miles from Mogul and Monitor. It is thirteen miles south of the northern line of the county, and the center town of the population of the county of Alpine. An excellent wagon-road connects it with Placerville, and a new one building will give it a straight line to Jackson, when it will be accessible at all seasons of the year. The climate will compare favorably with any mountain-town in the State; the soil is excellent, and will raise almost any kind of vegetables, and many gardens are at present under cultivation. The altitude of Markleeville is five thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Carson River and its branches drain this section of surplus waters. The river has been improvised into a canal for the purpose of floating lumber to the Washoe market after being cut at the mills, forty miles down the Carson Valley. This trade will soon be interrupted, for every available place is taken for mill purposes. It is thought that, in a year or two, the place will compete with Virginia in population, health, and wealth, for no place is more healthy or has brighter prospects of success.

The ledges vary in width, being from four to twenty feet, with top rock that assays from eighty dollars to one hundred and twenty dollars per ton, and where reached, at the depth of sixty to one hundred feet, the assays yield from one to three thousand to the ton in gold and silver. Very little galena, copper, or iron is found in the leads, it being of that peculiar class of blue-black so highly prized in the mines of Mexico and South America. The ledges all have a casing equal to their width, each side of the ledge composed of a white lime crete, soft and sticky when

being worked, which hardens on exposure to the air, and, therefore, very little timbering is needed. When water is struck in the tunnels, it is so strongly impregnated with arsenic, that when many of them are opened they will, no doubt, destroy the virtue of the rare snow-waters of the river, and the delicious white-fish that now abound in great quantities. There are many fine ledges, with tunnels driving in, and, no doubt, they will be made remunerative.

Silver Mountain district lies southwest of Monitor district, on Silver Creek—a large stream of water that flows into the East Carson—and had the first location. Konigsburg City, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, was laid out by some Norwegians, who first settled here, and named it after the city they came from in Norway. The city is laid off at right angles, and is quite a place of importance. It lies in the heart of a dense forest of the finest timber of sugar-pine, has its saw-mills, quartz-mills, hotels, livery-stables, stores, and, indeed, looks to me to be destined for a large and prominent city. The mines around are very rich and extensive; the ledges are well defined, with fine out-croppings; tunnels are running in every where, and the ores extracted are exceedingly rich in vitreous silver, chlorides, ruby, silver, bromide of silver, or plata verde. The Norwegians are experienced miners, and know at a glance almost the value of the ore. The climate is most delightful during the summer months, and numbers of visitors were there when I was there in May, 1864. There are many objects of interest to be seen around. I will mention Silver Lakes, about five miles in a direction southwest-ly from Silver Mountain town or Konigsburg, and one mile northerly from the Big Tree Grade. Near the summit of the Sierra Nevada (east) are two beautiful sheets of water called Silver Lakes. These have been located, and it is intended to build a fine hotel on their borders, and make it a place of popular resort, the same as they have at Lake Tehoe or Bigler; for which it has many natural advantages. I paid a visit to the lakes, and deem them worthy of more than a passing

notice. They are nearly equal in size, circular in outline, about a third of a mile in width, and lie in granite basins. One is one hundred feet lower than the other, from which it is separated by a wall of rock. The waters are the gift of the neighboring cliffs that tower above, and cast their shadows over the transparent depths below. Each contributes its stream to form a common mirror, and asks but the simple privilege of looking down and admiring its own stern beauties. The face of nature in the vicinity has suffered little change since it came from the hand that formed it. Man has not yet "marred its magnificence." Two log-cabins, brush-roofed, doorless and windowless, have been built by the locators, but these are seldom visited. It is said the lakes contain no fish, but I am of a different opinion; for there are plenty in all the streams around; however, I think it would be a wise plan to bring some of the famous trout from Lake Bigler, so that they might be stocked for future benefit. Let every one who journeys that way add his trout, and receive a blessing from future generations. There are a few birds and squirrels, which should be kept in preservation. Ducks and geese may visit them during the winter season, but it has not been noticed; very probably from being only lately discovered. The pines and other *conifers* that cover the mountain-sides disappear or change with the altitude, so as hardly to be recognized, and give place to tall, arrowy spruces, which shade the smooth, sandy beach. A few violets and other hardy flowers struggle for existence amid patches of snow; and the general appearance of the country, though perhaps uninviting to the lover of the tropics, presents a thousand attractions to the admirer of mountain scenery. A few years hence, when Silver Mountain is widely known for the production of bullion, numerous hotels will adorn these wilds, boats will skim the waters, and the butterflies of fashion will climb the peaks or enjoy the coolness of the glen adjacent to Silver Lakes.

The town of Monitor is situate on Monitor Creek, about one and a half miles above

its junction with the East Carson River. The bottom on either sides is narrow, varying from two hundred to six hundred feet in width. Grading the slopes and filling in the creek has increased the width considerably, and the short gulches that empty into the creek within the limits of the town, form cross streets of an easy grade; but the business portion will always be confined to the one main street. The town proper is about one mile in length, which in a short time will extend to East Carson. Over sixty distinct ledges, between the lower limits of the town and the East Carson, have been located, the majority of which have been opened by shaft or tunnel, and have proved, like all the other districts, rich, the rock of Silver Mountain being of the same character as the Ophir, Gould and Curry, and Savage. From the upper limits of the town to the source of Oro Fino Creek is about two miles, and at least forty ledges cross this creek at an angle favorable for the miner to tap them, at depths varying from five hundred to sixteen hundred feet below the surface. When I asked why they built their town in the narrow gorge of the mountains, they gave this sensible answer: "Where the mines are, there also should be the towns; for if nature has been niggardly of her bounties in level space, she has poured forth her wealth with a lavish hand, enabling us to adorn and beautify, and we have come to the conclusion, after carefully looking around, that if we are not the 'hub of the universe,' we are fixed in about the center of one of the richest mining districts on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas." This district has, like all others, abundance of wood and water, mill-sites, arable land, fine climate, etc.

Mogul district is east of Alpine and north of Monitor, and comes to the line of division between California and Nevada. The town of Mogul is on Mogul Creek, and is progressing very fast; as also is Forest City, about half-way from Mogul to Monitor. This district can boast with any of the sister districts of Alpine County, on plain and well-defined ledges, and the quartz can not be beaten by any in the State.

The Silver King district lies about ten miles from Monitor, in a southeasterly direction. Through this district flows the East Carson, furnishing ample power for mining and mill purposes.

The first discovery of silver in the Silver Mountain region was made by three men, and not by Norwegians, as is generally supposed, although they were the first settlers in that section. The three men were named respectively, John Johnson, Harris, and Perry. In prospecting the eastern slope for mineral, in 1860, they discovered from a distance the massive croppings of the celebrated mountain lode, at what is now known as Silver Mountain, (the original name of Konigsburg.) This was in the fall of 1860. No locations were made, however, until June, 1861, when the mountain No. 1 and the Silver Creek companies were located, and work commenced upon them. Soon after, other locations were made upon the same ledge, commencing upon the north with the Mammoth, three thousand feet; Silver Creek, three thousand feet; the now famous mountain, two thousand seven hundred and fifty feet; the Jefferson, three thousand feet; Washington, three thousand feet; and the Astor, two thousand feet. The croppings of this ledge are probably the best defined of any this side of the mountains. They exhibit a bold outcrop continuously for a distance of over five miles, without a break. When there in the summer of 1864, I went into the lower tunnel of the mountain—then in two hundred and sixty feet, six and a half by seven feet in the clear—calculated for a double track. Before reaching the main ledge, they will cross two other ledges—the first being fifty feet ahead, the second in two hundred feet. The first one from the croppings will be narrow, but the second will be very wide. A tunnel was commenced in 1861, which, after running three hundred and ten feet, crossed the ledge sixty feet beneath the croppings, which were forty feet wide, rich in silver. For a long time Silver Mountain was little cared for, but after a time, when its richness had been developed, and the facilities for working proved well, crowds of miners overran the entire country, and wonderful

discoveries were made. Towns sprang up all around, and now the richness of the place is an established fact.

The timber of Silver Mountain is large sugar pines, fit for fine-finishing purposes, and of an entirely different kind to that found in any part of Nevada, and which must get its supply from here. The lumber is also sent down the Big Tree route to California, to all the intermediate stations between it and Murphy. The valleys are fertile, and will grow any cereal in great abundance. On the hill-sides, vineries can be planted that will produce all the wines required for Nevada. The grasses are rich, heavy and luxuriant, and hay can be made at a very small cost. The prospects of Silver Mountain are brightening, and a few years hence will place her where she should be—among the mining places of note.

The mining districts of Silver Mountain, Virginia, Humboldt, Reese River, and Esmeralda, may be proud that the Big Tree Road has been opened up for travel, as they will now escape the high tariff of prices they had to pay by the Old Placerville Road, the insolence of hirelings, disregard by public conveyors for the comfort and convenience of passengers, and the recklessness and failure to discharge obligations by carriers. Every new and additional route of travel over the Sierra Nevada is a cause for rejoicing to them, as it will secure a more prompt, surer, and cheaper delivery, both of goods and machinery. The Big Tree Road has a fine double-track, which, on the western slope of the Sierras, commences its ascent among the foot-hills, near what is popularly known as the Big Tree Hotel, and at an altitude of four thousand seven hundred feet above tide-water. Thence to the "Gap," where it reaches its highest point of crossing the Sierra Nevada, a distance of some forty miles, and in this distance it has a grade of four thousand five hundred and twenty feet to overcome, or one hundred and thirteen feet to the mile; thence to its terminus, connecting with the Reese River Road, a distance of some twenty-two miles. Its importance to Reese and Esmeralda travel may be seen from the following comparison

of distances by the old road with that of the new :

	Miles.
BY THE OLD ROUTE.	
From Sacramento to Carson City, . . .	147
“ Carson to Austin, Reese River, . .	180
Whole distance by old road, . . . . .	327

	Miles.
BY THE BIG TREE ROUTE.	
From Stockton to Silver Mountain, . . .	120
“ Silver Mountain to Wellington Station, . . . . .	17
“ Wellington to Austin, Reese River, .	86
Whole distance, Stockton to Austin, . .	223

Distance saved and in favor of the Big Tree Route, one hundred and twenty-four miles. This is an item worth the consideration of the Reese River travel. Again, let us see if there is not a balance in favor of the new road to Esmeralda :

	Miles.
BY THE OLD ROUTE.	
From Sacramento to Genoa, . . . . .	134
“ Genoa to Esmeralda, . . . . .	86
Whole distance, . . . . .	222

	Miles.
BY THE BIG TREE ROUTE.	
From Stockton to Silver Mountain, . . .	120
“ Silver Mountain to Esmeralda, . . .	60
Whole distance, . . . . .	180

Distance in favor of Big Tree Route, forty miles. This saving of distance over two of the great lines of travel, must operate to give the Silver Mountain region a great advantage for the southern section. However, I would advise travelers to go by Stockton and the Big Tree, and return by the Carson, Lake Bigler, and Placerville roads, so as to view the scenery on each route.

R. M. EVANS.

TRANS-PACIFIC TELEGRAPHY.—While we read of the rapid extension of telegraphy across Asia, toward Peking and the Amour, and of Mr. Collins's scheme for connecting the opposite coasts of the Pacific, the question of the applicability of the system to China naturally presents itself. Is the hieroglyphical nature of Chinese writing an impediment to the extension of the electric telegraph over that widespread empire? It is certain that that jealous government would not concede the privilege of connecting the trading ports together, and unite Peking, by the mysterious wire, if it could be used only through a barbarian medium. Besides, the amount of business which foreigners have to transact is not



sufficient to justify the requisite expenditure, were they allowed to introduce the system.

This is a subject that has already attracted attention. An ingenious Frenchman, Count d'Escayrac de Lauture, of the French Embassy to Peking, lately published in Paris a plan, according to which, by the use of thirteen hundred symbols, messages might be transmitted in Chinese with facility. As the Chinese characters are above fifty thousand in number, it must be admitted that the Count's plan greatly lessens the difficulty. But a countryman of our own, Dr. Macgowan, temporarily serving in the United States army, and well known for the researches which he made during his long residence in China, had published, many years ago, a work in the language of that country, explanatory of the electric telegraph, in which he made known a contrivance by which the same object could be obtained by the use of twenty symbols, or marks—about half the number, indeed, that are needed in the transmission of messages in English. The facetious Abbe Hue, in one of his entertaining volumes, ridicules the idea of Dr. Macgowan. It was, therefore, a question with many, whether it was the divine or the doctor who was mistaken in this important matter.

A few days ago, however, Dr. Macgowan's invention was subject to the test of experiment at Washington, by the American Telegraph Company, and the result demonstrates that by Dr. Macgowan's method, messages may be sent through by the ordinary apparatus, and copied with more facility in Chinese than in English. Consequently, there are no limits to the extension of telegraphy throughout the world. John Chinaman will some day be able to send his orders from San Francisco to Shanghai as readily as Professor Morse himself can send from New York to London.

MINING IN ARIZONA.—Late letters from Arizona state matters somewhat looking up. The fuller development of the permanent mines is considerably retarded by the enormous rates of freight. From what we have heard, it is very evident that many leads, offering good paying ore, would yield

a great trade with San Francisco, if freights down the river were cut down one half, and be a benefit to all concerned. Great complaint is made of the high tariff, the scarcity of gold and silver coin, in conjunction with the tremendous rates charged for freight, the uncertainty as regards the time of the passages of the steamers up and down, the want of organization of things generally, and the general monopoly existing every where.

THE YO-SEMITE SCENERY SURPASSED.—Professor Whitney's party of geological explorers in California have found, during the past season, even more wonderful regions for mountains and rock scenery than the famous Yo-Semite, and a grove of bigger trees than those of Calaveras, which have heretofore been the pride of California for natural wonders and curiosities, and the great object of interest to all travelers to the Pacific States. These newest and rarest wonders lie farther south in Tulare County; they include mounts fifteen thousand feet high, the highest in the limits of the United States territory, and higher than the king of the Alps, Mont Blanc; also perpendicular walls of rock seven thousand feet high, or twice as high as those that give such grandeur and fame to the Yo-Semite Valley; and a grove of big trees, bigger than those into whose hollow trunks three horsemen ride abreast, and on whose stumps the Californians hold mass meetings, which is twenty-five miles in extent. These new discoveries are in the valley of the Kern River.

PETROLEUM IN BURMAH.—The oil wells in Burmah, it is estimated, have been yielding their present supply of eight hundred thousand barrels per annum at least a hundred years, amounting during that period to about eighty million barrels, English measure; these, if arranged as previously stated, would form a continuous line of oil-barrels twenty-seven thousand three hundred miles long. Oil-wells also exist in Persia, and it is said have lately been discovered near the Sea of Azof, while on the Island of Sámos they existed five hundred years before the Christian era.

**METEOROLOGICAL STUDIES.**—The French Association for the Advancement of Meteorology, which meets periodically at the Paris Observatory, has established prizes for the encouragement of meteorological studies; and persons of any nation may compete. They state in their programme that "the storms of the coasts of France come, already formed, from the Atlantic;" they ask for a series of meteorological observations made as widely as possible over that great ocean, in the hope that something may be learned therefrom of the origin and nature of the storms; and for this, they offer their principal prize of four thousand francs. Another of three thousand francs is proposed for a series of the best observations made at sea, or in places little known in a meteorological point of view; and two prizes, each of five hundred francs, are for the best memoir (or essay) on the application of meteorology to agricultural questions.

**HISTORY OF THE CAUCASIAN RACE.**—An eminent English writer says:

History, tradition, and the comparison of languages establish that the tribes and nations which compose the Caucasian race had their origin in a small family, or clan, whose abode was in some part of southern Asia, and who, by emigrations from that center, have peopled all the lands which they now occupy throughout Europe and Asia; and the time requisite for such emigrations and settlements does not exceed the Scripture date of the Noachian deluge. The Bible also teaches us that the duration of the antediluvian period was 1656 years; and there is nothing in this that militates against the hypothesis that Adam was the progenitor of the Caucasian race alone. But if it is to be assumed that he was the progenitor of all humanity, and that the Mongol and Negro, and all the other inferior races, were his lineal descendants, then the Scripture chronology of that period can not be relied on, as all who have any knowledge of the principles of anthropology and comparative philology concede that the descent of the Mongol or the Negro from the Caucasian, and the development of the radical and agglutinative languages

from the inflectional, or the reverse, are either impossibilities, or require an antiquity for Adam incalculably higher and more remote than that recorded in the Bible. Time, to a far greater extent than that which intervened between the Adam Genesis and the Egyptian monuments which certify the existence of the Negro, would have been a necessary element for his production, if his lineage was derived from Adam. If the Mongol was a Mongol, and the Negro was a Negro, before Adam became a living soul, the Mosaic record harmonizes with, and is confirmed by, all that science and philosophy have discovered and proclaimed to have been the course of nature—the presence and progress of God upon the earth. If, on the other hand, the Mongol and Negro are to be considered descendants of Adam, the facts of science and the words of Scripture are irreconcilably at variance.

**PETROLEUM OIL.**—For some weeks past, says a California exchange, every nook and corner, every ravine where asphaltum was known to exist, has been prospected, vacant lands secured, titles examined, and work by day and by night continued in securing oil lands.

**DANGEROUS PRACTICE.**—Many persons who use kerosene lamps are in the habit when going to bed or when leaving a room for a short time, of turning the wick down low, in order to save a trifle of the consumption of oil. The consequence is that the air of the room soon becomes vitiated by the unconsumed oil vapors, by the gas produced by combustion, and also by the minute particles of smoke and soot which are thrown off. Air thus poisoned is dead in its effects, and the wonder is that more persons are not immediately and fatally injured by breathing it. Irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs, headache, dizziness and nausea are among its effects.

**CURE FOR BRONCHITIS.**—To cure bronchitis, take a small piece of common salt-petre and suck it as one would candy, and swallow the juice. A lady writes that this remedy is infallible.

**COAL MINES ON THE PACIFIC.**—The amount of coal taken to the City of San Francisco during the past year from the Pacific coast was as follows: Coose Bay, one thousand three hundred tons; Bellingham Bay, nine thousand seven hundred and thirty tons; and from the mines of Monte Diablo, thirty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-three tons; which have been sold at prices ranging from seven dollars to twelve dollars per ton, being a reduction of from three dollars to five dollars on the prices current the preceding year. This coal is of the bituminous variety, and is found to answer all the purposes of fuel, both for domestic uses and the generation of steam. It is consumed largely in and about the city, and is used in all the industrial establishments where steam is employed, as well as upon all steamers navigating coastwise or upon inland waters. The above mines are well opened, the amount of coal easily accessible to supply the consumption of entire coast, or any demand likely ever to be made upon them. The companies have also vessels and other facilities for transporting the article in unlimited quantities to any required point of delivery, and could largely increase the amount raised without adding materially to their current expenses, but there is no object in doing so, since they could not find a sale for the same without reducing prices below the cost of production, on account of the market being constantly glutted with foreign importations, which are forced off at rates below cost and charges.

**HOW WERE THE ALPS FORMED?**—A geological debate has been for some time in progress in Europe as to the mode of formation of the Alps. One savan argues that the mountains were formed by upheaval and subsequent fracture. Two professors contend that Switzerland was once covered by water, and that this water, operating through long ages, has fashioned the mountains and hills, valleys and ravines. The debate is exciting, and Professor Tyndall, who has climbed many an Alp to observe ice and snow, and the effects of light and temperature, has now a reason for climbing them all again to gain facts and

evidence in support of his new geological argument. It was for this that his last year's journey to Switzerland was undertaken; and looking forth from the heights, he concludes that water, ice, and wearing away have, to use his words, sculptured the Alps into their present form. The erosion theory ascribes the formation of Alpine valleys to the agencies here referred to. It invokes but true causes. The artificers by which its work is performed are still there, though it may be in diminished strength; and if they are granted sufficient time, it is demonstrable that they are competent to produce the effects ascribed by them.

**TO TAKE BRUISES OUT OF FURNITURE.**—Wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it, and lay it on the place; apply on that a hot flat iron till the moisture is evaporated; if the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. Generally, after two or three applications, the dent or bruise is raised to a level with the surface. If the bruise be very small, merely soak it with warm water, and apply a red hot poker near the surface; keep it constantly wet, and in a few minutes the bruises will disappear.

**METALLIC BANDS FOR THE HEAD.**—The scientific world has just discovered a new cure for the headache—the application of metal to the part affected. A band of brass, worn a *la ferromniere*, is found to be a sovereign specific. If brass fails, you are to try zinc, copper, or any other metal. Doctors Dufraigne and Burd divide the honors of these “metallo-therapeutics,” which irresistibly remind one of Hood's “Mrs. F., was so very deaf that she wore a ‘percussion cap!’”

**PHYSIOLOGY OF DROWNING.**—M. Beau has recently laid before the French Academy an account of his experiments on this subject, made upon dogs. He gives as the result his belief that the death of the drowned has the greatest resemblance to that which happens in consequence of tetanic affections of the nerves of respiration.

## OUR EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

SO much has been said and written about the disposition of the people of the Pacific to rove, and their indifference to the establishment of permanent homes, that it seems almost unnecessary for *The Sanctum* to add to the volumes already penned; and yet it is a subject which so intimately concerns the prosperity of these States, that we scarcely dare treat it with neglect. Causes operate to produce results, in all cases, and only the eradication of the cause will produce a change in the result. What then have been the causes for the neglect of the people of the Pacific to draw around them the sweet endearments of home? First, tradition—one of the foolish traditions of that section, handed down from the originator, the pioneer. He, with the love of home in his heart, just emerged from the family circle in the East, his mind still lingering at the fire-side where an aged father counseled to prudence, temperance and economy; a devoted mother pointed to faith, hope and piety; a dear sister admonished to zeal, enterprise and industry; while hosts of friends indicated the path to wealth, honor and fame. Is it surprising that his whole dream of life centered in the one expectation of a speedy return to the dear ones at home? Disappointments, losses and sickness put off that hoped-for return from day to day, and from year to year, till the heart sickened at the prospect; and as one by one of his companions passed into the dark valley of death, and were consigned to the chance hill-slope or the inviting grass-plot, sorrow gave way to remorse for opportunities lost, and he resigned himself to a purposeless life—too proud to return poor, though letter after letter called him back; and unable to return rich, he was a prey to every excitement that sprung up, promising a sudden acquisition of wealth.

This tradition of the pioneer's life, exemplified, alas! in too many instances, has become insensibly ingrafted on the character of the people, affecting even the language of the country, in many a trite expression, and calling forth the inspirations of the muse in some of the most touching odes of the modern pen.

There is no reason why this old tradition should not be banished from our midst; and the surest and safest way to accomplish its ostracism is to picture the advantages, beauties and resources of these great Pacific States. The other great cause of drawback to the establishment of homes in this section, is the comparative risk and venture of business based upon the fluctuations of fortune in the golden search after wealth. Business, taking its cue from the uncertainties of mining, is based upon sudden reach-

es after fortune, and leads naturally to immediate acquisition or complete bankruptcy. Tradition helps this disorganization in trade; and tales of the early days, when, like Nero over Rome, the pioneer proprietor went singing from the burning pile which carried to the elements his whole fortune, ready to contract for lumber while the flames were still licking up the last remnants of his resources. How much influence this tradition, illustrative of the daring enterprise of the first settlers, has to do with the present ventures! The reckless speculator no sooner swamps his resources in one enterprise than he is ready to assume all the risks of another. Thus business, instead of leading in the channels which convey a steady growth and regular accumulation, is ever inflated and strained in its efforts; uncertainties beset it, and the mind, partaking of its nature, becomes also naturally unsteady, and no calculations are based upon a permanent establishment. Such is the effect of matter upon mind, that the incidents of life, peculiar to a protracted residence in the Pacific States, has done much, if not all to characterize the people there as an unstable population, and to banish from their hearts those home feelings which prompt to a settlement for life, and building of the domestic hearth.

The coming generations will be uninfluenced by these pernicious influences. They will recognize in these Pacific States all those endearing associations that to us hover around the little hamlet on the green hill-side, with the modest church and noisy school-grounds; the old familiar farm, with its adjacent streamlet, embowered with shrubbery, almost every branch of which brings back some reminiscence of our youth; the bustling city, where our first impulses gained strength and purpose from attrition with the world, each street as familiar as the oft-told tale at a home fire-side—all these associations in our rising generation will attach to the Pacific States; and in justice to our children, we who claim these States as our homes should bury the traditions that unsettle us, and prepare for the realities that will overtake our successors.

WELCOME, George Cooper, welcome! *The Sanctum* knows no better friend or sweeter poet than you, George. Here is a little bit—a charming little bit indeed—which we ask our readers to look at, and then cut it out—though you do spoil *The Sanctum*—and give it the very nicest place in your commonplace book:

## D O T .

Dot is at the window,  
Peeping through the pane:  
And the summer flowers  
Hear the morning hours  
Tinkled by the silver bells of rain.

Dot a moment lingers,  
Looking at the sky;  
Then her baby feet  
O'er the carpet creep:  
On her cheeks the roguish dimples lie.

Dot, beside her mother,  
Takes her quiet place:  
"Ma, the sun must be  
Naughty, 'seems to me—  
How he splashes when they wash his face!"

A VERY readable publication, entitled *Cape Cod*, by Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, relating, as its title indicates, to tales of the sea, and wanderings by the great waters of the Atlantic, has been laid on our table; and although our Pacific brethren may not avail themselves of the luxuries herein depicted until the lightning-train of the great railroad shall have been put on, so that they may go and come to the Pacific slopes without incumbrance, we take the liberty to make a short extract from this very interesting little book, giving an account of

## A WRECKER.

"A regular Cape-Cod man, whom we parleyed, with a bleached and weather-beaten face, with in whose wrinkles I distinguished no particular feature. It was like an old sail endowed with life—a hanging cliff of weather-beaten flesh, like one of the clay boulders which occurred in that sand-bank. He had on a hat which had seen salt water, and a coat of many pieces and colors, though it was mainly the color of the beach, as if it had been sanded. His variegated back—for his coat had many patches, even between the shoulders—was a rich study to us when we had passed him and looked round. It might have been dishonorable to him to have so many scars behind, it is true, if he had not had many more serious ones in front. He looked as if he sometimes saw a doughnut, but never descended to comfort; too grave to laugh, too tough to cry; as indifferent as a clam—like a sea-clam with hat on, and legs that were out walking on the strand. He may have been one of the Pilgrims—Peregrine White, at least—who has kept on the backside of the Cape, and let the centuries go by. He was looking for wrecks, old logs, water-logged and covered with barnacles, or bits of boards and joists—even chips—which he drew out of the reach of the tide, and stacked up to dry. When the log was too large to carry far, he cut it up where the last way had

left it, or rolling it a few feet, appropriated it by sticking two sticks into the ground crosswise above it. Some rotten trunk, which in Maine cumber the ground, and is, perchance, thrown into the water on purpose, is here carefully picked up, split and dried and husbanded. Before winter the wrecker painfully carries these things up the bank on his shoulders, by a diagonal, slanting path, made with a hoe in the sand, if there is no hollow at hand. You may see his hooked pike-staff always lying on the bank ready for use. He is the true monarch of the beach, whose 'right there is none to dispute,' and he is as much identified with it as a 'beach-bird.' "

We have received from a very good friend of *The Sanctum* the following bundle of very curious questions—and very sensible ones they are to be sure. *The Sanctum* wishes to say, however, that it does not propose to give a part of its limited space to "Answers to Correspondents," and that, therefore, it must decline attempting an answer, and must leave its readers to judge of each of the questions for themselves:

"I am going to ask the editor of *The Sanctum* a few questions which frequently present themselves to my mind. I do not particularly care that they are answered. I only hope that I shall find some thousands of sympathizing readers, whose minds are constantly asking similar questions.

"In the first place, I wish to know why a young man of first-rate appearance, glossy hair and neat attire, taken from any station in life, and put behind a counter on Broadway, or in an office 'down-town,' should conceive the idea that his mission in life is to treat me with scorn? Why does he disdain my plaintive and respectful solicitations for gloves or cravats; or why does he look with such a patronizing air upon me when I step into the broker's office in which he is engaged, and endeavor to impress me with the idea that he is of more importance than the chief of the shop? What have I done to be thus treated? Is it because I have come to purchase something, or to have a draft cashed, or to buy one? It is strange that he should take that ill; because his vocation would be gone if I and my fellow-creatures, for whom he has such a contempt, did not appear before him, suing in humility to be allowed to lay out a little money. Yet I never offered him any other injury. Then why does he wound my sensitive nature by being so dreadfully 'stuck up?' Why does he do it?

"Why is it that when I am introduced to Brown, the pork dealer, and my friend Fipps tells Brown that I am a 'literary gentleman,' that Brown eyes me askance, and turns up his nose? Is there any thing particularly unpleasing about me in the way of odor? Why is it that because I am a writer on a newspaper, and

make in that way an honest living, that some people term me a 'dead-beat?' Did I ever ask them for a loan? Why is it that a man who writes for a newspaper, if he does not 'puff' some particular party, is termed by that ill-used person a 'contemptible Bohemian?' Why is it, if I go to report some occurrence, and do it as faithfully as is possible, some poor miserable creature, whose name is left out, writes to my paper to get me dismissed, and says I was 'bribed?' Why are all these things? What have I done?

"When I overhear my friend Wiggins inquire of my friend Diggins whether he knows the great Scroggins, why does Diggins reply, provisionally and with limitation, that he has met him? Diggins knows as well as I do that he has no acquaintance with Scroggins; why does he hesitate to say so, point-blank? Can't a man not even know Scroggins by sight, and still be a man for a' that? It seems to me that a man may distinguish himself without the privity and aid of the great Scroggins. It is even supposed by some that a man may get to heaven without being introduced by Mr. Scroggins. Then why not come out bold with the declaration, 'I really do not know the great Scroggins, and I have never found that eminent person in the least necessary to my existence?'"

"When I go to the play, why must I find every thing conventionally done, reference to nature discharged, and reference to stage usage the polar star of the dramatic art? Why does the baron, or general, or the venerable steward, or the amiable old farmer, talk about his 'chee-ilde?' He knows of no such thing as a 'chee-ilde' any where else; what business has he with a 'chee-ilde' on the stage alone? I never knew an old gentleman to hug himself with his left arm, fall into a comic fit of delirium tremens, and say to his son: 'Damme, you dog, will you marry her?' Yet the moment I see an old gentleman on the stage with a small cape to his coat, I know, of course, that this will infallibly happen. Now, why should I be under the obligation to be always entertained by this spectacle, however refreshing, and why should I never be surprised?"

"Why have six hundred men been trying through several generations to fold their arms? The last twenty Congresses have directed a very large portion of their attention to this graceful art. I have heard it frequently declared by individual senators that a certain ex-senator, still producible, 'folded his arms better than any man in the House.' I have seen aspirants inflamed with a lofty ambition, studying through whole sessions the folded arms of those who had become proficient in the art. I have known neophytes far more distracted about the folding of their arms than about the enunciation of their political views, or the turning of their periods.

The injury inflicted on the nation by Mr. Clay when he folded his arms and got his portrait painted, is not to be calculated. Every member of Congress, from that hour to the present, has been trying to fold his arms. It is a graceful, a refined, a decorative art; but I doubt if its results will bear comparison with the infinite pains and charges bestowed upon its cultivation.

"Why are we so fond of talking about ourselves as 'eminently a practical people?' Are we eminently a practical people? In our national works for example; our public buildings, our public places, our columns, the lines of our streets and our monstrous hotels; do we come so very practically out of all that? No, to be sure; but we have our splendid system of railroads, and steam navigation, and besides we are a 'young people.' Granted. But it is very significant of an 'eminently practical people' that we have a Camden and Amboy monopoly; the strong probability of a Broadway railroad, and an 'occasional railroad accident!' Eminently practical, these things. Our capital at Washington! The city built on the wrong side!

"Why, again, do we adopt, as a mere matter of lazy usage, charges against ourselves, that have as little foundation as some of our boasts? We are eminently a money-loving people. Are we? Well, we are bad enough; but I have heard money more talked of in a week under the Union Jack, than in a year under the Stars and Stripes. In a two-hours walk in Paris, any day, you shall overhear more scraps of conversation that turn upon money—money, money, money—than in a whole day's saunter between the Battery and Union Square. I go into the Theater Francais, after the rising of the curtain; fifty to one, the first words I hear from the stage, as I settle myself in my seat, are fifty thousand francs: she has a dowry of fifty thousand francs; he has an income of fifty thousand francs; I will bet you fifty thousand francs on it, my dear Emile; I come from winning at the Bourse, my celestial Diana, fifty thousand francs. At the Porte St. Martin I find a picturesque person, with a murder on his mind, into which he has been betrayed by a pressing necessity for a box containing fifty thousand francs. At the Lyrique I find on the stage a portly old gentleman, a slender young gentleman, and a piquante little woman with sparkling eyebrows, all singing an extremely short song together, about fifty thousand francs—'Lira lara, fifty thousand francs; Ting, ting!' At the Imperial I find a general, with his arm in a bandage, sitting in a magnificent summer-house, relating his autobiography to his niece, and arriving at this point: 'It is to this ravishing spot, then, my dearest Julia, that I, thy uncle, faithful always to his emperor—then retired—bringing with me, my adorable Georgette, this wounded arm, this cross of glory, the love of France—remembrances ever unextin-

guishable of the emperor, my master—and fifty thousand francs! Again, at the Lyceum, in London, I find an old lady, who must be conciliated by two opposing nephews, because she has ten thousand pounds per annum. At Drury Lane I find the English Prime Minister, attended by his faithful servant, Tom, in a fearful predicament, occasioned by injudicious speculation in thousands of pounds. Again, will any American undertake to match me that generic English old lady whom I will instantly produce against him, from the private life of any house of four floors in the English capital, and who is a mere gulf for swallowing my money, or any man's money? That generic English old lady, who, whether she gives me her daughter to wife, or sits next to me in a balcony at a theater, or opposite me in a public carriage, or lets me an apartment, or plays me a match at chess, or sells me an umbrella, equally absorbs my substance, calculates my resources with a fierce nicety, and is intent upon my ruin. That generic English old lady who is always protuberant, always complimentary, and who, as a general thing, always eats up every thing presented to her, and who has a supernatural craving after shillings which fascinates me, and inclines me to pour out all I have at her feet, saying: 'Take them, and twinkle at me with those hungry eyes no more.' We eminently a money-loving people! Why do we talk such nonsense?

"Why do we take conclusions into our heads for which we have no warrant, and bolt with them like mad horses, until we are brought up by stone walls? Why do we go cheering and shouting after an officer who didn't run away—as though all the rest of our brave officers did run away? and why do we go plucking hairs out of the tail of the identical charger, and why do we follow up the identical uniform, and why do we stupidly roar ourselves hoarse with acclamations about nothing? Why don't we stop to think? Why don't we say to one another, 'What have the identical charger and the identical uniform done for us, and what have they done against us? Let us look at the account.' How much better this would be than straining our throats first, and afterward discovering that there was less than no reason for the same!

"Why am I, at any given moment, in tears of triumph and joy because Buffy and Boodle are likely to be raised to important public positions? I freely declare that I have not the least idea what specific action Buffy and Boodle have ever in the whole course of their existence done, that has been of any appreciable advantage to my beloved country. On the other hand, I no less acknowledge that I have seen Buffy and Boodle (with some small appearance of trading in principles) nail their colors to every mast in the political fleet. Yet I assert to every body—because every body asserts to me—that Buffy and

Boodle are the only men for the crisis, and that none of woman born, but Buffy and Boodle, could pull us through it. I would quarrel with my son for Buffy and Boodle. I almost believe, in one of my states of excitement, I would die for Buffy and Boodle. Now I am curious to know why I go on in this way? I am profoundly in earnest; but I want to know Why?

"And again, I would like to know why I am meek in regard to really non-American sentiments, if the potent bugbear of that term be not called into play? Here is a 'divine' who tells me I am one of a nation of hypocrites. Here is another 'divine' propounding from the pulpit the stupendous nonsense that it is desirable that every person who gives alms in the streets should be—well, perhaps fined for that offense. Why do we not take offense at these things?

"Why? I might as well ask why I leave off here, when I have a long perspective of Why stretching out before me."

An old and valued contributor sends us the following tender lines, which we think very pretty indeed. *The Sanctum* returns many thanks to the writer:

#### ENVY.

He was the first always: fortune  
Shone brightly in his face.  
I fought for years; with no effort  
He conquered the place.  
We ran; my feet were all bleeding,  
But he won the race.

Spite of his many successes,  
Men loved him the same;  
My one pale ray of good fortune  
Met scoffing and blame:  
When he erred they gave him pity,  
But me—only shame.

My home was still in the shadow;  
His lay in the sun.  
I longed in vain: what he asked for  
It straightway was done.  
Once I staked all my heart's treasure;  
We played—and he won.

Yes, and just now I have seen him,  
Cold, smiling and blest,  
Laid in his coffin. God held me!  
While he is at rest,  
I am cursed still to live; even  
Death loved him the best.

G. R. C.

THOSE who knew John Phenix (Lieutenant Derby)—knew him as we did—will be glad to read this striking anecdote, which is so characteristic of his noble nature. A friend of Derby's related it to us some days since, and we can not forbear to give it a place in *The Sanctum*. All

who knew Derby will remember that there was nothing about him or his humor, which is generally so characteristic of those sour, discontented, practical jokers, so naturally and justly tabooed in society. Good nature and good fellowship he cherished; and beyond these, save in the way of harmless mirth, he never swerved. It was not in him. His power of face was something wonderful, and is sufficiently attested by this anecdote:

He was sitting, on one occasion, in the guest's lolling-room of a New York hotel, confronting on Broadway, when a little beggar-girl came in, and with the keen discernment of little people in general, noticed his child-loving, benevolent countenance, and approached him, asking alms. She was very young, innocent-looking, and had none of the juvenile whine and persistency of most young mendicants whom one meets in the streets, and in the halls of our public hotels. Phenix at once assumed a mournful expression of face, and began to talk as it were confidentially and affectionately to her. He told her that his father was long since dead, and that he was now left entirely alone in the world; that he was then but a little boy, with nobody to look to, and often he had not known where to sleep at night.

The little girl's blue eyes began to moisten; the lolling guests, most of whom knew Captain Derby, gathered around; when what was their surprise to see the poor, sympathetic beggar-child go close up to him, and in a quiet, confidential way take out of the side-pocket of her soiled and tattered frock all the money which she had gathered during the day, and placed it in his hand. It is needless to say that the tender-hearted and courageous little donor of her hard day's earnings had not only her small, yet great, benefaction restored, but went away with great possessions, educed from the sympathetic pockets of the bystanders.

We have found the following good thing. It appears that Thackeray's Magazine, in London, paid Tennyson, the Poet-Laureate of England, sixteen hundred dollars for a poem, and the following two stanzas are just one-half of it, or eight hundred dollars worth:

What does little birdie say,  
In her nest at peep of day?  
Let me fly, says little birdie—  
Mother, let me fly away.  
Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till thy tiny wings are stronger;  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
Let me rise and haste away.

Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Until her little legs grow stronger;  
And after waiting, like the birdie,  
Baby, too, shall fly away.

Isn't that grand? Isn't it the quintessence of poetry? Here's sixteen lines of our own, says an exchange, same style, same measure, and embodying about as much sentiment, for which we will willingly take a quarter:

What does little froggie say,  
In his pond at peep of day?  
Let me swim, says little froggie—  
Bullfrog, let me swim away.  
Froggie, wait a little longer,  
Till your little legs are stronger;  
So he mounts upon a chunk,  
And then into the pond ker-o-ch-n-n-k.

What does little piggie say,  
In his sty at peep of day?  
Piggie says, like little froggie,  
Let me go and root to-day.  
Piggie, wait a little longer,  
Till your snout grows hard and stronger;  
If you snuck a little longer,  
Piggie then may root away.

USELESS YOUNG LADIES.—It scarcely admits of doubt that the number of young ladies is constantly increasing, who think happiness dependent on freedom from responsibility and labor, and wish to have nothing to do but to read novels, or give themselves to pleasure. A cotemporary says: "The number of idle, useless girls, in all our large cities, seems to be steadily increasing. They lounge or sleep through their mornings and parade the streets during the afternoon, and assemble in frivolous companies of their own and the other sex to pass away their evenings. What a store of unhappiness for themselves and others are they laying up for the coming time, when real duties and high responsibilities shall be thoughtlessly assumed! They are skilled in no domestic duties—nay, they despise them; have no habits of industry, nor taste for the useful. What will they be as wives and mothers? Alas for the husbands and children, and alas for themselves! Who can wonder if domestic unhappiness and domestic ruin follow?"

It is the temper which always makes the bliss of home, or disturbs its comfort. The home is in the forbearing nature, in the yielding spirit, in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition, anxious to give and receive happiness.

THE lady's maid of a fashionable marchioness, whose style of dress far exceeds that of her mistress, having occasion to write an order to a perfumer, actually requested him to send a dozen of "O Dick Alone."



A CORRESPONDENT sends us this very interesting little scrap on the origin of phrases :

"He's cut a Dido."—It is told in history, that Dido, a queen of Tyre, about seven hundred and eighty years before Christ, fled from that place on the murder of her husband, and with a colony, settled on the north coast of Africa, where she built Carthage. Being in want of land, she bargained with the natives for as much land as she could surround with a bull's hide. Having made the agreement, she cut a bull's hide in thin strings, and tying them together, claimed as much as she could surround with the long line she thus made. The natives allowed the cunning queen to have her own way, but when any body played a sharp trick, they said he had "cut a Dido," and the phrase has come to our day.

"He's caught a Tartar."—In some battle between the Russians and Tartars—who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia—a private soldier called out: "Captain, hold on there; I have caught a Tartar!" "Fetch him along, then," said the captain. "Ay, but he won't let me!" said the man; and the fact was, the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to take another in and gets bit himself, they say "He's caught a Tartar."

"Carrying the war into Africa."—In one of the famous wars between Carthage and Rome, about two thousand five hundred years ago, Hannibal, the Carthaginian leader, and one of the most wonderful men of antiquity, led his army into Italy, and for several years continued to threaten the city and lay waste the surrounding country. Scipio, the Roman general, saw the necessity of getting rid of Hannibal and his forces. So he determined to lead an army into Africa and threaten Carthage, and thus make it necessary for Hannibal to return home for its defense. This scheme had the desired effect; and in all time this retallating upon an enemy, by adopting his own tactics, is "carrying the war into Africa."

LUDICROUS blunders sometimes occur in cases where ignorant persons attempt the use of language about the meaning of which they know nothing. Not long since, while traveling from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, two rather verdant specimens of the female sex came on board at one of the landings, who, for the sake of distinction, we will call Mary and Jane.

Now, Mary had her eye-teeth cut, or, in other words, was acquainted with the rules and regulations which govern genteel society. Jane, the younger, had never mixed in society to any extent. Her language was such as she had heard among her rustic associates. Mary was aware of this fact; and therefore cautioned her to observe how she (Mary) acted, and govern herself accordingly.

Shortly after, while seated at the dinner-table, the waiter asked Mary what part of the fowl she would have. She informed him in a very polite manner that it was "perfectly immaterial." He accordingly gave her a piece, and then inquired of Jane what part she would prefer.

"I believe I'll take a piece of the *immaterial* too."

The scene that followed this declaration is beyond the power of the pen to describe. The assembled company were compelled to give a spontaneous vent to their surcharged feelings in peals of boisterous merriment, while the poor girl, her face suffused with crimson blushes, left the table, declaring as she fled from the cabin :

"They won't ketch me on one of these pesky steamboats again."

JOSE BILLINGS' ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS —"Americus."—Your contribushun iz in hand—We like its fluidness. It iz like ile on a sand-hill. Natur has did a good thing for yu, and yu ought tew be willing to dew a good thing for natur. This line in your producsuhun strikes us as very butiful and original: "And lanr the luxury of dewing good." Goldsmith hisselt mite have bin proud of such a line. And again: "Oh! would some power the gifty giv uz ov seeing ourselfs az nthers sec uz;" yure idee of introducing the Skotch acksent into yure stile, is very happee. If yu never hav red Robert Burns, yu will be surprized to larn that his stile yure very much rezembles yures. Onse more yu say: "If ignoranse iz bliss, 'tis folly tew be wise." This sentiment iz jitz az tru as 'tis common. Pope, i think, haz sumthing similar; but awl grate minds sumtimes express theirselves alike. Yure contribushun wil appear in our issu, with a wood-cut pieter ov a saw buk at the top ov it.

"Flora."—Yu sa that "Yure Adolphus haz proved untru, and yu must die." I never advise deth under enny circumstances, altho it probably iz cheaper jist now tew die than it iz tew live. Bear up like a man under yure dispensashuns. Take sum Pills; but if you find that yu are so bound up in Adolphus that fissick won't wurk, hire out to teach a distrik skule, and it won't be 3 months before yu kan exclaim, with the Patriark of old, Adolphus be d—d!

"Beta."—I think sumly az yu do, "this world is awl a fleeting cirkus, for man's illusion giv-en," but that aint no rezon for not pitching in and being illusioned onse in a while. I wouldn't give a sent for a man who hadn't been illusioned, and who didn't expect tew be several times agin.

"Philander."—Yu ask me which is the most best, the marrid or the single condishun? Most evry boddy, at sum time in their life, has tride the single state; also, most evry boddy has

hankered after the double state, or marrid condition. I have tride both states, and am reddy tew sware, that if a man kan git a woman who kan fri pankakes on both sides without burnin them, and don't hanker to be a wimmin's kommitty, the marrid state is a Heven and arth awl to onst. But after awl, the marrid state is a good deal like falling out of a chery tree; if a person don't happen tew git hurt, it iz a good reason for not trieing it agin.

TAKE HIM OUT.—A scrub-head boy having been brought before the court as a witness, the following colloquy ensued:

"Where do you live?" said the judge.

"Live with my mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" says the judge, getting very red, as an audible snicker goes round the room.

"They live at home."

"Where in thunder is their home?" roars the judge.

"That's where I'm from," says the boy, sticking his tongue in a corner of his cheek, and slowly closing one eye on the judge.

"Here, Mr. Constable," says the court, "take the witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the nature of an oath."

"You would think different," says the boy, going toward the doorway, "if I was once to give you a cussin'!"

SHARP PRACTICE TO OBTAIN A WEALTHY WIFE.—The Cleveland *Plaindealer* mentions the case of a well dressed young man of good manners who gave in his income to the assessor at several thousand dollars, paid the tax, and had the pleasure of seeing his name among the nabobs of the country. On the strength of this he courted a wealthy man's daughter, and married her. Then it was found out that he had no money, and had sold his mother's watch to pay the income tax. The Government made a good thing of it, so did the young man, and nobody will care much whether the girl or her parents have or not. This case exemplifies the itching desire of many parents to get *rich husbands* for their daughters, without regard to their habits character, or intellect.

It is stated that as collectors for charitable and religious purposes, one lady is worth thirteen gentlemen and a half.

SUCCESSFUL love takes a load off our hearts and puts it on our shoulders.

A MEDICAL PUNCH.—They use a new drink called "turpentine punch," now, in some European hospitals, in low stages of fever. It is composed of two ounces of brandy, eight of boiling water, one of turpentine, and sugar enough to sweeten. Bourbon whisky will answer as well as brandy. Half of this mixture is a dose, and may be repeated every three hours if necessary.

DRINKING CUSTOMS.—A minister who had been reproving one of his elders for over-indulgence observed a cow go down to a stream, take a drink, and then turn away. "There," said he to his offending elder, "is an example for you: the cow has quenched its thirst, and has retired."

"Yes," replied the elder, "that is very true; but suppose another cow had come to the other side of the stream, and had said, 'Here's to you,' there's no saying how long they might have gone on."

I AM afraid American mothers will laugh when I say that the mothers of England are very particular not to allow their children, before they are able to walk, to sit much on the carpet, as it is a posture unfavorable to erectness and fullness of figure. They are, therefore, taught with special pains to roll themselves on the carpet, and to lie on the stomach, all which has a tendency to secure a perpendicular spinal column and broad, full chest.

A VERY GREAT RASCAL.—Two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Thomas Jones, were fond of dropping into Mr. Smith's parlor, and spending an hour or two with his daughter Mary. One evening, when Brown and Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, in his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home, with all its ease and comforts, and emigrate to the far West with a young lawyer, who had but little beside his profession to depend upon, and with him search out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify, and make delightful and happy, like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she whispered, "I think I could, Archy."

"Well," said he, "there's Tom Jones, who's going to emigrate, and wants to get a wife; I'll mention it to him."

A MAN recently broke off a marriage engagement because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. A wicked editor, commenting upon the fact, says: "He should have married her and then refused her a new bonnet, to have developed her powers of talk."

# LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

BY CHRISTINE H. CARPENTER.

## MAY AND MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY.

APRIL, the repining maiden, has wept herself away, and the blush and fragrance of May roses recall to this earth of ours new beauty; premonitors of summer, soft skies, rosy sunsets, and still rosier dawns. The gayeties of winter that trespassed far into the spring have lost their spiciness and palled upon the taste *blase* with garish light and nightly dissipation. For the moment we are lifted into a purer atmosphere, a natural life all too brief in duration, and to be followed by the eager rush of fashionable circles from city to country. Mademoiselle McFlimsey puts away her finery of the season so recently deceased, with something like disgust, and gently emerges from the character all dash and glitter and giddiness, she has worn as a metropolitan belle, into the dream of romance to which she annually becomes a victim. It is the story sighed in spring zephyrs, in the delightful lassitude of this charming period, perhaps the very happiest interval in her span of life, because it is so vague and unreal—one that she never realizes, since being the chained victim of that naughty despot, Fashion, her own fingers set the seal upon the book, and thrust it from her destiny. It is a dream, a dream always, wherein are visions of love and happiness, and those charms that worldly dross can never purchase, but she covers the writing with ruthless fingers, and weds herself to fashionable misery, brilliant yet burdensome.

The severer critics who pick her to pieces so mercilessly, ask us if this creature ever had a soul—a nobler part to her being than that which is centered in her lamentation of “nothing to wear.”

“Things are not always what they seem,” and humanity is alike deceiving, due to the disguises it assumes, or the glamor, or the fancy that may veil our own vision. Why, we have seen these very critics busily discussing the merits of bread and butter at the dinner-table, and mentally put to ourselves the same query about themselves, with which their cynical lordships assail poor Miss Flora. Now, under that voluminous mass of dry goods, so named, there may exist a soul, but—and here is the difficulty!—it is usually so warped by circumstances and corrupted surroundings, that it has hidden itself far down deep into the very innermost recesses of the heart, whence it may flash once in a while, but so rarely that one is tempted to believe it dead.

Amid all the glare and delusion, the frivolity and feverish unrest in which she spends existence, is it any wonder that Flora herself should

sometimes doubt her possession of this essential requisite to a rational organization?

## FASHION GOSSIP.

THE uncertainty respecting wearing apparel, that, owing to the discourteous moods of March and the caprices of April, becomes a necessity during those months, is at an end. Heavy materials, including velvet and *moires*, may at length be safely abandoned, and light woolen goods, together with silken fabrics, in soft light hues, have usurped their places. The colors sanctioned as *en vogue* are happily in exquisite accordance with the season. In a felicitous moment, a genius catering for the fancies of the exacting Parisiennes, inveigled a novelty into his service which he entitled the “dust color.” Modists and milliners eagerly seized upon it, and this superb blending of pearl and gray has usurped the gay capital. Fashion, so apt to seize upon *outré* flaming monstrosities, such as Garibaldi, scarlet, etc., which are not particularly becoming to any style or complexion, deserves this once to be complimented upon her show of good taste.

In addition, the palm has been yielded to the *vert metallique*, or metallic green, and the Ophelia purple, a blending of rose-color and violet. An Oriental fancy, the combination of orange and crimson, much worn during the winter, is still in vogue for evening toilet, but only brunettes can wear it to advantage. Changeable and *glace* silks have risen from their recent obscurity, and the Bayadere stripe has a place in the patterns for dress goods. Black and white checks, from immense blocks down to those an inch square, are considered most *distingue* in silks and foulards. The latter material is especially suited to the present month, and forms a very acceptable interlude to organdies and grenadines.

When judiciously trimmed, it is equally becoming for ordinary home toilet, or more elaborate evening costume.

The taste is not limited to any particular style for trimming, but the materials are of gimp, beaded braid, or “girdle-cord.” The rage for fluting has diminished.

For street or walking-dresses, summer poplin—a material that has the recommendation of being alike upon both sides—is most appropriate. It may be made *en suite*, dress and basquine.

The short sacques, or “English jackets,” loose, with revers and side-pockets, that were worn last month, are still serviceable for morning promenades. They should be of cloth, in pearl-gray or light stone color, and trimmed with

braid, or ornamented with embroidery, and oxydized, jet, pearl or gilt buttons. For carriage-dress, basquines of heavy lusterless *gros grain* or Ahmure, profusely trimmed with *passementerie* and lace, Pusher, Guipure, or Chantilly should be chosen.

The short basquine is preferred to all other shapes.

In organdy muslins the patterns are large and made up of flowers, birds or insects.

The most elegant design is an imitation of a tunic or double skirt. For the bird-fanciers there is every description, from the brilliant parouquet of the tropic zone to the little brown wren, native to our colder region. Neither birds nor insects occur to us as being especially pretty for the purpose to which they are here made subservient, although in many instances they are very exquisitely colored. Goat's-hair cloth—a variation of alpaca, but much more silky in appearance, and costly—is very serviceable for dresses. It comes both plain and striped, and makes up beautifully either for home or traveling costume.

#### BONNETS.

THOSE of the present month are *fac similes* in shape of the April offerings. A mere band or "half handkerchief" passing over the top of the head, the trimming clustered at the back, and fastened with a bow of illusion and brooch beneath the chin, or strings of ribbon.

A few more staid and less impressive wearers of these feminine adornments, unwilling to acknowledge the new-comers to the utter exclusion of the more ancient style of *chapeaux*, compromise the matter by adopting what is called the "half crown."

The rage for crystal ornaments and bead embroidery yet continues. Crape and tulle are showered with dew or rain-drops, the embroidery being mostly confined to silk and straw. Neapolitan and white chip are favorites in the last-named material. A new article—crystallized crape—is incomparable for evening bonnets. It is usually laid plain, or in puffs on the frame, and shaded with illusion, which tones down a brilliancy otherwise glaring and unpleasant. A lovely bonnet we have seen was of white tulle, drawn in cloud-like waves from the tip to the back, where a half-wreath of May roses, glittering with dew, confined a fall of pearly blonde. Inside a spray of half-opened buds in illusion; illusion strings. Another was of blue crape, fluted, a bunch of forget-me-nots, starry-eyed, and veiled in blonde at the back; inside a white lily. A lavender crape, puffed, with bandeau of violets for face-trimming, and clusters of the same half-hidden beneath emerald-leaves outside.

A crystallized pea-green crape, folded in diamonds across the frame, and covered with illu-

sion. Two superb snowy cactus-blossoms, one over the face, and the other at the back, in a rosette of point-lace.

A Neapolitan straw, glistening with crystals, and having clusters of scarlet geranium for out and inside trimming. A salmon-colored silk, plain upon the foundation and ornamented with barbes of point-lace and poppies in faint crimson and purple.

Round hats are still in favor; but, except for country wear, are preferred for misses and children. The charming little crowless, capeless *chapeaux* are responsible for this change. All the most admired styles are slightly Scottish in shape, and known as the Glengarie, Argyle, Macdonald, etc. The decided novelties are the "Court Hat" and the "Louvre." The first has an omission of half the crown, the opening being filled in with black lace; the second is round in the crown, and trimmed with a band of velvet, a steel poniard being thrust through a velvet circlet in front.

#### THE HAIR.

SINCE the advent of abbreviated millinery decorations the hair has been specified as a subject for marked attention. The waterfall, originally a very graceful arrangement, is now rendered particularly ungainly and unbecoming because of its enormous increase in amplitude. The farther the back hair can be made to project from the head the better, although the contour thereby attained is a perfect outrage upon all artistic conceptions of elegance. Likewise the front hair is elevated in a stupendous altitude by means of a cushion over which it is rolled in huge masses, or, more politely speaking, "frizzes."

The effect to inexperienced beholders must be fearful. It absolutely obliterates at least the semblance of feminine delicacy and retirement from those who lend countenance to this extreme. The newest *modes* of hair-dressing from *la belle Paris* are the waterfall, crimped, and a bow-knot with a fall of hair in the center, also crimped or waved. Nets, that have held the field so long, are now rendered gorgeous by spangles, tinsel, and beads of amber, jet and ivory, or balls of gold and silver.

#### MAY TOILETS.

THE first upon our list of descriptions is a dinner-dress of glace silk, blue, through a mist of white, like a summer sky seen through the haze of fleecy clouds. Puffings of tulle, vandyked upon the skirt. The *corsage* low and square at the neck, pointed at the waist, half-coat sleeves, puffings of tulle upon the waist, chemisette and undersleeves of valenciennes and insertion. *Coiffure* a scarf of blonde and forget-me-nots. A dinner-dress of violet foulard, with tunic and pointed belt of pale sea-green, fringed with crystals upon tulle ruching. High body

and close sleeves trimmed to match the skirt. Ornaments: brooch, earrings, and bracelets of diamonds and emeralds. *Coiffure* of violets and crystallized sea-weed.

Evening-dress of corn-colored crape. Three narrow rows of scarlet puffing upon the skirt, separated at intervals by a band of corn-color. Low *corsage*, with corn-colored crape sash, edged with scarlet. Illusion under waist, fastening high at the throat and close at the wrists, the puffings separated by narrow scarlet ribbon run through insertion. Golden wheat and sprays of coral in the hair, with coral ornaments. Evening-dress of Mexican blue crape, with tunic of white tulle, caught up in scallops with Marguerites. Low pointed body, finished with puffing of illusion, shoulder knots and half-wreath for the hair of Marguerites. Underwaist of tulle, double, plain, and drawn up at the throat, with narrow puff and ribbon. Pearl ornaments.

Dinner-dress of pearl-colored taffetas, blue girdle cord festooned upon the skirt. High body, with close sleeves, admitting of tulle undersleeves, a narrow ruff of tulle at the throat, tied with a knot of blue, and spray of diamonds. Girdle cord upon the waist to match skirt; crystal buttons upon the front. Spray of diamonds in blue tulle for the *coiffure*.

Walking costume of gray summer poplin, skirt and basque with deep train, both scalloped and bound with black. Many walking as well as elaborate home-dresses are scalloped round the bottom of the skirt, and finished with a cord or binding. The basque is quite short in front to display the trimming placed *en tablier* upon the skirt. Bonnet of tucked black illusion, sparkling with little glints of steel; a cluster of pink geranium at the back, with long ends of ribbon. Inside, geranium and frosted leaves; black illusion strings. Gray kid gloves, stitched with black. A carriage-dress of pale green poplin, a violet girdle-cord running in waves around the skirt. Basquine of black *gros grain* richly trimmed with ornaments of *passenterie* and narrow flounce of Pusher lace.

Green crape bonnet, puffed, with knot of violets at the back, drooping low over the waterfall, inclosed in a net studded with jet balls. Bandeau of violets over the face. Green strings drawn back and tied under the waterfall.

It is yet so chilly in the early part of the day that morning-ropes require to be of merino, cashmere, and other woolen materials. White, braided with cherry, or blue, is very pretty. Sometimes horizontal bars of silk, stitched on, are preferred. The Neapolitan headdresses are much more graceful than those ugly breakfast-caps so lately fancied for the hair. The first are made of one or two diamonds of cambric, tucked and finished with lace insertion, and bows of ribbon upon the corners. Silk is sometimes used instead of cambric. A patriotic novelty

has the first diamond of white silk, striped with scarlet, and the second composed of blue, studded with stars.

#### CHILDREN'S MODES.

Dresses for little girls are of silk, poplin or white Marseilles, and of course for every-day wear the more ordinary materials usually chosen. White Marseilles is sometimes trimmed round the skirt, waist and sleeves, with fluted cambric ruffles, or with blue, pink or lavender ribbon run horizontally through a series of perpendicular bands. For walking costume, suit of poplin, dress and coat, a pretty imitation in style of their elders. The Glengarie round hat, with or without the brim, is most youthful; the trimming should be of lace and flowers, wild roses, poppies or delicate grasses. For very small boys blouses of merino and poplin, plaid or plain, low-necked, and confined at the waist by a broad belt. These may be buttoned at the back or upon the shoulder.

#### KID GLOVES.

BLACK gloves are most *distingue*, principally embroidered in colors.

There is a new style, the "Imperialist," worked upon the back seams and around the wrists with gold thread. If, as the complaint is, these embroidered gloves are beyond the limits of the purses of many, the difficulty can be easily settled by ladies possessing even an ordinary amount of taste and skill. Procure plain gloves and colored silk or bullion thread: a single row of chain stitching each side of each back-seam will suffice, or a more elaborate design may be marked out and traced with the needle. Care must be taken not to draw the thread too tightly and to keep the stitches even.

#### LACE.

THE most superb spring importation in this class of goods is a set of Chantilly, collar, veil, sleeve-pieces, parasol-cover, and shawl, the price of which is seven thousand dollars. Some fair economist will doubtless hold her breath at these figures, and wonder where the purchaser is to come from; but the passion for extravagance is not on the wane, and judging from previous observation, it will not be long ere some fair metropolitan, bewildered by its beauty, and her better judgment entangled in its meshes, will make an investment, and so become its possessor.

#### SHOES

LIKE bonnets, these are profusely embroidered with crystals and beads. Slippers and prunella boots, for house-wear, in colored designs, and the latter for the street with sprays of jet. Polish boots, laced with colored cord, and finished at the ankle with silken tassels, still continue to be worn.

**FRENCH COOKING.**—French cook-books and French cooks are growing in favor with wealthy Americans who can afford to employ *artists* in the kitchen. But there is one decided objection to nearly all French receipts for cooking meats and making soups, due probably to the generally poor quality of French meat, and that is the saturating of every thing with butter. Not a dish is prepared, be it ever so professedly simple, but from two ounces to a pound of butter is beaten or melted, and incorporated with the other ingredients. The use of so expensive an article, in such enormous quantity as would be required if these directions were followed, is impossible in families of limited means, and is also not only unnecessary, but exceedingly unhealthy.

**WOMAN'S TONGUE.**—Jean Paul thus philosophizes: "Naturalists assert that the leaves of the trees are continually in a fluttering motion, in order to purify the air by flapping it, this vibration in some measure performing the office of a gentle breeze. Now, it would be strange, indeed, if nature, who is thus economical in every thing else, had ordained the much longer (seventy years) enduring vibration (of a woman's tongue) without a purpose; but the purpose is not wanting: it is the same as that for which the leaves are made to quiver."

**PARASOL-COVERS** of lace, Point Applique, Pusher, or Chantilly, are now universally adopted by the ultra-fashionable for carriage toilet. The parasol itself should be of white silk, or in some hue harmonizing with that of the general attire. For walking, those of black silk, embroidered with white or black beads, are most suitable.

**CUSTOM**, the strongest of all laws, forbids an Armenian woman to speak above a whisper in her own house; so that a war of words, such as frequently occurs in quarters where the feminine tongue is less restricted, could only be carried on under great difficulties.

**EUGENIE.**—A Boston lady, a guest at one of the late court-balls, says of the empress: "She has a large mouth; she is not handsome, but modest, pensive, and rather sad-looking; quite interesting, and prettier in repose than when speaking."

It has been affirmed that "fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a transgression to the laws of woman's nature, and does greater injury to her physical and mental constitution than the hardships of poverty and neglect."

IN Japan a crying child is a rarity seldom heard or seen.

**HINT TO MOTHERS—SPEAK LOW.**—I know some houses, well-built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious, as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house, and even the poll-parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do any thing they are bidden, while in many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye, is law, they never think of disobedience either in or out of her sight. O mothers! it is worth a great deal to cultivate "that excellent thing in woman," a low sweet voice.

THE course of true love never does run smooth. A young gentleman of our acquaintance lately found it so; and as he thought, to punish the hesitating fair one, rushed off and married himself to another. He was a splendidly handsome fellow. The subject being talked of at some party, one of the company asked: "Was it not very sudden? I did not know that he was even acquainted with her." Upon some one answering, "He was a foolish fellow, and being angry with Miss Smith, determined to marry the first girl he met in his pique," a young lady who was present innocently exclaimed: "O dear me! I wish he had met me in his pique!" We never heard a better specimen of thinking aloud.

"WIVES," whispers a gallant masculine, "generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady; they are like the wholesome, though painful, shears, snipping off the little growths of self-conceit and folly."

**GIRLS WILL DIFFER.**—One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and we have known a great many of them ready to break their necks to get kissed.

THE Empress of Mexico drives a little phaeton drawn by six mules, two in the shafts and four abreast in front.

## WHAT THE PRESS SAY OF US.

In appearance, the *Pacific Monthly* will bear comparison with any monthly magazine published, and in point of ability, if we may judge from the list of contributors, many of whom rank among the first in the country, and from the high encomiums bestowed upon it by eminent men and the press of the country, it is second to none.—*Poughkeepsie Daily Press*.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.—This most excellent magazine comes to hand this month in its usual remarkable good style. Printed on the whitest of paper, with great mechanical merit, it spreads before its readers a numerous array of very desirable literary papers.—*Alton (Illinois) Evening Democrat*.

THE third number of the *Pacific Monthly* is, we think, superior to either of its predecessors. The table of contents presents the following articles: San Francisco, Past and Present, by the editor; Zanzibar, by William C. Hines, United States Consul; Emigration by Sea, by Dr. Bellows; the Gold and Silver Mines of California and Nevada; Visit to Brigham Young, by Dr. S. B. Bell; In the Sunshine—a Poem; Government and Politics in the Sandwich Islands, by Erastus Allen; the Discovery of California; Passing Strange—A Sketch; Venice and its Principal Street, by G. A. Sala; Indian Relics; The Romance of Reality; California Bats; Mining Department, etc. Under the head of Mining Department is presented a mass of valuable information in reference to the mines on the western slope of the continent. The *Pacific Monthly*, as its name indicates, is devoted mainly to the interests and entertainment of the people of the Pacific States and Territories, but is none the less interesting to readers in the older States, for there is a strange want of information as to the history, condition, and prospects of the great States that are so rapidly growing up on the margin of the Western Ocean. The *Pacific* is conducted with a spirit that ought to insure success, and we do not doubt that it will achieve it.—*Trenton (N. J.) Daily State Gazette*.

THE March number of the *Pacific Monthly* is received, and is a decided improvement over the preceding numbers. The magazine is embellished with a View of San Francisco. The contents are: San Francisco, Past and Present; Zanzibar, by W. C. Hines; Emigration by Sea, by Dr. Bellows; The Gold and Silver Mines of California and Nevada; Visit to Brigham Young, by Dr. S. B. Bell; A Trip to Nevada, by R. M. Evans; In the Sunshine; Government and Politics in the Sandwich Islands; The Discovery of

California; Passing Strange; Venice and its Principal Street, by George A. Sala; Indian Relics; The Romance of Reality; California Bats; Mining Department; Our Editorial Sanctum; Comicalities, (always good in this magazine,) etc.—*Norwich (Conn.) Morning Bulletin*.

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—This new magazine improves with each issue. The March number is quite in advance of its predecessors. Some of its articles are rich in information respecting California and Nevada, and the mines of each. The initial article is a sprightly sketch of San Francisco, by the editor; Emigration by Sea, is an able and opportune article from the gifted pen of the Rev. H. W. Bellows; A Visit to Brigham Young at Salt Lake City gives us a glimpse of Mormon life and character. The Mining Department is full of valuable information. The Editorial Sanctum is rich with good things, and the Fashion Department illustrates and explains several of the novelties of the season. To all interested in our domain beyond the Rocky Mountains and its mineral wealth, this magazine must be invaluable. We urge upon all to subscribe for it.—*Uster Democrat*.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.—The March number of this excellent journal has been received. Its pages are filled with a record of current events on mining, agricultural, scientific, statistical and mechanical subjects of interest to the general reader, while its romances are equal to any of the first-class journals of the day. We are pleased to note that the enterprise is meeting with marked success.—*Berwick (Pa.) Gazette*.

WE have delayed a notice of *Gazlay's Pacific Monthly* in order to give it a careful perusal, and will now state that we are not only pleased with it, but commend it to the public as a periodical of general interest, but especially adapted to those who desire information on topics pertaining to mining regions of the Pacific slope. It is worth its price for general literature, apart from the special knowledge it imparts on subjects of interest to the most enterprising class of American citizens.—*Dubuque Herald*.

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—This is a new magazine, decidedly original in its plan and aim. It is the size of the *Atlantic*, and an excellent companion for it. It takes a high stand in literature, and is tastefully illustrated in some of its leading articles. We have found the *Pacific Monthly* very entertaining and instructive, and wish it a long and prosperous career.—*Clarke's School Visitor*.

WE have received the third number of *Gazlay's Pacific Monthly*. It contains the following: San Francisco, Past and Present, with a View; Zanzibar; Emigration by Sea; Gold and Silver Mines of California and Nevada; Visit to Brigham Young; A Trip to Nevada; In the Sunshine; Government and Politics in the Sandwich Islands; The Discovery of California; Passing Strange; Venice; Indian Relics; The Romance of Reality; California Bats; Mining Department; Editorial, etc., etc.

This is a new magazine, published in New York by David M. Gazlay & Co., at five dollars per annum. It is mainly devoted to the interests of the Pacific section, and is very well got up, and contains much interesting matter.—*New Bedford Evening Standard*.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.—Have you seen the new magazine just brought out under the name of *Gazlay's Pacific Monthly*? If you haven't you ought to—that is, if you take delight in interesting reading. This new monthly is of the standard size, with excellent mechanical appearance, and its pages all the way through present an interesting literary feast.—*Davenport Daily Democrat*.

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—American News Company, 121 Nassau Street, New York—We have received the second number of this magazine, and if an opinion of its future character can be formed from the number before us, it certainly promises to be deserving of public patronage. It is printed with good clear type, on fine white paper. Its contents are well chosen, and are well written.—*Daily True American*. (Trenton, N. J.)

THE Pacific coast is preparing to set up a literary independence. We have the third number of *Gazlay's Pacific Monthly*, a handsomely-printed, well-filled periodical, devoted to Pacific interests, without claiming the literary merit it may one day attain. It opens with an article descriptive of San Francisco—that miracle of the new region, and an interesting sketch of its growth, illustrated with a view of the city as it is to-day. Some of the prominent articles are, Zanzibar, by Mr. Hines, Consul to that island; Emigration by Sea, by Dr. Bellows; The Gold and Silver Mines of California and Nevada; Government and Politics of the Sandwich Islands; The Discovery of California; Venice and its Principal Street, by George Augustus Sala; a mass of information about mining, and some lively editorial gossip, with comic illustrations, literary notices and fashions. From the contents, it will be seen that the interests of the West are well attended to.—*Hartford (Conn.) Evening Paper*.

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—This is a new magazine, started in January last, and, although published in New York, is mainly devoted to the interests of the Pacific States and Territories. It contains much interesting matter concerning mines and mining, several entertaining articles pertaining to Western life, among which is one descriptive of the "Past and Present of San Francisco." It embraces among its corps of contributors some of the prominent writers of the day, and promises to become a popular magazine, especially among all those interested in the development of the Western States and Territories.—*Daily Wisconsin*.

The *Pacific Monthly* is rapidly gaining ground with the public, affording a new style of interesting literature, deviating from the old trodden paths of general magazine publications, and offers inducements to the public equalled by none. In fact, we think the best way to go into the modern jewelry trade, with a rich and varied stock, is to subscribe liberally for the *Pacific Monthly*—for every subscription brings with it a valuable present.—*West Branch (Penn.) Democrat*.

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—The newest magazine of the choice collection of American publications—certainly promises to be the best ere long. The March number is an excellent specimen. It is full of history and travel of California and other gold-bearing countries, and is replete with news and statistics of California and other American mining regions. It is much sought after by returned Californians and those afflicted with California fever. It is very ably conducted and contains good and appropriate illustrations.—*Woodford (Ill.) Sentinel*.

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—The March number of this valuable monthly has come to hand. Among its contents are the following able and interesting articles: San Francisco—Past and Present; Emigration by Sea; the Gold and Silver Mines of California and Nevada; Government and Politics in the Sandwich Islands, etc. For those who wish an interesting monthly, a faithful mirror of the Pacific States, should subscribe for this magazine.—*Clayton County (Iowa) Journal*.

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.—We regard this as one of the best magazines on our exchange-list. Its articles on mining, agriculture, and the other great interests of the Rocky Mountains and Pacific States, are able, and contain valuable information, not to be gained elsewhere.—*Journal and Republican*. (N. Y.)



# GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.

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No. 6.

## RAMBLINGS AFLOAT AND ASHORE ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY ADRIAN J. EBELL.

IF the Lake Superior country were situated far beyond its present distance, it would, doubtless, ere this have attained a fame, and created as much excitement as California, Washoe, or Pike's Peak; but almost in our midst it has been bereft, in a measure, of that charm and novelty that places distant and remote have usually been surrounded with.

The salubrity of its climate and the exhaustless wealth of its mineral lands are unsurpassed; its agricultural resources, though not equal to that of Illinois, yet are altogether in advance of the rocky slopes and crevices of New England, and its scenery of every kind and character, from level flats and sand-dunes to precipitous rocky bluffs, crags and peaks, is rendered still more enchanting by the usual clearness and transparency of the atmosphere, which by its great refractive power renders visible objects of themselves much beyond the natural range.

It is of a tour around these regions that I propose to give some details. Starting from the Sault St. Marie, coasting along the shore by the pictured rocks, the Marquette iron mines, the copper, silver, lead and gold ranges around to the north shore, we reached the Sault from Detroit in one of the steamers that daily ply between Lake Superior and the cities on the shores of the lower lake, and no where has traveling more studiously been reduced to a system of pleasure than on these floating palaces. Ships they are of considerable size, and most elegant and firm constructions, on which provisions for luxury, convenience,

safety and comfort, for spending while on board a continual holiday, and accumulating the largest store of mental and physical health, are the most ample and well-arranged.

We have scarce time to cast around a hasty glance at the general appearance of the boat, without mast or rigging; the cylinder engines; the spacious cabin, furnished as an elegant parlor; even to the piano that stands at one end, ere the whistle sounds. The engine-bell rings; and as the paddle-wheels create a great splash and spatter, we swing from the dock amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the God-speed of friends, and the next moment are plowing our way up the St. Clair River.

On the several decks sit the passengers in little knots and groups, regaling themselves with delicacies, or engaged in social converse. As night settles upon us, they all repair to the cabins, whence the tables having been removed, and the requisite music provided, they are soon whirling and twirling and circling around in the mazy dance, while at the further end of the ladies' cabin a few amateur musicians create for themselves a private opera.

Early next morning the tramping of cattle on the lower decks, and the hallooing of the drivers, as with blows they urge them to walk the narrow gangway, awake us. Hastening on deck, we found ourselves at Port Huron, taking on board an additional cargo of cattle for the Marquette iron mines. On the opposite bank of the narrow river, not over seventy-five or one hundred yards in width, on the shore of

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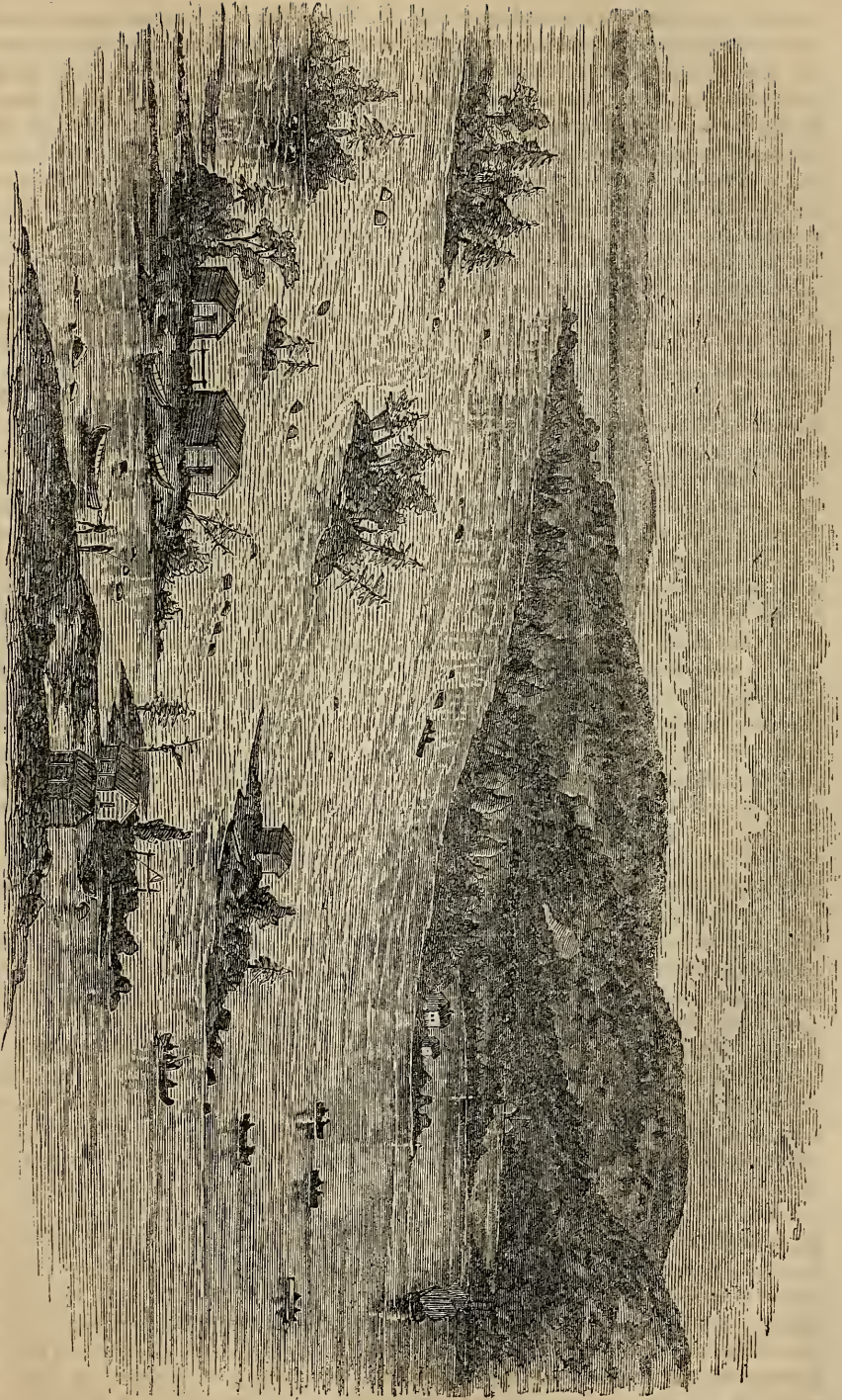
Canada, lay Sarina. At the water's edge on either side is a large sign, or notice, requesting captains of ships and boats not to anchor opposite, lest they might drag up the submarine telegraph cable there immersed. On either side of the river is a suspended track, by which the freight-cars are transferred to the ferry-boats, and thus conveyed to the opposite shore. Having taken on our live stock, we pushed on up the St. Clair flats, by landscapes full of enchantment and variety, the stream constantly narrowing and widening, its banks variegated with patches of woodland or grassy meadows, with their snug cottages, farms, orchards, surveyors' stations from thirty to sixty or eighty feet in height; lighthouses, observatories, busy growing villages, with their wharves, warehouses, stores, schoolhouses and churches; little groups of fishermen's huts, with long, low sheds for their boats, furnished with troughs for the fish till packed and transported away; and acres of sand-beach staked off, as if for vineyards, for the purpose of drying their fish-nets; saw-mills, lumber-yards, and here and there, half hid among the bushes, half buried on one side by the drifting sand, Indian huts, birch-bark wigwams, and skin teepees.

The wooded shore to the eastward grows dim, and fades away into the horizon; the western also, though more gradually, sinks back, and we find ourselves in a lake, apparently of even depth, yet having but one channel of sufficient draught, and that each spring, as soon as the fields of ice which carry away the stakings of the previous year are sufficiently cleared, is staked and marked out anew. Along the channel are buoys, with lanterns attached to their summits, which are lit every evening from a boat passing among them. Up and down are constantly passing boats and sloops, steamers and little giant tugs dragging behind them six or seven schooners, each several times their own size, loaded to the extent of their capacity with iron ore from Marquette. Over our wake assemble flocks of white-winged seagulls. They follow us perhaps for days, picking up as they fall whatever crumbs or little bits we may drop, in consideration of which a bright

youth on board devised the expedient of attaching to a string a white bit of paper, and as the deluded gull swooped down upon it, twitching it tantalizingly away. At our bow the water is thrown up in jets like fountain-streams, which in the sunlight reflect back circlets of rainbows. Cool, balmy breezes blow about us, shifting hither and thither the huge columns of black smoke as they are belched forth from our swarthy chimney-stacks, flaunting them out into broad banners, or changing them to long wavering penants, till lost in commingling with the clouds.

And thus, through the constant current of upward and downward navigation, we enter the St. Clair flats, stretching for miles on either side of us—its tall sedge, with barely their tips above the water, from the transparency of which, however, they could be clearly seen to their roots, and with the motion of which they undulate in graceful waves. And we sit and watch, and while watching these ever-shifting scenes, the sun first passes behind a dark belt of azure-tipped clouds, and then appearing from beneath for a moment with redoubled brilliance, sinks beyond the western edge; and anon from out the opposite sky emerges the round, full moon, bathing all in her mellow light, which, reflected from the waves and ripples, sparkles like plates of pearls. With such a night around us to sit on deck, and hear music softly wafted to us from the opposite end of the boat, gliding, as we were, almost noiselessly over the still lake, made us feel as if we were realizing the fairy dreams we had read in our youth; but, like such dreams, it all soon vanished. The lake winds, ever changing, veered about, and the bright sky was fast becoming ribbed and striped with accumulating clouds and fog; first a line, as a distant, narrow coast, which, expanding as it neared, with a little aid of the imagination took the appearance of forts, palisades, ramparts, towers, oriental pagodas, Turkish mosques, and as many other unique shapes and forms, momentarily shifting, and giving place to still others. An instant more and that magic shore had overtaken us, and we found ourselves enveloped, immersed, buried, in one dense, suffocating cloak

ST. MARY'S FALLS.



of fog, so dense as, said our captain, if one were to suddenly thrust out and draw back his arm he would leave a hole therein. Next morning, and still the fog encompassed us. As we all well knew many a ship had been wrecked while attempting, like us, to proceed by faith rather than sight, but already behind time, on it was thought we must go; but that accident might be avoided if possible, a man was stationed at the wheel-house, to toll a signal-bell, and at the interval of every two minutes to sound the stentorian steam-whistle. At times in the day the sunlight seemed struggling and laboring for a passage through the dense cloak of vapor that enveloped us, and once or twice for a time it shone as a broad brazen plate. As the day closed, the light seemed suffocated into impenetrable darkness; but still on we went. To relieve the almost palpable oppressiveness of the night, the passengers had assembled in the cabins and commenced a social dance; but in the midst of it, of a sudden, the ship received a jar that made it creak and groan in every joint and seam, and prostrated nearly all the dancers like sun-worshippers. As soon as they could regain their feet, they all rushed for the front of the ship, and there under our starboard-how we found a good-sized brig, freighted nearly to the water's edge with iron ore. In the mist we had failed to see one another until too late for her to avoid being run into, and so with full force we pounced upon her, and but that hitting her obliquely a great part of the blow glanced off and was lost, we would have sent her in another moment, shattered and splintered, to the bottom; but as it was, no material damage beyond the breakage of a few spars and beams had befallen her; however, it most effectually closed up the merriment of that night.

Another day in Lake Huron. As the fog cleared away we found ourselves entering the St. Mary's River. The scenery thereabouts is much like that on the Ohio. The entire stream is studded with a great number of islands, of which the largest and most noteworthy one, not only for its size and scenery, but for its commercial importance, is Sugar Island. Here, annually, enor-

mous quantities of raspberry-jam are concocted, and thence sent to all places around. Mr. Church, who owns most of the island, prepares on an average some thirty tons a year. The berries in their season are collected for a small remuneration by the Indians and Canadian half-breeds, from the vast quantities of bushes that grow thereabouts. From thence we pass on up the winding river, with Canada on our right and Michigan on the left, approaching and receding from each other till, at the village of St. Mary, they are distant apart not over a quarter of a mile, and frequently do the Stars and Stripes from our side, and the British flag from theirs, flaunt and flutter toward each other in the breeze. Here then is the Saut or leap of St. Mary. Here the surplus waters of twenty-three thousand square miles discharge themselves into Lake Huron. For over a mile, down a rocky inclined plane studded with boulders of all sizes, the impetuous mass of water rushes, dashing, splashing and leaping, with showers of spray, which in the sunlight glisten with numberless hues. Though the mere dip of the falls does not exceed twenty feet, the immense pressure of such an area of water gives it a tremendous velocity. The waters turn and twist amid islets and boulders, dashing over them with their waves, and enveloping them with clouds of mist. On the banks little groups of Indian huts, built of cedar bark, are scattered along. Fishing-nets stretched out or hung loosely on poles and frames, birch-bark canoes turned over by the wigwam-door, or merely drawn up on the pebbly beach, betoken the abodes of fishermen. A couple of Indians push out one of these canoes into the rapids, one of them at the stern with his paddle propels it up and secures its place wherever desired, while the other with his scoop-net dips up the fish as they attempt to pass him. Other canoes rapidly enter the scene, until soon there are twenty or over similarly engaged. The village of St. Mary scarcely does credit to the virgin saint—the houses old, the streets sandy, and the inhabitants largely a mixture of Indians, French and half-breeds. A little to the left of the town stands Fort Brady: val-

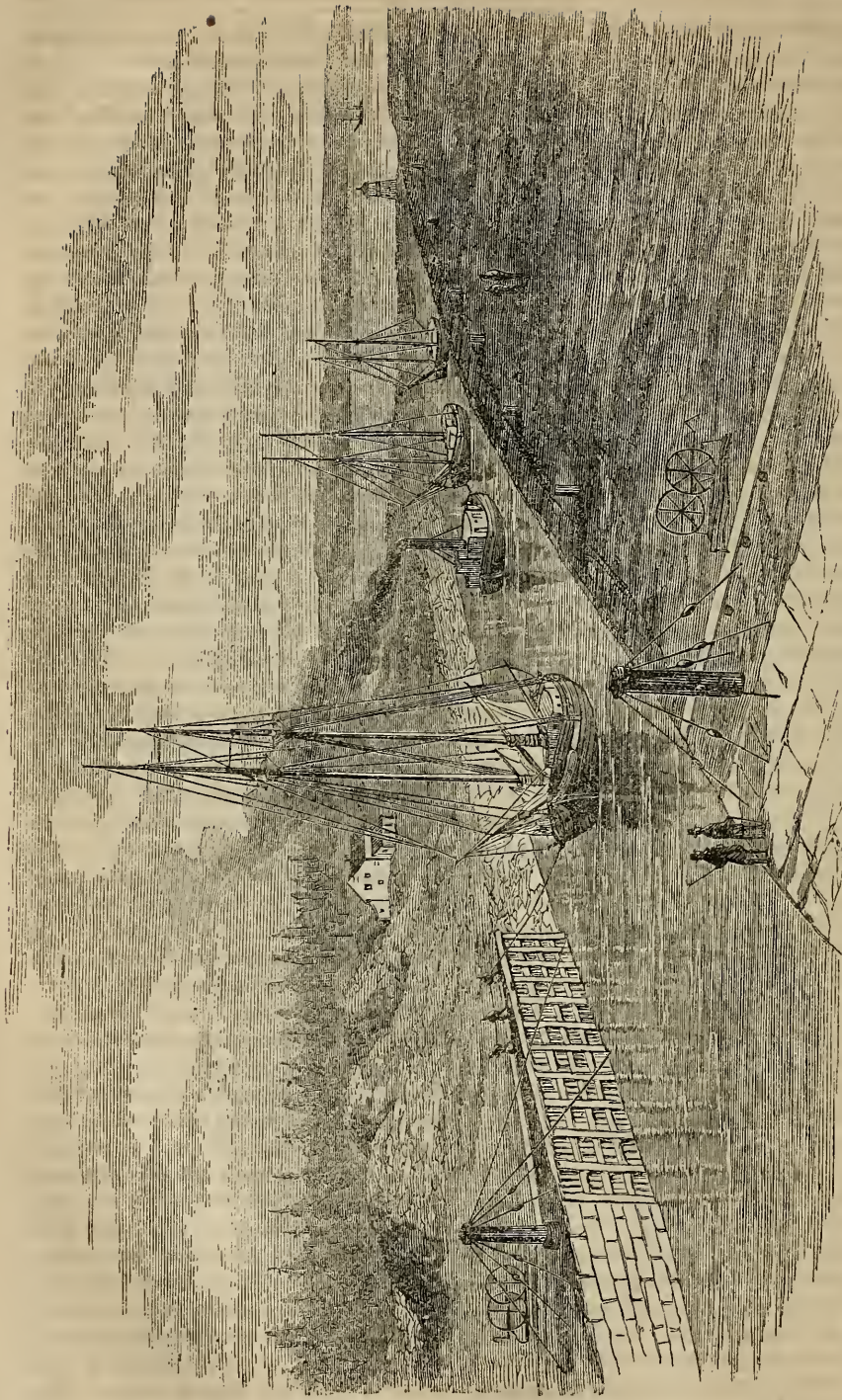
iantly it has answered its ends, and withstood the attacks of savage foes in times gone by, but now an old dame, with a broomstick, could effect its overthrow, for the garrison—all we could find of them—was made up of an old woman, a hen and brood of chickens and a cat. The block-houses on the corners were held by bats and the port-holes occupied with swallows' nests; and there for generations past, from all appearance, families of swallows had passed their nursery days in undisturbed quiet. Cobwebs, coat within coat, the accumulation of years, were stretched across the mouths of the rusty old cannons, that stood in the center of the esplanade. Around these impregnable works, a wall extended, not, it is true, as long, nor as broad, nor as high, nor as strong as the famed wall of China, but a much more accommodating one, for the tall poles of which it is made every little ways yawn apart, or lie prostrate for the convenience of any that desire to go in or out. And yet this rickety old fort occupies a place of great importance. In case of any trouble with England, a boatload of men could take it from us, and completely command the navigation of Lake Superior.

Congress—thanks again to General Cass—had offered seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of mineral and farming lands to any company that would build a ship-canal between Lakes Superior and Huron. The offer was taken up by a Michigan company, and the work completed in the stipulated time of two years, and now, instead of having to change bulk at the falls, ships may pass with ease from one lake to the other through a stone-walled canal, a mile in length, and some twenty feet in depth. The building of this canal was the opening up of Lake Superior, and really the commencement of the present extensive system of mining. Mr. Brown, the receiver of the canal customs, has in his yard a pond with a number of most elegant speckled trout playing around in it, so tame that they will swim to the surface and take crumbs from one's hand.

We passed out of the canal about noon—scarce a breath of air was stirring—the heat must have been over ninety-five degrees

Fahrenheit. The volumes of smoke that rose from the burning woods rendered the atmosphere almost stifling. On the front deck of our steamer were assembled most of the passengers, fanning themselves with hats and handkerchiefs, reminding one of a fluttering swarm of butterflies; but scarce half an hour had passed when the wind shifted around to the northwest, and the deck was about cleared, and the captain and mate alone were left to pace it in their great-coats, and before night set in we were obliged to have fire in the stove. This, we were told, was a sample of the lake climate; yet, however, these very changes tend to invigorate and brace one up, as the atmosphere, whether warm or cold, is always pure and dry. It was night as we passed by the pictured rocks, and so we were unfortunate enough to miss the sight of those precipitous cliffs of sandstone, cut into every shape and form by the running waters and the dashing waves of centuries, presenting from a little distance off churches, pagodas, altars, towers, and works of art in every shape and form. The next day we were at Marquette—the great iron mine district. As you near it, you see extending out from the center of the spacious bay—likened to that of Naples—three long wharves, from which the iron ore is loaded into the ships. The little square cars are rolled out to the edge and emptied through iron-lined troughs into the ships, where, to break the force of the fall, the ore is received on pendant log floors.

Thirteen to fifteen miles back of Marquette are the iron ranges, from just above the surface to seven or eight hundred feet in height, and with such an inexhaustible quantity above ground that it will be long, indeed, before there is much occasion to dig under. The iron trade of Lake Superior dates only from 1855, when the Sault canal was completed, and it has since been limited but by the capital and energy brought to bear upon it. It is not the privilege of a magazine article to deal much in statistics, else by them you might see that for what has been expended there have been received the largest returns. The boundless quantity of ore, from sixty to eighty per cent. pure iron, the easy way



SAULT ST. MARY'S CANAL.

for transportation, and the abundance of fuel, costing less than a hundredth part of the expense by eastern mines, altogether make iron-mining on Lake Superior step boldly ahead of competition. Though in several parts of both the North and South shore of the lake ranges of iron ore are found, yet no where is it in such abundance and of as high a per centage as in the hills behind Marquette. In the first thirteen miles of approach to these iron ranges the railroad attains an elevation of eight hundred and fifty feet above the lake level—it winds its way along between cliffs, peaks, hills and small mountains of trap, granite, jasper and iron ore.

Of the people in and around Marquette, and I might say the same of other places on the lake—but especially is it so of the good folks of this place—that the Lord never implanted larger hearts and more social dispositions in the breast of man than they are blessed with. Their business, location, climate and scenery contribute toward rubbing off from their hearts the sordid rust of selfishness and implanting a genial hospitality found not every where. A stranger is received among them as a brother, and treated as such until by his actions he insists in denying his claim to such treatment.

The resources of Lake Superior are not confined to its metalliferous ranges alone. Its fisheries entitle it to a stand at least by the side of Cape Cod. The white fish, mackinac and salmon-trout, sturgeon, muscalunje, sizpoint, pickerel, pike, perch, herring, white, black and rock bass, cat, pout, eel-pout, bull-head, roach, sunfish, dacc-sucker, carp, mullet, swordfish, bullfish, stone-carrier, sheepshead, gar and several other kinds, abound throughout the lake in untold and exhaustless quantities, sufficient to feed millions of people. Fish of nearly the same kinds are found, it is true, in each of the other lakes, but nowhere else in such quantities, and of such size and flavor—the cool, pure waters of Lake Superior not only increase their numbers, but also their quality. Over six thousand barrels are annually caught and exported even by the present inadequate system of fisheries, carried on mainly by the French, Irish,

half-breeds and Indians, with a few Americans. Fleets of hundreds of these mackinac fishing-boats and birch-bark canoes, may be seen in their proper seasons at the several fisheries moving about on the still lake, each pulling in from one to two barrels of fish per day. Whitefish, of all the above kinds, are the most abundant, and indeed the most palatable and sought after; next to them have place the mackinac and salmon-trout, sturgeon and pickerel. They are found in the greatest abundance at Whitefish Point, Grand Island, by the pictured rocks, Keweenaw Point, La Point, Apostles' Islands, Isle Royale, Thunder Bay and the rapids of Sault St. Marie; they are taken in gill-nets, with hooks and lines or with the spear, in the night-time, when all over the waters may be seen, as it were, fire-fly sparks flitting along the surface of the lake. In the bow of the little boat or canoe is fastened a roll of flaming birch-bark, by it stands the fisherman with a three-tined spear or harpoon, and as the fish, attracted by the glimmer of the torch-light, approach the surface, he forces them out of the water into the canoe. Nor in winter do they cease this scaly warfare. The ice accumulates along the lake shores for but about ten or twenty miles; the first freezing over is soon broken up by a little wind-storm, and the cakes of ice, one over the other, are drifted shoreward, and thus along the coast great heaps are piled up in every shape and arrangement. Before the ice is disturbed as much as this, in the smooth field of it small round holes being cut, the fisherman drops his hooks, baited with a herring or piece of meat, and having ascertained the right depth, waits until a smart twitch of the line indicates the capture of a fish; then passing the line over his shoulder, he walks or runs from the hole as fast as he may be able, until the fish bounds out upon the ice. Thus often in a short winter's day, are fifty or sixty large salmon-trout taken by a single fisherman.

The agricultural resources of the country, especially of the southern coast, are far beyond what it any where has credit for. It certainly is not, and never will be, in this respect equal to Illinois, Lower Michigan, and portions of Wisconsin; but yet it is

as far ahead of the greater part of New England as Illinois is of itself. The land along the shore, which alone visitors generally see, is of course the least inviting to the farmer — sandy, of precipitous cliffs, uneven, mountainous and rocky, it is more or less sterile and barren; but a short distance back of the coast, crops of all the cereals and roots thrive luxuriantly; and for wheat especially is it adapted, though but little of it has yet been cultivated on account of the want of mills to grind it. The rains of November further south fall there in snow, and that remaining until the following April protects the tender wheat through the winter with a covering under which it is secure from the ice and sweeping winds, often so destructive in milder latitudes. Nor is the climate too severe for several varieties of fruit, and nearly all the garden vegetables; berries, such as currants, strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, cranberries, and the like, are found not only in the gardens, but wild, all among the hills, and even on the islands; and plums, cherries and apples have been cultivated on the south shore with good success. The following specimens, grown along the southwest shore of the lake, I found at Superior City: oat-stalks six feet in length, and the grain forty-two pounds to the bushel; strawberries four and a half inches in circumference; cucumbers fifteen inches in length; timothy-stalks five feet, heads eight inches; radish-plants six feet high, with roots sixteen inches in length; sugar-peas, with pods, five inches in length and one in diameter; potato-vines over six and a half feet, and pea-vines ten feet in length, and potatoes each weighing three pounds and over; rye-stalks eight feet; hemp seven feet; and corn-stalks ten feet in height. There was also some excellent buckwheat, tobacco and hops; and one single turnip that I found in the garden where it grew, west of Superior City, measured three and a half feet in circumference, and was *thirty-six pounds* in weight. No where in the world is there a country for maple-sugar equal to that around Lake Superior. Sugar maple trees are abundant. The snow usually is deep in the woods until April, while

the warm sun of March produces a copious flow of sap. Every farmer could easily secure for himself fifteen or twenty acres of sugar trees, and with little labor make, each spring, not only enough to last him through the year, but a considerable quantity for sale. Another inducement for farming within reach of the mines, is the ready cash market the wood — usually collected and burned up — always commands, either as fuel for the furnaces and the burning of the copper rock, or for the support of the sides and roofs of mines. Thus he may reap a harvest of fruits and grain from his fields in summer, and through the winter a harvest of wood from his forests.

The great lumber regions of Wisconsin, Upper Michigan and Minnesota border upon the lake shores. Most of the logs are cut in the winter-time, above the snow level; consequently when the ground is cleared, one often sees stumps of different heights according to the depth of snow at the time of cutting. These lumbermen — a jolly set they are — pass as hale and merry a time as is ever the lot of man to enjoy. Having felled the trees and trimmed the logs, they draw them with oxen to a steep place on the river-bank, and there pitch them down to the water's edge in a great heap, in what they call a landing. This is their work for six or eight months of the year, and during that time in the woods they live in log-houses. Their work and the pure air they breathe give them an appetite that nothing else can excite. They excel especially in their baked beans and pork. Having filled the bottom of a hole with live coals, they set their kettle on top and cover it all over with ashes, cinders and earth, and there it stays from twelve to twenty-four hours, and when taken out it is indeed in advance of any thing else of the kind. In spring, when the waters rise, these landings are broken up, and the logs started on their voyage down stream to the mills where they are to be sawed up. This also is attended with great danger; the huge log-piles, from fifty to one hundred feet in height, interlaced and netted together as they fell, have to be worked out from the bottom, and as soon as one or two are loosed, an avalanche of them rush down from above, and plunge



furiously into the river, making the waters boil and splash as if by an earthquake. Then is the moment of danger to the lumbermen, when they frequently lose a limb, or even their life. Last year, at the breaking up of a landing a lumberman jumped the moment the logs were loosed; as he landed upon a plat of sand, a log simultaneously with him, endwise, reached the same spot, and crushing his body—passing through it as if it had been but a sheet of paper—buried itself deep in the sand. Another man had but alighted upon a projecting stump, when a log from above hitting his neck, severed his head from his body, so that it hung but by a tendon. His comrades buried them in holes scooped out in the sand, and left them for the waters to wash out or the wolves to dig up in a few days, and returned again to their dangerous work. After the landings are broken up, and the logs all afloat, the lumbermen follow them along in what they call the “drive.” In the bends of the river, and on the sand-bars, a great many logs will run ashore and accumulate, and these, to their hips and waists in water, the lumbermen must pry off again. When one of these jams occurs in the rapids, or at the head of a waterfall, there is as much danger attending their breaking up as that of a landing; for such a body of rapid water bearing against them, causes the logs to knock and tumble against each other the moment their prop or stay is broken away; and then standing and walking about for the greater part of the day in water just above the freezing-point, till one's flesh becomes blue and numb with the cold, does not indeed add much to the enjoyment or safety of the work. While at this they of necessity have from four to six meals a day, and large ones they are too. It not unfrequently happens that the rise of many of their streams is insufficient to effect a drive: to provide against such contingencies, the smaller streams above are dammed up throughout the year, and in spring, when needed, at certain periods, let down to swell the waters of the stream on which may be the drive, and thus carry down the harvest for the saw-mills below, where they are collected by booms stretched across the river

from pier to pier. After being sawed up, the lumber is tied together into rafts and floated down to the main water, and thence taken by the current, in which it is kept by great oars at either end, or taken in tow of a steamer and conveyed to market. On these rafts the lumbermen float for months, passing a merry and jovial time, with but little to do, plenty to eat, and nothing to trouble them but mosquitoes by night, and occasionally a sand-bar athwart their course, on which, if surely grounded, they have at times even to pick their raft apart before they can again be afloat. The logs are also often made into rafts and floated below.

These, then, are the resources of this Lake Superior country. Nature has emptied here from her lap not only the necessities and comforts of life, but the richest of her treasure in profuse abundance. The waters of the lake might feed with their fish a thousand times as many as they now do; its agricultural lands would sustain another nation; its lumber-tracts seem inexhaustible; its iron is sufficient for all time to come; and its mines of copper, its lead, its silver, and now even its gold, are much more than enough to pay our national debt ten thousand times over. Right in our midst, as it were, our people too generally have sought for fields of enterprise at a distance, unmindful of that at our very door.

But our narrative left us at Marquette. I will not detail the minor events of our farther journey, nor burden you with the names of all the places we stopped at, as I would were I preparing this for a guide-book. To a few of the more important places alone I will invite your attention. We next called at Portage Lake, so called because formerly the voyageurs coasting along the shore, by traversing the lake to its upper extremity, and carrying their bark canoes over a narrow neck of land, were enabled to shorten their journey around Keweenaw Point as much as one hundred and thirty miles. At the entrance to the lake where it widens over shallow flats, is dredged out a canal, and a great sign is fastened up at the entrance, stating the rates of toll for the passage of ships and

steamers. A little above this canal is a low island, noted as the scene of a famous battle between the Sioux and the Chippewas. From the St. Louis River, at the head of the lake, a fleet of Sioux canoes came down to attack the Chippewas who lived around Portage Lake. Having got word of it, the Chippewas hid themselves in the tall rushes that covered the swamp-grounds around the island. Not seeing any signs of an enemy, the unsuspecting Sioux ascended the lake, till by this island they had completely entrapped themselves in the ambuscade. At once, with loud war-whoops from every side, the Chippewas fired upon them a volley of poisoned arrows, and before their victims, entangled in the tall rushes, had recovered themselves from the sudden attack, they fell upon them with tomahawks and war-clubs, and despite their valiant resistance, slew every man except one whom they took prisoner. Carrying him to the island, the Chippewas bound him to a stake, and first cut off his nose, fingers and toes, which they sent to the Sioux as an earnest of what they each might expect the next time, and they then continued dancing around their victim, every little while cutting a thin slice from parts the least vital, until death came to his relief, when they chopped up the remaining carcass, and scattered it broadcast over the waters around the island.

Hancock and Houghton, situated opposite each other, about midway up the lake, are wide-awake little places. Constant communication between them is kept up by a little steam-tug that performs the functions of a ferry. Behind them, on either side, range a long row of copper-mines and stamp-mills. Throughout the whole of this peninsula, called Keweenaw Point—which is some fifty miles long and twenty-two wide where it joins the mainland—extends a belt of metalliferous trap formation, and around its foot westward as far as the Montreal River. Within this belt, which often rises in precipitous bluffs, and bears the appearance of great disturbances and upheavals, are confined nearly all the copper-mining operations, ancient and modern. The most remarkable features of these metalliferous ranges are, that they contain, not as

is usual on ore of copper, but the pure native metal, in pieces from the size of little granules to ponderous masses of hundreds of tons in weight; and that frequently the copper is found intimately associated with jets and sprigs of silver, and yet unalloyed with it.

We made but a short call here, and steaming around the cape, landed next at Fort Wilkins, in Copper Harbor, and thence on by Eagle Harbor to Eagle River, each noteworthy for its mineral ranges and copper mines, if our time and space would permit. It was about daybreak when we put into Eagle River. Having landed a little freight, we were moving out again, when we felt our ship strike a hidden rock, with a jar that made every article of furniture in the cabins shake as if with ague. Every effort to get her off proved unavailing. Gradually the water rose in her hold, until presently the fires were extinguished, and the engine lay idle. Fast on the reef was she hung on a rock, broken into her amidships. The freight and furniture were unloaded next morning, and the passengers embarking on another ship, continued their journey. Soon we reached Ontonagon. This is the oldest town on the lake. Behind it some ten or twelve miles along the trap range already alluded to, are the Minnesota, National and Rockland copper mines; and further along, the Superior, Evergreen Bluff, Bohemian, and several others. In the site of nearly each of these mines have been found diggings, or ancient pits—when made or by whom we can not tell, save by conjecture; and previous to the year 1847-8 we had no intimation whatever of their existence. The Jesuit Fathers, in their "Relations," speak of bits and masses of copper, of all sizes, having been found along the coast and the margin of streams—one mass of which, weighing over eight hundred pounds, they found and sent to France as a token of what the country afforded; but they make no mention whatever of ancient mining sites. These masses of copper were torn from their beds, worn smooth and scattered abroad, doubtless, by the attrition of fields of ice during what is called the drift period. The same agent that broke from the rocks on the

north shore of Lake Superior fragments of every size and shape, and transported them in the form of smoothly-worn boulders, sand and gravel, as far south even as the valley of the Ohio, also took along and distributed these particles of copper. The Indians tell strange stories, full of wonder, about these copper veins and their guardian Manitous, but not a word about any efforts at mining ever having been made by themselves or others. This might, however, be from the superstitious veneration with which they regard copper and all connected with it, fearing to disclose, especially to a white man, the site of a copper vein, lest the Manitous avenge their perfidy. Bits of copper, carefully wrapped in a skin of the animal first dreamed of on coming to the age of puberty, they keep in their lodges as their household gods.

Great numbers of these ancient pits have been found, and as explorations are continued, more of them are constantly being discovered. At first sight they have the appearance of merely a little digression in the soil, being filled up with the decayed accumulations of centuries, and overgrown with shrubbery and large trees and even decayed stumps. Computing from the annular rings in these trees, the diggings must have been deserted at least five or six centuries. On removing the earth, great pits are revealed, always over the richest copper veins, apparently worked into the rock by the slow and tedious process of first building great fires and calcining a little thickness into the rock, then pounding it off with stone hammers or mauls made of smooth boulders with a groove cut around it to which was fastened a handle. Great numbers of these stone hammers, together with copper chisels and even adzes, beaten from the cold metal, and wooden paddles and scoops, have been found scattered about these pits. In an excavation where now stands the Minnesota mine, these unknown copper-seekers, contrary to their usual custom of satisfying themselves with what chips and sprigs they could break off, attempted to raise an entire mass of about six tons weight; having got it up a little distance on skids, they abandoned it, a prize for modern miners. Even con-

jecture is unable to say who these ancient miners were. The country around Lake Superior bears no trace of ever having been inhabited by other than the shiftless Indians who roam through its woods; and they certainly were not the people who had dug the great number of pits found along the entire copper range. Had they been, at least a legend, a story, or some remnant or trace of their work, might now be found among them; but there is not a single sign of their ever having known any thing more about copper-mining than they now do. The only circumstance that leads us to surmise who they were is the fact that along the valley of the Ohio, and thence south-westward, are found buried in the ground spear-heads, axes, chisels and articles of ornament, of native metallic copper, occasionally with a sprig or speck of pure silver incorporated into them. Copper in this State, and especially in this connection with silver, has been found alone on the coast of Lake Superior. To these Ohio and Southwestern Indians, then, perhaps even as far as Mexico itself, must we look for a solution of our problem. They might have gone to the copper ranges in spring, in their large canoes, and having spent the summer there, returned again in the fall, before the winter's ice had closed up the navigation. However that may be, it is certain, from the pits they have left, that great numbers of them, for a long period, must have been occupied in these mining works. In 1770, a company was organized in England for working some of these mines, and two adventurers, Henry and Bostwick, made a tour around the lake, and carried off a considerable amount of copper and some silver. They built a small vessel at Point-aux-Pins, six miles above the Sault St. Marie, and quite a sum of money was expended, first in exploring the north shore of the lake, and afterward in the commencement of mines upon the Ontonagon. Having spent the summer there, and in the mean time sent back for provisions, they returned in the winter, leaving behind some miners, who, on account of the difficulties they had to encounter, also deserted the works in the spring.

The first notice taken by our Govern-

ment of the copper wealth of Lake Superior was during the administration of President Adams, when the augmentation of the navy rendered the employment of domestic copper in the equipment of ships an object of political as well as pecuniary economy; and a mission was appointed to proceed to Lake Superior, of which, however, but little is known, and the state of our Indian relationship prevented the accomplishment of any thing important.

Of the modern system of copper mines I will not attempt in this connection to give a complete history. Sufficient of itself for an independent article, I hope some time to present it to our readers in that form.

We have scarcely any conception of the extent to which these copper mines at present have been advanced. In all, over sixty miles of tunneling have been cut out of the solid trap rock. The deepest shaft in the Cliff mine sinks below the surface more than fourteen hundred feet. The details of mining, essentially the same in all places, have so often been given to the public that I will not here rehearse them again. The copper, as I have stated already, is found along the vein in pieces and masses of all sizes. The largest mass ever found was in the winter of 1856-7, in the Minnesota mine, on the ten-fathom level; it was nearly all of pure metallic copper, and weighed four hundred and forty tons. It was forty-six feet in length, eighteen in width and seven in thickness, and it took forty men, continual work for fourteen months, to cut it up into pieces of two or three tons each, and hoist them up to the surface. Their process for cutting copper is slow and tedious. Every experiment, thus far, in sawing and blasting these ponderous masses having proved unsuccessful, they are obliged to cut them apart, by taking with a narrow chisel a succession of thin long chips, one under the other, until they work through them. These chips from that mass amounted to twenty-five tons. It was blown from its bed, after a number of unavailing experiments with smaller charges, by a load of thirty-six kegs of powder. Copper-mining is a dangerous occupation. The miners are in constant peril of life or limb, from the exploding

blasts, the loosening and falling upon them of masses of rock, and numerous other sources of danger constantly attendant upon their underground labors, in the winter time especially. The descent of the mine is made by narrow ladders almost perpendicularly under each other. Throughout the entire extent of the mine there is a constant dripping and drizzling of water. This, in frosty weather, covers the rounds of the ladder with ice, and the top and sides of the several levels with icicles. A single slip of hand or foot in going down these cold, slippery bars would prove fatal. A few winters ago, a father and son were descending a shaft, by the side of which rose and fell the machinery of a ponderous force-pump. They had descended but a little distance, when the boy, who was following his father, loosed his hold and fell; his father clutched at him as he passed, but in vain—he reached and fell across the pump-beams on the lower level as the shaft was in its upward stroke; it came down upon him the next moment, crushing through his ribs, vitals and spinal column, as an egg-shell. What a sight for a father! Every mine has connected with it a hospital and surgical attendance, and there are in them constantly a number, more or less seriously wounded from accidents in the mines. But, on the whole, these miners spend a pleasant life, and are invariably blessed with strong, robust constitutions.

Having taken a hasty survey of the mines back of Ontonagan, we concluded to pay a visit to Carp Lake mine and the Porcupine Mountains before we went on further. We were provided with a boat by the hospitality of Captain Beaser, and after a few hours' pull over a smooth lake, we disembarked at Carp Lake landing, and swinging the box of instruments on a pole between us, commenced the ascent of the Porcupine Mountains. They rise to an elevation of three thousand feet above the sea, and are feathered with dense forests to their very summit. Here the copper is found in minute metallic particles distributed through sandstone rock to the amount of four or five per cent. This rock when brought from the mine is put into the stamp-mills, and crushed up, and then by several wash-

ings the copper is extracted. A little to the west of the stamp-mills is Carp Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, over a thousand feet above the level of the sea; beyond it, through the opening of the mountain-gorge, four hundred feet below its level, may be seen Lake Superior itself.

From Ontonagon we embarked again on one of the commodious lake-steamers, for Superior City and Fond du Lac, the head of the chain of lakes of the St. Lawrence River. It was near sunset; the lake was unusually still and placid; the clearness of the atmosphere was such that the minutest details of the shore were distinctly visible. The slanting rays of the sun reflected themselves in many colors from the clouds above us, and in a thousand rainbows from the transparent surface of the lake, from the showers of spray thrown up by the paddle-wheels, in the little circling eddies in our wake, and the fountain jet thrown up at the bow; then nearing still closer the edge of the horizon, the setting sun, like a great golden wheel, sank proudly beyond the western line of the lake. Then the long northern twilight was followed by the brilliant radiance of a full moon, giving the lake and its shore, by which we were gliding along, the appearance of an enchanted land. The decks were cleared, and to sprightly music merrily tripped the dancers' feet, and mirth and merriment had full sway till a late hour in the night, and even then were we loth to leave that deck. On repairing thither again at the first gray dawn, we found ourselves entering the straits between Lapoint and Bayfield. At Lapoint we visited the old Catholic church built by the first Jesuit missionaries as early as 1670. Across a narrow strait is Bayfield, long an Indian agency, where the neighboring tribes used to assemble to receive their annual payments. For several days in advance of the time appointed for such an event, they would be gathering together from all directions, in canoes or with pony carts, ox-wagons, or merely a pair of poles, one end supported on the back of a pony or ox, and the other dragging on the ground. On these they pile their tent clothes or skins, cooking utensils, and pa-poooses. Around the payment-grounds they

would erect their teepees, and await with nightly festivities and dancing the annuity day. The payment consists usually of coin, in silver halves and quarters, and provisions, blankets, knives, hatchets, and ornaments, trinkets, and paints in abundance. The bags of money are placed by a desk of rough boards, at which sit the agent and his assistants, and on either side, on benches, or sprawling on the ground, are gathered a number of Indian chiefs. Each head of a family, furnished with a little bundle of twigs, the number of his household, answering to his name with a grunt, steps before the desk, and lays his little bundle before the clerk, who, counting it, speaks aloud the number, which, if correct, the chiefs ratify with another grunt, and the clerk pays him an annuity for every inmate of his lodge, from the youngest to the oldest; but if not, they at once discuss and rectify the matter. In the center of an open plain are piled up the barrels of pork and flour, and the boxes of tobacco, blankets, knives, hatchets, guns, paints, and whatever else is to be distributed. Around it, all in a circle, the squaws sit crouching on their knees, with bags and baskets to receive their portions in. Three or four young men, chosen by lot, enter the circle and commence the distribution. Knocking in the barrel-heads, they go around the circle, handing a piece of pork to each squaw, which she takes and thrusts into her bag, equally contented whether her share be large or small, considering that a matter of chance. They next hand a pan of flour to each, and the same with every other article, until all is distributed—tobacco, blankets, knives, hatchets and trinkets; and then for a time they have a feast, and eat regardless of the future, till every thing is gone, and they are driven back to the woods again to subsist on game, or wild roots and berries.

We made but a short stop at these places, and were again pushing on our way, when of a sudden our ship was stopped in her course with a tremendous jar: there we were tight ground on a sand-bar, every detail of which could clearly be seen through the water. The huge paddle-wheels rolled round, lashing the water into

foam, and the engine puffed and groaned, but all to no purpose. The freight had to be moved aft, and the aid of a schooner from Bayfield engaged, and all the anchors taken aft and dropped before we could pull ourselves afloat again, and continue our journey. We presently passed the Apostles' Islands, around which the lake was as still as a mirror, giving them the appearance of floating gardens on a silver sea. A little above them on the coast, at the junction of the Bad and White Rivers, is the village of Odanah, a mission station of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Wheeler. To my regret I was unable to stop there. We shortly after arrived at Superior City. Passing between the long, narrow necks of land, Minnesota Point on the right, and Wisconsin Point on the left, we entered the spacious Bay of Superior, a commodious harbor for all the shipping on the lake. We had scarce touched the dock ere we were welcomed to Superior City by Mr. F. H. Clark, editor of the *Superior Gazette*, who, on learning the object of our visit, at once proposed to us a canoe voyage around to the north shore. Heartily acceding to the plan, we, the next morning, commenced active preparations for the trip. We procured a good-sized birch-bark canoe, some twenty-five feet in length, had an additional coat of tar applied to its seams, and a layer of light brushes spread over the bottom, both to keep our feet dry and to prevent their bursting through the brittle bark. Our box of instruments, a gun and some ammunition, an axe, a generous supply of provisions in the way of pork, hard bread, flour, tea, sugar and the like; the canvas and necessary appendages for a tent, and a few blankets, completed our outfit. We engaged a couple of half-breed *voyageurs* for our crew, Mr. Clark and myself dividing the official dignities between us. Punctuality is a virtue entirely foreign to Indian soil. The next morning when we had intended to start, we were unable to find a trace of either of our half-breed Indians; they at length came from across the bay, where they had been in some teepees, sleeping off the intoxication they had indulged in over a few dol-

lars given them for the purpose of purchasing some necessaries for the journey. Having partially sobered them by the middle of the afternoon, we placed them amidships to work the pair of oars, in lieu of an engine—though an unsteady and irregular one it would have been—and steered across for Minnesota Point, where we encamped for that night. The point, or peninsula, is merely an overgrown sand-bar, but little above the water level. Amid the group of pine and hemlock that stood upon it was a little Indian village of birch-bark huts. We hauled our canoe up the sand beach, raised our little tent, built a blazing, crackling fire of pine-knots, and stretched ourselves by it like a brace of alligators, while "Jo" and "Baptiste," our half-breed coadjutors, fried some bacon and made some unleavened wheat-cakes and a pot of coffee. Then, after a hearty supper, to which the bracing air and exercise we had gave a special relish, wrapping ourselves in our blankets, we threw ourselves for the night on the sand floor of our tent. At the first break of day, after a breakfast on what we had left the evening before, we pushed off our canoe, and floated on our journey as the sun mounted to his course in a cloudless sky. We stopped a little while at noon at the mouth of the Passabika—split-rock river—from which extends the main road from the lakes to Pembina, the Red River country and the great buffalo hunting-grounds, from which our half-breed *voyageurs* had just returned.

Breaking up their winter encampment in early June, the Indians and half-breeds get ready for their summer hunts. Stretching out into a long train some four or five hundred pony and ox carts, home-made, and without a single nail or bit of iron in their entire construction, they push out in quest of one of those huge herds of buffaloes that roam over the Western plains, fifty to a hundred thousand in number. Having entered the range of one of these herds, they unhitch their carts and place them side by side, shafts inward, in a circle, with but a single narrow opening, that their oxen and horses and their families, by whom they are always accompanied in these hunts, might be in comparative safety from the

infuriated drove, rushing, when attacked, headlong in every direction. Having completed the necessary preparations, those intending to take part in the hunt gather together, mounted on Indian ponies, and follow on after the leader to the plain where the herd may be grazing. Having approached unperceived as near as possible, they spread out into line, and together rush at full speed upon the drove, each man discharging his gun at a particular one. Then ensues a scene of the wildest confusion; the buffaloes, blinded by the smoke and dust, and confused by the crack of rifles, the neighing and tramp of the horses, and the shout of the hunters, scatter and rush madly in every direction, into and over any thing and every thing that happen to come in their way.

Nimble have the little ponies and their riders to move themselves about in order to avoid being trampled into the dust. Each hunter having wounded his buffalo—for seldom does the first shot prove fatal—gallops alongside and completes his work with tomahawk and spear, or another shot; then dismounting, he cuts out the tongue as a trophy, and returns with it to the encampment to fetch his cart and family to assist him in cutting up and removing the huge carcass. They then dry the meat on plates over a smudge, pound it up into a stringy powder, and, packing it into skin-bags, pour over it all the melted tallow, and so prepare their pemmican for the next winter's use. It takes about eight fat buffaloes dried in this way to make a cart-load, and from two to three thousand of these carts annually return loaded from the hunts; and then taking into consideration those mortally wounded by the Indians, but escaping for the time, those taken by panthers, and the large herds often drowned by sudden freshets while crossing a river, or by the smoke and flame of the burning prairies, and we may have some idea of the numbers annually destroyed—yet their decrease is hardly perceptible. We went on a few miles beyond the Passabika River, and encamped for the night, and thus for several days we went rocking along the surface of the lake, and at nightfall camping out on some sandy beach or

town site, with great expectations for the future, but as yet possessed of but little besides a land office and a few French and half-breed settlers. At Knife River we encamped on the little island at its mouth, and made our next bivouac on the shore of Agate Bay—a charming little sheet of water, around which one may gather a boat-load of the most brilliant agates, of every shade and tint.

A few miles farther on, at Burlington Bay, is a saw-mill and a storehouse; the accommodation of the Indians, and the few Frenchmen and half-breeds occupied in lumbering. Thus far have reached along the coast the great forests of pine, spruce, white birch, cedar and hemlock, that make up the great lumber tracts of Northern Minnesota. Here we encamped alongside of the saw-mill, around which, after supper, we went out to make some observations. In front of the mill were a large number of logs floating side by side, awaiting their turn to be sawed up. From one to another of these “Jo” went jumping as nimbly as a cat, until he reached the outer edge, and then of a sudden screamed out: “Look, look, big fish.” Both of us, regardless of the uncertain footing on floating logs, hastened toward him. Being a little in advance, I knew nothing of my friend's mishap until I heard a choking, guttural Eb-b-b—Ebell. Turning, I saw him up to his neck in the pond, trying to effect an ascent on a slippery log, over four feet in diameter, that persisted in turning every time he laid hold of it; but the immersion, though excessively cold, as one might suppose, in water not over forty degrees Fahrenheit, was productive of no further injury than a little merriment at his expense. At Beaver Bay we made a tour of a couple of days into the woods in quest of a beaver-dam and lodge. On a pole between our two *voyageurs* we hung our box of apparatus, and launched out into the depths of the forest, with but little idea as to where we might find what we were after. For nearly a day we had to work our way along, as through a hedge-fence, branches and twigs, thorns, bushes, trunks of trees, fallen logs, and huge upturned stumps and roots, interlaced and twined together with various

kinds of vines. Through such a net-work we passed on our way, and even tedious as it was, it was preferable to standing still for in that case we were obliged to keep up an incessant slapping and thumping, at first one part of ourselves and then another, in our unavailing efforts to ward off the deer-flies, mosquitoes and gnats, that seemed to threaten devouring us bodily; and of all, the deer-flies are the worst. Though most beautiful insects, with variegated, rainbow-colored eyes, comprising over two-thirds of their heads, yet they have the most abominable stings of all the insect tribe, and seem emulous of inserting them the greatest number of times per minute into the flesh of inoffensive adventurers like ourselves, for scarcely at all did they trouble our half-breed assistants. At length having attained the summit of a range of hills, we saw below us, in the gentle, sloping valley, what had the appearance of a clearing, such as in the South, when the trees, merely girdled, stand dead and barkless all over the cultivated field. As we approached, not only the trees seemed lifeless, but the shrubs and underbrush had the appearance of a heap of shriveled twigs. Over this whole valley, as far as one could see, extended a calm sheet of water, along the margin of which grew tall rushes and flags, interspersed with yellow pond-lilies, peeping from between their broad, floating leaves. Following along its edge, we soon came to the dam by which these waters were collected and held together. It had the appearance of a pile of sticks and branches of trees heaped up across the stream, lined on the inner side with rath and sod. It evidently had been erected for some time, for on it stood bushes and saplings of several years' growth. At the head of the pond was the beaver-lodge—a mound made of short sticks, plastered together with mud, with two openings or avenues of entrance and exit, one above and the other under the water—each merely a crooked hole, lined or smoothed over with mud. Around it, in the style of ancient castles, they had dug a ditch. After sufficiently reconnoitering the curious works of these really intelligent animals, we built a

smudge on the edge of the pond, and spent the night there on piles of dried leaves which we gathered up for our beds. In the morning when we awoke, we found we had hid through the night, among the leaves, an unusual and rather strange bed-fellow—a striped and speckled snake, over five feet in length, a most beautiful creature, though, perhaps, not the most desirable companion in bed. We killed and flayed him, and brought away his skin with us as payment for his night's lodging.

When we got back to our tent on the lake shore, we found it in a most deplorable condition. Some hogs, attracted by the remnants of our supper, had torn and rooted into the tent, attacked our bag of hard bread, devoured the contents, and a part of the bag itself, and left the remainder in shreds. Thankful, however, that the provisions we had left in the canoe were undisturbed, we gathered up what there remained of our tent and again embarked. A few miles farther on we were opposite the Palisades. They are, indeed, fully equal to the Pictured Rocks, or any individual piece of scenery on the continent. From the margin of the lake the perpendicular walls of brick-red or purple amygdaloid rock rises to an average height of over three hundred feet; presenting vertical columns from sixty to one hundred and ninety-two feet in height, and from two to six feet in diameter, with natural buttresses, pointed arches and projecting angles. At some points where the substratum of finely laminated, slaty rocks dip east southeast from fifteen to nineteen degrees, the columns incline toward the east at a corresponding angle. Throughout the whole structure great numbers of minute quartz-veins, crossing each other in every direction, produce a very beautiful, reticulated surface of red and white stripes. From the mainland it is separated by a ravine, through which, over a winding channel, paved with moss-grown stones, little Palisade Creek, murmuring, hastens to mingle its waters with the lake below. On the lake-side the wall of rocks rises perpendicularly up, and at the lowest point is over sixty feet in height, and averages, as I have already said, over three



hundred feet. On the other side, facing the land, the rocks are quite as high, but in one or two places may be ascended with difficulty, by clinging to the small pines and firs that have inserted their roots into the crevices of the rocks, and for years maintained their stand, despite the winds and storms that would so often tear them from their hold. Upon the top is a level area of several hundred yards, covered over with a coat of decayed vegetable matter and moss. On a part of it stands a grove of small pines and spruces entirely free from underbrush. All over it, in every direction, cross and re-cross well-trodden little paths or trails made by the great numbers of Cariboo that annually visit this table-rock at the time they shed their horns, that they might be able to walk about without striking them against any thing; for at that time they are very sensitive, indeed, and the least blow or touch is painful. Over the moss-grown rocks lie scattered great numbers of antlers, in all stages of decay. And still every year, the native American reindeer reverts thither for the same purpose. A magnificent view stretches out from this eminence along the south shore—Fond du Lac, the Apostles' Islands, Bayfield, La Point and even the Porcupine Mountains themselves; for on a clear day, the atmosphere of Lake Superior has not only an absolute transparency, but also a refractive power that seems to bring distant objects much nearer than they really are.

Passing by Baptism River, with its high rocky walls on either side, but shelving off sufficiently near the mouth to furnish an excellent landing, we came to Wagingoning or Round Lodge, an old Indian trading-post, where beads, paints, knives, calicoes, and most of the necessaries, and some of the ornaments of civilized life are bartered off to the neighboring Chippewa Indians for furs and peltry. A small stream that winds along behind the traders' houses supplies an abundance of beautiful speckled trout, and from the adjoining lake-shore may be taken any quantities of Mackinaw trout and siskowit. Some of the Indians have changed their savage habit and dress for that of the white man,

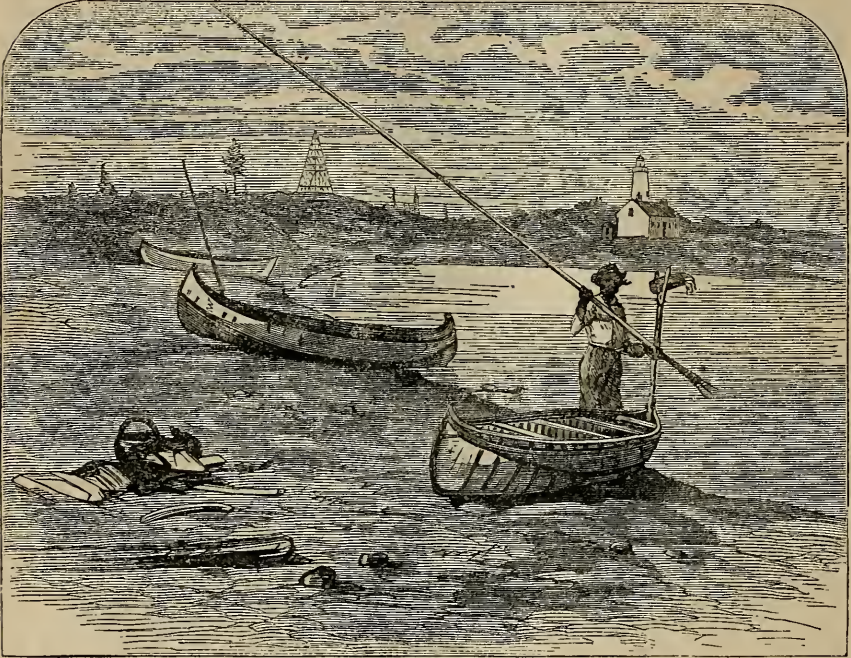
settled down in cosy little brick houses built for them by the government, and annually raise fine crops of potatoes, a little corn and wheat, and a few garden-vegetables.

A little farther along the coast, at a distance of some two hundred yards, may be heard a most extraordinary echo. Calling "Who is there?" after a short interval of silence, the entire sentence was brought back distinctly—an exact imitation of the original in accent, intonation, twang and quality of voice, to such a degree that it alone would be sufficient to identify the speaker. On the discharge of a gun the effect was even still more remarkable. First came one direct rebound of amazing force; after a short pause, another, almost equal; then, at intervals of little over a second, came fourteen successive pairs, growing gradually less intense, and, as they died away in the neighboring forest, producing a prolonged growling sound, as of thunder, making in all thirty-four distinct returns, regardless of the attendant rumbling—all from one single discharge.

Having but little more time left us that day, we went on a few miles farther, and encamped for the night at the mouth of the Manidowish River. All night long we were lulled by the music of the gurgling rivulets, relieved though not lost in the deep base of the two waterfalls, about forty yards apart, and but a little way above us. At the mouth of the river, on the left side, the action of the water has worn away a passage through the solid rock, leaving an arch, under which flows the river, as its original mouth was nearly choked up with the accumulations of sand and gravel thrown up by the winds and waves during the prevalence of storms from the northeast. The scenery here is peculiarly wild and picturesque; the two little waterfalls, with their intervening cascades and rapids—the natural arch, a mound of white sand and pebbles on the right—scraggy pines and firs standing out from the crevices of the rock, which are covered with mosses and pendent vines—all together constitute a picture of unique and singular beauty. A little farther on we came to the Cariboo River; for a number

of miles it is a continued succession of cascades, with perpendicular walls of rock on either side, forming a narrow slit or gorge, varying from eight to twenty-five feet in width, and sixty to eighty in depth, and over this chasm, in places, the interlaced branches of trees form a complete canopy of green. But while absorbed in the contemplation of these beauties and marvels of nature, we had been unmindful of the fact that from the north dark clouds were

commencing to spread themselves over the sky, and now flashes of sheet-lightning, with a distant rumbling of thunder, plainly warned us of an approaching storm; and the suddenness and severity with which storms arise on these lakes make them especially dangerous to canoe navigation. The coast opposite us was rocky and precipitous, and any attempt at landing there in a storm would certainly have resulted in the shattering of our bark-canoe, and dashing



#### HALF-BREED FISHERMAN.

us, dead or alive, on the rugged cliffs; so we pulled lustily at the oars, that we might, if possible, get beyond the Two Island River before its fury burst upon us. The sky momentarily grew darker and more threatening, but as yet not a breath had ruffled the oil-like surface of the lake. Already ahead of us we could see the Two Islands raising above the waters their rock-wall face to a height of fifty feet and over. On one of these, our half-breed *voyageurs* informed us, was a good landing and an old trading-house; and there we sought to find shelter for the night. Presently we heard a distant moaning sound gradually in-

creasing—then the surface of the lake, a few hundred yards before us, appeared rough, like a rapid stream; that quickly nearing us, beyond it the water was chopped up into little short waves, dashing and splitting against each other. We hastily prepared ourselves as much as possible for the approaching blow—arranged our heaviest articles amidship for ballast, and pointed our canoe toward the approaching storm, that it might not strike us a broadside, as it would in that case instantly capsize us; then seating ourselves at our oars, we awaited the blow. But an instant had passed ere a gust of wind struck us that

sent our canoe reeling and quivering back; the water, a moment since so still, was chopped up as a boiling caldron—a few large drops a moment or two, and then a torrent of rain—it poured a drenching, bewildering flood—the slanting lines of great drops seemed as huge bundles of rods. We were confused, alarmed. A moment more of inaction and we would be cast upon the rocks and dashed to pieces; but we grasp the oars, and pull, pull for life, guided by a pocket-compass, to the island landing. Up and down danced our canoe on the waves, at first short and chopped, but now of increased volume and length; and were it for a moment to present its side to one of these, over it would go. And it did take a pull to reach that island—a long and a lusty pull. Thorougly drenched, our canoe half full of water, our clothing and provisions soaking wet, we reached the landing, and hauled the boat up on the gravelly beach; for it being on the south side of the island, it was yet in a measure protected from the fury of the storm. The rain still descended in a flood, and but a poor prospect had we of sheltering ourselves from it. We, however, erected our torn, dripping tent, and carrying therein what little we had left, to prevent its being completely washed away, we seated ourselves upon the most comfortable part of the mud-puddle floor, and awaited a cessation of hostilities. As soon as the storm had lulled a little, we went out and gathered a few branches to kindle a fire with; but our matches, alas! our matches, though carefully put up in a tin box, were wet beyond recovery. When about giving up the hope of kindling a fire, then, when we most needed one, "Jo" produced a tinder-box he had taken the precaution to carry along with him, and in a few moments, despite the wind that still raged, we had a blazing, crackling fire. We dried ourselves around it, and slept soundly through the night, though on the damp, wet ground of the tent.

The force of the storm lasted but a few hours, and next morning, though the wind had nearly abated, long, regular, ocean-like waves, twelve or fifteen feet high, chased each other over the lake's surface, and

broke, with a deep roar, upon the perpendicular face on the north side of the Two Islands. As the sun rose in a now cloudless sky, clusters of rainbows in the spray of the breaking surge encircled the openings of little water-worn caverns, from which, as the waves dashed in and out, proceeded a dull booming sound. As the wind had abated, despite the waves we concluded to embark again that morning; but on launching our canoe, we found little streams of water spurting into it through the seams parted by the strain of the waves in the storm of the preceding evening. Pulling it back on the beach, we kindled up again our smoldering fire, melted a pot of tar, and, like Noah of old, pitched our ark within and without, and then pushing it off, once more went on our way. The dike of which the Two Islands are a part, stretches itself along a couple of miles, and forms a bar in front of the Inaonani River, or, as often called, Cross River. Father Baraga, now of the Sault St. Marie, some years since, while making a tour along the coast, near this place, was overtaken by a storm, and his canoe springing a-leak, he landed at the mouth of this river, and on leaving his camp erected the wooden cross that still stands there. The stream comes down through a narrow cut, seventy-five feet in depth, and only about ten in width, with smooth, perpendicular walls of rock down to the very water's edge. Having scarcely any cascades or rapids for a long way, the Indians often in the summer-time spend entire nights paddling up and down it in their canoes, with flaming rolls of birch-bark, spearing fish. Two miles farther on we landed to take a view of the Kawimbash River. Imagine a stream at high water seventy-five feet in width, and three in depth, running along its narrowest edge. About half a mile above its mouth this river flows for a distance of six hundred yards through a gorge seventy and eighty feet in depth, with perpendicular wall-rocks, not over three feet apart, and in high water this slit is full to its brink. Along these rocks are a great number of pot-holes, worked out by the velocity of the water, which, being impeded by some obstacle, ground and rasped around some

small stones and gravel in one spot until it hollowed out these holes. Indeed, it is in this way the river seems to have cut out for itself its gorge, by sinking lines of pot-holes which it kept enlarging until they broke into one another. On the side of the ravine may be seen sections of these holes, clear to the top, high above the mean water level. In addition to the enlargement of the pot-holes by the rotation of pebbles and gravel, the freezing of water in them

during the winter, also, no doubt, contributed largely toward bursting them out into each other, and so assisted in the enlargement of the gorge.

The highest point between Fond du Lac and Pigeon River, known as Carlton Peak, nine hundred and thirty-five feet above the lake level, is nearly two miles farther on. From its summit a bird's-eye view may be had of the entire west end of Lake Superior, from Keweenaw Point, clear around to



AN INDIAN TEPEE.

as great a distance on the north side of it. In 1848 Colonel Charles Whittlesy ascended and took its barometric height, and gave it the name of Carlton Peak.

The details of our voyage along a portion of the coast I will omit. Descriptions as well as pictures are altogether insufficient to render a complete idea of the scenery along the north shore of Lake Superior. There are hundreds of cascades, leaps, vortexes, gorges, chasms, cataracts, and wild, beautiful, enchanting bits of scenery, in front of which it is nearly impossible to get a stand-point for the use of the camera or pencil, and language, in prose or poetry,

can hardly sketch its outline. At the Wisacoda, or Brule River, of the north shore especially, we had an enchanting view. The water comes dashing down the rocks in a series of unique cascades and rapids of various forms and heights. In one place, at the head of a fall of about fifty feet, the stream is parted by an islet of rocks, and the west branch plunges over the breast of the dike into one side of a shaft ten feet in diameter, giving the water a spiral course around the perimeter of the shaft, appearing like a huge serpent retreating from the surface down this, the opening to his den. When we reached Bitibegents or

Big Pond Bay, we might with but little apparent danger have made across its mouth, but our *voyageurs* seeming to have a repugnance to venturing out on the open water any more than was absolutely necessary, we coasted around its shore, and camped for the night on the gravel beach, near the dilapidated ruins of some old trading-houses. Over two hundred years ago, the French, having landed here, built a few log-houses, and gave it the name of "Grand Marie." The sites of their gardens were covered over with a dense growth of red currants, of which we gathered an abundant supply. A little farther on we stopped at the Indian settlement at Grand Portage Bay. Here, also, had the French missionaries landed two hundred years ago, built a little church and school-house, and attempted the instruction and conversion of the savages; and still it is an important Indian trading-post, for it is a center of roads to the various places south and west of it, as well as to Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, and even Hudson's Bay itself.

The little village comprises an Indian school, and a dozen or two of neatly white-washed log-houses, occupied by half-civilized Indians. There being no whisky allowed among them, they are neat, healthy and civil. The school is taught by a clever, gentlemanly old Irishman. His wife is a merry daughter of Erin. They have but one child—a fair, golden-haired girl of sixteen—who fluently chatters away in both Chippewa and English. She assists her father in his school of thirty or forty little Indians, whose bright eyes, ready answers, and fluent readings, bespeak for them abilities equal to that of children any where.

Our next encampment, and our last one, was on an island of the Archipelago, just below the mouth of Pigeon River. Here we found red raspberries in abundance. While our *voyageurs* were employed catching some fish for our supper, Mr. Clark and I occupied ourselves hunting partridges, and we returned with quite a number of them. As night closed upon us, and the long northern twilight had but passed away, we were treated to a scene of such dazzling brilliancy and grandeur, that it

alone would have been an ample recompense for all the efforts and labors of the journey. First there appeared along the northern sky a fitting light, as of an ordinary aurora; this gradually enlarged itself into three separate belts or zones, the first or largest one comprising over a third of the horizon, and joined above, directly overhead, in a flaming ball or corona of light—the other two smaller ones were within it, at an interval of about ten degrees apart. These arches were not merely broad belts of light, but were composed of vertical bands of different widths, of every prismatic color and shade, and changing every instant, which constantly rolled from one end of the arch to the other in great fluctuating waves. At ten o'clock the aurora was sufficiently bright to read by; and as these huge belts of various-colored light were rolled by each other—now together, now in opposite directions—they produced by far the most sublime, awe-inspiring spectacle we had ever seen. After a duration of an hour and a half, they began to narrow in size and wane in brilliancy, until they at last melted back into a sheet of wavering auroral light; and we also retired for the night to our tent.

Amid this group of islands is one of synite, which in the sunlight reflects the rays, broken up into every different color, and from the water has an appearance of a huge pile of burning coals.

We had embarked again, and were coasting along, but somewhat farther out than usual, when, as we turned a neck of land, we saw, not a mile behind, and rapidly approaching us, one of the Detroit steamers on a pleasure tour of the north shore. Having concluded to shorten our canoe voyage, we signaled, and were shortly picked up by her, and the canoe stowed away on the main deck. On board we found a merry group of passengers, seemingly enjoying themselves to the utmost; and a few hours spent socially together, found us at Thunder Bay, at the mouth of which Thunder Cape rises perpendicularly from the water's edge nearly fourteen hundred feet above the lake, or over two thousand feet above the ocean level. It brought back vividly to my mind

the appearance of Table Rock at the Cape of Good Hope. On the side of the bay Pie Island rises itself eight hundred feet above the lake. On the top of it is a beautiful clear sheet of water abounding in fish.

The Kaministiquia River, the dirtiest and most sluggish stream we had seen on the north shore, empties itself at the head, and taints the waters of the entire bay. On the left side of its mouth is Fort Williams and the trading-houses of the Hudson's Bay Company, and over them all floats the British flag. We had intended ascending the river as far as Mr. F. Whiting's silver lead mines, but finding that our captain expected to remain in the bay but a short time, we only went up as far as the Catholic Mission, behind which rises Mount M'Kay, an exact duplicate of East Rock in New Haven. On returning to the decks of our steamer we found them crowded with Indians and half-breeds, who had brought for sale curiosities, and bushels of agates,

cornelians, and other specimens of the stones and minerals found on the north shore. We soon weighed anchor, and dropped down to Isle Royale, where we spent a few hours at the abandoned mines, and along the coast, picking up chlorascholites, and then continued our journey back to the south shore.

I have endeavored in this article to give not mere details of traveling incidents, but rather, with as much brevity as I thought consistent with sustaining the general interest, a summary of the most characteristic features of the country around Lake Superior. The good people there, who were so kind to me in rendering every facility for procuring what information I wanted, may, perhaps, find my account of individual places not as full as they might have desired; but I scarcely would have been able, in the space allotted me, to have enlarged more than I have done on any one point without unduly detracting from another.

### VOICES OF THE WIND.

**O**H! listen to the zephyr-wind, outswelling from the plain,  
 Low humming, with its odorous breath, the summer's sweet refrain;  
 It bosoms all the melodies that fill the gladsome bowers—  
 The peans of the plummy choir through all the glowing hours.  
 It dallies with the daisy as it feeds upon the light,  
 And pets the peerless pansy through the silence of the night;  
 It creeps upon the watercress that nods beneath the hill,  
 And trails its yellow tresses in the ripples of the rill;  
 It sleeps upon the pensive plain, where broods the turtle-dove,  
 Where the rose and lily listen to the wild bee's hum of love;  
 It wanders over all the land and dimples all the sea,  
 And tips the lip of the loving one that's coming home to me.  
 O moving wind! O winsome wind! blow gently o'er the sea,  
 And hasten on the loving one that's coming home to me.

In waving undulations now it skims the waters o'er,  
 And broods upon the diamond sand that sparkles on the shore;  
 It breathes its fervent melody through all the living air,  
 And fans the cheek of beauty that is present every where;  
 It panders to the pleasure of the peasant and the peer,  
 And hums the hymn of liberty to every listening ear;  
 And love and life are mated under all the azure sky,  
 As they listen to the murmur of the zephyr's lullaby—  
 To the wily, wooing, winsome wind, that wanders every way,  
 So softly sighing with the soul through all the summer day;

The gentle wind, that wafts the stately ship upon the main,  
That is freighted with the loving one that's coming home again.  
O wily wind ! O winsome wind ! blow softly o'er the sea,  
And waft the ship of the loving one that's coming home to me.

Oh ! listen to the Borean breeze that comes across the plain,  
It is drinking up the zephyrs, as the ocean drinks the rain—  
It is coming with a fuller tone that swells upon the air,  
Like a million mingled voices that are whispering of despair ;  
It revels in the lily-beds, where erst the zephyrs slept,  
And scatters into silver spray the dews the night hath wept,  
And to and fro the roses sway, and through the solemn dell  
It rudely rocks, in wanton way, the tiny lily-bell ;  
It hails the bending forest, and the creaking trees reply,  
While the pallid leaves are whispering their terrors to the sky ;  
It swells the yielding canvas, that so proudly spans the main,  
And gloats upon the loving one that's coming home again.  
O weary wind ! O dreary wind ! blow lightly o'er the sea,  
And peril not the loving one that's coming home to me.

Oh ! listen to the wailing wind, that fills the panting air  
With furious diapason tones, that tell of wild despair ;  
It is coming with a sturdy step across the pallid plain,  
It is breaking into troubled waves the broad and swelling main,  
It is bearing on its bosom that ominous refrain  
Of the rumbling, roaring harbinger that goes before the rain.  
The traveler looks askant the sky, and reads the tale of woe,  
The startled herds upon the hills rush wildly to and fro,  
The stately storm is marching on with force and fury rife,  
The elements are marshaling their cohorts for the strife,  
And the lashing, leaping lightning comes flashing through the gloom,  
While the closing of the darkness has the terror of the tomb !  
O wanton wind ! O wailing wind ! save ye the swelling sea !  
And spare, oh ! spare the loving one that's coming home to me !

Oh ! listen to the whirling wind that comes with battle-cry,  
And scatters all the temples that are tottering in the sky.  
The Borean bells are pealing over forest, hill and dale,  
And all the clamorous elements with furious anger swell ;  
The yielding waves are yawning over all the surging sea—  
O God ! protect the loving one that's coming home to me !  
High and higher swells the tumult, while the frantic heavens choke  
With the whirling and the twirling of the empyrean oak ;  
O the clamor and the clangor of the quivering, shivering gale,  
That is roaring, rushing, crushing, screaming over hill and dale !  
O the thunder's rueful rattle ! O the clang and crash and roar  
Of the breakers as they break, and die, and feed the hungry shore !  
O rushing wind ! O crushing wind ! break not the shivering sea !  
I can not lose the loving one that's coming home to me.

Hark ! what a shriek of sorrow ! It is out upon the wave !  
'Tis the wailing of the loving one that's battling with the grave—  
Imploring for a saving-one—oh ! be it not in vain :  
O God ! protect—O wave ! beware—O cruel storm ! abstain ;

Bring not upon my sorrowing soul a dark and nameless pain!  
 Bring not on thee, O murderous wind! the cruel curse of Cain!  
 O weary, dreary, hungry wind! from horrors now refrain,  
 Feed not upon the weary one that's wrestling with the main;  
 Wreck nature into chaos, but for this bosom keep  
 That one of all the living dead out-tossing on the deep!  
 O spare my love! and spare this heart, that's surging like the rain!  
 And will that bosom never, never throb with mine again?  
 O rushing wind! O crushing wind! break up the crumbling sea,  
 For God has saved the loving one, that comes no more to me.

*Chicago, Ill., May, 1865.*

P. FISHE REED.

## THE PARKS OF COLORADO TERRITORY.

BY THE HON. WILLIAM GILPIN, LATE GOVERNOR OF COLORADO TERRITORY.

IF there is any peculiar characteristic which eminently distinguishes the American people in the whole volume of historic record, it is that there is perpetually going forth, in advance of the mass of our countrymen, a deluge of pioneers devoted to the exploration and conquest of the wilderness. They plant empire over its surface, redeem it from nature, and give it to the civilized people of the world. It has been my fortune to hold rank from childhood in this great pioneer army of the American people. Other great empires in the progress of history have been created by military operations, founded upon the conquest and exhaustion and subjugation of the people. Every thing that accompanies glory and success in arms has surrounded the creators of these empires; but in America, this pioneer army, leaving society and all its blandishments and comforts, living amidst every kind of privation, baptized in every rigor incident to human life, have achieved—living without law, without even the distinct praises of their countrymen—new empire in the wilderness. So rapid and efficient have the American people followed out their characteristic inclination, that within a century they have begun already to map out the whole continent, and have reached nearly forty millions of people. It is, therefore, efficient in the planting of empire, as well as economical.

Though I have myself journeyed perhaps one hundred thousand miles within

the great system of the Cordilleras and the snowy Andes, it is not possible for any finite human intellect to fathom the deep designs of Providence, to judge of the immense dimensions on which our country is constructed, and minutely to understand them in all their details. Yct I have struggled to receive with respect what has been revealed to me, with such knowledge as the works of prominent men of science of our own and other ages have conferred, to condense what I have seen, and then to promulgate it to my countrymen with modesty and with truth. I will confine myself, then, to a demonstration of the physical features of North America; its position in the physical geography of the world with other continents; and specially then to the physical geography of the immediate chain of the Sierra Madre or Rocky Mountains, and the location of Colorado in the general scheme of our Republican empire.

Near the Atlantic Ocean is a chain of mountains—the Alleghanies—extending many hundred miles parallel with the coast; and near the Pacific, the great Cordilleras of California, or Sierra Nevada—part of the great chain of the Andes—which runs continuously from Cape Horn to Behring's Straits. As it issues from the Isthmus of Tehautepec, it parts into two great primary Cordilleras, which continually depart from one another. That which follows the indentations of the Pacific Sea assumes the name of the Cor-



dillera of the Sierra Nevada; that which traverses more centrally the continent, and assumes the form of the Gulf of Mexico, the Cordillera of the Sierra Madre. These, continuing to depart from one another, traverse the continent to the Arctic Sea—the interval between them elevated throughout some six thousand feet above the ocean. In its extension northward, and between the flanks, are the Table Lands of America. We give to it the general name of the Plateau of North America, and to the whole system of mountains between its notches. Within the Laguna, on the east of the great Sierra Madre, on the west of the great Mississippi Basin, rises the Missouri, which, denominated the Mississippi below St. Louis, receives the waters of this basin, and discharges into the Gulf of Mexico. On the extreme northern extremity of the Laguna issues the river St. Lawrence, traversing the lakes and the narrow gorge between the Lagunas and the arm of the more northern basin of Hudson's Bay, and flowing into the Atlantic, drains in its course the valley of the St. Lawrence. North of the basins of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, and drained by the river Saskatchewan, having its source in the Sierra Madre, is the great basin of Hudson Bay, whose waters terminate in Hudson Bay, and discharge into the Atlantic sea. Flowing northward, having its source in the flanks of the Cordillera Madre, is the Mackenzie River, which, traversing north toward the great Arctic Sea, drains the basin which slopes away in that direction. The whole interior of North America, then, consists of a calcareous plain of an undulating or homogeneous surface, consisting of the valleys of the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson's Bay, and the Mackenzie, whose waters, running down the various slopes, and concentrating into four large streams, have but four outlets to the seas. Outside of the Alleghany Mountains is that portion of our continent which receives the tide-waters of the ocean, and which is, therefore, called the Atlantic Declivity. This is the one which contained, and still contains, the original thirteen States. Also, beyond the great Cordillera Nevada, or the true Cordillera, is the Pa-

cific, receiving the tide-waters of the Pacific, and corresponding with and balancing that upon the east. They, together with Labrador, are outside the rim or rims which form the belt of the continent.

Thus, then, the continent of North America ranges itself according to this simple classification. Outside of the mountains, and surrounding them, is a ring of maritime declivities, which, descending immediately into the ocean, and receiving the tidal waters of the continent, constitute one-seventh of its area; the mountain system within these, and nearly surrounding the whole continent, consisting of the Alleghanies and the mountains of the Andes, containing two-sevenths of the area of the whole continent; then the great calcareous plain, drained by the four great rivers—homogeneous, calcareous and undulating in its surface—forming the *bowl* of this amphitheater, constitutes the remaining four-sevenths of the area of the continent. This is the complete and simple hydrography of our continent.

This, then, being understood in its simple form, it is easier to trace the contrasts between the physical configuration of North America and that of the other continents of the world.

Europe, Asia and Africa are on the right, and Oriental Asia on the west, with the true position of America, within the great oceans, intermediate between them. In the formation of Asia, the center is occupied by a great duplicate range of mountains, the Himalayas upon the south, and the mountains of Siberia upon the north, containing within them the Great Plateau, larger than North America, its direction being from east to west, reaching from the Mediterranean upon the west and the Pontic Sea, to the interior of China. Europe has in its center the mountain tips of the Alps, from which the rivers diverge in every direction—the Danube to the Pontic Sea, the Rhine to the north, the Po and the Rhone to the south. Europe, distracted by wars and convulsions and revolutions, as the continent itself, is sundered and divided by the central barrier of its mountains, and the divergence of its waters. Thus in Asia, the great rivers of China, having their source

in the Himalayas, run eastwardly; toward the west, run the rivers that flow into the Caspian; northwardly, the Siberian rivers pour their waters; while the Indus, the Ganges and the Euphrates flow toward the south—the course of all these rivers being divergent; and thus, so far as we are acquainted with the physical configuration of South America and Africa, they possess the same divergence, the same central elevations from which the waters diverge in every direction.

This, then, enables us to appreciate the sublime and central configuration of the continent of North America; for society in all ages has conformed itself to these essential physical features. Thus in Asia, upon the extreme orient, is the Empire of China, while upon the Caspian and Pontic Sea are nations entirely distinct, having no community of interest, and but little intercourse, if any. In Europe, upon the Lower Danube, is one people, upon the Rhine another, upon the Rhone another, and society is tumultuous, divergent and deranged. Though at various times the military prowess of the Roman Empire fused them together, the incoherencies of their geographical configuration, nevertheless, have again rent them asunder. We have seen the same in the primary fusion of people in the Roman Church. This leads us, then, to the simple fact, that all the other continents of the globe are, in their physical conformation, convex, like a bowl with its bottom upward—whatever is poured upon its surface diverges and scatters in distraction. But America, Northern America, is concave—the whole configuration of it is concave—a vast and sublime amphitheater, so that whatsoever pours within it is collected toward the center, and from the rim. Besides, the simple delineation of the earth's surface, by its divisions or basins, and the mountain barriers which divide them, throwing into reservoirs of water all the streams in them, like the basins of the Mississippi, which have originally been water, but are now drained and have become land, Physical Geography treats also of climates as they affect the human family—of botany, of agriculture, of the human race and of animals. It will

not be possible at this time to explain what is known of the bearing of the peculiar hydrographic construction of North America upon all these topics which accompany the progress of human society—botany, the agricultural energies of society, the rearing of animals and the production of food; but as it has pleased the Almighty, in the gradual progress of human civilization from east to west, to ordain that, as knowledge accumulates, and the intellect gathers force from the accumulated facts of observation from generation to generation, many fields of knowledge, like astrology, long without force, should come to be fixed sciences—as astrology, under the intellect and the hand of Newton, should become astronomy; and alchemy, long used merely for the interpretation of fortunes, and for idle deception, should become, under the hands of scientific men, chemistry—so the present generation is preëminently indebted to the great mind of Humboldt, for proposing at the time when it was needed for the future progress of the American people, his Isothermal Theory. That is the first dawning of a knowledge of demonstrated laws of social and political affairs, which will enable the American people, occupying, as they do, a new and converging and more harmonious platform than has heretofore been occupied by any empire of the human family, to progress in the cultivation of social and political science, and to add this to the other guides which thought and knowledge have given to mankind in other departments of nature and of learning.

In this map of the world, it is seen that it is in the northern hemisphere of the globe the great mass of land exists—that the continents arrange themselves round its surface—that the oceans are the least in extent, and the continents are in juxtaposition. It contains ninety-five-one-hundredths of the population of the globe; and experience goes to show that the human race has confined itself to a belt of about an equal width, and the annals of human history are simply a narrative of the growth and vicissitudes of the great column of progress that, commencing at the extreme oriental shores of Asia, has passed onward

from east to west, lingering for centuries, forming empires one after another in its progress onward, until, by the rise of the republican empire of the American people on the continent of North America, we are about to complete the zodiac of empires round the world. The belt, then, of civilization is one occupying irregularly the northern temperate zone of the earth; but it is not, as heretofore supposed, a belt of a section of the globe; it forms rather an undulating belt or axis, which is found by the thermometer to have an average annual temperature of fifty-two degrees, a temperature to which the white races seem especially created and especially adapted; those races having exclusively displayed their energies, and maintained their residence and activity within this narrow belt. This belt is some thirty-five or forty degrees in width, and is represented by a shaded band, undulated through the picture and round the world.

It is our own discovery that the line where the temperature indicated by the thermometer is fifty-two degrees is an undulating line, and is represented by a line intersecting the isothermal belt or zodiac. The oceans being immense bodies of uniform temperature, heated by the sun, and by currents from the tropical regions, have an influence on climates; and in countries where the continents front toward the west, and receive the atmosphere coming from the sea, the temperature rises in latitude. Where, on the contrary, in this belt of the northern hemisphere, the winds blow from west to east round the globe for eleven months in the year, as the belt approaches the eastern front of the continents, it gives depression to the temperature, and the isothermal axis and zodiac converge in latitudes toward the equator; but when crossing over great continents, like Asia, upon their eastern fronts, where these winds pass over a great area of land, exposed to colds, or come nearest to passing where they are in part over regions of elevated mountains, the temperature is depressed, and the axis of the isothermal zodiac descends toward the equator, forming an undulating line round the world. In the speculations of Tacitus, and

of Montesquieu, we find a brief recognition of the migrations of the human race to the climates between certain limits, somewhat corresponding to those of the isothermal zodiac, but they left their readers unsatisfied. The course of civilization, following this isothermal zodiac, was toward the west; for, traversing the continent of Asia over its immense plateau, and leaving the mountains, which occupy its center from east to west, you find that the isothermal zodiac, and the people which form the column of progress, have deflected below its mountains and avoided them. It is along the vicinity of the elevated regions of the plateau of Syria, lying between the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, that we have seen the human intellect brighten to its highest elevation. It was whilst lingering there that the race attained that high position, and was enabled to transmit to us all the material knowledge we have gathered and possess. From them come our religion in its purest form, our written language, our alphabet, and all the great fundamental laws of all branches of science, astronomy, chemistry, and all others. When the population, emanating from Syria, and passing on down toward the Mediterranean and the west of Europe, passed the lower half of the isothermal belt, they traversed that axis of the zodiac in which the forces of intellect and the development of civilization have always reached their highest standard; on that line that are strung, as beads, all the great central and ruling states of the column of civilization. Upon it are Babylon, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Paris, London, and backward, through Asia, the great city of Calcutta, and those of Central and Southern China. It was supposed, and is so stated and received generally by those who are acquainted only with the history of the column as it advanced through Asia and Europe, that the natural circle of the human family was from northeast to southwest, because of those living streams which overwhelmed the Roman and the Grecian civilization moving in that direction; but that was simply because the warmer half of the isothermal zodiac was presented, and that

there were no reservoirs of people in that age to march into and overwhelm the central civilization. It has always been, then, from this central space, and upon this axis, that the forces of civilization, of population and development have condensed; from it have irradiated genius and the light of civilization, and toward it all external nations have perpetually endeavored to march, to conquer, and to possess. It will be seen that passing west after the head of the column had crossed the Atlantic Ocean, the human race settled itself in greatest density and attained its highest development where this axis strikes the eastern shore of North America, where are situated the great cities of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. This continent has, as yet, no grand city like Rome or London; the populations seem to follow that economy of arrangement which every where seems to flow from the necessities of the American people, from an inspiration, so to say, derived from nature itself, and without actual apparent mental consideration, which induces them to provide for the great destiny which nature has chalked out for them. It will be sufficient, then, to know that the axis traverses the continent of North America, and passes through the great cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis, and passes out to the warm coast of the Pacific Sea. San Francisco at present represents the first lodgment made by the column of civilization in that sea, and that is upon the isothermal axis. It is seen, then, that America embraces both flanks of the isothermal zodiac—that which, departing toward the axis, departs toward the torrid heats, and also that in the other direction toward the frozen zone, and that we here have fallen in with the most perfect and suitable agricultural surface in the whole breadth of the isothermal zodiac. Our country is, then, more perfectly adapted to the development of civilization and the increase of population and power than any portion of the elder world. This guarantees that it will rise to a higher standard, inasmuch as the forces at work are greater, and the area over which they extend, and the considerations that affect them, are more

vigorous, more generous, and more complete. A map, then, which shows the line of the transital railroad intended to connect the two seas, and which corresponds with the course of the isothermal axis, illustrates how completely North America spreads from Hudson's Bay to Cuba, and embraces with an inviting range of temperature the whole area of the isothermal zodiac, and illustrates particularly how much the instincts of the human race are ruled by these laws of nature, as has been lately exhibited by the disastrous civil war now prevailing in our country. We have seen the sections ranged in two battle-fronts, extending from the Chesapeake Bay to the Bay of San Francisco, both contending for what are called the Border States; both determined to leave the extreme heats of the South, and the colds of the North, and to huddle in and possess the cream of the country which is along the isothermal axis. I say this is a wonderful illustration of the truth of the isothermal theory, explaining how the very instincts of the race recognize the adaptability of the human family to this particular temperature of the isothermal zone and its axis.

Having said thus much in illustration of the general theory of physical geography, explaining the extreme harmony of form and the extreme economy of configuration of our continent, in contrast with all other continents heretofore filled up, where society is either completely destroyed, or is passing its culmination, and having shown that America presents a homogeneity of surface, an adaptability peculiar to itself, and transcending all chances heretofore presented to the human family, I will now illustrate more particularly the mountain formation of America.

This, like the plateau of Asia, would, if it were similarly situated, warp from its true line the great column of civilization; but, in our country, there is a greater economy of arrangement, and heretofore, while commerce has had its chief area upon the sea—while the freights of all the European commercial people have to pass around the ends of the great mountain barrier, either by the Arctic Sea or by the Antarctic Capes—the great column of civilization has pro-

gressed so far, that it has come face to face with the great barrier, and having examined or reconnoitered it, has found its energies competent to take it and move it from the track.

It was with something of alarm that I ventured, some years ago, to place actually upon paper a delineation of the mountain system of North America. Twenty years ago I had the temerity to put upon paper—to make a map of and define—the great basin of the Mississippi in its full expansion. But having marched up to a full knowledge and appreciation of that sublime portion of our country, I find the public mind so far expanded and ameliorated, that I am sure that they will now receive with joy the knowledge that their country contains another and a still more attractive and grand department than even the Valley of the Mississippi itself—the great Andes, traversing the whole coast of South America, following the indentations of the Pacific Sea, and forming its shore; traversing Central America, and reaching the Isthmus of Tehuantepec as it debouches into and enters the Cordilleras upon the right and the left—the Cordillera of the Sierra Madre, and the Cordillera of the Sierra Nevada. The area of them is *nearly* two-sevenths of the North American continent. As before remarked, the whole interval between these two outflanking Cordilleras is elevated about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Cordilleras themselves rise upon the flanks to double that height, and penetrate the regions of perpetual snow, and across the plateau from one Cordillera to the other traversaries pass, like the steps or rounds of a ladder. The first of these transsecting chains issues from the Western Cordillera, and passes across to the Sierra Madre, connecting with it in the State of San Luis Potosi; this is called the Sierra of Quaretrara, forming to the south of it the elevated mountain basin of the City of Mexico. This is entirely hooped by the Cordilleras; it has no outlet, its waters ascend by evaporation, and return, never escaping the confines of the surrounding mountain-barriers. The next of these cross-chains is the Sierra of the Rio Florida, which cuts off what is called the Basin

of the Bolson de Mapimi, the second of the great basins of the plateau. This, also, has no drainage, being compactly surrounded by mountains like the first. The third great transverse chain is the wonderful Sierra Meimbres, which divides the two basins of the Rio Bravo del Norte of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Rio Colorado of the Gulf of California. It forms a backbone between them, against which they rise; but the area of these basins is so immense that they require more drainage. The Del Norte concentrates the rivers Pecos and Conchos, and striking the flank of the great Cordilleras, bores through the very bowels of the mountain. This is the only natural gateway through the Cordillera from Cape Horn to Bhering's Straits, that immense chain being every where else unperforated. Next to this is the great Wasatch Mountain, which incloses the waters of the great Colorado of the west, and divides its basin from that of the Great Salt Lake. This, with the basin of the Rio Bravo del Norte, is of such area, that it is drained by a number of confluent rivers. The great river Rio Colorado penetrates the Cordillera Nevada, and in its course receives the waters of the Rio Verde and the Rio San Juan. It is finally buried in the bowels of the mountain for four hundred miles, and escapes into the Gulf of California. The ruggedness and immensity of the mountains which are thus traversed and gorged are such, that they have heretofore resisted the energies of the boldest explorers and pioneers. The fifth mountain-chain is the Snake River Sierra; that divides the basin of the Great Salt Lake from that of the Columbia. This basin is the counterpart of the Caspian of Asia, its waters having no outlet to the sea. The next is the basin of the Columbia, which river gorges the Sierra Nevada at the Cascades. Above is the basin of Fraser River, for the most part beyond the present limits of our Union. This, then, is the Great Plateau; it receives a simple name, and is comprehended in its simplicity and its unity. It is divided into the great mountain basins of the City of Mexico, of the Bolson de Mapimi, of the Rio del Norte, of the Rio Colorado, of the Great Salt Lake, and those of the Co-

lumbia and Frazer Rivers. These transverse chains all rest in both the great Cordilleras upon the flanks; and thus, from the complication of mountains traversing the plateau, we have one line of basin-works from sea to sea. The column of advancing empire will not refuse to ascend from the valley of the Mississippi River; it will pass the Rocky Mountains, and will penetrate the innumerable and already accessible passages of the Cordillera itself. When this column establishes itself upon any one of the Sierra plateaux, the necessity instantly arises to find routes enabling it to pass out toward the Pacific. Such exist, and such will still be found, so soon as the affairs of the American people shall enable them to undertake this great continental work.

An extraordinary feature of the plateau of the Cordilleras is its climate. Fenced entirely in, as it were, by the encircling Cordilleras, whose summits every where rise above the line of perpetual snow and arborescence, none of the vapor piled up there ever reaches those summits, or passes beyond them, but is arrested and received within the plateau itself. This, with its elevation and its remoteness from the sea, gives it an extraordinary salubrity of atmosphere, an etherially temperate and vernal climate, and eternal sunshine. As in all other countries where the influence of nature upon great mountains—to a large extent calcareous—is detected, the *débris* arising from their decay furnishes a soil of most excellent quality and permanent and lasting fertility. The characteristic, then, of the plateau of the Cordilleras, and the great mountain system of North America, as a whole, is its wonderful pastoral fertility. At the bottom of the sea there is a certain vegetation on which some of the monsters of the deep find their existence. Up higher near the level of the sea is a certain foliage of the various deciduous forms, and others which are perennial. There are grasses which are bathed with the vapors of the sea, and others on highlands, those which are most elevated. Nature has provided for the great system of the plateau an aridity of atmosphere, and a wonderful dryness and salubrity, and a pe-

culiar herbaceous and arborescent vegetation. The grasses, which grow there with wonderful exuberance, covering, as a general rule, the flanks of the mountains and the surfaces of the plains, grow rapidly under the temporary moisture of the vernal and autumnal equinox, and furnish inexhaustible and abundant food throughout the year; as the ocean furnishes food for its inhabitants.

Such is the peculiarity of that immense region of the mountain system. It is novel, I know, probably to most of our readers; and to explain that it is wonderful in fertility, wonderful in its capacity as an agricultural country, both pastoral and arable, may appear to be an extravagance; and yet the same has been said of the States of Missouri and of Illinois, and society, on inspection and minute examination, has found that they have formed an erroneous opinion, to their own disadvantage. Here, then, upon our western plateau, and throughout the mountain system, is a natural force, a new kind of industry added to those heretofore upon which the strength and progress of society have rested—PASTORAL AGRICULTURE on an infinite and unlimited scale. But this great system of mountains, lifted by the internal and sublime forces of the globe—lifted up and standing vertically—also brings to light metals of the highest specific gravity, and which generally form an undisturbed surface of the earth. These mountains are adapted each way to be penetrated by human energy. This whole area of the two Cordilleras, or Sierras, and the Plateau, is formed of a nearly homogeneous, gold-bearing soil. Throughout the great calcareous plain, occupying the bed of a primeval sea, the rocks and earth are permeated by and mixed with the petrified remains consequent upon their formation beneath water; these may be found in the very smallest pieces of rock throughout the whole immense area. Nobody doubts the existence of petrefactions and organic remains being universally distributed over the great calcareous plain. Now, the great Cordilleras, and the plateau between them, are all elevated at least six thousand feet, exposing the crust of the earth's surface to

that depth; and it is, consequently, as uniformly a formation of the great primary gold-bearing rocks on the lower level as is the great calcareous plain and the sedimentary rocks toward the ocean. It is, then, not an extravagance, but simply a quiet, homespun fact, that the whole area of the Northern Andes is one continuous and uniform auriferous region. Other metals go with these productions, as well as precious stones, and salts of all kinds useful in commerce—all accompanying these primeval rocks that were elevated by the sublime organic forces of the globe. They are all to be found on the surface of the globe, and will be, in good time, by the energy of the American people, who have all the earth's productions in such large proportion and abundance.\*

I have now spoken generally of the physical geography of our continent of North America, of its supreme simplicity, and the beauty and harmony and symmetry of that simplicity. I have contrasted it with the configuration of the older continents; I have detailed of the great calcareous plain, of the maritime front which receives the tide-waters of the sea, and of the mountain system. I will now invite you to visit the mountain territory, the new Commonwealth of Colorado.

I have here delineated on a large scale the passage of the great mountain chain through the center of Colorado Territory, which is situated precisely where the forty degrees of north latitude traverses the continent—the isothermal axis—and where the breadth of the great plateau is some fourteen hundred miles from one Cordillera to the other. It extends from the one hundred and second to the one hundred and ninth meridian, and from the thirty-seventh

degree of latitude to the forty-first—seven degrees longitude from east to west, four degrees of latitude from north to south. The great primary Cordillera exactly bisects it through the center from north to south; and, as it was the design that the portion of the American continent lying between the trough of the Mississippi Basin and the Pacific Sea should, if possible, be arranged with symmetry, and with an eye to the obliteration of those barriers that have distracted the older continents, and which, to perpetuate their union, the American people desire to gorge, we propose, as has been done in the State of Pennsylvania, to place the great barrier itself in the center of one political family, so that, instead, in the future progress of things, of esteeming it as a barrier between two nations, we may be interested in boring it out of the way, in order to unite us in harmony and perpetuity. The reigning Cordillera traverses the center of Colorado, and embraces the wonderful system of Parks. The Cordillera passes, dividing throughout the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific seas, and forming the great backbone of the world. It is, as it were, a double figure, or 8. In one of the windings is to be found the North Park. A spur is thrust out, which surrounds it, and then that heads toward the source of the North Platte. These parks are immense basins, hollowed out, as it were, or sunk from the very summit of the Cordillera itself, some six thousand feet in depth, having the general elevation of the plateau. They are the precise counterpart in the Old World of the basins of Geneva and Constance, and in Asia of the vale of Cashmere, from which issues the great river Indus. These great parks or basins of the Cordillera on our continent are the counterpart of those on the older continents. But what is singular of the basins of Europe, like that of the Mediterranean, occupied in part by the waters of the Pontic, Propontic, Adriatic and Mediterranean seas, receiving the waters of the Danube, the Nile, the Po, and the Rhone, they are irregular, rugged, and poorly adapted to agriculture. But in our mountain formation—perhaps on account of the greater anti-

\* The emigration to Colorado by gold miners is stated to have reached in 1863 full fifteen thousand. In 1864 it was full as large. The tonnage of freight by wagons did not fall short of fifteen thousand tons, and the cattle driven into the country for grazing and stock raising exceeded twenty thousand head. While importing her entire supply of goods and machinery, and a large part of her subsistence, at great expense, her exports of gold are sufficient to keep the balance of exchange constantly in her favor. During the past year exchange on New York in Colorado has ranged at from two to five per cent. discount, and is firm at the last figure to-day.

quity of our continent—the rivers have gorged the mountain barrier, drained the Parks, and, instead of a system of lakes as is there presented, we have an equally romantic, level and beautiful system of prairie. First, on the north is the park which surrounds the sources of the North Platte, which river flows to the east, and reaches the Missouri, through whose channel its waters finally reach the Atlantic. The next is the middle park in the bend of the Cordillera Madre—this is the source of the Great Colorado of the West, flowing into the Gulf of California, and thus reaching the Pacific. The next is the south park, whence the South Platte flows to the Missouri, and the Arkansas and the Mississippi and thence to the Atlantic. The next is the great park of San Luis, between the Cordillera Madre and the Sierra Miembres, and surrounding the sources of the Rio Bravo del Norte. This river flows to the Cordillera, gorges it, and eventually finds its way to the Atlantic. Beyond are the sources of Green River, of the Yellowstone, the Saskatchewan, the Columbia and the Athabasca, from similar parks. There are, more or less remote from one another and varying in size, nine parks, cultivating the same courses, four of which occupy the heart and center of Colorado Territory. The general aspect of these parks rises to the very highest scenery in the world. They are encompassed, particularly the park of San Luis, the most southern, by high mountains, of Alpine proportions; they are as level as the sea, entirely surrounded in the horizon by a line of snow; they are remarkable for fertility, for the geniality of the climate, for the economy of their position, and for their infinite display of the grandest scenery. In its diurnal course, the sun, changing from hour to hour its angle of incidence upon the mountain flanks, produces that interminable variety of scenery which is displayed in the kaleidoscope. From one border to the other—such is their convenience and disposition—the passes here in this meridian, (the one hundred and sixth,) from end to end, are the most admirable roads on our continent. To the south and west of the Del Norte, a continuous road passes the

whole length of the plateau, to the city of Mexico. By the North Platte are the waters of the Yellowstone and the Missouri, so that, penetrating, as it were, beyond our highest crest of the continent from north to south, parallel, longitudinal, and running with the plateau, is a continuous road, the finest on the continent, and the most attractive in the world. As to the plateau, there is this peculiarity.

We have observed that the great plateau of Asia, being from east to west, has cooped, and deflected, and dwarfed the development of the column of civilization. Now, in America, as it approaches along the isothermal zodiac, the great plateau, about equal in extent to that of Asia, is longitudinal, extending from north to south, entirely across the track of the human race. It has become necessary, then, that they should mount over it and occupy it, as was done in antiquity with the plateau of Syria. Now, we have seen that the area adapted to the development of society in America, within the maritime fronts and the great calcareous plain, is manifold greater than was possible in the older continents. The peculiar altitude and rainless atmosphere, where the isothermal zodiac crosses the plateau, turns the temperature to the right and left, expanding up and down the plateau, moderating the heats to the Tropic of Cancer, and the cold to the Arctic Sea. Thus, then, the area of the American continent, which we know to belong to the isothermal zone, is quadrupled by the existence of this plateau, longitudinal in position, lying across the great track of the isothermal zodiac.

In the Territory of Colorado are united all the elements which lie at the basis of the development of an energetic and great people. It is exactly half way between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Sea, and half way between the western shores of Europe and the oriental shores of Asia. Two hundred and seventy-five millions of people exist upon the European continent, ranged into one hundred and forty-seven different nations. Again, Oriental Asia, on the great rivers of China, and the great bays and archipelagos of the continent—those that slope to the western shore of the



American continent—has a population exceeding seven hundred million of people. But by the arrival of the column of civilization on the American continent, and its passage through this great barrier of the Corderilla, which from the birth of time has divided and isolated the human family, so that they could not connect but by passing in vessels down the sea, crossing the Equator four times in their voyage—by the occupation of the North American continent, these two halves of the human race are brought in juxtaposition. The republican empire of the American people, then, by the position it occupies, at once connects the whole human family into one affiliated race, as it were, and also separates them apart. That is in the position; and we are approaching a time when it shall rule and regulate the affairs of both; when the path from one to the other will be entirely across our own continent. There are those who, though they see this inevitable consequence in the energies now so intense in the human family, postpone it, and say that it is a prospective illusion, and will come in a thousand years. I believe, from my own knowledge and my own study on this question, that it is near at hand.

It is necessary to economize the labor of human society. It is becoming so vast, its affairs are increasing, and races of mankind heretofore stagnant are to such an extent becoming animated and lifted up on the platform of energy, and individuality, and enlarged ambition, that it is necessary to economize and enlarge the whole framework of human society and human affairs.

Now, it is on the great plains of America, adapted to arable agriculture, upon the flanks of the great mountains, adapted to pastoral agriculture, and in the interminable mining head of the Great Sierras, that exist those latent forces which, by the direct application of human industry, will enlarge, control, rule, and guide the whole human family, not only in its present numbers, but its prospective growth and expansion. By the construction of a central railroad across the continent, we reduce the communications of mankind to their own latitude, to their own climate, and

furnish a highway for the transportation of all the productions which they would carry from one continent to the other. A vessel which goes four times under the Equator and twice under the Antartics will make ten voyages across the ferry of the North Atlantic and Pacific, while it now makes one. The infinite productions, and the economy with which they can be secured on the great area of North America will furnish means to purchase at prices heretofore impossible. This great work, which the American people are on the threshold of consummating, will bring about very rapidly, and within two or three decades, what has so long been in prospective, and only dreamed of in imagination. It is simply the consummation of what the human column has been traveling toward from its first origin, from the dawn of time, and carries out the speculations, the suppositions, the ideas and purposes of Columbus. The Territory of Colorado, then, is situated on the two flanks of the primeval mountain, the central Cordillera, occupying with one half of its area the sources of the rivers of the country descending to the Atlantic, and with the other that of those descending to the Pacific. In the bend of the great Cordillera have their sources, at a single point, seven of the great rivers of the American continent, which, supplied by eternal snows, radiate and pass out through the corners of the Territory. These furnish the means of ascending the two slopes of the continent, by the easiest and the best grades, to the best passes, penetrating from one side to the other. In its ability to reward agricultural industry, both pastoral and arable, no portion of our continent surpasses it. In its mineral capacity, it is rich and productive.

The great facts of science revealed to us, and constantly multiplied by new accessions, will weigh upon the American mind, will guide the people through all the difficulties that may arise to disturb their career, and will bring them to a pitch of wealth, of power, and of glory, never heretofore attained by any of the empires constructed by the great column as it has passed around the world.

## THE VILLAGE BELLE.

SHE dwelt where long the wintry showers  
 Hold undisputed sway,  
 Where frowning April drive the flowers  
 Far down the lane of May.  
 A simple, rustic child of song,  
 Reared in a chilling zone,  
 The idol of a household throng—  
 The cherished one of home.  
 None sang her praise, or heard her fame,  
 Beyond her native town;  
 She bore no fancy-woven name,  
 'Twas simply Mary Brown.

Her eyes were not a shining black,  
 Nor yet a heavenly blue;  
 They might be hazel, or, alack!  
 Some less poetic hue;  
 Indeed, I mind me, long ago,  
 One pleasant summer day,  
 A passing stranger caught their glow,  
 I think he called them gray.  
 Yet, when with earnestness they burned,  
 Till other eyes grew dim,  
 Their outward tint was ne'er discerned,  
 The spell was from within.

A novelist, with fancy's pen,  
 Would scarcely strive to trace  
 From her a fairy heroine,  
 Of matchless mien and grace.  
 A model for the painter's skill,  
 Or for the sculptor's art,  
 Her form might not be called; yet still  
 It bore a gentle heart;  
 The while it fondly treasured long  
 Love's lightest whispered tone,  
 In other hearts she sought no wrong—  
 She knew none in her own.

Though never skilled in fashion's school  
 To sweep the trembling keys,  
 Or strike the heart by studied rule,  
 A listening throng to please,  
 Yet still when anguish rent the soul,  
 And fever racked the brain,  
 Her fingers knew that skillful touch  
 Which soothed the brow of pain—  
 And widow thanks, and orphan tears  
 Had owned her tender care,  
 While little children gathered near  
 Her earnest love to share.

I might forget the queenly dame,  
 Of high and courtly birth,  
 Descending from an ancient name,  
 Among the sons of earth;  
 I scarce recall the dazzling eyes  
 Of her, the village belle,  
 Who caused so many rural sighs  
 From rustic hearts to swell;  
 Yet never can I cease to own,  
 While future years shall roll,  
 Thy charming beauty, Mary Brown—  
 The beauty of the soul.

*Trinity, Cal., April, 1865.*

S. F. WELLS.

## GIGANTIC PROJECTS AND PIGMY POWERS.

BY FELIX ORAN.

WHEN you take your little son upon your knee—the boy in tartan, I mean, with knickerbockers, and the shapely gaitered legs, and the long fair hair—not the smaller creature in the nursery, with the limited vocabulary and the ambiguous articulation—when you inquire of the precocious young gentleman what profession he will select for his future career, you may be sure that no especial modesty or want of self-confidence will appear in his decision. He will appropriate to himself an important rôle in the great drama of life. He will aspire to the grand and the distinguished and the lustrous. He will be a clown, a member of congress, or an alderman. He condescends to no secondary or subaltern position. He is going to be a chief actor, not a starveling supernumerary.

Perhaps we all start with these notions—bent upon being heroes. Only the front ranks get filled up, and we are perforce contented, at last, to be quite at the edge of the fight—if out of the danger, also far away from the glory. The world is not big enough for all its inhabitants to be great men, so some of us must be satisfied with being little ones. Society winnows us, and sorts us, and finds us a place somewhere. If the best boxes are full, we must take our seats in the upper circle, or the pit, or the back of the gallery. After all, no one cares much where we go. As we know, from the old joke, that the play of Hamlet

can not be played with the part of Hamlet omitted, so, also, it can not be played if every character is to be swelled to the importance of Hamlet's. There must be *valets de chambre* as well as heroes. We must have Horatio, and Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, and Orsino, playing their parts, and forming advantageous foils for the setting-off to the uttermost of the heir-apparent of Denmark. They must hope to be no greater than they are. It is not for them to shine, and strut, and extort applause, and listen to the music of cheering and congratulation, and bow acknowledgments before the green curtain. They have but to say, "Ay, my good lord;" "No, my good lord;" "E'en so, my lord;" "It might, my lord," and other such miserable cues; never a grand, pompous, musical burst of poetry and philosophy—"To be or not to be;" or, "Oh! that this too solid," etc., etc.; and they are shabby in cotton-velvet, while their prince is magnificent in silk and bugles.

I confess I have heard actors praised for making much of small parts, but surely they were wrong in so doing. We do not want the little people made large; we object to having the "nothings monstered." In the case of Mr. Rosencrantz, for instance, no one requires that he should be important, or intellectual, or superb; he is simply to come on, and be patronized, and questioned, and scorned and bullied. Let him endure this as comfortably as he may,

—a subjective, not an objective, component of the play; standing in an agreeable attitude—"at ease," as to his legs; his hat in his right hand; his right arm bent gracefully, and his left resting carelessly on his sword-hilt. Perfect in the words of his part, who would exact more of him? He is a background figure, kept low in tone purposely to bring others out brilliantly. Why should he disturb the harmony of color and composition by shining too splendidly?

Yet, very likely Mr. Rosencrantz entered his profession with higher aspirations. The summit of his ambition was once something loftier than the correct rendering of one of those feeble, toadying, Danish courtiers. Perhaps in his own heart he yet believes he could play Hamlet to an admiring pit, should the opportunity only be offered. Perhaps he is mentally despising the royal Dane, who is theatrically despising him. Facially he is Rosencrantz, though mentally he may be many parts a-head; and to-morrow he is Shylock's friend, Tubal; and the next night, perhaps, one of Lear's sons-in-law, or a First Lord, or a Second Murderer, or a Third Gentleman, or a Doge of Venice, or an Archbishop of Canterbury, or a Duke of Norfolk, or what not human furniture of the drama. Somehow, he can not come to the fore—he is fixed in one of the rear-grooves of the theater; along that prescribed path he can slide easily enough; out of or beyond it he is forbidden to move. However much, like our young friend with the spruce calves and the knickerbockers, he may have panted to distinguish himself as congressman, or clown, or magnificent huntsman, to strut as Romeo, or swagger as Benedick, or rant as Richard—it was not to be; he is to follow, not to lead. Poor Mr. Rosencrantz!

And is my sympathy genuine, or do I really care much about that not eminent performer? Or have I been merely pitying him parabolically, reflectively, with my thoughts and glances continually turning from him, and resting upon a certain other person? Suppose that I myself, full of the noblest ambitions, have somehow, owing to a train of circumstances upon the dis-

ussion of which I need hardly enter, been forced into a long list of inferior parts; that in very many a race I have been what sportsmen call a "bad second," or, still worse, "nowhere;" that I have been fixed in post-scenium regions, while I have been longing to glitter before the footlights, in the full view of the audience; that socially I am a Horatio, or even a Mr. Rosencrantz, and for the life of me, notwithstanding my earnest longings, and thorough convictions that I could play the part admirably, I can not get cast for Prince Hamlet. And then to think that I should be performing Horatio to such a Hamlet as Phipps!

Phipps is in the Custom-House. He holds a responsible post, so he tells me. He entered a post where at first he received only six hundred dollars, but he has gone on to good fortune, in the regular rotation of office, until now he is chief of one of the departments, and has a salary of two thousand. I am told that Phipps bears an excellent official character. He himself informs me that he works "deuced" hard. Of course I am bound to credit his statement, though at the same time I can not shut my eyes to the fact, that on nearly every occasion of my calling on him, he has been either brushing his hair; washing his hands, or doing something of the sort, none of which can be fairly called laborious, or of vast political importance. When he is called upon by any one wishing his services, he treats them with an air of independence and superiority, which is extremely refreshing to me, since I happen to know Phipps so well.

With every respect for Phipps, I am bound to say that he is not fairly entitled to play on the first fiddle. He had no right to arrogate to himself that delightful instrument. I desire to speak with befitting modesty concerning myself; but unless it may be in some items of personal appearance—such as whiskers, for instance—I can not admit the superiority of Phipps. I think I have often outshone him at tea-tables, where I give full flow to my conversational powers, while I know that he has beaten me at a ball. At this last entertainment, however, more depends upon neck-cloth and shirt-studs and shiny boots than

upon merely mental qualifications. Yet I once thought myself a neat waltzer too; but we will let that pass. I am not an assuming, a vainglorious man. Perhaps I have been, indeed, over-diffident and wanting in self-assertion. Perhaps I made no sufficient resistance when Phipps first appointed me to an inferior position in his orchestra, and then commenced to wave his baton. I ought to have refused to play then, if ever I contemplated refusal at all. But it was hard to know exactly when Phipps commenced to assert himself in his superior manner. I only discovered my situation when it seemed irremediable. I was known in society as "Phipps' friend." Detached from Phipps I seemed to possess no particular identity. I was a "lean-to;" remove Phipps, and I fell. I was nothing, nobody, but for Phipps, and when he was invited, as he often was, to evening parties, a hope was constantly expressed that he would *bring his friend*. I was an appendage merely, a portion of his presentment, like his shirt-collar: I was served up with him, not from necessity, but from custom, like horse-radish with roast-beef.

I confess that at first this situation annoyed me, and my early inclinations were to rebel, to dethrone Phipps, and set myself up as monarch, in lieu of, and as successor, to him. But my better nature prevailed. I sacrificed ambition upon the altar of friendship, for Phipps was my friend. My own personality was lost in that of Phipps; I continued to be known as his friend—as the shadow, the reflex, the result of that superior man. One thing, it was a position not difficult to sustain. It was a small part—not much was expected from me in it, and I never attempted to make a great deal of it. Of course he won all the applause. I can only hope that I won some respect. I can not be sure of it, however. We know about the first, we can hear it—it is so lusty, and noisy, and tremendous; but the last is undemonstrative, and vague, and dumb—one may be excused for doubting about it. Sometimes in my gloomy moments I would wonder what would become of me in case of the death of Phipps—an event I sincerely deprecated. Will society, I asked myself—for there really

was no one else who could give me an answer, and I was not clear that I could do so myself—will society mourn me also as lost to it? Will it wear crape, not merely for Phipps, but also for Phipps's friend? Shall I be regarded as dead, or will there some shadow of individuality be borne for me? Shall I then, so to speak, come into possession at last of that poor little personal property?

Meanwhile, I am happy to say, Phipps lived, brushed his hair, ate his lunch, drank his julip, and worked "deuced" hard in the Custom-House. He prospered, and became more and more a brilliant member of society—and I was his friend; and in that capacity was often in attendance on festal occasions, standing in draughty places, outside drawing-room doors, while Phipps waltzed with beauty in the center of the apartment. I hope I enjoyed myself, but I am not very positive upon the subject; perhaps the enjoyments of the Horatios of life are but, at the best, tepid states of feeling. Still I was doing my duty, and should have been found quite ready with my cues whenever my good lord needed them.

"Isn't she beautiful?" he came up to me at last—a dance completed—dabbing his face with his cambric handkerchief.

I did not know in the least to whom he referred, still I knew my part—I admitted that she *was* beautiful. I think I added, "very beautiful."

"She is the daughter of old Jackson, of Broad street."

"Indeed," I said.

"You know him of course," Prince Phipps went on.

I said "of course." To the best of my recollection and belief I had never before heard of old Jackson.

But I soon afterward perceived to whom his remarks had reference. He was dancing the "Lancers." I saw that Phipps, busy with his partner, was forgetful of his figures, after the manner of people dancing the "Lancers;" and I noted his partner. Oh! *that's* Miss Jackson, is it? Little, but pretty, with dark glossy hair, dark glossy eyes too, with a pleasant jewel sparkle in them. She had white shoulders too, plump and satiny; but why is she always bringing

them up to touch the tip of her pink ear? is that affectation, or is she really interested in Phipps's stories?—is she really laughing at Phipps's jokes? Well, I have known Phipps a good many years, and have as much right, perhaps, as any one to say that his jokes are not brilliant, and are hard to laugh at; though I have laughed at them, I admit—the hollow, joyless laugh, well-known on the stage, and which is part of the character I play in society. Miss Jackson seems to like Phipps, rather than not, and they retire together to supper; they separate on the stairs, however; she needs scope for her skirts, and she laughs prettily at the follies of fashion's dictates, as women always do, never dreaming of disobedience, however; and they consume together various mysteries from the pastry-cook's, and champagne which effervesces violently; and they both sow the seeds of a fine harvest of dyspepsia, to be reaped on the morrow. Subsequently he handed Miss Jackson to her carriage, and had the satisfaction of knowing for certain, if he had ever entertained any doubt on the subject, that her feet were neatly moulded.

"Horatio," said Phipps to me, as, having taken our mantels out of pawn, as it were, giving our tickets and the necessary fee to the coachman, and receiving them in return from a pile in the back-parlor, we quitted the hospitable mansion—"Horatio," with earnest accents, "I'm in love."

"Indeed, my lord."

"And I would marry, Horatio."

"Marry, my good lord? Is't possible?"

These were not our precise words, but they convey the substance of our remarks.

"Suppose we light our cigars?"

So Prince Phipps fell in love. Is it treason to hint that he became rather a bore in consequence? I hope and believe that I am a good listener. I know I can hear the same story told and retold a good many times without flinching. The story about the Irishman shooting around the corner is humorous to me, and I never fail to laugh at it. But Phipps and his love. He was prosy about it; he was tiresome to a degree. His old confident manner deserted him; he appeared to lose faith in himself. He seemed to be fast disqualifying

himself for the important position in life he had assumed.

Still he fell gradually, and his manner of following up his suit in the first instance was quite worthy of his best days. He set about working "oracles," as he called it, to visit the same houses that Miss Jackson visited. In a few words, I may say that Phipps became madly in love with the young lady; the young lady appeared to return it; the old man Jackson seemed to be satisfied. Phipps's course of love was as smoothly laid out for him as a garden-lawn.

Yet he would worry himself about it cruelly. Worse than that, he would worry me. How he went over and over the subject! how he teased and twaddled! For hours he would pin me down to listen to long, incoherent ramblings about his feelings, and the state of his mind, and his heart, and his head, and the depth and breadth of his passion for Miss Jackson; what were his thoughts, his dreams, his forebodings, his ambitions; how he could not eat, could not drink, could not sleep; thought he was going into a decline; was sure he should not survive the rejection of his suit—he who loved her with that—devotion—and all that sort of thing, you know, old fellow! He came and sat up all night, enjoying a monologue on the matter, and went away a jaded wretch to his duties at the Custom-House; and after office-hours he would join me again and renew the subject. He was dreadfully depressed and desponding; took miserable views of every thing; said that life was now a blank to him; that he had nothing to live for; that he was a changed man, and that his heart was dead within him. I don't think he knew himself what he meant, and I am sure I did not. It was quite in vain I attempted to console him. Fruitless were all my endeavors to convince him that Miss J. reciprocated his attachment, and that her father was acquiescent. I was deceived, he said. I knew nothing about it. How should I? What was it to me? How could it be expected that I should know as much about it as he did, who looked upon the whole thing with a lover's eyes, and who loved with that—etc.

etc., and he was off again on the same cue, with the same outburst.

Upon the question of her beauty we arrived at a satisfactory settlement. Of course it was indispensable that Prince Phipps should marry none but a lady of superior personal attractions. So we went into committee on Miss Jackson's looks, and by *seriatim* votes in her favor, on the color of her eyes, etc., decided that she was quite pretty enough to be any body's wife, even Prince Phipps's. The evidence was tendered as to her accomplishments. She danced and sang well, as we both knew; she was familiar with French and Italian; she could paint in water-colors—really I do not see that any thing more could be required in a wife.

The fitness of Miss Jackson for promotion to the rank of Mrs. Phipps being decided upon, three great questions that now occurred to the lover were: First. Did she love him as he ought to be loved? Second. Would old Jackson give his consent? and Third. Could he, Phipps, afford to marry? Perhaps the plan of the questions was not strictly logical; but then who, pray, can expect logic from a lover? Such was the syllabus of Phipps's perpetual discourse—and very gloomy, and shambling, and vacillating and inane he grew over his subject. Since I have no desire to grow as tedious and prolix as he was, I shall therefore not go deeply into these. But he would insist that his path was beset with difficulties. He would have it that a loud "No!" was the answer he received to each of his three questions: and from the manner in which he spoke of his pecuniary circumstances, every one would have imagined that my poor friend was in the very last stage of insolvency. He drew up a schedule of his assets, and his liabilities, and informed me of the amount of his debts, how much he owed his tailor, and his bootmaker, etc., etc., regretted poignantly the money he had flung away in cigars, and renounced the vice of smoking thenceforward and forever—that is, until a few months after his marriage. He promised to put himself on a strict regimen of economy for the future. He sought my advice upon all sorts of

questions. He consulted with me upon his official position, and the existing probabilities of his remaining in it. We held an inquest upon his income, and as to what he could afford to do with it. We endeavored to get a glimpse of his position twenty years hence. We entered upon a partition of his resources; so much for house-rent, so much for the butcher, the baker, and so on, and he was always thumping his chest and marveling whether or not his life was insurable. We came to satisfactory conclusions concerning every thing. Yet he still doubted, and held off, asking my advice incessantly, and not following it when he had got it; and still waltzing with Miss Jackson—in love, and hesitating, and not proposing marriage.

It became evident that he was unfitted for the position he had assumed. He was becoming quite incompetent to play Hamlet with further success. I began to find that I could play Horatio to Prince Phipps no longer. Society began to adopt the notion that I had really an individuality of my own, apart from being "Phipps's friend." I commenced to assert myself. I would be *fidus Achates* no more. I would be *pater Æneas*, or some one of an equal distinction. I wearied of Phipps's prosings, and doubtings, and weaknesses. I determined to bring things to a crisis. I rebelled. Horatio turned against Hamlet! "Perkins," said I, loudly, "You're a humbug. You don't love Selina Jackson, and I don't believe she loves you. I don't think old Jackson will consent, and I know you can't afford it to marry."

He staggered back. At first I was a little afraid, I thought he would strike me. But he stopped short, fumbled with his whiskers, turned pale, and left the room.

For a few days I saw him not, and heard nothing of him. Suddenly I met him in the street.

"Congratulate me," he said, and his face was radiant with smiles and blushes, "it's all right. She loves me. Old Jackson's a trump. It's fixed for the 23d June. Grace Church. You must be groomsman, old boy. Selina's a darling," etc., etc.

So Prince Phipps was married. Need I

say that he played Hamlet any longer? Selina took the character, and continues to play it.

For myself—shall I say it?—I am still playing the Rosencrantz line of parts, still waiting for an opportunity to come down close to the footlights, and receive the welcome of the audience.

And thus it is, reader, all the world over with human nature. There are persons in all classes of society who endeavor to play Hamlet.

ALL HAVE GIGANTIC PROJECTS, AND ALL HAVE PIGMY POWERS.

### NOTED REGICIDES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

IT may be interesting to our readers, while pondering over the melancholy event of April 14th, which plunged the nation in profound grief for the loss of its honored Chief Magistrate, to note the commission of similar crimes of like magnitude perpetrated in ancient and modern times. History, however, furnishes no parallel to the atrocity of the deed already consummated. We look almost in vain for a precedent, but the record of such startling crimes fails to produce a single one, even in the remote periods before civilization and Christianity dawned upon the world, that will bear comparison in its momentous importance to the terrible tragedy recently enacted. The assassination of prominent men during the reign of William the Conqueror were of frequent occurrence. The sturdy Saxons of England, from the time of the Heptarchy, had wonderfully improved in the art of war, and up to the era when William landed on their shores found none to surpass them in prowess in battle. The great Norman invasion, however, found them illy prepared to resist the mighty host of William successfully. The numerous followers of the latter clad in armor, having the advantage of superior weapons and possessing a higher order of civilization, found little difficulty in subduing the semi-barbarians. The latter, defeated at every point, then resorted to assassination to rid the land of their hated oppressors. The battle-axe was the

favorite weapon used in most cases, until an edict of the Conqueror deprived every Saxon of the right to possess or carry one, under the penalty of death. Deadfalls on the highways, concealed with small branches and a thin surface of earth, over which the feudal lords and barons of the Norman host unsuspectingly led the way only to be engulfed and destroyed, then became prevalent. In retaliation, the retainers of the barons would devastate the country and slay the innocent people of the neighborhood in which these traps were constructed. It was not till then that poison extracted from herbs, the art of preparing which was introduced by the Normans themselves and improved upon by those they held in bondage, became the favorite instrument of deadly dispatch. It was administered by Saxon slaves in food and drink, smeared upon the inner linings of their masters' mantles, and sprinkled in powdered form in their helmets and upon their faces while asleep. The dreadful tortures and wholesale executions meted out to the perpetrators failed to diminish the number who perished by this form of assassination. It was only after three generations and the Normans relaxed the vigor of their rule, that the vengeance of the Saxons abated toward their enemies.

Julius Cæsar, the usurper, was waylaid in the year 44 B.C., in the market-place of Rome, by a band of conspirators, headed by Brutus, his political rival. Brutus tried poison at one time—so history informs us—but failing in that, sought a more ready opportunity, when his hated antagonist appeared in public, and then plunged his dagger in Cæsar's body. The first blow was not fatal. Other conspirators—to share equally the crime of Brutus—each in turn sheathed their daggers in the prostrate form of the emperor, while his numerous retinue of attendants fled in dismay when the onslaught commenced.

The great leader of the thirty years' war in Germany, Count Wallenstein, was cruelly murdered in his own castle by an unscrupulous Irish officer, named Devereux. He served the former faithfully through several long and arduous campaigns, and by his zeal and bravery succeeded in gaining his



attachment. He was promoted to high rank, *fêted* and became apparently a chosen friend of Wallenstein, but proved basely treacherous to the many favors showered upon him. In an evil hour Devereux formed a design of assassinating his benefactor upon the mere pretext of an idle rumor that the count was about to deliver his army, sworn in the service of the emperor, into the hands of the enemy, and with the aid of the latter seize the crown for himself. This rumor had no real origin.

An Italian astrologer, named Seni, celebrated for his many successful predictions, had unguardedly promised the count the Austrian crown, but further stated that he would obtain it rather by accident of fortune than by any base or improper means. One evening, in February, 1634, Seni and the count were conversing together on the battlements of the latter's castle, when the former cast his eyes heavenward, intent on reading the stars. Count Wallenstein asked Seni how he interpreted his fate. The astrologer replied that his fated hour had not yet passed, and that he foresaw dangers most portentous about to happen. The count, in an angry mood, rose from his seat and denounced the seer as an arrant impostor, and that he had no further faith in his science, for of late he had read the stars falsely. "Then I'm blind to the future," quietly responded Seni, "if what has passed before me does not occur very soon, for thou wilt be thrown into a dungeon and never return hence alive." Wallenstein recovering his self-possession, dismissed the astrologer for the night, with an injunction that he hold intercourse with no one as to what had transpired between them. He then gave orders to his attendants to bar and fasten all the doors of the castle as in a state of siege, and should any one seek admittance, to awaken him. He retired to his chamber, and had scarcely fallen asleep when Devereux presented himself at the castle-gate, accompanied by seven soldiers, completely armed, and asked for refuge.

An officer of the guard knowing Devereux to be one of the chosen and favorite followers of Wallenstein, let down the draw and bade him and his companions enter. No sooner had they gained admittance to the

court than Devereux stabbed the officer to the heart, and tossing his body in a dark recess, ascended the main corridor leading to the count's apartments. As they did so, several servants rushed ahead to sound an alarm, when they also were slain. Arriving at the count's door, they found it fastened on the inside. At once they burst it open, and on entering discovered the haughty general standing in the middle of the chamber in his night-clothes. Devereux charged him with treachery in deserting the emperor's cause, and before Wallenstein could refute the assertion or make resistance, buried his poignard in the count's breast. The latter fell dead, with his arms extended, without uttering a word, and thus perished one of the famous military leaders of Europe, at the age of fifty-four, whose renown in that era was as great as the first Napoleon in this. Scarcely an hour elapsed from the time Wallenstein separated from the astrologer before the latter's strange prediction was verified. The count's chamber proved indeed a dungeon from whence he failed to escape. It was shown afterward that Seni, the astrologer, when he made his prediction, was entirely ignorant of any plot against Wallenstein's life, or even that a breath of suspicion was harbored against him. He was watched after leaving the count, by the latter's order, and had no means of communicating from his own room in one of the turrets of the castle with persons outside, without detection. The fame of Seni as an astrologer preceded him among the crowned heads and courts of Europe. The people in those days were exceedingly superstitious, and believed in witchcraft and star-gazing. Immediately after Wallenstein's assassination, his services seem to have been in constant demand from almost every source. His revelations—founded upon natural laws, and cunning device, and observation of men and measures—became a theme of wonder and astonishment for several years, until finally Seni perished by the hand of a priest who, it is asserted, was ordered by the pope to commit the fatal deed, through fear of his growing power over the minds of the people.

Richard the First, conqueror of Saladin,

and hero of a hundred fights, received his death-wound from an unseen hand before the Castle of Chaluz, in the Limousin, the petty fortress of a vassal. He was laid by the side of his father, Henry the Second, at Pontorand, where also repose his mother, Queen Eleanor, and afterward Isabella, the queen of his brother John, who also died from violence. Recumbent effigies of these persons were placed upon the tombs—one of the earliest instances we have of this interesting sepulchral relic of the middle ages. The abbey remains, but it has been converted into a prison, *Maison Centrale de Detention*—one of the largest in France. The church is also entire, as to the outside; but the interior is wholly changed, as are also the royal tombs. They were torn up and rifled by the Vandals of the revolution, who signalized their hatred of royalty by scattering the ashes of the dead, and mutilating the statues.

The dethroned Richard the Second perished violently in Pontefract Castle, Yorkshire; but a more than usual degree of mystery rests upon the horrid transaction. "How Richard died," says Froissart, "and by what means I could not discover when I wrote the chronicle." He then in a naïve and touching manner contrasts his former splendor and miserable fall: "For never," says he, "had king of England spent so much money in keeping up a stately household."

Some believe he was murdered mysteriously. Others, that Sir Piers Exton, with several men, were sent covertly to dispatch him. The king succeeded in killing two of his assailants before Sir Piers gave him his death-wound on the head with a battle-axe. Many years later, however, Richard's tomb was opened, but no trace of the fatal wound was found on the skull. Richard was most probably dispatched by starvation. There are many conflicting reports about what became of his body. One is that it was hacked in pieces and every trace of it destroyed by fire. Another, that it was carried to sea and thrown overboard.

The corpse of what was supposed to be the murdered monarch was brought to London, and exhibited in St. Paul's as a

public certificate of his death; but no one recognized it as that of the king, owing to the discoloration of the body, while many openly proclaimed it was the remains of quite a different person. To remove all doubts on the subject, the body was interred with regal pomp in the graveyard of an adjoining town, and afterward removed to Westminster Abbey. The imbecile Henry the Sixth perished by violent means in the Tower of London, from a knife in the hands of the Duke of Gloucester, who secretly crossed the river Thames in a small boat, under cover of night. The fatal wound was between the fourth and fifth ribs. The Duke, afterward Richard the Third, was a pitiless tyrant and assassin at heart, as his numerous murders and assassinations clearly show. Edward the Fourth, successor to Henry, ended his days of pleasure and profligacy at Westminster, and was exposed on a board after death, naked from the waist upward, in order that people might see that he had not been murdered—an act strikingly illustrative of the turbulent times. It is surmised by many that Edward was poisoned by some of his own courtiers, for the body after a period of three hundred and six years, when his tomb was opened, was found quite perfect, leading to the belief that it was preserved by the chemical action of some subtle drug, administered before death.

The boy King Edward the Fifth, and his young brother the Duke of York, atrociously murdered by assassins in the employ of Richard the Third, also in the Tower of London, were buried secretly within the walls. For a long time after Richard's death the spot remained unknown, but during the reign of Charles the Second, while some alterations were making near one of the walls, the workmen found a wooden chest, which on examination was found to contain the remains of two stripplings of the ages of the princes—thirteen and eleven years. They were reinterred in a marble urn in Westminster Abbey. A Latin inscription gives the commonly received account of the tragedy: "Here lie the relics of Edward the Fifth, King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there

stified with pillows, were privately buried by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the usurper. The latter fell on Bosworth's field. His remains were thrown like a sack of wheat across the back of a horse, and interred in an obscure churchyard at Gray Friars. His conqueror had a tomb placed over him, which remained until the dissolution of the Abbey some years after, when the monument was utterly destroyed, the grave rifled, and its human remains cast out and intermingled with the dust of the roadside. History informs us that the stone coffin in which a few devoted adherents of Richard had him interred, was subsequently made a drinking-trough for horses at the White Horse Inn, Leicester. Thus it will be seen this monster was deprived even of the right of Christian sepulture, while his memory is execrated for all time. The brutal Henry the Seventh of England went to his final account at Westminster, not aware till the last moment came of his true condition. No one cared to tell him, as several persons were put to death in a mysterious manner for saying the king was dying, or likely to die. The killing of these persons, among whom were two of the king's councillors, was done by the hand of an assassin, at the instance of their monarch.

The axe of the executioner terminated the troubled career of Charles the First on the scaffold, before Whitehall, a victim to Cromwell's vengeance. The former being the true sovereign, the act of Cromwell is denounced by many as a public assassination, in which his adherents were accessories. A universal groan broke from the multitude when the fatal axe descended. A rush was made to dip handkerchiefs in the royal blood as a memento, when the troops of Cromwell put themselves in motion, cleared the streets, and the dismal tragedy ended.

A few cavaliers, devoted in their attachment to the king, attended the funeral ceremony and noticed the coincidence, says Henry the commentator, between the coronation and the burial of his majesty. On the former occasion Charles chose to appear in a white robe, as indicative of his pure intentions to govern uprightly and

with justice. His friends urged that he assume the purple, as a color most appropriate to royalty, but they pleaded in vain. He was superstitiously reminded, that of two exceptions to the rule, Richard the Second and Henry the Sixth, who both wore white satin robes at their coronation, came to a violent end. Charles persisted in his purpose, the third king was crowned in white, and the same favorite color became his winding-sheet.

The only parallel to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln that history furnishes was the killing of the virtuous and good King Henry the Fourth of France, the most gracious potentate ever on the French throne. The country had long been in a tumultuous condition, rival factions were constantly warring against each other, and discord and anarchy seemed to be the lot of the French people. The king's popularity with his subjects was unbounded. All the factions flocked to his standard so soon as he came into power, and he shortly succeeded in establishing harmony among the people and the unity of the kingdom, by combining Navarre and France under one crown. While passing along one of the most populous thoroughfares in broad day, in an open carriage, an assassin named Ravailiac rushed upon him with a poignard, and stabbed the king, notwithstanding the efforts of six persons who occupied the same carriage to save his life. The most strenuous exertions were made to prove that the assassination was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy to destroy all of the royal family; but it was clearly shown in the end that Ravailiac was the sole conspirator and assassin who committed the foul deed. Among other noted instances in the long list of king-slayers who have obtained a certain degree of infamy by their brutality, that of Count Ankarstrom may be justly considered one of the most prominent. During the first French revolution, Gustavus the Third of Sweden entered into an alliance with other crowned heads of Europe to resist the pretensions of France to change the balance of power. The French republicans were at the very pinnacle of their power. The King of Sweden, to defend his own frontiers, found it necessary to

raise large armies. For this purpose the people were heavily burdened with taxes, and made to undergo many severe trials and privations. The royal pleasures, however, were carried on with even greater magnificence and expenditure than before. The profligacy of the king in this respect created a violent feeling of discontent against him, and was made the excuse by a number of disaffected nobles for a conspiracy against his life. Ankarstrom was selected by lot to assassinate his majesty. The king was stabbed in the back at a masquerade ball, given at the palace on the night of the 16th March, 1792, during the height of the festivities. The assassin was clothed in a domino similar to fifty others worn by masqueraders on the occasion, most of whom were in the plot. After the fatal blow was given, and during the confusion of the moment, the assassin escaped unperceived. The king lingered in great agony for thirteen days. Peter the Third of Russia was deposed by his own family and thrown into prison, where he was murdered, in the year 1762. His son and successor, Paul the First, called Petrovich, was strangled at night in his own bedroom by Counts Zulloff, Pallen, and several others, who stealthily entered his chamber to demand his abdication. This he refused to do, when they at once put an end to his life. The second son, Constance, who now became emperor, was charged with being privy to the murder, if not the principal instigator. The last king of the royal house of Valois, Henry the Third of France, excommunicated by the pope for betraying his religious faith, was killed by a Dominican monk while marching against Paris, and the Catholic league, August 2d, 1589. The monk was announced as the bearer of an important dispatch, and after obtaining an audience, stabbed the king mortally. Henry, meanwhile, on December 23d, 1588, caused the Duke of Guise, one of his rebellious subjects, to be quietly dispatched in his own apartment. The Bourbons succeeded to the throne by the extinction of the Valois. Charles the Ninth, the predecessor of Henry the Fourth, it is believed, was poisoned by means of the leaves of a curious book on hunting, pre-

pared by an Italian chemist in the pay of the infamous Marie di Medici. Religious fanaticism, so intolerant at all times, was rife in Europe during the seventeenth century. The animosity existing between those of the Roman Catholic persuasion and the Huguenots was embittered by the constant wars the rival factions waged against each other. Assassinations and mysterious murders were constantly occurring. The tortures of the Inquisition were daily, almost hourly practiced upon those of dissenting belief to the power of the pope. The queen-mother, Marie di Medici,—whose family name even to this day is execrated—determined to remove "Henri Quatre," the possible successor of Charles upon the throne of France, because he was a Huguenot. For this purpose the poisoned book was sent to him as a royal present, but instead of reaching the intended victim, accidentally fell into the hands of Charles, who was passionately fond of the chase. In his eagerness to peruse it, he wet his fingers with his lips from time to time to turn over the leaves, and in this manner imbibed the fatal drug. The death of Charles fortunately ushered in a new and prosperous era for France. The queen-mother mourned for a short season the unhappy fate of the king, and sought then to punish her accomplices in the crime for permitting the book to reach him instead of her intended victim. What became of them history does not inform us; but in one volume it is stated they mysteriously disappeared, one after another, a few weeks later, probably by poison administered by her own hands. These were not the only instances mentioned in which Marie di Medici figured as a royal assassin. There was a terrible intensity about her fanaticism, and a satanic earnestness exercised toward those who were enemies of her church and creed that almost imparted to her nature a demoniac spirit, instead of the mild attributes of character which most women possess. With other members of the house of Di Medici, they made the art of poisoning a careful study, as one of the rare accomplishments of royalty. The most skillful chemists were employed to compound the fatal mixtures. Only such

were concocted as would leave no trace of their deadly effects upon the system, or could be discovered by analytical investigation. The poisons, prepared in powders and fluids, were administered in various forms. Sometimes in an elegant bouquet, with particles of the deadly powder sprinkled upon the choicest flowers, would be sent to the intended victim. By this means the poison would be inhaled through the nostrils from smelling the fragrant roses. So quick and subtle was its agency, that a few whiffs only would be found sufficient to accomplish the desired purpose of the assassin. The victim overcome at first with slight vertigo, would soon lose all consciousness, and then wretchedly perish from asphyxia. On other occasions the powder would be inserted in luscious fruits, the fluid mixed with tempting wines, and the unhappy victim sent unappointed to his final account before a shadow of suspicion was aroused that he had incurred the royal displeasure.

The Archduke of Austria and Emperor of Germany, Albert the First, the oppressor of Switzerland, was killed by his nephew, John of Hapsburg, while crossing the river Reuss in a small boat, May 1, 1308. John was charged with being concerned in a treasonable conspiracy against the Emperor, and under this plea, his vast possessions were declared forfeit to the crown. The Emperor's daughter, Agnes, avenged her father's death, by compelling John of Hapsburg to seek safety in flight, and then take refuge in a convent, at that time held sacred even from the vengeance of royalty.

George Villers, Duke of Buckingham, was killed by an assassin named Joseph Felton, at Portsmouth, England, in August, 1628. Felton would have escaped recognition did he not boast of the deed afterward. Several attempts have been made upon the life of Queen Victoria, without doubt the most gracious, benevolent and liberal-minded monarch that ever wielded the royal scepter of any country. No motives were ever given by the would-be assassins when arrested. In every case, however, they were found to be insane. At least this was the most charitable construction placed upon their acts.

Louis Philippe, the citizen king of France, as he was honorably named by his subjects, while riding in an open carriage along the *Boulevard du Temple*, Paris, on the 28th of July, 1835, narrowly escaped death from an infernal machine. This consisted of a number of gun-barrels fastened together and loaded with bullets and other missiles, and placed in the window of a house so as to sweep the width of the street when the royal carriage passed. As it did so, the infernal machine was fired. The bullets swept in every direction. The King, however, escaped; but Marshal Mortier, one of his leading generals, and several other officers and citizens perished. An Italian, named Fieschi, proved to be the guilty party who made and fired the machine, and was executed. Other attempts were made upon the life of Louis, previous to his abdication, but they all signally failed.

The history of the Carbonari is intimately connected with the fall of all the Bonaparte family. It can be plainly read in that of the Jacobins. Although the latter have passed away, it is only in name, for its fell spirit among the *canaille* of France continues to exist and only awaits another opportunity of tumult and discord to warm it into active life. No inconsiderable portion of this same inhuman spirit, we must frankly confess, manifests itself at times in free America among the turbulent and extreme political factions of our country. It is seen in the motives which prompt men to commit rapine and murder upon the innocent victims of a dissenting opinion; in the violence of partisan debate, stimulating law-makers to enact vengeful retaliatory decrees which in their cooler moments they would shudder at and condemn, and in the pulpit where curses are hurled upon the declared sinful and erring who claim the right of choosing a political creed at variance with the conscience of their accuser. Happily for our future, this strange St. Bartholomew feeling of the Carbonari can not in the nature of things obtain very extensive growth among intelligent and reflective men in America. They are educated in a different school. Popular clamor at times of great public excitement may incite a mob to such a pitch

of frenzy as to lose all control of itself and plunge into the most frightful excesses. As soon as reason, however, in the minds of men reasserts itself better councils prevail, and the very acts of bloodshed and other crimes they have been guilty of are as hastily condemned a few hours later. Secret conclaves, like the Carbonari of France—the Fenians—the religious societies of Rome—of Poland and of India—who resolve themselves into vehement councils as inquisitors to pass judgment upon the political tenets of their neighbors, we may hope can never endure a prolonged existence among our own people. The formation of one such order only invites the organization of a counter one which places itself in direct antagonism to refute the sophistries of its enemies upon the unreflecting masses. This power of secret political association is pregnant with evil to all governments based on universal suffrage, tolerance of opinion and popular liberty. It is provocative only of tumult and anarchy and can easily be traced in the revolutionary periods of older commonwealths, and in the motives of regicides which induce them to slay their rulers in order to effect a sudden change of potentates representing their own and the peculiar ideas of their fellow-conspirators.

Although political division is the inevitable consequence of liberty, and said to be in a manner necessary to perpetuate its existence, yet there is a "mean in all things." While it extends no farther than to create a watchful solicitude for the liberties of the people, it is to be countenanced and even encouraged, but when it extends beyond the sphere of political disquisition and tends to create personal rancor and animosities, it virtually defeats the whole object of government; for the intention of a good government is to promote the prosperity and security of individuals as well as states. But when neighbor harbors a rancorous antipathy against neighbor, prosperity ceases, industry becomes paralyzed, and the citizens are no longer secure. The Jacobins gained their prominence in the restoration of Ferdinand, King of Naples, and obtained strength of late years in the numerous revolutions and attempts at revolution in Italy and Austria. Their present organization was

formed during the revolution of 1820, and notwithstanding the fulminations of popes and the tyranny of potentates, has managed from their persecutions to retain its existence. Like many other secret societies, it claims an ancient origin. It is stated that the necessities of the German charcoal-burners induced them to unite for protection against robbers and oppressors, and under the sway of a second Robin Hood they flourished and extended themselves into France, the Netherlands and Italy. In the eighteenth century it became powerful in France, but a book purporting to give the history of the secret societies which had in view the destruction of the Bonaparte dynasty, published in Paris in 1815, asserts that the Carbonari was an old organization in the department of Jura, whose hardy mountaineers termed it "good cousinship," revived in Napoleon's time by the Marquis of Champagne. The historical narrative of the Carbonari put forth by themselves makes it of Scottish origin, where during the times of Robert Bruce many persons who fled to the woods in order to avoid suspicion became charcoal-burners, and for safety introduced signs and passwords as well as a brotherhood in the world through whom they carried on their business and their schemes. They were governed by regular officers, three in number, and a protector, the first filling that office being a hermit named Theobald. From Scotland they spread to Germany, and thence to France and over the rest of Europe. The true history of the order, perhaps, is that it originated previous to the Reformation, and religious liberty was the principal object at stake.

The several ineffectual attempts made from time to time to assassinate Louis Napoleon, it is declared by French detectives, originated with the Carbonari. The members composing it have their passwords and countersigns, emblems and insignia, as in the order of Masonry or Odd Fellows, though they are used for a far different purpose. None but trustworthy men of strong republican belief and hatred of all kingly prerogatives can become members of it. Its ramifications extend throughout the whole of Europe, England and some of the small German states—Switzerland and Den-

mark alone excepted. An executive council of delegates representing the various lodges, direct and control its affairs. Everything connected with it is shrouded in mystery. Its motto, "death to tyrants," exhibits unmistakably its true purpose. Napoleon. it is claimed, was a member previous to the revolution of '48, and it was almost wholly to the assistance rendered by this organization that enabled him to reach the Presidency and afterward proclaim himself Emperor of France. The conduct of Napoleon in establishing a regency sustained by a military council who have the supervision of France taken in connection with his belief in fatality leads to sustain the belief that Europe is again to witness the powers of this secret association which during the period from 1820 to 1840 made itself so apparent. At the present time the death of Napoleon would create another revolution in France and involve Europe in an intestine war which could terminate only in the maintenance or suppression of republicanism. The former is what the Carbonari are sworn to foster. To accomplish this, they will not hesitate to use the assassin's dagger, the torpedo or the poisoned chalice, to effect their object. Unlike our ideas of what constitutes republican liberty, theirs certainly are based upon quite a different belief—one of socialistic doctrines and spoliations.

The Duke de Berri, though not a king, was a Bourbon, and through him the family name and influence could be perpetuated upon the throne of France. The Carbonari determined that he should die and the Duke was therefore assassinated by Louvel, the appointed agent to do the deed in Paris, in 1820. As the Duke with his wife was leaving the opera-house after a performance, he received his death wound. He lived till the next morning at sunrise when his eyes closed forever in eternity. Louvel declared before he was executed that no one instigated him to the crime and that he had no accomplice, but his declaration afterwards proved false. The Carbonari directed the assassination, and Louvel, its chosen instrument, faithfully obeyed instructions, even if his life did become forfeited.

Prominent among the secret political so-

cieties of Europe which flourished during the middle ages, the *Beati Paoli* of Italy became the most notorious and extensive. It undertook to redress wrongs by assassination, mutilation of persons, destruction of property by fire, and severe corporeal punishment. These, in part, the Carbonari have adopted, and on any individual incurring their vengeance, especially for infidelity toward the order, the grand masters meet in conclave to declare his fate. If condemned, his name is written on a slip of paper and then consumed by fire. What this grim ceremony is for we are not advised, but it is probably intended as a sort of death sentence to convey to the minds of the inquisitors assembled that the victim's case is hopeless, and that his name should perish with his life. The name is then registered in what is called the black-book, and the executioners of the sentence are selected to act successively in case of defeat or death. If one fails, another takes his place. If detected and punished, a third and a fourth stand ready to finish up the deed of blood, and so on till the number is exhausted or the intended victim escapes the country. Louis Napoleon became a member of the Carbonari over twenty-five years since. He pledged the society protection and aid, neither of which he has granted, and his death had been pronounced by his brothers of the mystic tie, when Orsini, who was a lieutenant in the revolution of 1848, and a Carbonari also, sought to anticipate the decree of the grand masters, which only resulted in the loss of his own life. Napoleon, since then, has in a measure sought to conciliate the vengeance of the order against him, and to a certain extent has partially succeeded. At present its force is estimated to be composed of over a million, most of whom are men of the lowest type of humanity, the very dregs and scum of Europe.

We may congratulate ourselves, then, that our own country, with so promising a future before it, is relieved from so dangerous an element as that which comprises the Carbonari, and that the true instincts and characteristics of American manhood are inspired by different surroundings, and with loftier, nobler purposes in view. J. P. C.

## SATURDAY EVENINGS AND SABBATH MORNINGS.

IN a small apartment on the ground-floor of a miserable tenement sat a poor tailor stitching away—not merrily, but briskly. He was perched upon a table, after the fashion of his craft, and the implements of his labor, together with sundry garments and pieces of cloth, were strewn thickly around him. His face was a study; once seen it could not readily be forgotten. His hair was whitened to the hue of snow—prematurely, it would seem, for his smooth cheek and unfurrowed brow betokened a man still in the prime of life. Every feature was fine. Eyes deep set, large, dark and luminous; forehead, nose, mouth and chin nobly formed; while over the whole face played an expression difficult to describe. What shall I call it? How convey to the mind of the reader an idea of that mysterious soul-beauty which language cannot paint? Ah! I have it! Resignation. One could fancy, while looking on that face, there had been a hidden fire within, which had burned, and burned, and burned, until it had consumed every earthly hope. It seemed, too, that amid the desolation consequent upon such a consuming fire, there had sprung up a pure, clear flame, kindled and kept alive by some holy agency; and that this light, like a lamp hidden in an alabaster vase, sent its mystic beauty forth to irradiate the temple which contained it.

Twilight deepens around him, yet the tailor stitches on. At last it grows too dark for him to see his work, and he rises to procure a light. Now you perceive that this man, with head and face fit for a sculptor's model, has a bent, misshapen body, and nether limbs shrunken to the size of a puny infant's! Nature has not done this. Disease has not done it. What evil agency has thus marred God's fair work? It is easy to answer: Toil—incessant, unvarying toil. The deformed shoulders, the dwarfed limbs, are the natural result of constant stooping and long-continued inaction of the muscles. Like the natives of *Terre-del-Fuego*, who live in boats and rarely walk, this poor tailor

has almost lost the faculty. His gait resembles that of a child just beginning to try its powers of locomotion. With this slow, halting, feeble pace, he goes to the window and looks forth. The evening is serenely beautiful. Clusters of stars are just beginning to "blossom in the fields of space." He gazes a moment, sighs heavily, and returns to his work.

Let us look for a moment at this man's life. Born with aspirations far above his calling, and gifted with fine powers of intellect, yet chained by circumstances to a species of drudgery, that not only dwarfs the body, but casts its paralyzing influence over the mind, his has been a wearisome fate. You ask why he did not struggle with circumstance, conquer it, and thus rise above the iron destiny that sought to crush him? Alas! it is not easy to answer. There is an order of genius which can, not only make itself wings, but also create the atmosphere that may sustain those wings in their upward flight. Our poor tailor did not possess this high order of genius. He had the fine feelings, the lofty desires, the divine dreams which belong to it, but he had not the power; and so he toiled on in his humble calling, hopeless at last of ever rising above it.

It was Saturday night. His task was longer and more difficult than usual. There was still many hours' work before him, and it must all be done before morning. He thought of the cool night air, and longed to feel its soft touch upon his heated brow. He thought of the stars shining in their glorious beauty, and yearned to strengthen his soul by gazing awhile into their serene faces. He thought of many things very foreign to his work, yet still he stitched away. Thank God! the mind need not follow the fingers, and remain fettered to that lowly occupation. Yes, thank God for that! And so, not only patiently, but cheerfully, he toiled on—on, far into the the night—almost to the dawn.

It came at last! the serene, beautiful, blessed Sabbath morn. How sweetly it smiled over the world! How many hearts it cheered and strengthened! How many poor sinking children of toil rose up and thanked their Heavenly Father that he had



given them a day of rest! Our poor tailor, most of all, welcomed with grateful spirit this season of repose. He had promised himself a rare enjoyment—a festival of heart and soul. It was only a day's sojourn in the country; yet how much was that to him? With the fond impatience of a child, he panted for the promised happiness. He had not slept, though so worn and weary with the labors of the night. How could he sleep when every faculty of his being throbbled with that yearning desire to be away—away from that scene of care and toil?

The wished-for moment came. He stood upon the deck of the swift-gliding steamer. He stood apart from others, that he might have in his own bosom the sweets of that delicious hour. What joy it was to breathe! What bliss to see! How fresh and balmy seemed the air! How gloriously rose the sun over the dancing water! How every floating cloud caught the new-born light, and became a vision of dazzling beauty! Look at the white sea-birds, now darting down to the dimpling waves, now soaring up to the luminous sky! Are they not happy spirits, careering heavenward on the wings of joy? And behold the fast receding city! How its stately towers and gilded domes catch the glory of the morning! How peaceful and beautiful it looks, despite the pain and care and grief that dwell within its walls. But our glad pilgrim wishes not to turn his gaze in that direction. No, his eager eyes are bent upon the smiling fields which seem to woo and welcome his approach.

Once upon those peaceful shores, he stole from all companionship to wander in the most secluded paths. He passed peaceful cottages, where laughing children played under overhanging trees. He glanced into beautiful gardens, and his senses were regaled with delicious offerings from the flowers. He traversed a little valley where blossomed a profusion of wild violets. With their "meek eyes" they looked smilingly up to heaven, and from their lowly altar-place of worship arose ever the sweet incense of praise. From them his heart learned a new lesson of content. He crossed a small brook, half-hidden by weeds

and stones, yet the murmur of its waters was the voice of gladness. His spirit took counsel from that. He saw a ground-sparrow building its nest low down in a tuft of grass, yet singing all the while a tuneful "hymn of joy." He blessed the little bird and passed on. He came at last to a quiet spot, far from the highway, and far from human habitation. This was what he sought. His spirit thirsted to be alone with that of nature. He sat down on the soft turf, under a sheltering tree. He felt very weary, yet it was a weariness that brought with it a delicious sense of repose.

The soft air on his brow was like the touch of a caressing hand. The blue sky seemed flooding his soul with smiles of boundless love. The notes of birds and the hum of insects sounded, to his rapt fancy, like angelic voices, whispering words of hope and cheer. Faintly on the summer-breeze came the soft chime of village church-bells, suggesting to the happy listener thoughts of multitudes then assembling in many temples for the sacred purpose of worship, and involuntarily his hands were clasped, and his lips shaped themselves in prayer. Then came recollections of the distant city, of his close work-room, and his daily toil. But they brought now no sense of pain or care or sorrow. He had no room in his heart for aught but joy. After all, was he not one of Nature's favored children? Could he not feel her genial influences penetrating his soul, and elevating it above the ills of earth? Could he not hear her tender voice bidding him be of good cheer, and whispering fond assurances of the "better land and the better life?" Yes, he would obey that voice; he would go back to his lowly home and his humble calling, contented, and strengthened anew for the battle of life. He would go back to labor cheerfully still, and to dream golden dreams of a heavenly Sabbath of rest.

It was again Saturday night. In the garret of an old dilapidated dwelling sat a pale, weary-looking woman holding a child—a boy of four years or more, but so worn by sickness as to appear scarce half that age. So still and rigid lay the little form on the mother's bosom that, but for a faint,

piteous moan which occasionally issued from the pale lips, one would have thought he had already ceased to breathe. Lovingly the mother bent over him, and with tender words and lulling motion, sought to hush him to repose. At last the moans ceased, and the little sufferer seemed to sleep. Tenderly depositing the slight form on the miserable bed before her, the woman then hastened to inspect the contents of a large basket which stood on a table near the fireplace. The survey seemed to depress her, for she bowed her head upon her hands, and remained a few moments motionless as some image of despair. But a feeble moan from the sick child aroused her, and wearily she began her evening's work.

She was a widow—poor and friendless. She supported herself and her invalid boy by taking in washing. All that week, in consequence of the increased illness of her child, she had been compelled to put by her task; and now it was Saturday night, and that large basket of clothes must be ironed and carried home before she could sleep. This was heavy labor to one already so worn down by toilsome days and sleepless nights—heavy labor, indeed, but it must be done. The money that washing would bring was indispensable to her, and she could not receive it till the work was finished. The earnings of previous weeks had all been consumed in purchasing medicines and delicacies for the suffering child. She was now penniless. The doctor, who attended her sick boy, had said that the pure air of the country would do more than any thing else to restore him to health. She must earn enough, before midnight, to enable her to take her child, on the morrow, from the city. With this hope before her, she commenced her task.

How few of my readers know the magnitude of that task! How few, even, know the nature of it! There is, in this occupation, a frequent stooping to the burning fire; a wearisome bending over the low table; an almost incessant strain upon the muscles of arms and chest; then, worst of all, there is a constant flow of blood to the head, till the veins are ready to burst, and the brain reels with the tide that oppresses

it. In addition to all these inevitable difficulties, our poor washerwoman had many others to contend with. The ceiling of her room was directly under the roof—a burning sun had poured upon it all day, rendering the air hot and stifling. The light she worked by was flickering and insufficient, whilst the low moans of the half-slumbering child kept her heart throbbing with a vain desire to be near, that she might soothe and comfort. Still, with the spirit of a martyr, she pursued her task. Night deepened around her; the busy sounds of labor were hushed; the streets became nearly silent, echoing only to the tread of a belated artisan or some reckless votary of pleasure. Happier hearts were being lulled to peaceful dreams, and the spirit of repose seemed about spreading its brooding wings over the many homes of that vast city. But she, the lone woman in the old garret, she must not yield herself yet to the beneficent spirit of sleep. No—she must toil on a little longer. Her eye grows bright with the fire of inward fever; a hectic spot burns on either cheek; now her almost nerveless arms droop powerless at her side. Will she yield to the fatigue that oppresses her? No! she pushes back the wild locks from her aching brow, goes to the bed, takes a hasty glance at the child, and then resumes her task. At last—oh! joy of joys—it is finished. The poor woman clasps her hands in a brief prayer of thankfulness. It is a relief now to go forth into the cool night air to carry home the fruits of her labor. She heeds not that the streets are dark and deserted; she heeds not the chill that attacks her over-heated frame. She only thinks of receiving her hard-earned money, and the joy it is to purchase on the morrow.

Calm and cloudless rose that morrow, bringing rest to the weary, and comfort to the sad. Among the glad pilgrims hastening away from the city, behold the poor widow and her sick child. By the earliest peep of dawn she started, so that they might have a long day of enjoyment. Every step of the way, she could see her languid charge improve. Better than all medicine; better than delicate, tempting food; better, even, than the mother's lov-

ing cares, was that pure air, that blessed sunshine, to the little drooping plant. It is ever thus. Nature is still the great healer of her ailing children.

On a grassy bank, under some over-shadowing trees, the parent laid her happy child. Then she gathered fragrant clover-blossoms, and brilliant, yellow buttercups, and placed them tenderly in his little feeble hands. What inarticulate joy was in his eyes, as he took the treasures, to him so rare! Next she collected a few pretty pebbles from a neighboring brook. Then she searched among the shrubs, and finding an old, deserted bird's nest, she put the pebbles within it, and laid the pretty offering before the invalid. Delight would be too cold a word to express what he seemed to feel.

Hour after hour went by—each more happy than the last. In that pure, sweet air, under those sheltering trees, they took their noon-tide meal; and the mother's eye brightened as she noted with what a relish her little companion ate his portion of the sylvan repast. What a season of enchantment it was! How were those two drooping spirits cheered and strengthened by the sweet influences of nature! How earnestly the boy said: "O mother! what a beautiful day Sunday is! If it could be always Sunday, how soon I should get well!"

Once more it was Saturday night. In one of the upper chambers of a stately mansion, on a downy cushioned sofa, sat a handsome woman, elegantly dressed. She might have numbered thirty years, or she might have been ten years older. It was difficult to fix her age, for the becoming effect of her dress, the skillfully rouged cheek, and the soft yet brilliant light which fell around her, all conspired to give her a youthful appearance.

She was evidently a woman of fashion—one of those devoted followers who sacrifice their whole time to the exacting deity—one of those who, in obeying the capricious laws of their idol, become thoroughly selfish, and neglect all the sweet amenities of life. She seemed now to be awaiting some one, for at every sound she glanced

toward the door; if no one entered, her fair face became clouded with disappointment and impatience. She took up a book which lay near her. It was the last fashionable novel, and, under other circumstances, would doubtless have awakened the requisite degree of interest and excitement, but now it was powerless to charm. With a movement of contempt, it was soon thrown aside.

At length the door opened, and the lady half arose, with an expression of eagerness, but when she saw who was about to enter, she sank languidly back into her former attitude. The new-comer was a gentleman of middle age, whose grave countenance and thoughtful demeanor offered a striking contrast to the lady's nervous and restless manner. She addressed him:

"Is it not strange, husband, that my things do not come?"

"What things, Adelaide?"

"Why, the bonnet and the laces I ordered at Madame Gossimer's this morning, when I went there with you. Is it possible you have forgotten them?"

"Let me plead guilty. I had, indeed, forgotten all about them."

"Well, husband, that surprises me. Why, I have scarcely thought of any thing else all day; and I am now half dying with impatience to try on the new bonnet. It is a miracle of beauty, and I feel quite sure that it will be exceedingly becoming."

Just then a servant entered with packages, and the lady flew to examine her treasures. The laces were costly and magnificent. Her eyes sparkled as she took them out of their careful wrappings. The bonnet, with its soft, white blonde, its exquisite French flowers, and streamers of rich ribbon, was, indeed, a triumph of artistic skill. The fair owner tripped to the glass, tried it on, and then turned to ask her husband about "the effect." He could not but acknowledge it beautiful and becoming; he could not but kiss the pretty lips, so coaxingly and coquettishly held up to his own; yet his face was a shade more grave and thoughtful as he turned away and took up a book. The lady had again sought her glass, therefore she did not remark the passing shadow, but continued

for some time longer to admire the bonnet and study "effect." At length this decoration was taken off and laid beside a dress of the richest texture; then the magnificent laces were added to the dress; and then the happy possessor of these articles stood off a few steps and looked at the whole, critically and earnestly, as an artist might at a fine picture. Then she gave utterance to her thoughts.

"Now, if my dear mantilla only comes home in time, I shall have the most elegant spring outfit that goes into our church to-morrow."

Yes, reader, all these fine things were to be displayed for the first time in the House of Worship; and then, not so much to set off the beauty of their wearer, as to awaken the envy and admiration of certain persons belonging to her "set."

"Let me see. Yes, it will certainly be the most elegant. Mrs. Dutton, with all her airs, can not afford such laces; and Mrs. Van Derlyn, though she has just returned from Paris, will not be able to sport half so *recherche* a bonnet. I shall feel proud enough—that is, if my new mantilla only comes home."

The husband heard these remarks and sighed. He was proud of his wife's beauty and elegance; he did not object to her fashionable celebrity, yet how often he wished she were a little more companionable—a little less devoted to the absorbing topic of dress! Now, he asked:

"And why could not my beautiful Adelaide go to church without the new mantilla? She has many rich shawls, would not one of those answer to wear on the morrow?"

"Oh! no, indeed. It is late in the season—much too late for a shawl. At this time of year every lady comes out in a new costume, and I would not, for the world, be seen in one-half new and half old. Unless I have the costume complete, I shall not go to church. I can plead a headache, or something of that kind, to my fashionable friends. They will be glad enough to miss me, for they know I always eclipse them. But the mantilla *will* come. The seamstress will not dare disappoint me."

"Seamstress? Why, do you have such things made? I thought you bought them at the shops?"

"So I do, in general, but this was a peculiar pattern of the richest embroidery—I could not find it on any of those offered for sale, and so I employed a poor girl, who has worked for me before, to do this."

"I hope, Adelaide, you will pay her well."

"Oh! yes—I shall pay her the regular price—no more. These kind of people know how to look out for themselves. She was here last evening, striving to put me off with excuses about not being well enough to finish the work this week. But I sent her word that if she did not have the mantilla home to-night—*some* time to-night, no matter how late—I should never employ her again."

"O Adelaide! how could you be so unfeeling, so heartless? I can not understand why women should be so hard upon the toiling operatives of their own sex. Were a man, now, to do this cruel deed which you boast of having done, he would be scorned by every honorable member of society. But a woman—she who should be so gentle, so compassionate, so merciful to those in adversity—she may scorn her toiling sister—she may even put her pretty foot upon her, and trample her down into the very dust, and yet the world takes no note of the heartless act! Society frowns not upon it, but receives the arch-taitoress (especially if she be beautiful and fascinating) with smiles and flattering words, and still continues to lavish upon her the undeserved incense of adulation. O Adelaide! such things are very, very wrong, and I pray God that you may see them, some day, in their own hideous light."

The lady's cheek glowed and her eye shot forth a gleam that betokened a storm. She bit her lip and sought, vainly, to hide the ugly frown that disfigured her fair face. Her voice had lost its usual sweet suavity of tone, as, with forced calmness, she said:

"You know, husband, if there is any thing I hate on earth, out of the pulpit, it is a sermon. As you have seen fit to give me such a solemn one to-night, I shall order the carriage and go to Mrs. F.'s reception, in order to recover my spirits, and overcome the unpleasant nervous excitement you have awakened."

The husband, whose momentary warmth

had all passed away, now gently remonstrated.

"I thought, Adelaide, on account of Charley's indisposition, you had given up the idea of going to Mrs. F.'s to-night. Do remain at home, and let us have, what is such a rare treat to me, a quiet evening by ourselves."

"Heaven forbid! That would subject me to another sermon, and that would put me so much out of humor, I should not look fit to be seen to-morrow. So you will please order the carriage—I shall go."

"But you will surely step up to the nursery first, to see how Charley is?"

"Nonsense! Charley is well enough. He is only a little feverish—all children are while cutting their teeth. I went up to see him after dinner, and staid ten or fifteen minutes. The little fellow cried to come to me, and when I took him, he pulled my dress and tumbled my collar at such a rate, that I was glad to get away from him. But, come—we shall be late. You will accompany me to Mrs. F.'s. of course?"

"Excuse me, Adelaide—I do not feel inclined."

Nothing more was said. When the carriage drove up, the husband coldly escorted his wife to it, handed her in, and, as the vehicle rattled away, he looked after it a moment, and then, with a deep sigh, reentered his splendid home.

Swiftly sped the hours in that gay saloon to which the lady had gone—swiftly, too, they sped, in the small chamber, where sat a poor slave of the needle, working away at a most difficult task. It was near midnight and the mantilla was yet unfinished.

"She said if I did not have it ready for her to wear to church to-morrow, she would never employ me again. Oh! if she could have known—if she could have dreamed how illy able I am to do it, she would not have sent such a cruel message! She surely would have shown some mercy. But I must not lose her custom. She, at least, pays me when my work is done. Other task-mistresses might not do as much; so I will strive to meet her wishes, even if I work till daylight."

Thus soliloquized the poor girl, while her fingers wrought busily amid the mimic flow-

ers of her beautiful handiwork. It was in strange contrast, that rich article of dress, to the poverty and wretchedness of every thing around it. A small lamp shed its rays directly upon the lustrous white silk, and the delicate flowers, already embroidered, flashed like silvery frost-work, even in that feeble light. A large white cloth was spread over the sewing-girl's faded garb, lest contact with it should soil the snowy, purity of the garment on which she wrought. Her pallid face, rising above that shroud-like drapery, looked almost death-like. Many of my readers must have observed the peculiar effect of artificial light, shining, in an upward direction, on a sickly countenance. It increases the pallor of the skin, deepens the hollows of the eyes, brings out all the lines made by care or want or pain, and gives the whole face an expression of suffering that adds years and years, apparently, to its actual age. Who would have thought, whilst looking at the wan, worn features of the seamstress, that she was young enough to be the daughter of the fair lady who, at that moment, stood amid a blaze of light, radiant with smiles of joy, and looking the very personification of blooming youth! Yes, the poor seamstress was, spite of her faded aspect, indeed young. She stood upon the threshold of Life's best and brightest season, but she stood there, as some poor outcast might stand at a garden-wall, looking wistfully up at the beautiful and tempting fruits which he was never to cull or taste.

The hours passed on. The lovely girl continued to "stitch, stitch, stitch." Her lamp grew dimmer and dimmer, for its oil was nearly consumed. Her blood-shot eyes were lifted a moment from their task, to wander around the apartment. What was there to cheer or strengthen? Nothing met that sorrowful gaze but the objects which had so often met it before. The miserable bed in one corner; the pine table before her; one or two old chairs; a broken vase, (remnant of better days,) with a few withered flowers—withered like her own early hopes!—the dingy uncarpeted floor, the bare and cheerless walls. Nothing save these? yes, a small window, with a torn curtain, now fluttering in the breeze of night—

this fixed the weary maiden's wandering glance. She arose, walked rapidly a few times across the room, to restore circulation to her cramped limbs, then she went to the little casement, and looked out. Not upon the now silent streets—not upon the stately dwellings near, nor yet upon the magnificent spires towering aloft, dwelt those earnest eyes—but into the quiet sky, amid the serene stars, went that wistful gaze. A moment only it rested there, but, in that moment, methinks some unseen angel held communion with the friendless daughter of toil. Words may not picture the happy expression, the sweet light that illumined her thin features, as she went back and resumed her task. Some heavenly vision had opened on her weary spirit—some divine voice had whispered words of peace and hope.

The night was far advanced, and the lady Adelaide, who had staid very late at her fashionable friend's reunion, was hastening home. Whilst going at a rapid pace, her horses were suddenly checked—so suddenly, that the carriage was instantaneously brought to a stand-still, and the stately woman was almost thrown from her cushioned seat. The angry flush that mounted to her cheek outbloomed the artificial roses already there, and, forgetful for a moment of the dignified composure necessary to her class, she put her head from the window and called to her coachman to know the meaning of his conduct.

"It was a poor woman crossing the street, madam. Being so dark, I did not see her in time, and, but for the sudden check I gave them, the horses would have trampled her."

The lady sank back in her seat, wondering "what business such creatures could possibly have out at that hour of the night."

Never broke a more beautiful Sabbath morn over the earth than that which gladdened it now. Far away in green forests, on sun-lit hills, and in flower-clad valleys, the Spirit of Peace benignly smiled. Even in the thronged and busy town her presence was felt and enjoyed. All harsh, discordant sounds were hushed, whilst tunelessly rose the soft chime of bells, and the mingled tread of happy crowds, hastening to the

house of prayer. Smiling faces and well-clad forms brightened all the broad avenues. Even dark and narrow streets were enlivened by cheerful-looking groups. Laboring men, with bent forms, arrayed in clean habiliments, moved along with tranquil and leisurely steps. Women, with sun-burned brows and hands hardened by toil, walked proudly on, displaying their well-earned finery with a complacency that is twin-sister to joy. Children—sweet-voiced, happy children, their soft curls floating over snow-white robes, flitted here and there, looking like the angels to whom they are so nearly allied. Weary artisans, who had passed the week in dark, close, unwholesome shops, now went abroad—their comely partners and well-dressed little ones by their side—proud and thankful for that brief season of repose. Yes, far and near over the broad earth—in lonely settlements, in rural villages and peopled towns, millions of human hearts throbbled to the tuneful measure of joy, and blessed God that the toilsome Saturday night was ever followed by the peaceful Sabbath morn.

Amid the gay beings who cheerily welcomed the day, none was more elate and exultant than the fair lady Adelaide. She had all her heart desired. As she stood before the mirror, decorating her stately form, her soul was full of pride, and she gloried in the vision of beauty that smiled before her. The rich robe, the costly laces, the elegant bonnet were all properly arranged, and now she unfolded the crowning glory of her toilette, the embroidered mantilla. It was indeed a superb garment, and drawing it gracefully around her fine figure, the beautiful wearer gave one more glance at her mirror and went forth to receive the admiration for which she "lived, moved, and had her being."

And where was the poor girl who had contributed so largely to the embellishment of that majestic form? She had done her work well—where was her reward? She had nobly endured the trials of *her* toilsome Saturday night—where were the joys of *her* Sabbath morn?

Late, very late she had accomplished her task, and then, worn out with want of food and rest, she sought the dwelling of her

patroness, expecting to receive her well-earned pay. But—"the lady was out—had forgotten to leave the money—she must call for it again, on Monday morning." Such was the message that sent the poor creature forth, once more, into the inhospitable night, exhausted, penniless and without food. It was a long walk back to her comfortless abode. On the way, she was nearly run down by a pair of horses that came suddenly dashing round a corner, as she was crossing the street. Trembling and faint, she reached the shelter of her home. Wearily she mounted the many flights of steps leading to her own poor apartment, and hopelessly she laid herself down upon her miserable bed. It was her last Saturday night of toil and suffering. She woke to a Sabbath morn of rest—she woke to a Sabbath morn in Heaven—a Sabbath morn more glorious, more peaceful, more beautiful than any her poor heart had ever known or dreamed of on earth.

## THE AMERICAN MARRIAGE MARKET.

MATRIMONIAL advertisements are becoming more and more common. One would suppose that they are found to succeed, otherwise their number would not increase as it does. Matrimony is not so comfortable a thing to be secured by permanent residence in a huge hotel, containing one thousand or fifteen hundred souls. If married life be thus wanting in the quiet and repose which constitute its earlier charms, the preliminary proceedings are arranged with at least a proportionate disregard for what we old-fashioned people look upon as comfort in such matters. A man who finds himself rich enough to marry will walk out some fine afternoon, and watch the entrance to one of the emporiums of fancy articles for ladies, and when he sees a girl with a face and manner which please him, he enters the store, and frankly tells her the state of the case. If she is already engaged, or does not like his looks, she tells him so, and no harm is done. He either goes away to his dinner with appetite unabated, or he remains on the watch till some free or more willing maid is found. But this is rather

an exception than the rule, and the columns of the "daily" are the only road to matrimony for a large class of Americans.

It is not always that advertisements succeed. The following is an instance of a contrary result:

"The middle-aged widower, who advertised three weeks ago, is still a candidate for matrimony. Many letters are missing by not giving explicit and proper directions."

How sad!—is *still* a candidate for matrimony! Did he, perhaps, confess to "encumbrances" in his previous advertisement, or is it because he is middle-aged and a widower that he has not been appropriated in the course of three whole weeks? And he is evidently such an unsuspecting, simple-minded, trustful man. Some men would have thought that if no letter came, no letters had been written; but not so the middle-aged widower. He, on the contrary, is full of faith. He is sure that many ladies have written; they must have used a wrong address. Is it yet too late for us to point out to the fair sex how invaluable a husband with such ready explanatory theories would be to ladies who love liberty?

The middle-aged widower does not deserve to be disappointed; but we can scarcely hold the same view of a middle-aged lady's case:

"A lady of middle age, with no gentleman acquaintance, would like to form an acquaintance with a gentleman—from middle age to sixty—with a view to matrimony."

Now, in the first place, does this mean that the acquaintanceship is to last from middle-age to sixty, with a view to eventual matrimony? That sort of arrangement would certainly not suit an eager young fellow like the middle-aged widower, whom a delay of even three weeks could drive into that plaintive "*still* a candidate." But, further than this, the lady makes two capital blunders, which will probably prove fatal to her wishes. She should have represented herself as surrounded by troops of ardent admirers, none of whom quite come up to her ideal standard; and she should have chosen some less offensive phrase than "from middle-age to sixty,"

supposing it to refer to the age of the gentleman, and not to the duration of the courtship. That phrase will infallibly offend all matrimonial men of sixty. We should imagine that the middle-aged widower is very close upon sixty, else he would describe himself as "in the prime of life," and yet the wording of the advertisement implies that sixty is old. On the other hand, men from forty to fifty will not allow that they are middle-aged, they leave that for fellows of sixty. A. B. Lenord will thus please no one. She will fall between two stools. We are ready to wager that she does not change her condition unless she changes the terms of her advertisement.

Here is a proposal, whose full beauties do not come out on a mere cursory glance:

"A gentleman, of medium age, and in a good mercantile business, desires the acquaintance of a lady from twenty-five to forty years of age for a wife. His lady acquaintance in this city very limited, is of a retiring, modest disposition."

Observe the delicacy of the gentleman of medium age. He does not address himself to principals, but to friends of principals. He wants as a wife the acquaintance of a lady from twenty-five to forty years of age. How old the wished-for wife is to be he does not say, nor why her friend should be from twenty-five to forty years of age. His second sentence, too, is ambiguous. "His lady acquaintance in this city very limited; is of a retiring, modest disposition." Possibly this embodies a complaint, and if so, it is unwise, for it casts a reflection upon his readers. It amounts to saying that he can not get on with the retiring and modest limited ladies, and so seeks for a wife among that opposite class which advertises or answers advertisements.

What does a "middle-aged gentleman" mean, who "desires the acquaintance of a poor young lady," and adds in parenthesis, "an orphan preferred?" Can it be that he objects to the idea of a mother-in-law? or is it that there is something wrong about him, which a natural protector would find out? On the other hand, it may be that he is so deficient in personal attractions—about which very little is said in these advertisements, and as compared with income

—that he thinks he will have a better chance with the "poor and helpless" class. "A bashful young man" does not look for an orphan; he confesses that "a pretty foot is his passion," in connection with "flaxen hair and blue eyes," not knowing, perhaps, in his bashfulness, that the combination of these three excellences is rare. "A young soldier" is not so bashful as the "bashful young man." He wanders through involved sentences, with much confusion of first and third person, and at last, feeling that he has rather made a mess of it, bursts out in plain king's English:

"I am quite anxious to marry, if I can find some one suited to my mind, in about one year hence, or at the close of the war if sooner terminated. None but those who are sincerely disposed to look the matter square in the face need reply."

The military profession brings us to two advertisements which appear next each other in the columns of an American paper, by that fatuity which so much impressed the mind of a well-known character of modern fiction:

"Three young gentlemen, now serving in the army of the Potomac, whose term of service will shortly expire, are desirous of opening a correspondence with a few young ladies, with a view to matrimony. Address, in sincerity, with *carte de visite*, if agreeable, C. E. Z."

"Three young ladies, with hearts beating responsive to the music of the Union, and deeply interested in the success of our gallant soldiers in their efforts to crush this unholy rebellion, wish to open correspondence with any who lack lady friends at home. We have albums in which to store such photographs as we may receive."

"With *carte de visite*, if agreeable," is ambiguous. Is it but to say, in other words, "if you are ugly, don't send your picture?" But that little difficulty sinks into insignificance in presence of the awful idea, what *would* the ladies have done if they had themselves been four, or the young gentlemen two? How could they ever have decided which of the sisterhood should retire from the competition?

L. S.



## IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

BY AN ANCIENT ATTORNEY.

I HAVE a theory that a man's fate lies in his natural disposition, which leads him, right or wrong, against his will and against his knowledge. Thus, I believe that the man who never gets on in the world has within him a certain bias toward the wrong side of the road of life. He is like one of those balls used in playing bowls. He is, to all appearance, perfectly round and equally balanced; but, roll him as straight as you will, he invariably inclines to one side. When we see men equal in all other respects—in talent, education, physical strength, and personal appearance—it is, I suspect, this secret bias which makes the difference in their fortunes. One goes straight along the high-road of life to the goal; while the other struggles onward for a while, inclining little by little toward the side, until at last he rolls into the ditch. Thus one becomes rich, another poor; one catches all the diseases that flesh is heir to, another escapes them; one is drowned, another is hanged.

In pursuing this theory, I am disposed to believe that there is a certain kind of men and women whose bias is always rolling them into the witness-box. Mark the dull witness. Of course he gets into the dock instead of the witness-box; of course he stumbles up the steps, and equally of course stumbles down them again. He takes the book in the wrong hand, and when he is told to take it in the other, that hand is sure to be gloved; the court is kept waiting while he divests himself of this article of apparel; and the consciousness of the witness that all eyes are upon him, concentrated in a focal glare of reproof and impatience, only tends to increase and intensify his stupidity. He drops the book; he kisses his thumb—not evasively, for he is incapable of any design whatever; he looks at the judge when he ought to be looking at the counsel, and at the counsel, when he ought to be looking at the judge. There is such an utter want of method in the stupidity of this witness that counsel can make nothing of him. He perjures himself a

dozen times, and with regard to that collision case, gets into such a fog about the rule of the road, that at last he does not know his right hand from his left.

Now the confident witness steps into the box. He is, in his own idea, prepared for every thing. He is prepared for the slips; he is ready at all points for the greasy New Testament. He looks the counsel steadily in the face, as much as to say: "You will not shake my evidence, I can tell you." The counsel meets this look with a glance of anticipated triumph. There is a defined position here whose assumption of strength is its greatest weakness. The confident witness has resolved to answer yes and no, and not to be tempted into any amplifications which will give the cross-examining counsel an opportunity of badgering him. The counsel can make nothing of him for a while; but at last he goads him into an expression of anger; when, seeing that he is losing his temper, he smiles a galling smile, and says: "No doubt, sir, you think yourself a very clever fellow; don't you now? Answer me, sir." The confident witness falling into this trap, and thinking "answer me, sir," has reference to the question about his cleverness, snaps the counsel up with a retort about being as clever as he is; and immediately the badgering commences.

"How dare you interrupt me, sir? Prevarication won't do here, sir. Remember you are on your oath, sir!" And the indignation of the witness being thus aroused—by, it must be confessed, a most unwarrantable and ungentlemanly course of proceeding—away goes the main-sheet of his confidence, and he is left floundering about without rudder or compass in the raging sea of his anger. It is now the worthy object of the learned counsel to make him contradict himself, and to exhibit him in the eyes of the jury as a person utterly unworthy of belief.

There is a nervous variety of this witness, who is occasionally frightened into doubting his own handwriting. He is positive at first; has no doubt on the point whatever. It is, or it is not. Then he is asked if he made a point of putting a dot over the i in "Jenkins." He always made a point o' that.

"Do you ever omit the dot?"

"Never."

"Then be good enough to look at this signature," (counsel gives him a letter, folded up so as to conceal every thing but the signature.) "You perceive there is no dot over the i there. Is that your signature?"

"I should say not."

"You should say not—why? Because there is no dot over the i?"

"Yes; because there is no dot over the i."

"Now, sir, look at the whole of that letter. Did you write such a letter?"

"Certainly; I did write such a letter."

"Did you write *that* letter?"

"I—I——"

"Remember, sir, you are on your oath. Is it like your handwriting?"

"It is."

"Is it like your signature?"

"It is."

"Is it your signature?"

"It might be."

"Gentlemen of the jury, after most positively denying that this was his signature, the witness at length admits that it might be."

This witness has really no doubts about his handwriting at all, until he is artfully induced to commit himself with regard to the dotting of i's and the crossing of t's.

The deaf witness is not a hopeful subject for counsel to deal with. When the counsel begins to ask awkward questions, says "eh?" to every thing; and if he be a knowing witness at the same time; pretends not to understand, which justifies him in giving stupid and irrelevant answers. As a rule, both sides are not sorry to get rid of a deaf witness; and he is told to stand down in tones of mingled pity and contempt.

The knowing witness, who is not deaf, is a too-clever-by-half gentleman, who soon falls a prey to his overweening opinion of his own sharpness. They are not going to frighten him by asking him to kiss the book. He kisses it with a smack of the lips and a wag of the head, by which he seems to indicate that he is prepared to eat the book if required. This is the gentle, man who is credited with those sharp retorts upon lawyers which we find in jest-

books and collections of wit and humor; but I fear he has little real claim to distinction as a dealer in repartee. Those smart things are "made up" for him, as they are made for the wag, and generally for Joseph Miller. The retorts of the knowing witness are usually on the simplest principle of *tu quoque*, and as their pith chiefly consists in their rudeness—only counsel are allowed to be rude in court—they are certain to be checked by the court. The court does not tolerate jokes that are not made by itself.

The witness who introduces foreign matter into her evidence is generally of the female gender, and is a person whose appearance and manner warrant counsel in addressing her as "my good woman." She will declare that she is "*not* a good woman," and secure for that standard witticism the laugh which it never fails to raise, whether spoken innocently or with intent. She deals very much in "he said" and "she said;" and of course the counsel does not want to know what he said or she said, but what the good woman saw with her own eyes and heard with her own ears. But nothing on earth will induce her to stick to the point; and though she is pulled up again and again, she still persists in giving all collateral circumstances in minute detail.

The interesting witness is also of the feminine gender—slim, prim, modest, and demure. She is a young lady of "prepossessing appearance," and notably interesting. The moment she steps into the box and puts up her veil to kiss the book, the court and bar fix eye-glasses and scrutinize her narrowly; and they will be seen, while staring the interesting young lady out of countenance, to nudge each other and pass round pleasant jokes. The place to look for her is the Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, where it is generally the object of the cross-examining counsel to prove that the interesting witness, who has prepossessed every one by her modest demeanor, is no better than she should be. There is possibly no warranty for this course of proceeding; but then the noble practice of the law requires that an attorney shall do the best he can for his client, and that he must not scruple to blacken the charac-

ter of the innocent, in order to protect from the consequences of his crime one whom he well knows to be guilty.

The interesting female witness is of two kinds. One is what she seems; the other is *not* what she seems. The mock-modest lady usually gives her cross-examiner a good deal of trouble. She is wary; brief in her answers, decisive in her replies; and her habit of dropping her eyes enables her to conceal her emotions. This witness holds out to the last. The other, who is really the interesting, modest, demure, timid creature that she appears, soon betrays herself under a severe cross-examination. Her only weapon of defense rises unbidden from the depths of her wounded feelings, in the shape of a flood of tears.

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## ACCOMMODATING A FRIEND.

BY A WALL-STREET FINANCIER.

YOU ask me what is my profession or calling—what are my means of living? I am broker to a number of money-lenders—to any one of that trade who will employ me; all of them being glad for me to bring fish to their respective nets. Was I always in this line of business? Certainly not. At thirty years of age I was insolvent. But what I had lost in money I had gained in experience, and resolved to turn my knowledge to account. A relative left me five thousand dollars to set me up as a wine-merchant, but in six months I failed for three thousand. Another friend procured me a situation in an insurance-office, but I could not keep the place. When a man has a taste for extravagant life, it is more than difficult to sober down and become a useful member of society. At any rate, I found it impossible, and therefore, in order to earn my daily bread, I accepted the offer of a well-known money-lender, to look out for victims for him, and to be paid a commission of five per cent. upon every transaction which he does by means of my introduction.

You say that people would never suspect me of following this calling; of course they would not. If it were known that I derived any profit from bill or other mone-

tary transactions, I should be avoided at once. I dress well—no man better—I have always remained a member of a military company, and it is generally supposed by the numerous men about town who know me that I have property of my own, and live rather a fast life; or that I dabble in shares and stocks. Only yesterday I overheard a young friend—a very old hand about town—ask: “What *is* Captain Blank? How does he gain his living?” The reply was: “Don’t know; sold out years ago; seems always to have green-backs; meet him every where; capital fellow; up to any thing.” And such would be the opinion of nine men out of ten, if asked who or what I am.

What do I make by my profession? Never less than fifty dollars a week, and sometimes as much as thirty or forty more. It all depends upon the season and luck. Trade expenses I have little or none, beyond a standing advertisement in two or three of the weekly papers, in which I inform “GENTLEMEN OF PROPERTY, AND OFFICERS UPON FULL PAY, THAT THEY CAN BE ACCOMMODATED WITH MONEY, UPON THEIR OWN NOTES OF HAND AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE,” by applying by letter to Mr. Smith, at such a number in such a street.

Of course I don’t give my own name. At the place named I have an office, a single room, which I pay only three dollars a week for the use of, and a desk; a boy, whose only duties are to appear busy when any one calls, and to reply to all inquiries that Mr. Smith, my office name, “is out,” and that “it is impossible to say when he will be back.”

I have two ways of doing business—the one by means of advertisements, the other by private information. By the former mode, I wait until the fish has nibbled at the bait, and then I land him at my leisure. By the latter, I profess merely to act as the pleasant gay fellow, glad to help a friend out of a scrape in money matters. I will illustrate my meaning.

The advertisements I put into the papers serve chiefly to attract gentlemen who, although in want of “accommodation,” are not so very much pressed for time as to make a day or two, more or less, an object

of vital importance in their getting the money. Such persons, in nine cases out of ten, answer my advertisement by letter, and state what money they want, and upon what security. The latter is almost always a bill, and the applicant is as invariably a young man—a clerk, an officer in the army, or some one who has what money-lenders call “an available position.” To such letters I send a prompt reply, stating that the applicant shall have a definite answer in the course of the day. The actual means of such persons are either known, or can be easily ascertained in the course of a few hours; in many cases I have no inquiries to make, for I already know all about them. I at once proceed to one of my principals, one of the money-lenders, and show him the application. If he be willing to “do” the bill, well and good; if not, I go to another party of the same calling. When I find my chief ready, I write at once to the applicant, from my office, not in my own name, and tell him that if he will call at such an hour the following day upon Mr. So-and-so—the money-lender—he shall have what he requires. He does so, and for his note of hand at three months for two hundred dollars say, receives probably just one hundred, being interest at the rate of one hundred per cent. per annum. If he demurs at this, the money-lender informs him that he will “do” the bill for less, provided he, the borrower, will get another name to the document, knowing well that the said applicant would pay any interest that could be named, rather than divulge his want of money, or put himself under obligation to a friend. In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, the business ends by the borrower taking the money and giving his bill. In such instances the lender chiefly relies upon the “available position” of the borrower, who must pay ultimately, though he may, perhaps, be a little long in doing so. What matters delay when interest upon interest, at the rate of one hundred per cent. per annum, is paid? Thus, if the note of hand for two hundred dollars be not paid at maturity, the debtor probably will have to pay fifty dollars more down by way of interest for renewing the document for three

months; the original debt remaining at two hundred dollars. The schoolboy's sum of the nails in the horseshoe is as nothing, in rolling up figures, as are these simple methods of increasing their wealth resorted to by the money-lenders. Compound interest at the rate of one hundred per cent., and the amount turned over every three months, is an interest not dreamed of in the wildest schemes of the financial companies.

When my principal has “done” the bill, I call and receive my commission of five per cent.; and when the same is renewed, I receive a commission of two and a half per cent. upon the amount renewed. For this commission I am supposed to make “no mistake” about the party or parties I introduce. If I do—if I represent an individual as being “all right,” and he turns out to be “all wrong,” my reputation with the money-lender suffers, and it is probable that I may do no more bills or business with the individual who has been “let in for it” by my inadvertence. At first I used to make these mistakes, but I seldom do so now.

I must not boast, however. Not six months ago I was the innocent victim of a trap, which has seldom being equaled for cleverness. In reply to one of my usual weekly advertisements, I received a letter stating that the writer was an officer of the regular army, at home on leave; that his income and allowances amounted to about a thousand a year, but that he had been extravagant since his return, and was in want of ready money until his next quarter's salary became due. He wanted an advance of five hundred upon a bill drawn by himself, and accepted by a military friend who had retired from the service. The writer ended a short business-like letter by giving me, as reference for himself, a first-rate house in the city, and as reference for his friend, an equally respectable broker.

I called at both these references, and found that Mr. So-and-so and Colonel Blank were both well known and highly respectable gentlemen, and both men of means. Determined to be cautious, and feeling certain that neither of these gentlemen was likely to meet me in the set I moved in, I wrote, offering them a personal

interview for a certain day. They both came to my office, and appeared to be gentlemanly men, of a decidedly fine appearance. After some conversation—in which the intended borrower bargained very hard for a lower rate of interest than I had proposed, and at the same time said a week or two more or less did not signify for the money being paid—I got the one to draw and the other to accept a bill for five hundred dollars at three months, for which one hundred was to be deducted by way of interest. This was done, and taking the draft to one of the chief money-lenders, I got the money for it, and paid it over to the borrower. In course of time the bill became due, and not being paid, an attorney's letter was written to each party requesting an immediate remittance. To my dismay, replies were received from both drawer and acceptor denying any knowledge whatever of the bill. I then wrote requesting them to give me an interview, which they did; but two strangers presented themselves. To make a long story short, I found, after a vast deal of inquiry, that we had been victimized by two clever sharpers, who had, by some means or other, obtained a knowledge of these two gentlemen's references, and of other particulars respecting them. My fault had been, that I had never identified one or other of the parties whom I had seen. The commercial firm and the broker that had answered for these gentlemen's respectability, had done so in perfect good faith, believing that I had satisfied myself as to their being the persons they represented themselves to be. The trick was cleverly carried out; for, during the interview I had with the swindlers before they got the money, one of them, as if by chance, pulled out of his breast-pocket a number of old letters, on one of which he commenced to make some calculations with a pencil. These letters were addressed to the person whose name their owner had assumed. The calling-cards of both impostors also bore the names of the gentlemen whom they pretended to be. But clever or otherwise, nothing was ever seen or heard again of these men, and their swindle cost the money-lender five hundred dollars, whilst it cut me out from ever doing business again with him.

It is not, however, that I often do business on any large scale by means of advertisement. The line that I excel most in is giving information and advice as to where bills may be discounted or loans obtained. Thus of an evening, in the smoking-room of the club, some individual who has been hard hit at the Stokes, or is otherwise in want of money, will say to me: "Come, So-and-so, you know every body; tell me, like a good fellow, how to get a couple of hundred." I—of course professing to be open and candid—reply that I don't often do much myself in that line, but that when I do want any thing of the kind, I go to an old rascal of such a name, living in a certain street, and that if the inquirer likes, I will introduce him to the villain next day. In the mean time I take care to inform myself well who and what the men are who propose to draw and accept the bill. This done, I dispatch a private and confidential note to my principal, telling him that I shall call at such an hour to introduce a certain party to him who wants to borrow four or five hundred, or more, dollars from him, as the case may be. In the note I also give him information as to whether, and to what extent, the borrower may be trusted, what his position is, what his means, character, etc., and the name of the man who has accepted the bill, or otherwise has become surety; also, whether the money is wanted in a great hurry, and to what extent the victim will probably stand bleeding. I then take my friend to call upon the money-lender, who makes his own terms with the victim; and next day I return and pocket my commission of five per cent. upon the business done.

Persons who have never been mixed up in bill-discounting matters, will hardly believe the enormous rates of interest often paid for money, even by men who are really perfectly solvent, but who happen to be very much pushed for immediate accommodation. Not longer ago than last year, I remember that a gentleman lost a considerable sum at play. To pay the money was a matter of vital importance, without which he could never have held up his head again either in society or in his club. He happened at the moment to

have overdrawn the balance at his banker's, and—either from a foolish shame, or some other motive—did not like to ask his father for money, or even to go to the family lawyer. The sum he wanted was two hundred and fifty dollars; and for this amount, besides insuring his life in favor of the lender, he actually gave his note of hand, payable in three months, for five hundred dollars, being at the rate of four hundred per cent. per annum interest. The conditions he made were, in the first place, that he should receive the money in twenty-four hours; secondly, that no one should know he had borrowed it; thirdly, that no other person's name should be required as security to the note of hand. His requests were all complied with. I was the fortunate "tout" who introduced this gentleman to the money-lender, and I received seventy-five dollars for my morning's work.

As a general rule, however, money-lenders do not like to discount in large sums. To use their own slang, they prefer not to have too many eggs in the same pot. They delight in a number of small bills; so that if one, two, or three turn out bad speculations, the others pay for them—the good thus paying for the bad.

A young man whom I had known for some time as often requiring monetary "accommodation," but who—as I learned from the discounters, to whom I had introduced him—always met his bills at maturity, asked me one evening, in the smoking-room of the club, if I could put him in the way of getting "a largish bill done." I found it was for three thousand dollars, drawn by himself, and accepted by a gentleman of considerable landed property. I replied that I thought I could introduce him to a man who would let him have the money, and we made an appointment for next day, when I went with him to one of the discounters for whom I picked up business. To my surprise, no sooner had the money-lender examined the bill, than he agreed to "do" it, though at an exceedingly high figure—something like three hundred per cent. per annum. However, it was not for me to question the act of my principal; the less so, as it brought in grist to my mill. I received a check for my

commission next day, and happening to express an opinion to the effect that the bill had been very quickly discounted, the money-lender winked at me, and said: "That bill is certain to be paid, *for it is accepted by the wrong man.*" In other words, the document was—so far as the acceptor's name was concerned—a forgery, and, therefore, the gentleman who had uttered the bill—or he failing, his friends—would, to save legal consequences, be sure to pay it when due. I had the curiosity to inquire afterward if the bill had been paid at maturity, and found that it had.

Forged bills are by no means uncommon among discounters; but the boldest attempt to take in a member of this fraternity happened about three years ago. A gentlemanly-looking man, who spoke English with rather a foreign accent, called one day upon a certain Wall street discounter, and said he had in his possession a bill for twenty-five thousand dollars, drawn by a responsible man, and accepted by a well-known general officer. The bill, he said, was payable four months after date, and was to be kept a profound secret, as it had been drawn and discounted for a private reason known only to his immediate friends. Although greedy enough for gain, the money-lender knew better than to believe this story. The bill was offered to him for fifteen thousand dollars cash, and he told the person to call the next day at noon, when the money would be ready—intending to have a detective officer ready, and to hand over the impostor to the care of the police. It is to be presumed that the foreign gentleman saw something or other in the discounter's manner which frightened him; for although he promised to come at the appointed time, he was never again seen or heard of.

We may account for many robberies which foreigners have committed by the hypothesis that we are more inclined to give credit to them than to our own countrymen. In New York particularly, where one of the latter might starve, a Frenchman or German would be able to live—upon credit—on the best of the land.

Money-lenders and discounters may almost be looked upon as a race apart from

the rest of the world. As a rule, their outward and visible profession is either that of wine-merchant or attorney; but in neither of these callings do they do more than a merely nominal business. Although I have known renewals go on for two or three years, the victim paying ten, fifteen or twenty per cent. every three months, yet I have known them to do generous acts. To men like myself, who do their dirty work for them, they are punctual, and even liberal, paymasters. No discounter—beyond, perhaps, putting in an occasional advertisement—ever looks out for business; he leaves that to his pilot-fish, as he calls us, to whom he pays a handsome commission. The best are those who, like myself, have once been flats, but are now sharps; who were formerly pigeons and were plucked, but who now help the hawks to pluck. Few people would believe how many of these “discount agents,” as some of us sometimes call ourselves, are to be found in every class and rank of life. I know of more than one broken-down man of fashion whose sole source of income has for years been “introducing business” to bill-discounters; and among officers out of the army, who, without any visible means of earning their bread, still live upon the fat of the land, the “profession” of bringing lenders and borrowers of money together has become exceedingly common.

Discounters are generally men clad in purple and fine linen, who fare sumptuously every day; but to this rule there are exceptions. I know one of the fraternity who, although making his twenty-five or thirty thousand a year, does not spend two. I had once occasion to go to his private residence, in a miserable dirty back street in one of the suburbs. He told me that he kept no servant, his wife and daughter performing all the most menial offices of the household. He does not profess to be poor, but says openly that making and saving money is his only pleasure in life.

When a bill he has discounted is fairly ascertained to be bad—when drawer and acceptor have so come to grief that nothing can be got out of the one or the other—the discounter seldom troubles himself much

about the document. He looks upon it as worse than useless to throw good money after bad in attempting to get “blood out of a stone.” It is true that these practitioners charge enormous rates of interest for money lent; but they argue that no one is obliged to borrow from them unless it suits him to do so, and that all they do, and what they charge, is fair and above-board.

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It is stated, says an English paper, that there are twenty steam boilers under the floor of the House of Parliament, many working at high-pressure, and not tested as to their strength for years. It might create a deal of excitement, certainly a new sensation for the *base*, if some morning the reports of parliamentary proceedings in the papers were to wind up suddenly with: “Here the debate came to an end by the blowing up of all the members. A new ministry and opposition, with the requisite number of members to work both, will be immediately required.”

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GOLD IN ANCIENT TIMES.—Whatever may have been the source whence the ancients obtained their gold, there is abundant evidence that this metal was admired and valued by them much as it is at the present day. Many of the accounts given by early writers dazzle us into the supposition that the stories of gold in those days were much larger than can be commanded at present. Thus, Semiramis is said to have erected statues of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea, forty feet in height, and made of beaten gold. Drinking-vessels made of gold, and weighing twelve hundred talents, are also spoken of. The sumptuous display of precious metals in the palaces of the great are frequently alluded to; but it has been aptly observed that the quantity diffused among the bulk of the English population at the present day would make a sum total far outbidding the golden wealth of those earlier days, though less obvious and glittering from being so much more diffused.

## DOMESTIC LETTERS FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3, 18—.

WE came up this interesting bay, and through the Golden Gate, in a fine clear air, and anchored about six P.M. at the Mail Steamship Company's wharf. You begin to catch glimpses of the back-side or suburbs of the city, of Telegraph Hill and Russian Hill, as you pass through the Gate, about two and a half miles off. It looks rough and unattractive, and you wonder what can be beyond. As you sail through the anchored ships and occasional local steamers in this wide and magnificent harbor—large enough to float the navies of the world—the shipping at the wharves begin to open, and give you your first realizing sense that you are nearing a great mart. The wharf-front is, however, the poorest aspect of the city. You see distant Oakland and other villages across the bay, answering to our Staten Island, and fairly but not richly green. Indeed, the evidences of drought for the last hundred miles, during which we had the coast range in near view, were very alarming. Hills and pastures, that should have been covered with living green and with fat cattle, looked brown and parched, with pining herds and a few sheep about. There was no beauty, except in form, any where in the aspect of the country, which at ordinary seasons is just now in its highest robes of flowery verdure.

The first impressions of San Francisco are very much what I had prefigured. It is a city built on a billowy range of sand-hills, high and steep, with short artificial levels created between them, with land stolen from the sea, to eke out what more of level was needed for business. The city is laid out with a *reckless regularity*, like Philadelphia, when nature intended it to be laid out in concentric half-circles, which would have made it as beautiful and original as any thing in the world. The streets are steep beyond belief. They run right over what we should call mountains; and a street beginning in splendor, and on

a dead-level, ends in a sand-hill, skirted with the original chaparral, at not half a mile distance. Such an assemblage of ambitious, first-class buildings, gleaming with the biggest plate-glass, great mirrors, and great upholstery; of iron, and wooden, and squatly stores; of Spanish-looking stone-prisons; of adobe huts, covered with tiles, you never imagined. The buildings look old in this country very soon; the city is now half brick, (covered with stucco,) and half wooden, painted to look like stone. The dwelling-houses are very much upon the hills, and are, many of them, elaborate and elegant, and in the midst of gardens—flowers and running vines abound. The public buildings are mostly third-rate, although the school-houses are in several cases significantly fine. The public squares are few. Many of the best houses are low, by reason of fear of earthquakes.

The great feature of San Francisco is the vastness of the sand-hills, which seem to be a desert quarreling with civilization for dominion. You are reminded, in the form, size, and general aspect of these hills, of the mountains around Jerusalem. The country is Oriental in sky, in configuration, and in absence of trees and water, as well as in size and grotesqueness of vegetable growth. The idea of Palmyra and Tadmara is reversed; there, the desert is conquering palaces—here, palaces are conquering the desert; but both are in great force and in vigorous juxtaposition. You can not overrate the savageness of the immediate neighborhood of the city—nay, within the city bounds. A walk of fifteen minutes carries you into the bush. The original sand and chaparral are there. It is already divided into lots. It is worth dollars per foot; for next year, a three-story building—a block, perhaps—will be on this very spot. The vastness of the enterprise, the actual manual labor, the courage and patience, with which this coast and city have been seized and subdued, is appalling to contemplate. You can not imagine how any people ever had the heart to undertake, or the persistency to accomplish it; and people say the mines present a still more wonderful evidence of this.

The next thing is the average age of the



people, at the most energetic period of life—few men above forty-five, few below twenty; few young people, except children under ten; no grandsires.

The next, that no body *expects* to stay here, although more than half *will*. All talk of the States as home.

The next, that any body is talking of the newness and miraculous growth. There is no other topic, except "*feet*"—meaning interest in "Gould & Curry," etc. There are more dignity, civilization and self-respect in the customs of the people than I counted on—more gravity, less disposition to overrate people and things. I have as yet seen many people, but few leaders. I do not know whether they have them out of commerce. The peril in which fidelity to the Union is placed by this extreme distance is constant. A tax on mining-stock would strain the cord fearfully. Let all who have any influence warn the Government how that tax is placed on every thing except *dividends* themselves. Oh! how important the Pacific Railroad is! How little I appreciated it at home!

We are in the midst of a spring climate—coolish a large part of the day, yet producing, with a strange out-of-season effect, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, peas, asparagus, and all sorts of vegetables, on this 3d of May; our table is loaded with them. Boxes of fruit from four different sources are in our parlor—the finest ox-hearts and big strawberries; the flavor is not first-rate.

California is wonderful for its children, for their growth and beauty. It is very dangerous for folks who have more children already than they know what to do with, to come to California; for such is the singular effect of the air here, that ancient Elizabeths bud again.

We have been here twelve days, and it is astonishing how much at home we feel. A large part of our time is taken up in receiving calls of friendship and ceremony, and we are never safe from an irruption of warm, and sometimes long-winded, visitors, who outstay each other. We try every dodge; sometimes go down into the public parlor to command the situation, and sometimes receive in our room; but it is pretty much all the same—*it is no use!*

VOL. I.—No. 6.—E.

—we are doomed to be loved and visited to death; and, on the whole, it is an easy death to die. To-day, General Wright and his staff of twenty uniformed gentlemen made me a visit of ceremony at high-noon, with a formal speech, to which I returned, of course, a formal reply. It was all over in about fifteen minutes. But there is no very laborious duty required, and I can stand a good deal of *fêteing* and junketing. I find so much more to do in the parish itself than I expected, that I foresee, even with Mr. Badger here, some difficulties in getting away sufficiently to visit the State, and see its people and scenery. It is so interesting to minister to Mr. King's warm-hearted, cordial people; and they are so truly afflicted at his loss, and so generous in giving me a part of his place in their affections, that I am deeply won to them. E. and the children come in for their full share of interest, and are sometimes almost burdened with attentions of fruits and flowers, and kind propositions to do this and that. But they enjoy the novelty and the abandon of their position.

I have begun to look a little below the surface here. It is a wonderful scene of speculation. If a man should propose to build a pyramid twice as big as Cheops, and could only get the stock sufficiently taken to make it "active," thousands would rush into it, to trade in other people's gullability.

San Francisco grows at the expense of all the other towns. The last two years is said to have really greatly injured California, by immense losses of people, removed to other territories—Nevada, Idaho, etc. So long as an absurd profuseness reigns—an unheard-of prodigality in the habits of all the people—there can be little money laid up.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30, 18—.

Since our last, we made our first considerable journey into the interior. We went on a jaunt of five days to the Geysers. Leaving San Francisco at about three P.M., in the little steamer San Rafael, we sailed through the beautiful Bay of San Francisco, which is capable of being decidedly rough, till we came, after about thirty miles, to the opening of the little creek that

runs up the valley of Petaluma. It was a slough, a very well-known peculiarity of the water-courses of this country, owing its fullness to the tides that set back into it, and rapidly growing shallow, with very low banks and a very winding course. We arrived at last within one and a half miles of the town, when finding the boat (very small and shallow as it was) could get no further, we took to stages, into which incredible numbers crowded, in and outside, and soon found ourselves at the tavern of Petaluma about eight P.M. Here we saw the rude hotel-life of the smaller towns of California. It is better than you would think credible in so new a country. There is always abundance of food. The landlords, in dress and manners, are at least as good as any body. Indeed, you can not tell in this country by a man's dress or employment what his education or social claims may be. Almost every body dresses well, although an ordinary morning suit costs seventy-five dollars in gold. I saw three young men in the barber's shop, shaving customers, so elegant in appearance, dress and manners, that I have seldom seen their superiors in a New York drawing-room. The landlord in this case was from Maine—a hearty, intelligent man, who would like to have dropped his business, and sit down and talked over affairs with me. But as he had about twice as many people to stow away as was comfortable, he gave himself to that business, conferring with a daughter who flutters about (a girl of eighteen) in a state of great responsibility. The young women out here are as self-possessed as grandmas. A girl of fourteen talks with all the confidence and freedom of a woman of thirty at home. I have seen very little beauty, (editor of PACIFIC MONTHLY non-concurs in this assertion,) but great force and physical development every where. The contrast of the houses (often so small, poor, rickety) with the highly-dressed women that stand in the doors, or come out of them, is amusing. I saw a woman flounced to her waist, in a very light dress, apparently clearing off the table, in what we might have called a cow-shed, but which was her house. We found comfortable beds at Petaluma.

Ragged contrasts are the chief characteristics of these towns—very small and temporary buildings side by side with quite solid ones; wooden sidewalks, a good deal raised, as if when the rain did come, it came in floods; wide awnings, often of wood, and permanent, over the sidewalks. Several very poor little churches are common in every village—often half-built—and one part in decay, while the other is yet incomplete. The sects have all fought the ground over here—the ill-feeling, I think, being much confined to the ministers themselves; for the people are not sectarian—they will go any where to hear good preaching, and not long any where without it. Sunday is a very mixed day; a good deal of church-going—a great deal of riding, visiting and dining out—a great deal of military training and target excursioning. It is the day for any thing big and interesting. Theaters are open in San Francisco and Virginia City. Petaluma is at the foot of one of the most celebrated valleys of this State. These valleys are worth describing, as they form a great feature in California, and the three or four I have seen are all alike. They are between ranges of mountains or high hills, with streams very inconsiderable in summer, but raging in winter, running through them; the intervals are from a mile to three miles broad, possessing soil of marvelous fecundity, and planted by nature much like an English park, with trees artistically scattered about in a most picturesque way. These valleys are all now carefully appropriated to agriculture, and are checkered with grain-fields—wheat, rye and oats—and with orchards and vineyards; they look like the best parts of the Connecticut, or, still more, the little Miami and Scioto. Such even crops, so strong, rich and abundant, I never saw—and this in a very bad year. The crops are put in in February and March, and are ripe in May. The peculiarity of the farmer's life here is, that he has almost a perpetual summer. There is no season in which vegetables will not grow—you may plant potatoes every month in the year. Plowing is governed by the rains—not too much wet, and yet enough, being required. Peach-orchards, young

apples and vines abound. It looks as if the State was to be the greatest fruit State in the Union. The vine is receiving great attention, and I have tasted very fine native wine. The trees here are not very various; the oak is the native tree, *par excellence*, and it abounds in every species and form—black and white, live, scrub, and poisoned oak. It is oftenest seen in a scrubby, contorted, ugly sort of shrub, covering all the wilder parts of the California mountains. The winds here shape the trees, and blow them into all sorts of fantastic forms; now making them look like mushrooms—so low, flat and regular—and now twisting them into snaky-looking folds. In the meadows, however, the oaks, although usually very contorted, are magnificent in size, greenness and picturesque effect. They are commonly clothed with a light floating moss, (so common at the South,) out of which, when dry, beds are made, and also with a deep green moss, which often, on the weather-side of the tree, envelops half the trunk and larger branches. Great pines abound. Besides these, the manganita, a tough shrub with reddish stalk, of a very odd look, and the great madrone, (popularly called the mother-oon,) a tree which has a foot like an elephant's; it sheds its bark like the sycamore, although it seems to belong to the bay and laurel species, and its rod body, where the bark has peeled off, in beautiful contrast with its shiny, hard green leaves, makes it one of the most showy trees I have ever seen. Elms, maples, beeches, are all missing in the valleys. There is no good wood in the State—nothing of which axe-helves or axle-trees can be safely made; the wood is brittle, and will not stand wear and tear—even the firewood is poor. One of the most common forms of the oak is the apple-tree form. You would be almost certain you were approaching a fine old apple-orchard as you see these trees from a distance.

The houses, barns and improvements are no match for the farms themselves. You see a magnificent *ranch*, (every thing we should call *farm* goes by that name here,) and by the well-fenced fields and appearances of careful cultivation, you expect to

come to fine barns and a comfortable house. No such thing. You come to stacks of oats, or grain; you find a shanty or two in the midst of ancestral trees that promise a grand old English hall—and that is all! The weather is so dry, the seasons so long, the soil so rich, that farming is sport compared with ours. They have all the agricultural implements here in abundance, for labor is so high, that it is an immense economy to work machinery. You see a single man, with a reaping-machine and a half dozen horses to drag it, working a great field that would command a dozen hands at home.

Another great peculiarity of these valleys, particularly as you approach their mountain terminations, or get to the foothills on either side of them, is the vast herds of cattle; of horses and mules; of sheep and swine. A drove of a couple of thousand is as common as a flock of a hundred sheep at home. One passed through Petaluma containing four thousand seven hundred sheep. We drove through many numbered by thousands. Of course, cattle are very cheap; and horses (wild) are not worth more than from ten to fifteen dollars. You see advertisements that tame cattle are taken on pasturage. These flocks are usually tended either by Indians, or Spaniards, who are commonly on horseback, and armed with the lasso. The ranche owners in the valleys assemble once a year, and all the cattle and horses are driven together, when each farmer selects out by marks his own cattle with their increase, and they are marked anew. They call these *roderos*, and make great festivals of them. The important characters are the herdsmen, who come in fancy dresses—velvet and party-colored—and exhibit their wonderful skill in horsemanship, after they have done the serious business of the occasion. It is not uncommon to be invited to a *rodero*, in a distant county, and entertained at the ranche; even ladies go; and the catching of the wild animals is considered great sport.

But we shall soon get to the Geysers. Leaving Petaluma, we took a private carriage, driven by the proprietor of the Geysers Hotel—a Mr. Foss—a great New

Hampshire farmer, of two hundred and thirty pounds—with a noble heart and a strong hand, who with four horses hurried us over to Healdsburg.

Here we dined, and then nine miles more took us to the foot of the mountains we were to penetrate. The roads are good natural roads, with many hard places in them, but often quite smooth. But when we left Ray's Station to climb the mountains, the road at once became very narrow, difficult and dangerous. Parts of it were over mountain-fields, cattle-ranges—smooth enough for half a mile, but the largest part up and down the steepest kind of hills, shaming the worst roads in Surrey Hills, by their length and steepness. We had miles where there was not a foot between us and destruction—the road just passable for our team—stony and steep, and the horses straining every nerve under a steady lash to get us along. We descended, in two miles, one thousand six hundred feet, most of the time at a rapid rate, as it was not safe to drive slow. Such swinging round corners, such break-neck driving, I never experienced! But our driver was a miracle of skill, prudence and experience. The real danger was nearly, although not quite, equal to the apparent. That was great enough to give us all somewhat dubious sensations. It took us four hours to go over these twelve miles, and that brought us to the Geysers at about eight o'clock in the evening. The views of the valley of Russian River and Petaluma Creek, on the way up, had been surpassingly beautiful—very distant and very clear—reminding one of the Connecticut valley from Mount Holyoke.

The Geysers are boiling springs, situated in a desolate gash made in the lower part of one these mountain-valleys. They cover only a few acres, and are in themselves rather curious than attractive. At a hundred points you find hot steam, hissing or sizzling out of little holes of water, the largest half a dozen feet over, the smallest not bigger than a child's teapot. A few of them make a noise like the panting of a steamboat or locomotive. But the sound and sight of the Geysers are very much below the usual description. On the other

hand, the medicinal value of the springs seems to be far beyond the ordinary estimate. Here are found at all temperatures, from two hundred and twelve to one hundred degrees, springs containing iron, sulphur, magnesia, soda, alum, epsom-salts in astonishing abundance, and these in all possible combinations, and in all possible independence of each other. It would seem as if nature had her great apothecary-shop in the very bank out of which the Geysers flow, in monstrous reserved stores of soda, sulphur, alum, iron, magnesia, etc., all in different beds. Over these beds trickle pure streams of cold water, (the subdivision of a considerable stream entering the gorge at its upper end,) and as they pass over some and skip others of these beds, they come out saturated with different acids and alkalis, in different combinations, and at different temperatures, the heat being, I suppose, the result of chemical action. They issue here black as ink—there, milky white, and of all shades between; while the little basins from which the gas issues and the water bubbles are incrustated with crystals of verdigris, epsom-salts, alum and sulphur. The soil is very hot to the feet, and inclines one to walk rapidly. It is noticeable that many plants and grasses thrive very near these hot and alkaline springs. The contrast of the diabolic desolation of the ravine in which the springs are, with the greenness and beauty of the mountain-sides about them, is very attractive. Lizards from three inches to a foot long jump and glide about, while snakes—not unfrequently the venomous rattlesnake—are frequently seen. One of my friends saw four.

We rested for twenty-four hours (two nights) at the nice mountain hotel of our friend Foss, where to our surprise we had excellent fare and much generous attention, and on Friday morning came down by the same bad road to the station, and thence by stage to Calistoga Springs, in Napa Valley. But I can not finish my account. This incipient pretty watering-place will come to something by and by. Next day we returned to San Francisco by a route very much like that we went by, and arrived safely at home.

## NEWBURGH-ON-THE-HUDSON.

THE glorious Hudson finds its way  
 Through many a rocky glen and bay,  
 From foot of Adirondack Mountain,  
 Where from its deep-mouthed silver fountain,  
 It starts to make a noble river,  
 And fill with sheaves the radiant quiver  
 Of commerce; carrying to the main  
 The countless fields of golden grain.

But naught inspires the poet's song  
 O'er beauties which it bears along,  
 Reflected on its ruddy face,  
 As ever with a circling grace  
 It touches silver nook and dell,  
 (And mem'ry records them full well,)  
 As where fair Newburgh in her bays  
 And mountain-chalice sweetly lays.

The Bay's smooth surface dotted o'er,  
 Like gems upon a silver floor,  
 With yachts—gay streamers in the breeze  
 Circling like lazy golden bees;  
 Its emerald banks adorned by wealth  
 Of many who, in seeking health,  
 From city cares and busy strife,  
 Have sought a residence for life.

The Gothic spire—Italian hall—  
 The pillared Grecian—whimsical—  
 In gay confusion—sweet accord;  
 Suiting the citizen or lord;  
 And to combine and suit the ton,  
 (The floating portion,) Powelton.  
 A hotel, choice in all surrounding,  
 Offers its board and fruits abounding.

\* \* \* \* \*

Passing from Newburgh to the sea,  
 Pursuant to an all-wise decree,  
 That to the great ocean all must go  
 Which traverses this earth—below,  
 The mountain here is rent in twain,  
 T' allow the river to reach the main;  
 That chain of mountains whose rocky feet  
 All other rivers in vain have beat,  
 Here open a passage grand and wide,  
 And admit old Ocean's saline tide.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's said that afar, in days of yore,  
 Before the ocean disturbed the floor  
 Of the beauteous bay I'd here describe,  
 (When its waters were swept by an Indian tribe,)  
 That the mountain reared its crest, and bade  
 The river to stop! Then its course, 'tis said,  
 Was northward through the Champlain Lake,  
 Carrying the Mohawk in its wake,  
 And reached the sea, in its great expanse,  
 With the mighty river St. Lawrence.

TYVERNOC.

NOTE.—The Hudson is the only Atlantic river (with the exception of the St. Lawrence) that has not its navigation soon interrupted by a precipitate descent of the mountain-chain. The appearance of the mountain-pass at the Highlands of the Hudson is highly favorable to the supposition that the river has in reality forced its way through this impeding barrier. An obstruction at this pass of one hundred and fifty feet in height would turn the current northward through Lake Champlain.

# IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE; OR, HELD IN BONDAGE," "STRATHMORE," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE FATE OF THE GOLDEN MONARCH.

A SUMMER-DAY late in the year in the wild moorland of the old Border.

An amber light was on the lochs, a soft mist on field and fell; the salmon-waters were leaping down from rock to rock, or boiling in the deep black pools beneath the birches; the deer were herding in the glens and wooded "dips" that sheltered under the Cheviot range, here, in the debatable land between the Northern country and the Southrons, where Bothwell had swept with his mad Moss Troopers, ere the Warden of the Marshes let passion run riot for his fair White Queen, and where belted Will's tower still rose above its oaks, as when the bugle-blast of the Howard sounded from its turrets, and the archers were marshaled against a night-raid of the Scots. On the distant seas, which once were dark with the galleys of Norse pirates, nothing now was in sight but a fisher-boat in the offing; on the heather-moors, which had once echoed with the beat of horses' hoofs, as Douglas or Percy had scoured through the gorse for a dashing Border fray, or a Hotspur piece of "derring-do," there was now only to be heard the flap of a wild-duck's wing as the flocks rose among the sedges, and the sole monarch of earth or sky was a solitary golden eagle soaring upward to the sun.

With a single swoop the bird had swept down from his eyrie among the rocks, as though he were about to drop earthward; then, lifting his grand head, he spread his pinions in the wind that was blowing strong and fresh from Scotland through the heat of the August day, and sailed upward gloriously with slow majestic motion through the light. Far below him lay the white-crested waves of the sea, gleaming afar off; the purple stretch of the dark moors and marshes; the black still tarns; the rounded masses of the woods; higher and higher, leaving earth beneath him, he rose in his royal grandeur, fronting the

sun, and soaring onward and upward, against the blue skies and the snowy piles of clouds, rejoicing in his solitude, and kingly in his strength.

With his broad wings spread in the sun-gleam, he swept through the silent air in his calm, grand, sovereign passage, with his eyes looking at the luminance which blinds the eyes of men, and his empire taken in the vastness of the space that monarchs can not gauge, and his pinions stretched in all the glory of his god-like freedom, his unchained liberty of life. Far beneath him, deep down among the tangled mass of heather and brown moor grasses, glistened the lean cruel steel of a barrel, like the shine of a snake's back, pointing upward, while the eagle winged his way aloft. There, in his proud kingship with the sun, how could he note or know the steel tube—scarce larger, from his altitude, than a needle's Lilliputian length—of his foe, hidden deep among the gorse and reeds? The sovereign bird rose higher and higher still, his wide wings spread in stately flight. One sharp sullen report rang through the silence; a single gray puff of smoke curled up from the heather; a death-cry echoed on the air, quivering with a human agony; the eagle wheeled once round, a dizzy circle in the summer light, then dropped down through the sunny air—stricken and dead.

Was it more murder when Cæsar fell?

His assassin rose from where he had knelt on one knee among the gorse, while his retriever started the wild-fowl up from the sedges of a broad black pool, and he strode through the bracken and heath to the spot where his shot had brought down the eagle, at a distance, and with an aim, which marked him as one of the first shots in Europe. A hundred yards brought him to the place where his quarry had fallen, and he thrust the heather aside with impatient movement; he was keen in sport as a Shikari, and he had looked for no rarer game to-day than the blackcocks or the snipes, or at very best a heron from the marshes.

On the moor the King-bird lay, the broad wings broken and powerless, the breast-feathers wet and bathed in blood the piercing eyes, which loved the sun, blind and glazed with the death-film; the life, a moment before strong, fearless, and rejoicing in the light, was gone. A feeling new and strange came on his slayer, as he stood there in the stillness of the solitary moor, alone with the dead eagle lying at his feet. He paused, and leaned on his rifle, looking downward.

"God forgive me! I have taken a life better than my own!"

The words were involuntary, and unlike enough to one whose superb shot had become noted from the jungles of Northern India to the ice-plains of Norway; from the haunts of the Danube to the tropic forests of the Amazons. But he stood looking down on the mighty bird, while the red blood welled through the heather, with something that was almost remorse. It looked strangely like *slaughter*, in the still, golden gleam of the summer day.

If you wonder at it, wait until you see an eagle die on a solitary moorland that was his kingdom by right divine, with all the glorious liberty of life.

The superb shot which you would have challenged the first marksmen in Europe to have beaten will look, for a second at least, oddly base, and treacherous, and cowardly, when the Lord of the Air lies, like carrion, at your feet.

Knee-deep in the purple heather, his destroyer lent on his gun, alone on the Scotch side of the Border, with the sea flashing like a line of silver light on his left, and the bold sweep of the Cheviot Hills fronting him. The golden eagle had fallen by no unworthy foe; he was a man of lofty stature—six feet two if he were an inch—and of powerful build and sinew; his muscles close knit, and his frame like steel, as became one who was in hard condition from year's end to year's end, and on whose mount the fancy would have piled any money in any gentleman-riders' race in the twelvemonth. His complexion was a clear bronze, almost as dark as an Arab's, though originally it had been fair enough; his black sweeping moustaches and beard

were long, thick and silken; his eyes, large and very lustrous—the hue of the eagle's he had shot.

His features were bold and frank, aristocratic and haughty; his bearing having the distinction of "blood," with the dash of a soldier, the reposeful stateliness of the old régime, with the alert keenness of a man used to rapid action, clear decision, coolness under danger, and the wiles of the world in all its ways. Standing solitary there on the brown heath, his form rose tall and martial enough for one of the night-riders of Liddesdale, or the Knight of Snowdon himself, against the purple haze and amber light.

In the days of Chevy Chase and Flodden Field his race had been the proudest of the nobles on the Border-side—their massive keep reared in face of the Cheviots, the lands their own, over miles of rock, and gorse, and forest, lords of all the marches stretching to the sea. Now, all that belonged to him was that wild barren moorland of heather and tarn, which gave nothing but the blackcock and the ptarmigan which bred in their wastes; and a hunting-lodge, half in ruins, to the westward, buried under hawthorn, birch and ivy, a roost for owls and a paradise for painters.

"A splendid shot, Erceldoune; I congratulate you!" said a voice behind him.

The slayer of the golden eagle turned in surprise; the moors, all barren and profitless though they were, were his, and were rarely trodden by any step except his own.

"Ah! your Grace? Good day. How does the Border come to be honored by a visit from you?"

"Lost my way!" responded his Grace of Glencairne, an inveterate sportsman, and a hearty, florid, stalwart man of sixty, clad in a Scotch-plaid suit, and looking like a well-to-do North-country farmer. "We're staying with Fitzallayne, and came out after the black game; lost all the rest, somehow, and know no more where we are than if we were at the North Pole. You're a godsend. Let me introduce my friends to you; Sir Fulke Erceldoune—Lord Polemore—Mr. Victor Vane."

The beggared gentleman raised his bonnet to the duke's friends with much such

dignified courtesy as that with which the Border lords, whose blood was in his veins, received Chatelherault and Hamilton in the wild free days of old.

"Shot an eagle, Erceldoune? By George! what a bird!" cried the duke, gazing down amazed and admiring on the murdered monarch.

"I envy you, indeed!" said his companion whom he had named as Victor Vane. "I have shot most things—men, and other birds of prey—but I never killed an eagle, not even in the Hartz or the Engadine."

Erceldoune glanced at him, and a slight look of surprise came into his eyes.

"They are rare, and when they do appear, we shoot them to insure their scarcity? Perhaps the eagle you would wish to kill is the eagle with two heads, Mr. Vane? What sport have you had, Duke?"

"Very bad! Birds wild as the——But, God bless my soul, *your* bag's full!" said his grace, resting himself, with one hand on his back. "I say, we're nearly famished; can't you let us have something to eat at your place yonder?"

"With pleasure, sir, if your Grace can honor an owl's roost, and put up with a plain meal of cold game," said Erceldoune, as he thrust the dead king, with all his pomp of plumage torn and blood-stained, into his bag with the blackcocks, ptarmigan, wild-duck and suipes.

"My dear fellow! I'll thank you for a crust; I'm literally starving," cried his grace, who was pining so wearily for his luncheon that the words "cold game" sounded to him like paradise. "And, by the way, if you have any of your father's Madeira left, you might feast an emperor; there wasn't such a wine connoisseur in Europe as Regency Erceldoune."

A shadow swept over the face of the golden eagle's foe as he whistled his dogs, and led the way for his guests over the moor, talking with the Duke. Victor Vane caught the look, and smiled to himself; he thought it was because the ruined gentleman shrank from taking them to his beggared home and his unluxurious table; he erred for once. Such a petty pride was wholly impossible to the bold Border blood

of Erceldoune; he would have taken them to a garret quite as cordially as to a mansion; he would have given them, Arab-like, the half of all he had with frank hospitality if that all had been only an oaten cake, and would never have done himself such mean dishonor as to measure his worth by the weight of his plate, the number of his wines, or the costliness of his soups. Erceldoune *was* a beggared gentleman, but in his beggary he remained too much of a gentleman to be galled or lowered by it.

True, the world, he knew well enough, only appraised men by the gold that was in their pockets; but the world's dictum was not his deity, and with its social heart-burnings his own wandering, athletic, adventurous, and hardy life had never had much to do. He loved the saddle better than the *salons*, and mountain and moorland much better than money and the *mondes*.

It was not more than half a mile to the King's Rest, as the sole relic of the feudal glories of the Border lords was named from an old tradition dating back to one of Malcolm of Scotland's hunting-raids; the place would have maddened an architect or a lover of new stucco, but it would have enraptured an archæologist or an artist. One half of it was in ruins—a mass of ivy and gray crumbling stone; the other half was of all styles of architecture, from the round, quaint tower of the Saxons, to the fantastic, peaked, and oriel-windowed Elizabethan. Birds made their nests in most of the chimneys, holly and hawthorn grew out of the clefts in the walls, the terraces were moss-grown, and the escutcheon above the gateway was lost in a profusion of scarlet-leaved creepers. But there was a picturesque-ness, a charm, a lingering grandeur about the King's Rest; it spoke of a dead race, and it had poems in every ruin, with the sun on its blazoned casements, and the herons keeping guard by its deserted weed-grown moat.

"God bless my soul! how the place has gone to rack and ruin since I was here twenty years ago!" cried the duke, heedlessly and honestly, in blank amazement, as he stared about him.

Erceldoune smiled slightly.



"Our fortunes have gone to 'rack and ruin,' duke."

"Ah! to be sure—yes, to be sure! Sad thing!—sad thing! No fault of yours, Erceldoune. Your father shouldn't have been able to touch the entail. He was a—Well, well! he's gone to his account now," said his grace, pulling himself up short, with a perception that he was on dangerous ground, but continuing to gaze about him with a blank naïveté of astonishment. Vane used to call him a "sexagenarian school-boy;" it was too harsh, for the duke was a thoroughly good man of business, and a manly and honest friend, but it was true that the simplicity and candor of boyhood clung very oddly to him, and a courtier or a fine gentleman his grace of Glencairne had never become, though he was not without a frank dignity of his own when roused to it.

By an arched side-door, through a long corridor, they passed into a room in the southern and still habitable portion of the house; a long, lofty room, lighted at the end with two magnificent Elizabethan windows, paneled with cedar picked out with gold, hung with some half-dozen rare pictures, a Titian, two Watteaux, a Teniers, a Van Tol, and an Ary Scheffer, covered with a rich crimson carpeting, now much worn, and with some gold and silver racing and hunting cups on the buffet. The chamber was the relic of the lavish and princely splendor which scarce twenty years ago had been at its height at the King's Rest.

"Ah! dear me—dear me!" murmured the duke, throwing himself into a fauteuil. "This is the old supper-room, Erceldoune! To be sure—how well I remember George the Fourth sitting just there where you stand. Lord! how fond he was of your father—birds of a feather! Well, well! we might be wild, wicked dogs—we were, sir; but we had very witty times of it. Regency Erceldoune was a very brilliant man, though he might be a——"

Erceldoune, with brief courtesy to the duke, rang the bell impatiently to order luncheon, and turned to the other men:

"I hope your sport and our moorland air may have given you an appetite, for Border larders were never very well stocked, you

know, except when the laird made a raid; and, unhappily, there is no 'lifting,' nowadays, to add to our stock!"

"My dear sir!" laughed Victor Vane, dropping his glass, through which he had been glancing at the Scheffer, "half a cold grouse when one is starving is worth all the delicacies of Carême when one is not *in extremis*. I am delighted to make acquaintance with your highly picturesque and medieval abode; a landscape-painter would be in raptures over it, if you might wish it a trifle more waterproof!"

There was a certain dash of condescension and the soupçon of a sneer in the light careless words; if they were intended to wound, however, they missed their mark.

"Starving on the moors' would not be so very terrific to you if you had been six days in the saddle on a handful of maize, as has chanced to me in the Pampas and the Cordilleras," said Erceldoune, curtly, with a smile; for there is nothing your "mighty hunter before the Lord," who is known from the Lybian to La Plata, holds in more profound contempt than "small miseries."

"Eh! What! Were you talking about your father's dinners?" broke in his grace, who, lost in his reveries as his eyes traveled over the familiar chamber, was not very clear what was said. "They were the best in Europe! I have seen Yarmouth, and Alvanley, and Talleyrand, and Charles Dix, and the best epicures we ever had, round that table; I was a very young fellow then, and the dinners were splendid, Erceldoune! They must have cost him six hundred a night; he liked to outdo the king, you know, and the king liked to be outdone by him. I don't believe he'd have gone quite the pace he did if it hadn't been for George."

Erceldoune moved impatiently; these latter royal memories connected with the King's Rest were no honor to him; they were so many brands of an extravagant vice, and a madman's ostentation, that had made him penniless, and bought a sovereign's smile with disgrace.

"I dare say, sir. I never knew any use that monarchs were yet, save in some form or another to tax their subjects."

Glencairne laughed: he had not seen much of the man who was now his host, but what he had seen he liked; the duke abhorred the atmosphere of adulation in which, being a duke, he was compelled to dwell, and Erceldoune's utter incapability of subservience or flattery refreshed him.

At that moment luncheon was served: the promised cold game in abundance, with some prime venison, some potted char, and a pile of superb strawberries; plain enough, and all the produce of the moorlands round, but accompanied by some clarets of the purest *cru*, and served on antique and massive plate that had been in the King's Rest for centuries, and was saved out of the total wreck of the Erceldoune fortunes; at which Lord Polemore looked enviously; he was of the new creation, and would have given half his broad lands and vast income to have bought that "high and honorable ancientness" which was the only thing gold could not purchase for him.

"You have a feast for the gods, Erceldoune. If this be Border penury, commend me to it!" cried Glencairne, as he attacked the haunch with a hearty and absorbed attention; like Louis Seize, he would have eaten in the reporter's *loge* of the Assembly while Suleau was falling under twenty sword-thrusts for his sake, and the Swiss guard were perishing in the Cour Royale.

"I am sure we are infinitely indebted!" murmured Polemore, languidly, gazing at a Venetian goblet given to an Erceldoune by the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise.

"Nay, it is I who am the debtor to a most happy hazard. Try this wine, Lord Polemore, it is the pure Tokay," said Erceldoune, with that stately courtesy of the "grand air" which was blent with his frank, *bréf*, soldierlike manners; sociality was not his nature, but cordial hospitality was.

The duke looked up, eager on the *qui vive*.

"Eh! Tokay? What, the very wine Leopold gave your father? Tiny bottles? all cobwebbed? *That's* it! The real imperial growth; can't get it for money. Ah! how much have you got of it left?"

"But little—only a dozen or so, I believe; but of what there is I would ask the pleasure of your grace's acceptance if the wine finds any favor with you."

"Favor with me? Hear the man. Why, it's Leopold's own growth, I tell you," cried his grace. "As for giving it away, thank you a thousand times, but I couldn't—I wouldn't rob you of it for any thing."

"Indeed I beg you will, my dear duke," said Erceldoune, with a slight smile. "To a rich man you may refuse what you like, but to a poor man you must leave the pleasure of giving when he can."

"Really, on my soul you're very good," said the duke, whose heart was longing after the imperial vintage. "I thank you heartily, my dear fellow; but you're too generous, Erceldoune; give your head away, like all your race!—like all your race! If your ancestors had had their hands a little less free at giving, and their heads a little longer at their expenditure, you wouldn't have this place all tumble-down as it is about you now."

"Generosity, if I can ever make claim to it, will not imperil me: '*Où on n'a rien on ne peut rien perdre*,'" said Erceldoune, briefly. He did not feel particularly grateful for this discussion of his own fortunes and his father's follies before two strangers, and Victor Vane, by tact or by chance, glided in with a question admiringly relative to a small gold salver, singularly carved and filigreed.

"No, you are quite right, it is not European, though it is Cinque Cento in one sense," answered Erceldoune, glad to turn the duke's remarks off himself, the person he liked least to hear talked of of any in the world. "It is Mexican. An Erceldoune who was in Cuba at the time Cortes sailed, and who went with him through all the Aztec conquest, brought it home from the famous treasures of Ayaxacotl. He bored a hole in it and slung it round his neck in the passage of the Noche Triste; there is the mark now."

"Very curious!" murmured Polemore, with a sharp twinge of jealousy; he felt it very hard that this man, living in an owl's roost on a barren moor, should have had ancestors who were nobles and soldiers in

the great Castilian conquest, while he, a viscount and a millionaire, could not even tell who his fathers were at that era, but knew they had been wool-carders, drawers, butterers, cordwainers, or something horrible and unmentionable!

"Out with Cortes!" echoed Vane. "Then we have a link in common, Sir Fulke. I have some Mexican trifles that one of our family, who was a friend of Velasquez de Leon, brought from the conquest. So a Vane and an Erceldoune fought side by side at Otumba and in the temple of Huitztopotchli? We must be friends after such an augury!"

Erceldoune bowed in silence, neither accepting nor declining the proffered alliance.

The sunlight poured through the scarlet creepers round the oriel windows into the chamber, on the red pile of the fruit in its glossy leaves, the rich-hued plumage of the dead birds where they were hastily flung down, the gold and antique plate that was in strange contrast with the simplicity of the fare served on it; and on the dark, martial, Arab-like head of Fulke Erceldoune, where he sat with his great hounds crouched about him in attitudes for Landseer. He looked, on the whole, more to belong to those daring, dauntless, haughty, steel-clad Cavaliers of the Cross, who passed with Cortes through the dark belt of porphyry into the sunlit valley of the Venice of the west, than to the present unheroic, unadventurous, unmoved, and *nil admirari* age. Near him sat Victor Vane, a man not more than thirty years of age, rather under the middle size and slightly built; in his bearing easy and aristocratic; in features fair, and, although not by any means handsome, very attractive, with blue eyes that were always smiling with pleasant sunshine; fair hair of the lightest blonde, that glanced like silk, and a mouth as delicate as a woman's, that would have made him almost effeminate but for the long tawny moustaches that shaded it. Yet, though the eyes had so much sunshine, they had a very keen under-glance; though the lips had so much sweetness, they had a smile that was very *fin*; and bright, open, insouciant as the whole face was, a physi-

ognomist would have said that about the brow there was craft, in the eye cruelty, and in the smile intrigue. Also, there was one singularity about it: his face, while very fair, was perfectly colorless, which lent to it the delicacy, but also the coldness, of marble.

As the two men sat together—host and guest—antagonism seemed more likely between them than alliance; and in such antagonism, if it arose, it would have been hard to say which would be the victor. In a fair and open fight, hand to hand, the blood of the Northern Country would be sure of conquest, and Erceldoune would gain it with the same ease and the same strength as that with which those in whose veins it had run before him had charged "through and through a stand of pikes," and stood the shock of English lances; but in a combat of finesse, in a duel of intrigue, where the hands were tied from a bold stroke, and all the intricate moves were made in the dark, it would be a thousand to one that the bright and delicate southern stiletto would be too subtle for the straight stroke and dauntless chivalry of the stalwart Border steel.

The golden eagle was worth a million more than the ounce of lead that shot him down; but the moorland monarch was soaring straight on his way without dreaming of danger lying hidden beneath, and science killed him, though in fair fight he had never died or surrendered, let the odds have been what they would. So it is, too, in human life.

As they sat at luncheon, the duke relishing his venison and his Tokay with a heartiness that was contagious, a dispatch was handed to Erceldoune by the single servant who lived in the King's Rest, and served him when he was there. The letter was sealed with the royal arms, and marked "On Her Majesty's Service." Its contents were but two lines:

"Sir Fulke Erceldoune on service immediately. Report to-morrow by 11 A.M. at F. O."

"From the office, Erceldoune?" asked the duke, as his host tossed the dispatch aside.

"Yes. On service immediately. East Europe, I dare say."

"Ah! Mr. Johnnie Russell brewing more mischief with his confounded pedagogue's pettifogging, I will bet!" cried his grace. (The Foreign Secretary was his pet political foe.) "When are you ordered?"

"To-morrow. I shall take the night-express, so I shall not need to leave here till midnight," answered Erceldoune, to set at rest any fears his guests might feel that they detained him. "I wish they had sent Buller or Phil Vaughan; I wanted a month more of the deer and the blackcock; but I must console myself with the big game in Wallachia, if I can find time."

"You serve her majesty?" inquired Vane, who knew it well enough, as he knew all the state messengers in Europe.

"The F. O., rather," laughed Erceldoune. "Salaried to keep in saddle! Paid to post up and down the world with a state bag honored with Havannahs, and a dispatch-box marked 'Immediate,' and filled with char, chocolate, or caviare!"

"Come, come, Erceldoune, that's too bad!" laughed the duke.

"Not a whit, sir! I went out to New York last year with royal bags imposing enough to contain the freedom of Canada, or instructions to open an American war, but which had nothing in the world in them save a dinner-service for his excellency, and some French novels and Paris perfumes for the first secretary."

The duke laughed.

"Well, that will hardly be the case now. Matters are getting very serious eastward; every where over there the people are ripe for revolt. I expect Venetia, and Galicia, and Croatia, and all the rest of them, are meditating a rising together. I happen to know those bags you take out will contain very important declarations from us; the cabinet intend to send Sir Henry instructions to invite Turkey, command her rather, to ——"

"My dear duke, it is not for me to know *what* I take out; it is sufficient that I deliver it safely," laughed Erceldoune, to check the outpourings of his grace's garrulous tongue. "I am no politician and diplomatist, as you know well. I prefer hard riding to soft lying in either sense of the word."

"Wish every body else did," said the duke. "If men would keep to their own concerns and live as they ought, with plenty of sport and fresh air, every thing would go smoothly enough. There'd be no marring or meddling then; as for Russell, he's just what Clarendon says of Bristol: 'For puzzling and spoiling a thing, there was never his equal.' If the dispatches you will carry to Moldavia don't embroil Europe, it won't be his fault; but there'll be sure to be a postscript to them all, meaning: 'N. B.—In no case will *we* fight!'"

Erceldoune laughed.

"Who is severe now, duke? On my honor, you will make me feel as if I were Discord incarnate flying over Europe with her firebrand. I never took so poetic a side of the service before."

He strove to arrest the reckless course of the duke's incautious revelations of the intentions in "high places," but it was useless. Glencairne was off on the Foreign Office ill-deeds, and no power could have stopped him; no power did until he had fairly talked himself hoarse, when he drank a deep glass of claret, and rose, with reiterated thanks for his impromptu entertainment as sincere as they were voluble, and with cordial invitation to his castle of Benithmar, that stately pile upon the Clyde.

"And I hope you will allow me also to return your hospitalities in kind," said Vane, with his brightest smile. "Since you have the mania of *pérégriomanie*, as Guy Patin calls it, and are always going up and down Europe, you must pass continually through Paris. I can only hope, both there and in Naples, you will very soon allow me the pleasure of showing you how much I hold myself the debtor both for the hospitality of to-day, and the acquaintance to which it has been so fortunate for me as to lead."

Erceldoune bent his head, and thanked him courteously but briefly—he had no love for honied speeches—and offered them, as a modern substitute for the stirrup-cup, some cigars of purest flavor, brought over by himself from the West Indies.

"How does Victor Vane come in your

grace's society?" he asked the duke, as he accompanied them across his own moor to put them *en route* for Lord Fitzallayne's, Vane and Polemore having fallen slightly behind them.

"How? Eh? Why—I don't know—because he's staying at Fitz's to be sure."

"Erceldoune raised his eyebrows:

"Staying there!"

"Yes. Fitz swears by him, and all the women are in love with him, though he's a pale, insignificant face, to my thinking. What do you know of him? Any thing against him—ch?"

"Sufficiently *about* him to advise you, if you will allow me, not to let him glean from you the private intentions and correspondence of the ministry, or any instructions they may have given their representatives abroad. Only talk to him on such matters generally; say no more to him than what the public knows."

"What? Ah! indeed. I apprehend you. I thank you, sir—I thank you," said his grace, hurriedly, conscious that he had been somewhat indiscreet, but curious as any old gossip in a Brétonne *filerie* or at an English tea-table. "But he stands very well; he comes of good blood, I think. He is a gentleman; you meet him at the best courts abroad."

"Possibly."

"Then what the deuce is there against him?"

"I am not aware that I said there was any thing. Simply, I know his character; I know he is an adventurer—a political adventurer—associated with the ultra parties in Italy and Hungary. I do not think his social status is any thing very remarkable, and I repeat my advice: do not take him into political confidence."

"If the man can't be trusted, the man's a blackguard!" broke in his grace.

Erceldoune smiled:

"My dear duke! *la haute politique* will not admit of such simplifications. A man may be a great man, a great minister, a great patriot, but all the same he may be—politically speaking—a great cheat! Indeed, is there a statesman who is not one?"

"True, true—uncomfortably true," growled his grace; "but of Victor Vane—what's

there against him? What do you know—what would you imply?"

"I 'imply' nothing; it is the most cowardly word in the language. I know very little, and that little I have said to place your grace on your guard; and it is no secret; Mr. Vane is well known abroad to be the determined foe of Austria, and to be widely involved in political intrigues. Of his career I know no further; and of what I have said he is welcome to hear every word," said Erceldoune, with a dash of decision and impatience, while he paused and pointed to a road running round a bend of gray heather-covered rock beside a brown and rapid moor stream, which would lead them by a short cut across the fells homeward.

There they parted in the bright, warm August afternoon, as the sun began to sink toward the westward; his guests soon lost to sight behind the wild woodland growth of the half savage glen, while the last of the Border lords turned backward to his solitary and ruined homestead, sweeping over the heather with the easy swinging step of the bred mountaineer, followed by his brace of staghounds and two Gordon setters.

The sun was shining full on the King's Rest as he returned, and he leaned over the low gate of the stable-entrance, looking at the ivy-hidden ruins, which were all which remained to him of the possessions of a race that had once been as great as the Hamilton, the Douglas, or the Græme, and of which an empty title alone was left him, as though to make his poverty and its decay more marked. These did not often weigh on him; he cared little for riches or for what they brought; and in the adventure and the vigor of a stirring, wandering life there were a richness of coloring and a fullness of sensation which, together with a certain grand simplicity that was natural to himself, prevented the pale hues and narrowed lines of impoverished fortunes from having place or note. But now the duke's words had recalled them; and he looked at the King's Rest with more of melancholy than his dauntless and virile nature often knew. There, over the lofty gateway, where the banner of a great feudal line

had floated, the scarlet leaves of the Virginian parasite alone were given to the wind. In the moat, where on many a summer night the night-riders had thundered over the bridge to scour hill and dale with the Warden of the Marches, there were now but the hoot of the heron, the nests of the water-rat, and the thick growth of sedges and water-lilies. In the chambers where James the Fourth had feasted, and Mary Stuart rested, and Charles Edward found his loyalest friends and safest refuge, the blue sky shone through the open rafters, and the tattered tapestry trembled on the walls, and the fox and the bat made their coverts; the grand entrance, the massive bastions, the stately towers which had been there when the bold Border chieftains rode out to join the marching of the clans, had vanished like the glories of Alnaschar's dream; all that remained to tell their place a mound of lichen-covered ruin, with the feathery grasses waving in the breeze—it was the funeral pile of a dead race.

And the last of their blood, the last of their title, stood looking at it in the light of the setting sun with a pang at his heart.

"Well! better so than built up with dishonored gold! The power and the pomp are gone, but the name at least is stainless," thought Fulke Erceldoune, as he looked away from the dark and shattered ruins of his heritage, across the moorland, golden with its gorse, and toward the free and sunlit distance of the seas, stretching far and wide.

## CHAPTER II.

### HAVING BROKEN HIS BREAD.

"WHAT did you think of that man?" said Lord Polemore to Victor Vane that evening over his coffee in the drawing-rooms, out of the duke's hearing.

"Think of him! think of him! Well! I think he will die a violent death."

"Good gracious!" said the peer, with a little shiver. "Why?"

"I never analyze!" laughed Victor, softly. "I think so—because I think so. He will get shot in a duel, perhaps, for saying some barbaric truth or other in the teeth of policy."

"Who's that you are prophesying for with such charmingly horrible romance?" asked a very pretty woman

"Fellow we met on the moor," answered Polemore. "Queer fellow! Beggar, you know—holes in the carpets, rats in the rooms—and yet, on my honor, Venice goblets and Mexican gold. Absurd!"

"What! a beggar with holes in his coat and rats in his pockets, with Venice glass and Mexican ingots! *Quel galimatias!*" cried the beautiful blonde, who had been listening languidly.

"No, no! Not *that* sort of beggar, you know," interposed the peer. "Man that lives in a lot of ruins. Messenger fellow—lunched with him to-day. Wretched place; only fit for bats; no household, no cook, no any thing; odious dungeon! And yet, on my word, if the fellow isn't ridiculous enough to serve up his dry bread on gold salvers, and pour his small beer into Cinque Cento glasses!"

"Come, come! we had very fair wine considering it was a Barmecide's feast," laughed Vane.

"Hight of absurdity, you know!" went on Polemore, waxing almost eloquent under the spurs of the twinges of envy he had felt while at luncheon. "Fancy, Lady Augusta! here's a man, nothing but a courier, he says himself, always racing up and down Europe with bags; so hard up that he has to shoot for himself every thing that he eats, and living in a wretched rathole I wouldn't turn a dog into; keeps gold and silver things fit for a prince, and tells you bombastical stories about his ancestors having been caciques of Mexico! For my part, I don't doubt he stole them all!"

"Bravo! Bravissimo!" laughed Victor Vane. "*Ben trovato*, Polemore! And what is much more, Lady Augusta, this Border savage wears deer-skin in the rough, 'lifts' cattle when the moon's dark, and has a fricassee of young children boiling in a caldron. Quite à *l'antique*, you see!"

"But who *is* the creature?" asked Lady Augusta, a little bewildered, a little interested, and a good deal amused.

"Oh!—let me see—ah! he calls himself Fulke Erceldoune," said Polemore, with an air of never having seen the title in Burke,

and of having strong reasons for believing it a false one.

A man standing near, a colonel of the Guards, turned at the name.

"Fulke Erceldoune? You are talking of Erceldoune? Best fellow in the world, and has the handsomest strain of black-tan Gordon setters, bred on the Regent and Rake cross, going any where."

"Oh!—ah—do you know him, then?" murmured Polemore, little discomfited.

"Rather! First steeple-chaser in the two countries; tremendous pots always on him. Know him—ask the Shire men! Saved my life, by the way, last year—fished me out of the Gulf of Spezzia, when I was all but spent; awful tempest at the time; very nearly drowned himself. Is he here, do you say?"

"He's at that wretched rathole of his," grumbled Polemore, sorely in wrath.

"King's Rest? By George—didn't know that! Go and see him to-morrow."

"What remarkably conflicting statements!" murmured Lady Augusta, with languid amusement. "A beggar and a savage!—a *preux chevalier* and a paladin of chivalry! Singular combination this—what is it?—Fulke Erceldoune?"

"Nay," laughed Vane, "it was a combination common enough in the old days of chivalry, and our friend seems to me better suited to the Cinque Cento than the present century. Just the sort of man to have been a Knight Templar with *Cœur de Lion*, or an adventurer with Pizarro, with no capital and no credit but his Toledo blade."

"Trash!" said the guardsman, with impatient disdain that absolutely almost roused him into energy. "Erceldoune is a splendid fellow, Lady Augusta. I only wish you could see him ride to hounds. In saddle; in sport; on a yacht-deck in a storm; with any big game you like—pigs, bisons, tigers; swimming in the Turkish waters in mid-winter; potting lions with the Kabyles and the Zouaves—put him where you will, he's never at a loss, never beaten, and can do more than twenty men put together. Dash and science, you know; when you get the two together they always win. As for money, all the good old names

are impoverished now, and it's the traders only who have any gilding."

With which fling at Polemore—whose fathers were of the cottonocracy—the guardsman, something disgusted at having been entrapped into such a near approach to any thing like interest and excitement, turned away, and began to murmur pretty nothings, in the silkiest and sleepest of tones, into the ear of a Parisian marquise.

"Extreme readiness to break your neck, and extreme aptitude for animal slaughter, always appear to be the English criterion of your capabilities and your cardinal virtues," murmured Vane, with his low, light laugh, while Polemore, sulkily aggrieved, muttered to himself:

"Man that's a beggar to keep Mexican things, and have his bare bones served up on gold dishes—ridiculous, preposterous! If he's so poor he must be in debt, and if he's in debt he ought to sell them, out of common honesty. Cheats his creditors—clearly cheats his creditors!"

And so—having broken his bread and eaten his salt—they talked of him: there are a few rude nomad Arab virtues that have died out with civilization; and the Shiekh will keep faith with you and return your hospitality better than Society.

That evening, a Dalmatian, who was the body-servant of Victor Vane—a very polished, Paris-trained, and confidentially useful person—rode over to the little station nearest Lord Fitzallayne's, and sent a telegram, which he read from a slip of paper, and which was headed: "From Victor Vane, Esq., Glenmure, N.B., to the Count Conrad Constantine Phaulcon, Rue de la Paix, 122, bis, Paris." It ran thus, save that it was in a polyglot jumble of languages that would have defied any translation without a key:

"The Border Eagle flies eastward. Clip the last feather of the wing. Only La Picciola. Finesse or smooth bores, *à plaisir*. Take no steps till beyond the King's. Then make sure, even if — White coats in full muster; Crescent horns up; Perfide, as usual, brags, but won't draw. N.B. The Eagle will give you beak and talons."

Which, simply translated, meant:

"Sir Fulke Erceldoune, Queen's Courier,

will take the F. O. bags into the Principalities. Relieve him of the last dispatches he has with him. We only want the smallest bag. I leave you to choose how to manage this; either with a successful intrigue or a sure rifle-shot. Do not stop him till he is beyond Turin. Secure the papers, even if you have to take his life to get them. The Austrians are in strong force in Galicia; matters in Turkey are against us; England, as usual, bullies, but will not be drawn into a war. N.B. This Erceldoune will give you trouble, and fight hard."

And being translated by the recipient in all its intricacies of implication and command, would mean far more.

The tired telegraph clerk, who yawned and did nothing all day long, in the little out-of-the-world Border station, save when he sent a message for the lodge to town, rubbed his heavy eyes, stared, told off the jumbled Babel of phrases with bewildered brain, and would barely have telegraphed them all in due order and alphabet, but for the dexterous care of the Dalmatian.

While the message was being spelled out, the night-express dashed into the station, with red lamps gleaming through the late moonless night, and its white steam-cloud flung far out on the gloom, flashing on its way from Edinburgh across the Border land. A tall man, dressed in a dark loose coat of soft Canadian furs, with a great cheroot in his mouth, ran up the station-stairs, and threw down his gold.

"First-class to town—all right?"

He took his ticket, flung open a door of an unoccupied carriage, and threw himself into a seat with the rapidity of a man used never to idle time, and never to be kept waiting by others, and the express, with a clash and a clang, darted out into the darkness, plunging down into the gloom as into the yawning mouth of Avernus, its track faintly told by the wraith-like smoke of the wreathing steam, and the scarlet gleam of the signal-lamps.

The Dalmatian had looked after him with some curiosity.

"Who is that?" he asked the clerk.

"Sir Fulke Erceldoune, of the King's Rest. He's a queen's messenger, you know—always rushing about at unearthly times,

like a wandering Jew. I say, what the dickens is that word; Arabic, ain't it?"

The Dalmatian, with a smile, looked after the train; then turned and spelt out the words till all had been told off, and passed onward on their way.

"That's Mr. Victor Vane's valet; the fair chap, who brought as many traps as a woman—such gibberish, too! If that ain't a rum start, somehow or other, I'm a Dutchman," thought the telegraphist, with a yawn, returning to his dog-eared, green-covered shilling novel, relating the pungent adventures of a soiled dove of St. John's Wood, and showing beyond all doubt—if any body ever doubted it yet—that virtue, after starving on three-half-pence a shirt, will be rewarded with pneumonia and the parish shell, while vice eats her truffles, drinks her Côte wines and retires with superb toilettes, and a competence, to turn repentant and respectable at leisure. Meanwhile, the night-express rushed on through silent hills and sleeping hamlets, over dark water-pools and through bright gaslit cities, while above head the electric message flashed, outstripping steam, and flying, like a courier of the air, toward France before Fulke Erceldoune.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE REQUIEM OF A CRYSTALLIZED VIOLET.

WITH noon on the morrow, the best-known messenger in the service reported himself at the Foreign Office, received dispatches for Paris, Turin, and Jassy, and started with the F. O. bags as usual express, talking with some men of the Eleventh Hussars, as they rattled down to Folkestone, of shootings that were to let, of stud greyhounds, of screw-yachts, of a great case of "welshing" just notorious at the dual meeting, of quagga and rhinoceros-hunting in the Zambesi, of salmon-leaps in Highland and American waters, of a great sale of weight-carriers, of the promises of punt-shooting in the Solent, of the dogs to be entered for that year's Coquetdale, and similar topics of the coming autumn.

Had any prophet told him that, as he lay back in the mail-train, idly talking of these things, with a curled silver Eastern



pipe coming out of his sweeping moustaches, and papers of critical European import in the white bags lying at his feet, chance was drifting him at its wanton caprice as idly and as waywardly as the feathery smoke it floated down on the wind, Ereldoune would have contemptuously denied that chance could ever affect a life justly balanced and rightly held in rein. He would have said chance was a deity for women, fatalists and fools; a *Fetish* worshiped by the blind. The Border chiefs of the King's Rest had believed in the might of a strong arm, and in the justice cleft by a long two-edged sword, and left weaklings to bow to hazard—and the spirit of their creed was still his.

Yet he might have read a lesson from the death of the moorland eagle; one chance shot from the barrel hid in the heather, and power, strength, liberty, keen sight, and lordly sovereignty of solitude were over, and the king-bird reeled and fell!

But to draw the parable would not have been at all like his vigorous nature; a state courier has not much habitude or taste for Oriental metaphors and highly-spiced romances, and he had too much of the soldier, the Shikari, the man of the world, and the Arab ascetic combined in him, to leave him any thing whatever of the poet or the dreamer. Men of action may have grave, but they never have visionary thoughts, and life with Ereldoune was too gallant, strong and rapid a stream—ever in incessant motion, though calm enough, as deep waters mostly are—to leave him leisure or inclination to loiter lingeringly or dreamily upon its banks. Reflection was habitual, imagination was alien to him.

By midnight the Queen's messenger reached Paris, and left his dispatches at the English Embassy; there was no intense pressure of haste to get Turin-ward so long as he was in the far Eastern Principalities by the Friday, and he waited for the early mail-train to the South, instead of taking a special one, as he would otherwise have done, to get across the Alps. If a few hours were left under his own control in a city, Ereldoune never slept them away; he slept in a railway-carriage, a traveling-carriage, on deck, in a desert, on a raft

rushing down some broad river that made the only highway through Bulgarian or Roumelian forests—anywhere where novelty, discomfort, exposure, or danger would have been likely to banish sleep from most men, but in a city he neglected it with an independence of that necessity of life which is characteristic of the present day, and would horrify Sancho Panza. There is a café, whether in the Rue Lafitte, Rivoli, Castiglione, or La Paix, matters not, which I will call the Café Minuit; here, in the great gilded *salon*, with its innumerable mirrors and consoles and little oval tables, if you be alone, or in the petits cabinets, with their rosewood and gilding and green velvet and rose satin, if there be a bouquet to be tossed down beside you on the marble slab, and the long eyes of a Laure or Aglæe to flash over the *carte* and sparkle over the wines, while a pretty painted fan taps an impatient rataplan, or gives you a soft *souffletade*, you will find after midnight—they don't come much before—a choice but heterogeneous gathering of habitués. Secretaries of all the legations, Queen's messengers, Charivari writers, Eastern travelers, great feuilletonists, great artists, princes, if they have any wit beneath their purples, (and this is not as unknown on the other side of the Channel as it is on this,) authors of any or all nations—all, in a word, that is raciest, wittiest, and, in their own sense, most select in Paris, are to be met with at the Café Minuit, if you be of the initiated. If you be not, you may enter the café, of course, since it is open to all the world, and sup there off what *macédoines* and *purées* you will, but you will still remain virtually outside it.

Ereldoune was well known there; it is in such republics only that a man is welcomed for what he is, and what he has done, not for what he is worth. He was as renowned in Paris, because he was so utterly unlike the Parisians, as he was renowned in the East, because he so closely resembled the Arabs; and he entered the Café Minuit for the few hours which lay between his arrival at the embassy and his departure for Turin.

None of his own special set had dropped in just then; the *début* of a new dancer,

and a great reception at the Spanish Ambassador's, were dividing Paris that night, and the café had not yet filled. As he sat at his accustomed table, glancing through *Galigani*, eating *Julienne* soup, and drinking his *Crème de Bouzy*, with the light from the gaselier above shed full on his face—a face better in unison with drooping desert-palms, and a gleaming stand of rifles, and the dusky glow of a deep sunset on Niger or on Nile, for its setting and background, than with the gilt arabesques and florid hues and white gaslight of a French café—a new comer, who had entered shortly afterward and seated himself at the same table, addressed him on some topic of the hour, and pushed him an open case of some dainty scented cigarettes.

Erceldoune courteously declined them; he always smoked his own Turkish tobacco, and would as soon have used Bulli's cosmetics as a woman's perfumed cigars; and, answering the remark, went on with his *Julienne* while he looked at the speaker. He was accustomed to read men thoroughly and rapidly, even if they carried their passports in cipher. What he saw opposite him was a magnificently made man, with a face of most picturesque and brilliant beauty of a purely foreign type, with the eyes long, dark and melting, and features perfectly cut as any cameo's. He might have sat to a painter for Lamoral d'Egmont, or for one of Fra Moreale's reckless, nobly-born Free Lances, and might have passed for five-and-thirty at the most, till you looked closely at the lines in the rich, reckless beauty, and caught a certain look in the lustrous half-veiled eyes; and then you would have given him, justly, fifteen-full years more.

Erceldoune gave him one glance, and though there was little doubt about his type and his order, he had known men of both by the hundreds.

"Paris is rather empty, monsieur? *Sapristi!* The asphalté in August would be too much for a salamander," pursued the stranger over his *Bouillabaisse*; he spoke excellent French, with a mellifluous Southern accent, not of France.

Erceldoune assented. Like all travelers or men used to the world, he liked a stran-

ger full as well as a friend for a companion, perhaps rather the better; but he was naturally silent, and seldom spoke much, save when strongly moved or much prepossessed by those whom he conversed with; then he would be eloquent enough, but that was rare.

"Thousands come to Paris this time of the year, but only to pass through it *en route*, as I dare say you are doing yourself, monsieur?" went on the Greek, if such he were, as Erceldoune judged him by the long almond eyes, and the perfect features worthy of Phidias's chisel, rarely seen with out some Athenian, Ionian, or Thessalian blood.

"For the season the city is tolerably full; travelers keep it so, as you say," answered Erceldoune, who was never to be entrapped into talking of himself.

"It is a great mistake for people to travel in flocks, like swallows and sheep," said his vivacious neighbor, whose manners were very careless, graceful and thoroughly polished, if they had a dash of the Bohemian, the Adventurer and the Free Lance. "A terrible mistake! Overcrowds the inns, the steamers, and the railway-carriages; thins the soups, doubles the price of wines, and teaches guides to look on themselves as *de luxe*, to be paid for accordingly; makes a Nile sunset ridiculous by being witnessed by a mob; and turns Luxor and Jupiter Ammon into dust and prose by having a tribe of donkeys and dragomen rattled over their stones! A fearful mistake. If you are social and gregarious, stay in a city; but if you are speculative and Ishmaelesque, travel in solitude. Eh, monsieur?"

"If you can find it. But you have to travel far to get into solitudes in these days. Have you seen this evening's *Times*?" answered Erceldoune.

"A thousand thanks!" said the other, as he looked down the telegrams. "Wonderful thing your *Times!* Does the work in England that secret police do in Vienna, bayonets do here, and confetti to the populace, and galleys to the patriots, do in Rome?"

"Scarcely! The *Times* would rather say it prevents England's having need of any

of those continental arguments," said Erceldoune, with a smile, as he tossed the brandy into his coffee.

The Southern laughed, as from under his silky lashes he flashed a swift glance at the queen's messenger. He would have preferred it if there had been less decision and command about the dark haughty *tête de soldat*, and less power in the length of limb, the superb sinew, and the supple wrist, as it lay resting on the marble slab of the café.

"Basta! Governments should give the people plenty to eat and plenty to laugh at; they would never be troubled with émeutes then, or hear any thing more about 'liberty!' A sleek, well-fed, happy fellow never turned patriot yet; he who takes a dagger for his country only takes it because he has no loaf of bread to cut with it, or feels inclined to slit his own throat!"

"A sound policy, and a very simple one."

"All sound things are simple, monsieur! It is the sham and rotten ones that want an intricate scaffolding to keep them from falling; the perfect arch stands without girders. 'Panem et Circenses' will always be the first article of good governments; when the people are in good humor they never see the into malcontents."

"Then I suppose you would hold that cheap provisions and low taxes would quiet this insurrectionary stir in Southern Europe, and let us hear no more of 'nationalities?'" said Erceldoune, as he drank off his demi-tasse. His companion was piquant in his discourse, and polished in his style, but he did not particularly admire him; and when he did not admire people, he had a way of holding them at arm's length.

"'Nationalities!' Ridiculous prejudices! Myths that would die to-morrow, only ministers like to keep a handy reason on the shelf to make a raid on their neighbor, or steal an inch or two of frontier when the spirit moves them," laughed the other, and his laugh was a soft silvery chime, pleasant to the ear as a woman's. "Pooh! a man's nationalities are where he gets the best wage and the cheapest meat, specially in these prosaic, profoundly-practical times, when there is no chivalry, no dash, no col-

or; when the commonplace thrives; when we turn Egyptian mummies into railway fuel, and find Pharaoh's dust make a roaring fire; when we turn crocuses into veratrin for our sore throats, and violets into *confitures* for our eating! A detestable age truly! Fancy the barbarism of crystallizing and crunching a violet! The flower of Clémence Isaure, and all the poets after her, condemned to the degradation of becoming a bonbon! Can any thing be more typical of the prosaic atrocity of this age? Impossible."

"With such acute feelings, you must find the *menu du diner* excessively restricted. With so much sympathy for a violet, what must be your philanthropy for a pheasant!" said Erceldoune, quietly, who was not disposed to pursue the Monody of a Violet in the Café Minuit, though the man to a certain extent amused him.

At that moment the foreigner rose a little hastily, left his ice-cream unfinished, and, with a gay, graceful adieu, went out of the *salon*, which was now filling as the habitués flocked in from the opera. "A handsome fellow, and talks well," thought Erceldoune, wringing the rich amber Moselle from his long moustaches, when he was left alone at the marble table in the heat, and light, and movement of the glittering café. "I know the Fraternity well enough, and he is one of the best of the members, I dare say. He did not waste much of his science on me; he saw it would be profitless work. On my word, the wit and ability and good manners those fellows fritter away, in their order would make them invaluable in a Chancellerie, and fit them for any state office in the world."

The First Secretary of the English Legation and a french diplomatist entered and claimed his attention at that instant, and he gave no more thought to the champion of the crystallized violets, whom, justly or wrongly as it might chance, he had classed with the renowned Legion of Chevaliers d'Industrie, and whose somewhat abrupt departure he had attributed either to his own lack of promise as a plausible subject for experimentalizing upon, or to the appearance in the café of some *mouchard* of the Bureau Secret, whom the vivacious be-

wailer of the fate of sugared violets in this age of prose did not care to encounter.

Erceldoune thought no more of him then and thenceforward: he would have thought more had the mirrors of the Café Minuit been Paracelsus' or Agrippa's mirours of Grammarye, and he had seen foreshadowed in their gaslit glass, where they would again meet, how they would again part.

The long console-glass, with its curled gas-branches and its rose-hued draperies, and its reflex of the gilding, the glitter, the silver, the damask, the fruit, the wines, and the crowds of the Paris café, would have been darkened with night-shadows and deep forest foliage, and the tumult of close struggles for life or death, and the twilight hush of cloistered aisles, and the rich glow of Eastern waters, and the silent gloom of ancient God-forgotten cities; and, from out the waving, shadowy, changing darkness of all, there would have looked a woman's face with fathomless, luminous eyes, and lustrous hair with a golden light upon it, and a strange smile of sadness on the lips—the face of a Temptress or of an Angel?

But the mirror had no Magic of the Future; the glass reflected nothing save the gas-jets of the rusty sconses, and Fulke Erceldoune sat there in Paris that night, drinking his iced Rhine wines, and smoking his curled Arabian meerschaum, knowing nothing of what lay before him, like the rest of us blind wanderers in the twilight, travelers in strange countries, as we are at best in life.

"Salaried to keep in saddle! Paid to post up and down Europe!" he had said, with a certain disdain, for Erceldoune at eight-and-thirty was nothing more or less than a Queen's messenger; a State courier, bound to serve at a State summons; holding himself in readiness for Russia or Teheran, for ice-fields or sun-scorched tropics, for the swamps of Mexico or the rose-plains of Persia, at a second's notice. But he suited his life, and his life him, strikingly well for all that, for he was a keen sportsman, and the first rider in Europe, was equally at his ease in an Arab camp and a Paris café, in a Polish snow-

storm, with the wolves baying in wrath and famine about the sleigh, and in the chancellerie of a British plenipotentiary, with the wits, the bores, the *gaudins*, and the epigrammatists of its paid and unpaid Dips; and had an iron constitution, a frame steeled to all changes of climate or inroads of fatigue, and that coolness under close peril, and utter indifference to personal indulgence, which made him renowned in the messenger service, and as at home in the desert as a Sheikh. Indeed, the Desert-life could not have been sterner and freer and simpler than that which Erceldoune had led from his boyhood, partly from nature, partly from habit; and his character had gained by it the inflexible strength of his physical sinew; he had as much of the Desert-chief in him as he had of the man of the world.

His father—Regency Erceldoune, as he was called, from his alliance with "the mad Prince and Poynings"—had been a gambler, a *roué*, a *débauché*, and a drunkard, though a gentleman, confound him, with it all. Such orgies as George Rex had at the Cross Deep, his friend and favorite had at King's Rest—mad, witty, riotous, and shameless as the worst days of lascivious Rome. Lands and money went in them till there were neither left; and his son, brought to them and taught them, while he was nothing but a child, had sickened of the vice in which he was steeped as thoroughly as, had he been brought up by precisians, he would have craved and loved it. He saw men leveled with brutes, and made far more bestial than the beasts; and his proud nature reared itself out of the slough, and refused the slavery of sensuality. If he were too early contaminated, he was all the earlier revolted. Nine out of ten it would have wrecked—Fulke Erceldoune it made haughtily and contemptuously ascetic.

When he was twenty-two his father died; and he was left the last master of King's Rest, (by the old title long dropped in desuetude,) with some miles of moorland and a beggared fortune, not a single relative, and not a chance of a career. A certain wild and witty peer, who had been prominent in the orgies of the Chartreuse

—saying nothing to him, for the Erceldoune blood was famous for a lofty and stoical pride, which perished rather than bend—got him offered a messengership; and his first rencontre with officials at the Foreign Office was characteristic, and had not a little influence on his career. In the Board-room, at the hour he was being received by those sleepy and solemn personages, the heads of a department, there lounged in a certain minister, as celebrated for his cheery and facetious humor as for his successful and indomitable statesmanship; for his off-hand good nature as for his foreign policies. The heads bowed submissive before my lord; my lord, with a bit of verbena in his mouth and a white hat stuck over his eyes, gave his rapid, lucid orders, and, as he was lounging out again, put up his eye-glass at Erceldoune.

“Messengership? We’ve too many messengers already,” he said, cutting in two the reply of the Board to his interrogation. “Only ride over one another’s way, and lose half the bags among them. Who are you, sir?”

“Fulke Erceldoune, said the Border lord, with no birthright but some barren acres of heather, returning the great minister’s stare as calmly and as haughtily; in silence he would not have brooked from an emperor.

“Erceldoune! God bless my soul, your father and I were like brothers once,” said his lordship, breaking off his sharp autocratic cross-examination for his *sans façon*, good-hearted familiarity of tone, most usual and congenial with him. “Not a very holy fraternity either! Monks of Medmenham! Who sent you up for a messengership? Lord Longbourne? Ah! very happy to appoint you. Go in for your examination as soon as you like.”

“I thank you, my lord, no. You have said: ‘You have too many messengers already.’”

The minister stared a minute, and then laughed.

“Pooh, pooh! Never mind what I said! If you’re like what your father was, you won’t complain of a sinecure.”

The boy-master of King’s Rest bowed to the cabinet councillor with a grand and

high-bred courtesy, and a hauteur *de puissance à puissance*, though the one had not a sou, and the other had the Garter.

“I am *not* what he was, Lord Lessington; and I do not take money from the State, if the State do not need my services. I did not come here to seek a pension!”

The great statesman stared at him a second with a blank amazement; his condescension had never met with such a rebuff and such a scruple in all his length of years and of office. The grave and reverend heads that bent to the earth in docility and servility before the First Lord of the Treasury, gazed at the offender with such horror of reprobation as the members of the Inquisition might have bestowed on a blasphemer who had reviled the Host and rebelled against the Holy See. The beggared Border chief stood his ground calmly and indifferently; he had said simply what he meant, and, in the pride of his youth and his ruin, he was grandly careless whether he had closed the door of every career upon himself, and condemned himself to starve for life on his profitless acres of tarn and gorse.

Lessington looked at him, with his bit of verbena in his teeth, and his keen blue eyes reading the boy through and through; then a rich humor lighted up their glittering azure light, and he laughed aloud—a mellow, ringing Irish mirth, that startled all the drowsy echoes and pompous stillness of Downing street.

“You lit hard and straight, my young Sir Fulke? Very dangerous habit, sir, and very expensive; get rid of it! Go before the commissioners to-morrow, and pass your examination. I will give you an attachéship, if you like it better; but I don’t think you’ll do for diplomacy! I shall see you again. Good day to you.”

The minister nodded, and left the Board-room, with as much dash and lightness in his step when he ran down stairs as if he were still a Harrow boy; and, in that two minutes’ interview in the Foreign Office, Erceldoune had made a friend for life in one who—if he had a short political memory, and took up policies or treaties, and dropped them again with a charming facility and inconstancy, as occasion needed

—was the greatest leader the country owned, and was as loyal to his personal friendships as he was stanch to his personal promises.

True to his word, he gave Fulke Erceldoune his choice of an attachéship, a messengership, a commission in the Guards, or one of those fashionable and cozy appointments in Downing street, where younger sons and patrician protégés yawn, make their Ascot books, discuss the points of demi-reps and rosières, circulate the last mot going round the town, manufacture new and sublimated liqueur recipes, and play at baccarat or chicken hazard in the public service. Erceldoune took the messengership; from a motive which strongly colored his character and career even then, a proud and ascetic honor.

His father, deep in a morass of embarrassments, had lived like a prince of the blood; his son had taken, in sheer revulsion, an utter abhorrence of all debt. He had been steeped in dissolute vices and lawless principles from his earliest years; he grew up in a Spartan's disdain of them, and the mere wildness of men of his own years looked childish, and was without charm, beside the orgies through which he had passed his novitiate while yet in his youngest boyhood. He had seen men of richest wit, highest powers, brightest talents, noblest blood, suddenly disappear into darkness and oblivion, to drag on an outlawed life in some wretched continental town, through that deadly curse of usury, which had given their heritage to the Hebrews, and let them glitter leaders of fashion for a decade, only to seize their lives more surely at the last; and he had sworn never to give his own life over to the keeping of that vampire which lulls us into an opium-like dream for one short hour, to drain our best blood drop by drop with its brute fangs and its insatiate thirst. Had he gone into the Guards, where his own wishes would have led him, or had he taken one of the diplomatic or civil service fashionable appointments offered him, the circles into which he would have been thrown must have flung him into debt, and into every temptation to it, however he might have resisted; he must have lived as

those about him lived; the mere bare necessities of his position would have entailed embarrassments from which the haughty liberty of his nature revolted as from a galley-slave's fetters. In Erceldoune's creed a landless gentleman is worthy of his blood so long as he is free—no longer.

Therefore he entered the messenger service; and, on the whole, the life suited him as well as any, save a soldier's, could have done; the constant travel, the hard riding, the frequent peril, the life of cities alternating with the life of adventure—these were to his taste. And while in the capitals of Europe there was not a woman who could beguile, or a man who could fool Fulke Erceldoune, the Arabs of the deserts welcomed as one of themselves the Frank, who rode as they rode, without heeding the scorch of the brazen skies and sands; who could bring down a vulture on the wing whirling right betwixt his sight and the burning sun, a black speck on the yellow glare; who could live like themselves, if needs be, on a draught of water and a handful of maize or of dates, and who cared for no better bed than their desert solitudes, with his saddle beneath his head, and the lustrous Eastern stars shining above.

Love of liberty and an inflexible honor were wrought into the very fibers of his nature; while the chief characteristic of both mind and body with him was essentially *strength*; strength braced, both morally and physically, by habit and discipline; strength that was singularly calm in repose and irresistible as a lion's in action, and that made him somewhat too disdainful and impatient of weaker and less masculine natures which fell below his own standard. Thus he was always unswervingly just, but he was not often lenient; he was generous as the winds, but he was severe in judgment, both on himself and others; his passions were hot and vehement, but they had been held down under a curb of steel; his temper was serene, and his anger very slow to rise, but, once awoke, it was unappeasable if woke by treachery. Frankness and good faith were so wholly part and share of his own nature, that their defalcation was unpardonable in his creed. Be

his open foe in all honor and honesty, and no one would meet you more frankly, forgive you more freely, aid you, if need be, more magnanimously; but wrong him by a fraud, attempt to cheat him with a lie, abuse his confidence, or dream to dupe him, and Fulke Erceldoune never pardoned you, never would, though you had perished in your death-gasp at his feet.

Love—in any sense of tenderness—he had never known from his boyhood upward; no human life had ever become necessary to his, or ever obtained the slightest sway over, or hold upon, his own; in this he was exceptionally fortunate. His character, it might be naturally, lacked softness, or else the softer element in it had never been touched and called into play, and his career had been one to harden the bronze and burnish the steel. What were dear to him were those profitless, useless, grand moorland wastes of heath and heron-creeks, of yellow gorse, and brown still pools, the sole relics of his barren Border heritage, and which self-denial and renunciation had kept free from claim or burden by creditor or Hebrew. What alone lay near his heart was the ancientness and honor of his name; which he had said justly was “stainless” as he had stood on the moorland in the late summer day, with the golden light on sea and land, and the purple heather of his native heaths stretching around him, while the wild west wind blew strong and free from the Cheviot Hills and over the Northern Ocean.

To keep it stainless, he was destined to lay down more than life. Was it possible that, despite all sacrifice and all struggle, even that last heritage of honor might be wrested from him? The golden eagle had not had less courage, less strength, less royalty of right in the hour in which it was struck down—yet the traitorous unseen shot had pierced and felled it.

At the least it was well the mirrors of the Café Minuit were no mirrors of Gram-marye, to show the days that were unborn—had they been, even the Border blood might have quailed, even the Border strength have refused the contest that was to come.

## CHAPTER IV.

“L'ANTICO VALORE NON E ANCOR MORTE.”

HAVE you ever traveled in the Principalities? If not—go.

God forbid that they should be better governed, they would be like all the rest of the world in no time. They may be ruinous to themselves very probably, and a nest of internecine discord for Eastern Europe; but they are delightful for the wanderer, and the bird of passage should surely have one solitude left wherein to find rest for the sole of his foot. Regions where the refined tortures of the Post can not reach; where duns and debts can be defied and forgotten across the stretch of those dense pine-woods which sever you from the rest of mankind; where a summons to appear as a co-respondent—what a delicate word that is, fancy Arthur using it to designate Launcelot!—can not come to bore you; where the only highway to your quarters is a rapid surging river with a timber-raft drifting down it; where, whirled along by gipsy horses and gipsy drivers through vast wooded tracks, you halt and wake with a pleasant wonder to find yourself in the broad streets and squares of a populous city, where, though you are not more geographically ignorant than your brethren, you had not the haziest notion that a city stood, and whose very name you do not know when you hear it, waking at the cessation of the horses' gallop and the gipsy Automedon's shouts, to open your eyes upon the clear Moldavian or Wallachian night, with the sound of music from some open casement above. Regions such as these are the Principalities, and I for one would keep them so, from the Danube to the Dneister, from the Straits of Otranto to the Euxine, for the refuge of necessitous *solitaires* who have a screw on the Turf, a case in the D. C., an inconvenient connection; a tiresome run upon them from the public, or a simple desire for a paradise where a woman will not follow them, where letters will not come, where the big game districts are unbeaten, and the deep woods and wild valleys are as yet unsketched and unsung.

Through the Principalities—well known

to him when Greece was in disorder or Servia seething in disquiet—Fulke Erceldoune traveled in as brief a time, from the early dawn when he had left Paris *en route* for Turin, as mail trains, express specials, rapid relays of horses, and swift river passages could take him across Tyrol and Venetia, Alps and Carpathians, Danube and Drave, calling at Belgrade with dispatches, and pushing straight on for Moldavia. Every mile of that wild and unworn way was as familiar to the Queen's messenger as the journey between London and Paris is familiar to other men. Where steam had not yet penetrated, and there was no choice but between posting and the saddle, Erceldoune usually rode; if the roads were level and the route unsightly, he would take the luxurious rest of a "messenger's carriage," and post through the nights and days; but by preference, hard riding carried him over most of his ground, with pace and stay that none in the service could equal, and which had made the Arabs, when their horses swept together through the eastern sunlight, toss their lances aloft, and shout, "*Fazzia! Fazzia!*" with applause to the Giaour. He rode so now, when, having passed direct from Belgrade across the lower angle of Transylvania, and crossed the Carpathian range, he found himself fairly set toward Moldavia, and only a hundred miles or so more left between him and Jassy, which was his destination.

The Principality was in a ferment; Church and Civil Power were in conflict and rivalry; England, France, Austria and Russia were all disturbing themselves after the affairs of this out-of-the-way nook, conceiving that with Greece in insurrection, and Italy in a transition state, and poor Poland quivering afresh beneath her bonds, even Moldavia might be the match to a European conflagration, and open up the scarce-healed Eastern question; and an English envoy was then at Jassy, charged with a special mission, to whom the dispatches which Erceldoune bore carried special instructions, touching on delicate matters, from the F. O., and of utmost moment to the affairs of Central and Eastern Europe, and to the part which would be played by Great Britain in the event of

the freedom of the Southern States, and the success of the liberal party in Athens, Hungary or Venetia. This one little bag, with the arms of England on the seal, and the all-important instructions within, was all that he carried now; slung round his neck and across his chest by an undressed belt of chamois leather. He rode alone through the rich pine-woods; his mountain guides he had dismissed at the foot of the Carpathians; in riding no one could keep the pace up with him, unless in the deserts, and he had gone alone through the most dangerous defiles and thief-infested passes all over the world, caring for no other defense than lay in his holster-pistols. He had been stopped two or three times, once by the "Bail-up!" of Tasmanian bushrangers, once by a Ghoorka gang in Northern India, once by a chieftain who levied black mail in the rocky fastnesses of Macedonia, but his shots had always cleared him a passage through, and he had ridden on with no more loss than the waste of powder and ball. He was too well known, moreover, in both hemispheres, to be molested, and the boldest hill robbers would have cared as little to come to close quarters with one whose strength had become proverbial, as to get themselves into trouble by tampering with the State courier of a great power.

It had been a splendid day, and it was just upon its close as he went through the forests at a stretching gallop, his mare, a pure-bred Syrian, scarcely touching the ground as she swept along, swift as a grayhound or a lapwing. The air was heavily scented with the fragrance of the firs; the last lingering rays of light slanted here and there across the moss through the dark, fan-like boughs, cone-laden; the aisles of pines stretched in endless and innumerable lines of forest-paths, scarce ever trodden save by the wild boar or the charcoal-burner, barely more human than the brute; and in the rear, to the westward, towered the grand Carpathians, with their black, rugged mountains reared upward in the purple sunset, the granite guard of the Magyar fatherland.

Now and then, at rare intervals, a little hamlet, buried in the recesses of the forest, where the few wretched women wore the



Turkish yashmâk, spoke of Moldavia, or he came on a camp of the naked wild-eyed gipsies of the country; but as evening closed in, and Erceldoune rode into a narrow rocky defile, which is the nearest passage through dense pine solitudes, even these signs of human life, in its most brute phase, ceased wholly. There was only the rapid ring of his Syrian's hoofs, given back by a thousand hollow echoes, as he swept down the ravine, with the high, precipitous walls of rock rising on either side, while the river thundered and foamed beside him, and the trees closing above-head made it well-nigh dark as night, though beyond the summits of the Hungarian range were still lit by the last rays of the sun gleaming golden on their eternal snows. Sitting down in his saddle, with his eyes glancing, rapid and unerring as a soldier's, on either side where the shelving rocks reared upward in the gloom, Erceldoune swept along the defile at a pace such as the blood horses of the desert alone can reach—the surging of the dashing torrent at his side—the winds rising loud and stormy among the black pine-boughs above—the intense stillness and solitude around, that are only felt in the depths of a forest or the hush of a mountain-side.

These were what he loved in his life: these nights and days of loneliness, of liberty, of rapid, vivid action, of a grand freedom alone with all that was wildest and freest in nature, under no law but the setting and rising of the sun, riding onward, without check or pause, a fresh horse ready saddled when the jaded one drooped and slackened; these were what suited the haughty freedom, the passionate need of liberty, the zest to do and dare, the eagle-love of solitude ingrained in his Border-blood, and as latent in him, the last of the Erceldounes, as in the chieftains of his name when they had charged at Flodden, or harried the marches in their king's defiance.

The pressure of his knees sufficient for her guidance without curb or spur, the Syrian scoured the winding ravine, fleet and sure of foot, as though the rocky and irregular ground had been a level stretch of sward, her ears pointed, her pace like

the wind, all the blood and mettle there were in her roused; she knew her master in her rider. Dashing onward through the gloom thus, fleet as a grayhound, suddenly his hand checked her; his eyes had seen what hers had not. Thrown back on her haunches in the midst of her breathless gallop, she reared and stood erect; another than Erceldoune she would have hurled senseless to the earth; he sat motionless, as though horse and man were cast together in bronze. Across the narrow and precipitous path lay the felled trunk of a pine, blocking the way, a barrier of fearful danger had the mare struck her breast against it in the gloaming, in the full sweep of her topmost speed. She reared erect, and stood so for a second, her rider in his saddle firm as on a rock—a sculptor would have given ten years of his life to have caught and fixed that magnificent attitude!—then she came with a crash down on her fore-feet, held in by the iron hand upon her bridle, while up from the black barricade of the leveled pine pointed the gleam of half a dozen rifles, the long, lean barrels glistening in the twilight, as through the silence there pealed in French the brigand charge: "Stand and deliver!"

They lay in ambush waiting him; the barren rocks towering straight on either side, the dense fir-boughs shutting out the light, while before him and behind him, swarming up from the brushwood that had covered them, glistened the lean, hollow tubes of the rifles, and the hoarse shout of arrest was pealed back by the echoes.

"Your papers! or we fire!"

And the steel barrels covered him front and rear, while the challenge rang out in a rich thorough-bred voice.

Swift as lightning his eyes swept over the leveled rifles and numbered them—eight against one; rapid as the wind, he drew his pistol from his holster and fired among them; a shrill shriek pierced the air; a man reeled headlong down into the gorge of the river foaming below; and without breath, without pause, Erceldoune put the Syrian at the leap, trusting the rest to her desert blood, facing the leveled death-dealers full in the front. The gallant beast deserved his faith; she rose point-

blank at the barricade, her ears laid, her legs gathered for the spring, and leapt with one mighty bound the great pine-barrier and the glittering line of steel. She landed safe—a second, and he would have swept onward, distancing all shot and defying all pursuit; but with a yell that rang from rock to rock, the glistening barrels she had overleapt and cleared, covered her; the sharp crack of the rifles echoed through the pass, three balls pierced her breast and flanks, bedding themselves where the life lay, and with a scream of piteous agony the Syrian threw her head upward, swayed to and fro an instant, and fell beneath him—dead. He sprang from the saddle ere her weight could crush him, and, with his back against the ledge of granite, turned at bay; hope he had not, succor there could be none in those dense mountain solitudes, those wastes of vast unpeopled pine-woods; Fulke Erceldoune in that hour had but one thought—to sell his life dearly, and to save his papers.

The echo of the shots rang in quick succession on the stillness, pealed back by the hollow reverberations of the rocks; his fire was deadly, and another fell stone dead. His assailants seemed to seek to disarm, but not to slay, as they covered him with their rifles, crouching beneath the boughs and brushwood of their barricade to avoid his aim, for it was hot, close, mortal work there, in that narrow, choked defile; and Erceldoune, with his back against the granite, and his Syrian at his feet between him and his foes, had the strength and the fury of a legion, now that his wrath was up in all its might, and the blood-thirst awakened in him. A shot broke his right arm above the wrist; it fell useless at his side. He laughed aloud.

“Cowards! Why don't you hit through the lungs?”

And as he changed his pistol into his left hand, he raised it, and the man who had shot him fell with a crash—a bullet through his brain. He could not load again; his arm was broken, his hand powerless, and the hoarse yell of men, infuriated to be defied, and at their comrades loss, surging up with its hollow menace around him, told him his minutes were numbered,

as one cry alone grated on the night air from five voices; in Romaic, in French, in Venetian, in Hungarian—varied tongues, but one summons alone:

“Your papers or your life! Death, or surrender!”

There was a moment's hush and pause; they waited for their menace to do their work without the bloodshed that they shirked from caution and from wisdom, not from humanity; and at that instant the moon, shed through one break in the black pine roofing above-head, poured its light through the pass. Round him in a half circle, broken from their barricade and ambush, now that his fire was spent, pressed his assassins, their faces masked by the crape drawn over them, their rifles covering him with pitiless purpose. With his back against the granite wall, with his right arm hanging broken and powerless, with the dead mare lying at his feet, the sole impotent barrier between him and the cross-fire leveled at him, stood Erceldoune, reared to his full height, motionless as though he were a statue of bronze, a look upon his face before which the boldest, though they held his life in their hands and at their mercy, quailed and paused.

“Death, or surrender!”

The summons hissed through the silence with a deadly meaning, a horse snarl, such as the slot-hounds give when the stag holds them long at bay. Erceldoune stood erect, his eyes looking calmly down on the semicircle of the long shining lines of steel, each of whose hollow tubes carried his death-warrant. In that supreme hour, when he tasted all the bitterness of death, he was unmoved and serene; he knew how he should save his trust and his papers, though he knew that his life must pay the forfeit. He looked on the leveled rifles, and a smile passed over his face—they had brought eight against one!—it was a distinction, at least, to take so much killing.

“The devil will never give in!” swore with savage Hungarian oaths the farthest of the band. “Seize him, and bind him—we don't want his blood.”

“Take the papers, and gag him. Carl is right; we want them, not him,” muttered another, in whose Southern German the

keen ear of him whose life they balanced caught the foreign accent of a Galician.

One who seemed the leader of the gang laughed—a rolling, mellow, harmonious laugh, which thrilled through the blood of Erceldoune as menace and challenge had never done; he had heard it a few nights before in the gaslit salon of the Parisian café.

“Basta, basta! ‘Too many words, my masters!’ Kill the Border Eagle, and strip him afterward! His beak won’t peck when he’s shot down!”

“*Pace, pace!*” muttered a milder Sicilian. “The English government will make the fiend’s own row if he’s murdered. Give him his choice; we only want the dispatches.”

“The papers, then, or we fire!”

The moon shone clearer and whiter down into the ravine, while they pressed nearer and nearer, till the half circle of steel glittered close against him, the points within a yard of his breast; and he who in the Café Minuit had lamented so softly the prosaic fate of the violet bonbons, pressed closest of all. On the haughty repose of Erceldoune’s face and attitude no change came; there was a proud disdain in the dark wrath of his eyes and the smile that still lingered on his lips—that was all; disdain for the coward caution of his assassins, the womanish cruelty which compassed him with such timorous might of numbers, fearing one man unarmed and wounded.

“Death, or surrender!”

The cry echoed again, loud and hoarse now as the hound’s bay, baffled and getting furious for blood.

His form was reared against the rock, his left arm pressed against his breast, holding to him the royal dispatches; his eyes looked down upon them steadily:

“*Fire!*”

And while his voice, calm and unflinching, gave the word of command for his own death-volley, with a swift, sudden gesture, unlooked-for and unarrested by them, he lifted his left arm, and hurled far away through the gloom, till they sank with a loud splash into the bed of the swollen, rushing river, the white bag of the English dispatches—lost forever in the deep gorge,

and whirled on into darkness with the passage of the foaming waters, where no hand could reach and no foe could rob them.

And as the fierce, ravenous yell of baffled force and infuriated passion shook the echoes of the hills, the report of the rifles rang through the night with sullen, murderous peal, and Fulke Erceldoune fell.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

## GREAT AND GOOD.

IT is a noticeable fact in criminal statistics that no fat man was ever convicted of the crime of murder. Stout people are not revengeful; nor, as a general rule, are they agitated by gusts of passion. Few murderers weigh more than ten stone. There are, however, exceptions which justify us in assuming eleven as the utmost limit of the sliding-scale; but beyond that there is no impulse toward homicide. Seldom has such a phenomenon as a fat housebreaker been bared at a criminal bar. It is your lean, wiry fellow who works with the skeleton keys, forces himself through closet-windows, which seemingly would scarcely suffice for the entrance of the necessary cat; steals with noiseless step along the lobby and up the stairs; glides into the chamber sacred for more than half a century to the chaste repose of the gentle Tabitha, and with husky voice, and the exhibition of an enormous carving-knife, commands silence on pain of instant death, and delivery of her cash and jewels. It is your attenuated thief who insinuates himself under beds, skulks behind counters, dives into tills, or makes prey of articles of commerce arrayed at shop-doors for the contemplation of the credulous passenger. A corpulent burglar is as much out of place, and as little to be feared, as was Falstaff at Gads-hill; and what policeman ever yet gave chase to a depredator as bulky as a bullock? Corpulence, we maintain, is the outward sign not only of a good constitution, but of inward rectitude and virtue.

Two lovers, like the two halves of a divided bank-note, however widely separated, always correspond with each other.

# MINING, SCIENCE, AND ART.

## THE LAWS OF TRADE.

THE law is that the price of raw material tends to rise as we approach the places where there is association for labor and accumulation of wealth. The prices of finished commodities move in a direction precisely the reverse. They decline as raw materials advance. They tend to approximate as the power derived from association becomes productive of wealth; the highest price of the one being found accompanying the lowest price of the other. This movement of approximation in their exchangeable values is the most conclusive proof of advancing civilization.

At the Rocky Mountains one thousand tons of rags would not exchange for the smallest silver coin, whereas a quire of paper would be equivalent in value to one ounce of that metal. In the heart of Massachusetts three pounds of rags would command more than the equivalent of one pound of paper.

The same results meet our view as we look backward in time. A quantity of silk which, at the close of the fifteenth century, cost twenty-five francs, can be purchased now for one and one-half; while about three francs was the cost of entertaining royally eight persons. Four quires of paper would then command in silver the value of a hog; and two reams would be equivalent to that of an ox.

The more finished a commodity is the greater is the certainty that it will fall in price. These are the natural results of the power of association among men. The instrument to which they are most indebted for the power is money.

Commodities tend to go where their relative value is highest. Rare materials, therefore, are attracted to those places where the power of combination is most developed, and in which, consequently, land and labor rise in price. The precious metals, which are the materials for exchanges, follow the same tendency.

Thus, also, the most finished commodities are cheapest. The facility of using the

precious metals for their chief purpose gives ease and power in the operation of individual demeanor and enterprise, and gives power to associations for great purposes.

MINING IN OREGON.—From every mining camp in Southern Oregon comes cheering, golden news. Water is abundant, and all hands are at work. Take the mines in the aggregate, and they will yield at least five dollars per day to the man. There are at the present time, exclusive of Chinamen and Kanakas, from five hundred to eight hundred men employed in the mines of this county. There are probably a thousand Chinamen. The flood did the miners much injury in carrying away flumes and reservoirs, but there was a compensation attending that injury. Accumulated deposits of tailings were swept away, and old channels cleaned out to the bedrock.

GEOLOGY OF THE EARTH.—Geology is the eldest sister of the sciences. It treats of the earth, which is our habitation, its early formation, and the laws by which it is governed. Some geologists maintain that our earth, at the creation, was a mass of molten lava; that in process of time it cooled off, and the crust on which we stand, with all its beautiful surroundings, is but the crystallization of volcanic deposits or matter; that in our journeys round the sun, we travel on a ball of fire; that notwithstanding the theory of Captain Symmes, there is a great fire still burning within, which, but for certain safety-valves, might rend our frail tenement asunder, and by the force of its explosive power, throw us beyond the center of attraction—upon the tail, perhaps, of some wandering comet.

DEEP TUNNEL.—A tunnel having been run into the Jewett Mine, in Nevada, for a distance of one thousand feet, at the depth of three hundred feet a ledge

twenty-three feet thick has been struck, and the rock presents an excellent appearance.

**SILVER MINING IN MEXICO.**—The ore of the Veta Madre, at Guanajuato, contains on an average from three to four pounds of silver in a ton of 2000 pounds; ore containing less than one and four-fifth pounds does not pay, and it is rare to find ore containing more than six pounds.

The *tiro general* or main shaft of the Valenciana mine, at Guanajuato, in 1840, was 734 varas deep and ten varas in diameter.

The *tiro general* of the Rayas mine is thirteen varas in diameter and 460 varas deep. The total product of the Rayas mine in 1839 was \$518,720; the expenses, \$348,113; the profit, \$170,607. In 1840, the yield was \$451,959; the expenses, \$338,888; the profit, \$113,071.

In thirty-three months, ending on the 30th of September, 1842, the new Hacienda at Fresnillo had worked 95,570 tons of ore, extracted \$4,700,920, expended \$1,900,081, and made a net profit of \$2,600,839.

At Fresnillo and at Guanajuato the loss of mercury is one-third of the expense of reduction.

Amalgamation in copper pans is used with chlorides, bromides, and in some cases with iodides of silver. The ore is pulverized and concentrated, and put into a pan called a *cazo*, two feet in diameter and eighteen inches deep. The bottom is of copper and the sides of wooden staves. The bottom of the pan is exposed to a fire, against which the sides are protected by clay and adobes. The ore is put in with water enough to make a thin mush; when the water boils, salt is added; and while a workman stirs the mass with a big stick, quicksilver is added. At Catorce they have an improved pan, called *fondon*, made in the same manner, but five feet in diameter, and stirred by copper mullers moved by a mule. The charge of the *cazo* is 100 pounds; of the *fondon*, 1200 pounds. Usually the ore which has passed through the pan is afterward subjected to the *patio*.

A Castilian marc is  $8\frac{1}{2}$  ounces, or 229,880,784 French grammes.

A marc of gold, 22 carats fine, is purchased at the mints at \$135.75.

In early times silver bars sold in the northern mining districts of Mexico at forty per cent. less in dollars than their European value.

Previous to 1800, the gold coinage was four per cent. in value of the total coinage; from 1801 to 1840, five per cent.

**DEPTH OF THE SEA.**—Captain Sir John Ross made some enormous soundings at sea, one of which, 900 miles west of St. Helena, extended to the depth of 5000 fathoms, or 30,000 feet, or nearly  $5\frac{1}{4}$  miles; the weight employed amounting to 450 pounds. Another, made 300 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope, occupied  $49\frac{1}{2}$  minutes, in which time 2226 fathoms were sounded. Captain Denham sounded in the South Atlantic, 7706 fathoms, or nearly 7.7 geographical miles.

**COFFEE-GROUNDS FOR MANURE.**—It is known that coffee-grounds form a very fertilizing material for soils. The consumption of coffee in this country amounts to nearly 18,000 tons annually. The grounds are usually thrown down the sink, washed away, and lost. If care was taken to throw them into the dusthole, an immense quantity of a substance, as rich in nitrogen as guano, would be restored to the earth. This material would be invaluable to market-gardeners and florists, and should receive their most prompt consideration.

**A FEW FACTS IN SCIENCE.**—The power derived from the combustion of a pound of coal equals that from the decomposition of nine pounds of zinc in a galvanic battery.

A locomotive driving-wheel, six feet in diameter, makes two hundred and eighty turns in running a mile.

Britannia-ware is an alloy of eighty-five and a half parts tin, ten and a half anti-mony, three zinc, and one copper.

An alloy of three parts tin, five lead, and eight bismuth, melts at less than two hundred and twelve degrees of heat, which is the temperature of boiling water.

In the manufacture of Whitworth's stand-

ard gauges, the workmen measure to the twenty-thousandth part of an inch.

Spring steel is made in New Jersey which bears one hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred pounds per square inch, and an extension of one thousand two hundred and fifty-eighth of its length, without permanent change, after the set of the first trial. This extensibility is less, but the strength is much greater than is elsewhere reported for steel of spring temper by reliable authorities.

At the mines of Traversella, in Savoy, magnets revolving on a wheel are used to pick up the iron from the powdered ore, leaving the copper pyrites behind.

The four armor-coated war-ships, named by the London *Times* "rams," are to have iron side-plates four inches thick, which experiment has proved capable of resisting shot. The vessels are to be twenty feet longer and fifteen broader than the Persia, and are intended to run fourteen knots an hour.

The manufacturers of Troy have, by mixing different irons, produced one that will resist a tensile strain of one hundred thousand pounds per square inch of section. Sixty thousand pounds is considered the average of good iron.

THE RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA.—Professor Silliman lectured in Tremont Temple, Boston, recently, on the "Mineral Resources of California and Nevada." He corrected prevailing impressions as to the area of California, which he stated to be equal to that of the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia together, in which the northern gold region, where the great deposits of that metal had been found, covered an extent of one hundred and eighty thousand square miles. The Pacific slope of the Sierra Nevada range was covered with gold deposits, while the opposite slope, toward the great American Desert, was distinguished by its deposits of silver. The silver-mines of Mount Davidson and in the vicinity of Humboldt and Reese River were also described, and instances of their remarkable productiveness related. Nearly all the mines in that vicinity he had personally

examined. The product of these mines from 1860 to the close of 1864 was about forty-two millions of dollars, and the value of the mines was constantly increasing, as the veins grow richer rather than poorer as they deepened.

HOW TO ENTER UPON A SCIENTIFIC PURSUIT.—In entering upon any scientific pursuit, one of the student's first endeavors ought to be to prepare the mind for the reception of truth, by dismissing, or at least lessening his hold on all such crude and hastily-adopted notions respecting the objects and relations he is about to examine, as may tend to embarrass or mislead him, and to strengthen himself by something of an effort, and a resolve for the unprejudiced admission of any conclusion which shall appear to be supported by careful observation and logical argument, even should it prove of a nature adverse to notions he may previously have formed for himself, or taken up, without examination, on the credit of others. Such an effort is, in fact, a commencement of that intellectual discipline which forms one of the most important ends of all science. It is the first movement of approach toward that state of mental purity which alone can fit us for a full and steady perception of moral beauty as well as physical adaption. It is the "euphrasy and rue" with which we must "purge our sight" before we can receive and contemplate as they are the lineaments of truth and nature.—SIR JOHN HERSHELL.

EXPLOSIVE SUBSTANCES.—The following extracts from a work entitled "A Little Description of the Great World," published at Oxford, in 1629, furnishes some interesting information upon the subject of explosive substances, and what led to the invention of gunpowder:

"For the finding out of experiments in this art," says our author, "a man named Schwartz, a Franciscan, and studious in alchemy, was one evening tempering brimstone, dried earth, and certain other ingredients, in a mortar, which he covered with a stone. The night growing on, he took a tinderbox to light him a candle; when striking fire, a spark by chance flew into

the mortar, and catching hold of the brimstone and saltpetre, with great violence blew up the stone. The cunning alchemist guessing which of his ingredients it was that produced this effect, made him an iron pipe, crammed it with sulphur and stones, and putting fire to it, saw with what great fury and noise it discharged itself. This invention he communicated to the Venetians, Anno 1330, or thereabouts, who having been often vanquished by the Genoese, and driven almost to a necessity of yielding to them, by the help of their guns (bombards they were then called) gave unto their enemies noble discomfiture; and this was the first battle that ever those warlike pieces had a part in, which, not long after, put to silence all the engines and devices wherewith the ancients were wont to make their batteries.

"The next that made use of this instrument were the inhabitants of the Baltic Sea; and not long after them, the English at the siege of Calais, Anno 1347, about which time they began also to be used in Spain. The French, it seemeth, learned the use of them from the English; and the first benefit received by them was the death of that famous leader, Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who, at the siege of Orleans, was slain with a great shot, Anno 1428.

"The Turks are beholding for them to the wars they had with the Venetians; beholding, I say—for notwithstanding the harm received by them at first, yet afterward growing expert in managing of them, they gave unto Uesan Cassanes and Ismael, two of the most mighty emperors of Persia, two memorable overthrows by the help of their great ordnance only.

"The Portuguese were in art the tutors to the Persians; for, as Solyman, the Turkish emperor, objected against them, they not only aided Tamas the Sofi, with certain arquebusiers, (spelt in book harcabugiers,) but also sent him workmen to show him the use and making of artillery. These great pieces, at the first invention, were rude, unwieldy, and charged with stone bullets only; but by degrees they came to that perfection, both for the wall and the hand, which they now have. Whether now

archery or gunning is to be preferred, I stand not here to determine; only this I am sure of, that victories have been of late purchased with less expense of life and blood than ever in former times they were."

Propos of the same subject, the town of Scodra, in Dalmatia, is thus described:

"The fifth town of note is Scodra, or Scutary, which resisted the Turkish puissance a whole year, and many days was battered with seventy pieces of wondrous bigness, especially that called the 'Prince's Piece,' which carried a stone or bullet of twelve hundred pounds weight. This town was gained by Mahomet the Second, Anno 1778.

CURIOSITIES FROM IDAHO. — Governor Lyons, we are informed, has in his possession a collection of very curious specimens from the Territory of Idaho, of which he is the chief magistrate. They are all of Indian manufacture, and useful as well as ornamental. Among others may be mentioned a large blanket, woven by hand from the native grass, by the Kootenai Stokenie savages. This is most ingeniously wrought with quaint figures, not only artistic, but suggestive. Then there are spoons from the horns of the Rocky Mountain sheep, and American Ibez caps, and hats, pestle and mortar, and various other specimens manufactured by these red men of the wilderness, which exhibit a wonderful degree of talent and industry. A portion of these specimens will be presented to the New York Historical Society, and the remainder forwarded to Washington.

PETROLEUM EXCITEMENT IN CALIFORNIA. — We are drifting gradually into an all-absorbing "ile" excitement, says a recent writer on California affairs, and the day is not far distant when the late mining stock mania will be utterly eclipsed and thrown in the shade. At present walking in the streets is comparatively safe; with ordinary care and diligence, you can go two or three blocks without being stopped more than that number of times by individuals with unkempt hair and haggard looks, who draw from their pockets bottles of what

looks suspiciously like Mexican Mustang Liniment, and assure you with the most solemnly tragic air that they have got "the biggest thing on earth," and "if you ever expect to become rich and run for Governor, now is your time. Take my advice, and go in, Jones! Corral a few shares if it takes your last dime, Jones! Pawn your watch if you can't pay it otherwise." Active operations are already commenced, or about being commenced in various parts of the country, and unless all "indications" fail, there are lively times ahead.

The first "absolute" strike of the oleaginous which we have yet had reported on the Pacific coast, that is to say the first flow of oil from a regular well, was made at Mount Diablo, by the Adams Petroleum Oil Company, in which a number of prominent citizens are interested. The Company has been at work about two months, and are reported to have struck a vein of oil from which a steady flow is obtained, at 141 feet from the surface. The oil is of a very fine quality, only volatilizing at 210 degrees; whereas, the average Pennsylvania petroleum volatilizes at 160 degrees.

**ITEMS ON ART.**—The artists of San Francisco, most of whom had already made their reputations in the Atlantic States before migrating to the Pacific coast, have started an Art Union in the Golden City, similar in its aims and objects to the union established in New York. One of their number furnishes some few items about the new designs and sketches recently placed on exhibition:

"Denny has just hung two new water-views on the walls, and Williams has contributed a fresh-finished gem of the Yo-Semite. Besides these, there are several pictures from private collections, and more are expected within a day or two.

"Devine's bust of a child is the best bit of sculpture I have seen by a home artist. There is life, soul and expression in every feature of the marble."

"Brookes has a couple of new game pictures, just out, and it does not surprise us that these little bird portraits sell quickly.

"Hill's study of the 'Trial Scene from

the Merchant of Venice,' though not faultless, is alone worth the price of admission to see. I advise every one to go and see it. Look at the figure of Shylock, and say if it is not 'the very Jew that Shakspeare drew.'"

**NEW GUN-METAL.**—A letter in the *London Times*, from a distinguished English metallurgist, gives some interesting particulars respecting the new gun-metal lately invented in Austria by Baron von Rosthorn. He says:

"The new alloy, which has received the name of 'sterrometal,' from a Greek word signifying tough or firm, is composed of copper, spelter, iron and tin, in proportions that may be slightly varied without much affecting the result. In color it resembles brass rather than gun-metal; it is very close in its grain and free from porosity. It is possessed of considerable hardness, and will take a very fine polish. Several eminent Vienna engineers have tried it for the cylinders of hydraulic presses with great success. The writer gives it as his opinion that the days of wrought-iron are numbered, and that its place will soon be supplied by steel in some form or other.

**GOOD YIELD.**—The Massachusetts Hill claim, says the *Grass Valley Union*, last week sent away three gold bars, valued at twenty-one thousand dollars, being the result of ten days' work.

**THE CHAMPAGNE TRADE OF CALIFORNIA.**—The people of the Pacific States have a great fancy for sparkling champagne, and probably in proportion to their number consume more of it than any other people in the world. They will have champagne at their weddings and balls, and big feasts and festivities. Not because it is better than any other wine, and certainly not because it is cheaper, but chiefly because it is fashionable. Ladies condescend to sip a little sparkling wine in public, and for the pleasure of witnessing the condescension, many gentlemen whose habitual stimulant is brandy will call for champagne when ladies are present.

"Before we drink champagne," says the



*Alta California*, "we must get it; and heretofore we have got most of it from France. Sparkling wine has been made in California, but it was either poor in quality or it cost more than it brought. All past attempts at making it here were failures. The production, however, is not abandoned. The Buena Vista Vinicultural Society intends to put up sixty thousand bottles of last year's wine, and a sample which we tasted a couple of weeks since in the cellar of the Company was very palatable, light, lively, and free from ground taste. We have obtained our supplies of sparkling wine from abroad, heretofore, mostly from Champagne, partly from the villages of the Rhine and Moselle, and partly from the crab-apple orchards and gooseberry patches of New Jersey.

"The annual consumption of sparkling champagne on this coast is about thirty-seven thousand baskets, or four hundred and forty thousand bottles. That was the quantity imported at San Francisco in 1863, and we may presume that that was an average year. The average wholesale cost of these wines here to the importer may be estimated at fourteen or fifteen dollars; and the average wholesale market price demanded by the importer, eighteen or nineteen dollars per dozen. To the consumer, who frequently purchases by the single bottle, the cost may average three dollars per bottle, or one million two hundred thousand dollars annually. This would be two per cent. of the entire exportation of precious metals, though more than half the amount would go for the profits of the dealers and carriers on this coast.

**MINERAL BELTS.**—In the present stage of the science of geology the term "mineral belts" is used with a great deal of vagueness. We often read of the copper belt, the gold belt, the silver belt and others, as if the earth's crust was divided off into regular parallel divisions, and in these, traceable without limit, might be found each of those minerals, to the exclusion of the other. We believe that a great mistake is made in such an arrangement, and erroneous teachings and speculations are the consequence. If any body of the

earth's surface can be called a mineral belt, it is the elevated western portion of the American continent, but even to that, the term appears to be inappropriate. The rocks of England and the old settled parts of the United States have been quite thoroughly examined, and the theory that satisfied the conditions, as far as the explorations were carried, has been adopted as correct for all localities.

Taking the deductions of Eastern writers on the subject, the geologists of the western coast have been led to assertions that have not added to the repute of the science. Geological reports have told us that certain minerals need not be looked for on this coast, and the next day the miner, regardless of science, will turn up the non-existing (scientifically) treasure. But the report of the learned man has gone before him, and the outside world regarded the discoverer's assertions with distrust, and an important resource of the country is for years neglected. The mineral discoveries of the past five years bid fair to overturn the old established theories of their formation, and if our geologists and mineralogists are capable of originality, and will cast aside such theories as have proven inapplicable, new ones may be found that will cover all cases, and their reports, instead of leading into error, will be found instructive, and assist in the development of the resources of the country.

It will not do for miners to follow the preconceived ideas of tracing up to any great extent any certain mineral formation. Along the coast of California are found oils, coals, tin, copper, cinnabar, gold, silver, iron and many other minerals, that it has been supposed could not associate together. Farther inland, in the Coast-range, in the Sierra Nevada, in the Great Basin, and in the Rocky Mountains, the same minerals are found, and in the same mixed localities. Copper springs up amidst the gold-bearing veins, or it may alternate with lead or silver, and in following the supposed belt we may be led, in a short distance, into a coal formation. The only rule it seems best, at present, to rely upon, is that the valuable minerals are where you find them.

## OUR EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

WITH this number closes the First Volume of the *PACIFIC MONTHLY*; and here we can not forbear thanking the numerous friends of our enterprise for their exertions in our behalf. The prosperity of the Magazine has been much beyond our expectations; indeed, though we had no fears of its ultimate success, we expected that it would take a long time and strenuous exertions to build it up to a paying basis. We have, however, in the first instance been agreeably disappointed. It has been a success from the first. We intend that it shall continue to be so, and we expect to make it even more worthy in the future than the past. Our facilities will be improved, and a larger corps of contributors have been engaged. Our Mr. *GAZLAY* is now in the Pacific States on business connected with the Magazine. He will secure the services of able writers in those States, who will furnish us with matter relative to the section whose interests we specially advocate. Mr. *GAZLAY* will also furnish us some very interesting articles on the Pacific States, the first of which will appear in our July number.

Among those who will regularly contribute to the pages of the *PACIFIC MONTHLY* in the next volume will be many of our old popular writers.

Dr. *HENRY W. BELLWS* will continue to furnish us with matter relating to his trip to California; and we expect very soon to publish a lengthy paper from him on the Pacific States, which will be prepared with great care, and which can not fail to interest all classes of readers.

Another important and valuable feature will be a more extended continuation of papers prepared by United States consuls abroad, on the respective countries to which they are accredited. These papers will very often be illustrated, always in the very best style of art.

Hon. *W. H. COVENTRY WADDELL* will furnish us with valuable and interesting articles.

We shall continue the fine story of *IDALIA*, by the author of "Strathmore," etc., proof-sheets of which are furnished us in advance.

*JOHN PENN CURRY*, long connected with the leading San Francisco journals, will furnish a series of papers on Foreign Travel. These will be prepared from notes made in the different places which he has visited during the past twenty years. He will also, from time to time, give the result of his observations and experience in the Pacific States and South America.

*GEORGE COOPER*, well known to the public as a genuine poet, will regularly contribute to the *PACIFIC*.

*GEORGE RHETT CATHCART* (known to our readers as "Felix Oran") will contribute to

each number, and will shortly commence a series of sprightly papers entitled, "Human Nature all the World Over."

Spiely and humorous sketches and essays by *GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA* will also be a feature in the pages of the *PACIFIC*.

We have also made arrangements with Governor *JOHN GILPIN* to furnish us some valuable and interesting contributions on the geological formation of the western country.

We are not wanting either in lady-contributors. Mrs. *EMELINE SHERMAN SMITH*, the writer of the fine poem in our May number, "Time—A Vision," will occasionally give us the benefit of her pen, and Mrs. *ELIZABETH VAN SANTVOORD*, an equally good writer, will also write for us.

Our Lady's Department will be a striking feature. Under the able management of Miss *C. H. CARPENTER*, how can the *PACIFIC* fail to interest its lady-readers? Clever, sprightly, and brilliant as she is, we in all confidence promise great things for her Department.

Among other well-known writers who will occasionally assist us are, Rev. *GEORGE B. BACON*, Hon. *FREDERICK CONKLING*, *JOSEPH W. FABENS*, Rev. *D. S. B. BELL*, *GEORGE W. BIRDSEYE*, and many others.

An important and valuable feature of the Magazine will be its Mining and Scientific Department. This is under the management of a gentleman in every way equal to the subject. To those interested in mines and mining, this part of the *PACIFIC* can not fail to be exceedingly valuable and interesting.

With this long list of talent, and with, in all modesty, our own personal industry and energy, we shall endeavor to make the *PACIFIC MONTHLY* worthy the great interests it advocates, as well as of the patronage of all classes for its interesting popular features.

Who does not delight in Emerson? Some time since we took up the little volume, in "blue and gold," of his essays, and came across this exquisite little bit on Table Talk:

"When people come to see us we foolishly prattle, and think it necessary in order to be hospitable; but such conversations are chalk eggs. The honest man must keep faith with himself; his sheet-anchor is sincerity. Losing this, he loses the talent of his talent. What we want is not your activity, nor your interference, but your habitual truth. Stay at home. The way to have large occasional views is to have large habitual views. Let nature bear the expense; let our eyes meet. Look not abroad for materials for conversation, but rest. First feel

your subject fully; then discourse, if speaking be more grateful than silence. Make yourself the vehicle of truth.

"Another hindrance is the disposition to fun and untimely jokes. Beware of them. They are condiments, inestimable for sauce, but corrupting food. You go away from such banquets hollow and ashamed. There are people that can not be cultivated; you must keep them down and quiet them as you can; people on whom speech makes no impression. Shun the contrary side. Never worry people with your complaints. Never name sickness; and, above all, beware of unmuzzling the valetudinarian.

"Some Western court has defined a town to be 'a place where whisky is sold.' He would define a city as a place where a man could go into a cafe, and while drinking his cup of coffee, meet and converse with men of letters and of science, and enjoy the refreshment of society. Our institutions of daily necessity can be arranged to secure such benefits, and this should be the aim of every philanthropist at home. We should welcome every means to promote the intercourse of men. We should overcome our national spites."

A SIDE-SCENE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.—In the vicinity of this favorite promenade in Paris, there are a great many livery-stables which seem to be asylums for omnibus-horses. Such a collection of jades would be hard to match. Besides these decayed hacks, there are superannuated donkeys. These are the beasts on which the dry-goods and other shop boys of Paris take their Sunday ride. It is amusing to see these stables filled with ignorant lads chafing over the beasts, until they get, as they think, the worth of their money. They mount awkwardly, and as all the servants in the stable belabor the wretched animal with brooms and spades and pitchforks, and, in fine, any argument to speed they can lay their hands on, the beast canters off in quite a decent gait. His pace slackens when he gets out of broom-shot, and by the time he reaches the woods-gate he goes as if he were chief mourner in a funeral procession. He can not be moved to a quicker pace. When he reaches the lake, (where there is always assembled a great throng—on Sundays it is choke full,) he stands still. Nothing can move him. If the arguments become too pressing, he throws the rider, which is not a difficult feat. The only eloquence which will make an impression on him is to lead him toward the stable. Then he recovers all his motion. But as the majority of riders become thoroughly disgusted with the beast, and dread the gauntlet of laughs they must run if they fill the part of dry nurse or blind man's dog to the hack for whose use they have paid, they commonly throw the bridle over his head, and bid him "Go to

the d—!" Here the horse-chase begins. The livery-stable keepers, thoroughly acquainted with the eccentricities of their horses and donkeys, keep boys in pay watching around the lake for their equine or assinine waifs, who are to give chase at once and bring them back to the stable. In this way the same animal earns on a favorable Sunday seven or eight "days," with little or no exertion.

"An educated literary man" in Philadelphia, is out with an advertisement which is the most remarkable affair in its nature and composition that we have seen in an age. He offers to write any thing, from a sensation preacher's sermon down to an acrostic, in every known tongue—from plain English to the choicest Arabic, and all on the most moderate terms, provided he sees greenbacks in advance. So, henceforth there is no reason why every thing in a literary way should not be well done by those who have more money than ability to spare.

A GOOD STORY OF GENERAL HANCOCK.—A private letter, recently received, relates the following good story of the manner in which General Hancock took down a parcel of swaggering officers. It seems that a number of officers and soldiers crowded past the conductor of one of the trains at Baltimore bound North, and seated themselves in the ladies' car. They were drinking, smoking, swearing, and conducting themselves in the most disgusting manner. The conductor came in and ordered them out of the car, whereupon a captain in the party placed the conductor under arrest and compelled him to sit in the corner of the car and keep quiet. A stranger in a military cloak had been watching the maneuvers of these swaggering bullies, and at this juncture stepped up to the captain and demanded to know the cause of the disturbance. "Hold your tongue," said the captain, "or I will put you under arrest, too. "I think not," said the stranger; and beckoning to an orderly who had been sitting near him, he said, "Put these men in irons," and throwing off his cloak disclosed to their astonished view the stars of a Major-General. "Give me a full list of these men," said the General. His demand was instantly complied with. "Now go the smoking-car, and report to me at nine o'clock to-morrow morning at No. — in Philadelphia." They reported next morning, and the privates were deprived of their furlough, and the officers dismissed.

SMALL TALK.—Said a bedbug to a mosquito, whom he chanced to meet the other evening on an expedition, "How is it that you manage to extract so much more of life's current than myself, when I can bite as severely as you can? How can you explain?" "For particulars see *small bills*," quoth the mosquito with dignity.

A FUNNY WAR INCIDENT.—When Sheridan's soldiers scaled the rebel works at Fisher's Hill, an Irishman, named John Quinlan, was in the van, as usual with his rollicking countrymen, and instantly sprang a-straddle of a rebel cannon, shouting: "My gun, I've captured ye, be jabers!" The next moment he rolled off, clapping his hands to his seat of honor, and bellowed: "Och, howly mother o' Moses! an' sure it's red hot!" The gun had been fired so often, and with such rapidity, that it had become hot enough to roast a salamander, and Quinlan lost a patch from the seat of his unmentionables.

GOOD FOR A YANKEE.—A man from a considerable way down East has invented what he calls the never-failing garden-preserver, or "hen-walker," the effect of which we should like to see tried in a certain locality. It consists of a small instrument, something like a spur, only considerably longer, which is attached to the hind-part of the hen's leg, pointing at an angle of forty-five degrees toward the ground. When the hen, with this instrument on her legs, enters the garden in the spring after the seeds, she puts her foot forward to scratch, the "walker" catches in the ground, and forces her forward; and thus she is walked, in her efforts to scratch, entirely out of the garden. That will do.

AN unknown writer pleasantly gossips on punctuation: "Previous to 1520, there were no stops in books, and all languages, whether printed or in manuscript, were like the Hebrew, without punctuation. The colon was introduced in 1580, and the semicolon in 1599. In leases and other documents, they are never used, because a single dot misplaced may alter the intended sense of an instrument, and result in a lawsuit. The contract made for lighting the town of Liverpool in the year 1819 was declared void because of the misplacing of a comma in the advertisement, which ran thus: 'The lamps at present are about 4050, and have in general two spouts each, composed of no less than twenty threads of cotton.' The contractor would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads, but this being but half the quantity, the commissioners discovered that the difference arose from the comma following instead of preceding the word *each*. The parties agreed to annul the contract."

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.—Not many years ago, two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in the possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied by chance the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resort; I am penniless and tired of life; give me five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dominion, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vamoosed, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw-boned man from Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning "Pike" awakening, discovered his room-mate standing over him, with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the deuce are you standing thar for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollar, or I will blow out my brain!"

"Well then, blow and be darned!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you will be arrested for ze murdaire!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike; "oh! I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five-pound bowie from under his pillow he sat upright.

"A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked; and, at the word he started for the Gaul; but the latter was too nimble; the "hoss-pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what may suit one latitude will not answer for another.

SPEAKING of Ingins "puts us in mind of a story." In the winter of '49-50 a party of the early miners of the Trinity region, California, were startled one day by the appearance of some eight or ten Indians, each swinging by the tail the ghastly head of a Chinaman. Casting down his hideous burden at the feet of the miners, the chief gravely inquired: "What you call him?" The horrified miners answered: "Chinaman's head." The puzzled red man shook his head and replied: "Ingin no savvy! Him (pointing to the heads) go 'quack! quack!' all the same as duck; him hab long tail like a rat; Ingin no savvy—Ingin kill 'em."

There is a moral to this "tail" of the early days of Trinity.

MEMORY has been defined as a bundle of dried time.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.—Mr. Fitz-Hugh Ludlow thus writes of the Great Salt Lake:

"The lake from which the city takes its name is about twenty miles distant from the latter, by good road across the level valley-bottom. Artistically viewed, it is one of the loveliest sheets of water I ever saw—bluer than the intensest blue of the ocean, and practically as impressive, since looking from the shore you see only a water horizon. This view, however, is broken by a magnificent mountainous island, rising, I should think, seven or eight hundred feet from the water, half a dozen miles from shore, and apparently as many miles in circuit. The density of the lake-brine has been under instead of overstated. I swam out into it for a considerable distance, then lay upon my back rather than in the water, and suffered the breeze to waft me landward again. I was blown to a spot where the lake was only four inches deep, without grazing my back, and did not know I had got within my depth again till I depressed my hand a trifle, and touched bottom. It is a great mistake to call this azoic. It has no fish, but breeds myriads of strange little maggots, which presently turn into troublesome little gnats. The rocks near the lake are grandly castellated, and cavernous crags of limestone, some of it finely crystalline, but most of it like our coarser Trenton and Black River groups. There is a large cave in formation, ten minutes' climb from the shore.

SIDNEY SMITH, in his work on Moral Philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little courage.

"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who if they only had been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in doing any thing in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances: it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brothers, and his uncles, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice. There is so little time for over-squeamishness at present that the opportunity slips away. The very period

of life at which man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity in such instances of a little violence done to the feelings, and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation."

HOW AN INDIAN CHIEF WAS SUBDUED.—Some four months ago, Captain McCusick, Assistant Quartermaster at Fort Wadsworth, Dacotah Territory, went out with a scouting party to hunt Indians, but failing to discover any, turned his attention to a herd of buffaloes he found on the prairie. He made a dash at the herd, and overtook an old bull weighing about two thousand pounds. Just as he was about to fire on the animal, his horse stumbled and threw him almost under the heels of the buffalo. He caught the buffalo by the forehoof as he passed over him, and raising up, drew his knife, and jumped upon the bull's neck. For twenty minutes the captain and his strange partner waltzed over the prairie, until the animal showing signs of fatigue, the captain managed to throw him on his side. The bull struggled violently, until the captain sent his knife into the animal's jugular, causing him to give up the ghost. The fame of this exploit reaching the ears of the Indians, Red Feather, Dacotah chief, marched his tribe to Fort Wadsworth, and surrendered to Captain McCusick, believing that any man who could whip a buffalo in a fair fist fight was not to be contended against.

IN England and France the newest things in the fashionable world are breast and scarf pins and earrings made out of the bright green and golden beetles from Brazil; and the feather flowers made from the bright-plumaged birds of the tropics, and from the peculiarly brilliant humming-birds found near Rio Janeiro, Bahia, and on the Amazon. The wife of Professor Agassiz recently received from Rio Janeiro a wreath of flowers made from the breasts of the ruby-topaz humming-birds, and it required no less than fifty-six of these winged jewels for this purpose.

FEET.—The French foot is meager, narrow and bony; the Spanish small and elegantly formed—thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of it." The foot of the Scotch is large and thick; that of the Irish flat and square; the English short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small. A foot, for both beauty and speed, should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the person. The ankle, especially of a woman, should be round and firm, and not too small.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following amusing incident concerning "hard-tack," for the truth of which he pledges his word of honor.

"'Hard-tack,' or army biscuit, has risen, in ordinary American parlance, to the dignity of an institution—that is to say, it is talked about, and has been joked over to a degree which would fill many a volume like this, were all the Hard-tackiana collected. Perhaps the best spoken pun—one devised by no human brain, but strangely modeled by nature or chance, once presented itself to me under this popular name for military bread. On breaking open a specimen of the article, I found a large iron tack which had been baked in it by accident, and was, I need not say, several degrees harder even than the tack in which it was imbedded.

"The tack in question is always packed in square wooden boxes, generally bearing date, as well as the brand of the maker or baker, anent which the following is told :

"One day a lot of boxes of peculiarly hard crackers arrived in the camp on the James. Several of the boys were wondering at the meaning of the brand upon the boxes, which was as follows; 'B. C. 603.'

"Various interpretations were given, but all were rejected, until one individual declared it was all plain enough—could not be misunderstood.

"'Why, how so?' was the query.

"'Oh!' he replied, 'that is the date when the crackers were made—six hundred and three years before Christ'—(603 B. C.)"

THE Arabs possess a wise practice in proceedings for divorce. When married people seek a separation, the Cadi orders them to live for some time with a discreet and austere man of the tribe, that the latter may examine their lives and see on which side blame lies. This elderly man makes a report at the expiration of the appointed time, and this report is the foundation on which the Cadi builds his judgment of divorce. Experience has demonstrated that there is no better method of restoring peace in families. The husband and wife, put thus on their good behavior, resume the manner of courting days. Each strives to be more amiable than the other, to convince the "elder of Israel" that it is not this one's fault, if the honeymoon changed its quarter. Old love is awakened, and the pair that went to the approved man's tent, snarling like a cat and dog, return home cooing like doves.

"If I was a sheep, Pat," said a farmer to his hired man, as he observed the sheep lying in a shaded position, "I would lie on the other side of the fence, where it is warmer." "Troth, thin," was the reply, "if ye had been a shape ye would have more sinse than ye have now."

THACKERAY thus discourses on the tender passion: "When a man is in love with a woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every one connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself with the footman; he runs on errands for the daughters; he gives and lends money to the young son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories, which would make him break out in yawns were they uttered by any one but papa; he drinks sweet port wine for which he would curse the steward and the whole committee at a club; he bears even with the cantankerous old maiden aunt; he beats time when darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano; and smiles when wicked, lively little Bobby upsets the coffee over his shirt."

A CALIFORNIAN exchange, in speaking of R. C. Gridley, the gentleman who contributed the thousand-dollar sack of flour to the Sanitary Commission, says: "Our old friend Gridley has not only got into New York, but has also got into the papers. *Harper's Weekly*, of January 21st, has an engraving purporting to be a picture of Gridley and his famous sack of Sanitary flour. Looking at the engraving we are at a loss to tell which is Gridley and which is the sack of flour."

A RETIRED cheesemonger, who hated any allusion to the business that had enriched him, said to Charles Lamb in the course of a discussion on the power of laws: "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of that sort of stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'"

Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave acquiescence in these pithy words: "Yes, I am aware of that: you turned it into cheese several years ago."

THE *Eclectic Medical Journal* argues in favor of men wearing a full beard, and among other things says: "What would be said of him who would shave off his eyebrows or pull out his eyelashes, or have his head shaved all over? Such a practice would be pronounced uncouth, unreasonable, unhealthy, and unnecessarily wrong; yet if the hair of the head pertains to the laws of life and nature, who dare say the beard has a less important office to fill?"

MAMMA REBUKED.—"How awkward you are," said the lady, "I do not hold my head down; I do not turn in my toes as I walk; I do not lean my elbows on the table."

"I beg your pardon, mamma," said the child, who was really a well-behaved little creature, "but are you not rather fond of praising yourself?"—*Memoirs of Lucy Aiken*.

# LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

BY CHRISTINE H. CARPENTER.

“**A**UT amat aut odit mulier”—a woman either loves or hates.

What a sentiment is this! At once comprehensive, neatly said, and expressive; but so marred by deformity!

The sex included in this scathing criticism might be pardoned a quiet sneer at its audacity and the unworthy prejudice that must have authorized it. It has a bitter conciseness, denying utterly to woman the happy privilege of enjoying a medium in *affaires du cœur*. It forces her to extremes that would make her entire life miserable, were there no rest midway at which to pause. It likewise argues a very wretched state of mind upon the part of the individual who could bring himself to the point of making such a bold assertion, for when he thus positively refuses Platonic affections and disinterested likings to the feminine nature, it is a proof that he has never in the course of his imperfect life experienced the charm of a woman's friendship. (Let it be here understood, *The Department* does not espouse the cause through egotism, or because of a personal relationship to the sex, but simply because the assertion in point was and is a libel that had better have remained forever unwritten.)

If such had not been the case, the emotions or the *retentissement*, as a Parisian would say, of the past in his heart would have reproached him too keenly to permit of his giving such an opinion to the world.

How forlorn to have missed one of the finest emotions known to existence! An emotion like a tranquil, delicious calm, amid the tempests of passion. A lull, an experience, not so sweet, so deliriously intoxicating as that of love, but equally free from its bitterness.

Women undoubtedly both love and hate. To some it is a mooted question, but we believe them to be capable of the first, if not so hotly, at least more lastingly than man. And they hate with equal intensity, but from a natural horror of war and bloodshed, with less ferocity and recklessness. Their love or hate is an instinct, not often a plant of slow growth, and as such it is difficult to uproot or destroy. A touch of the hand, a glance, a word will suffice to bring it into being. It is an intuition, a quick perception of truths, that, according to Madame d'Hericourt, “man elucidates only with great difficulty by the aid of stilted logic; she is more penetrating, and a much better judge of the moral and intellectual value of those around her.” But from this it does not follow that she must experience for all with whom she comes in contact one of two extremes, love or aversion.

She venerates greatness, excessive goodness,

or superiority, while at the same time the atmosphere about it may freeze up all the warmth in her heart. She admires physical force, muscular development, embodied in a Hercules, while with such admiration is linked an inseparable fear, such as that with which she might regard a tiger, or a panther, wondering at the marvelous beauty of its glossy stripes, or velvet spots, but not forgetful of those terrible claws.

She has pity and sympathy for mediocrity, inferiority, ambition or suffering, and she may recognize equality, or do homage to worth wherever found; but she would scorn to call such interest love. It is too cool, too dispassionate, too discriminating; it asks too little or too much. It is the medium. For want of another term, it is classed under that of “friendship.” Often it is true, tender, earnest and self-sacrificing, and sometimes better than her deepest loves.

Woman is also equal to another emergency—a calm indifference, into which there enters not the slightest shadow of affection or aversion. It is simply courteous, the very phase of feeling or character that enables her to tolerate an insufferable coxcomb for the nonce, and to utterly forget him when he is out of sight.

It speaks of a peculiar power of mind, a self-sufficiency upon occasions, that has no need to indulge in any thing more definite, or that makes the case in question too insignificant for any sincere regard.

We could pardon the progenitor of that cruel judgment, a non-recognition of the last capacity. His overweening vanity might have blinded his perception.

To acknowledge that he had been a mere cipher in a woman's existence! Fie—heaven save the mark! Therefore his sweeping criticism denies her this as well as friendship. A certain individual of the *genus homo* who shall be nameless, was once called upon to give his opinion of a work of art, beautiful in itself, masterly wrought, faultless, save in the fact that it was executed by a woman. He remarked to the point that had it been the work of a man he should unquestionably have pronounced it clever, but being that of a woman it was an *innovation*.

Probably the ancient philosopher of our first quotation, long since dead and gone to dust, would have come to a similar conclusion, if a woman had dared assert to herself the right to friendship or indifference. It has been said that the masculine community is and always has been a trifle jealous of certain privileges; fearful lest women should be tempted to usurp something of the freedom of speech, thought, pursuit and action they reserve to themselves

exclusively. They like to make her opinions, and, right or wrong, compel her to acknowledge them, under penalty for rebellion of their lordly frowns. A woman's sensibility and reserve are her most graceful charms, and the majority of the sex are so well aware of this, that they have, or should have, little desire to part with these for the poor return the privileges about which their opponents are so scrupulous could make to them. Of freedom of thought nothing can deprive them, but with regard to speech, pursuit and action, may the gentler sex ever remember nothing can compensate for the sacrifice of delicacy, or the loss of that emanation from purity of spirit that exacts the involuntary respect of the society in which they mingle.

### FASHION GOSSIP FOR JUNE.

FOR this most lovely month, an elysium between the coy coolness of spring and the tropical glory of July, there is quite a variety of material for dress goods. Among them, silks, self-colored and glace, foulard, challies, cambrics, organdies, bareges and grenadines, besides the linen and woolen class used exclusively for traveling, bathing and boating costumes.

Since first the idea of encroaching for style upon the field of masculine attire entered the busy little brains of the fair sex, they have made rapid incursions in that direction. Evidently they scorn "to do things by halves." Masculine amusements have been adopted as well. Whereas in the days of our grandmothers only hoydens and "tomboys" skated, "handled the ribbons," and indulged in boating *scientifically*, at the present time we are not sure but that young ladies consider an initiation in these classic arts requisite to the completion of their education.

The "sensation" at Long Branch and Newport last summer was the pretty basket chairs, and park-phaetons, drawn by ponies; driven by the gentle owners themselves, to be seen upon the drives on pleasant mornings or afternoons. Said a critic, in commenting upon the novelty: "We were quite reconciled to the idea by observing how gracefully the fair jockeys managed their establishments. Let women do what they will, there is always a peculiar captivation about the way in which they do it that we, rough masculines, never can attain." Doubtless the "fair jockeys" appreciated the compliment intended. Boating was also in high favor last season, not the antiquated style of days gone by, when the ladies were expected to talk poetry and sentiment, and look as pretty and quiet as possible at some handsome cavalier, doing duty for the time being as gondolier.

A "change has come o'er the spirit of the dream," and it is now considered *la mode* for the belles to ply the oars quite as briskly as the chevaliers themselves.

A significant dress has been dictated by fashion to do duty upon these expeditions. A short jacket, loose, with revers and side-pockets, similar to the English shooting-jacket; sometimes anchors are embroidered upon the corners, suggestive of the wearer's nautical predilections. At the neck a standing collar and broad tie. The jacket and skirt may be of the same color or not, as the taste may fancy. The latter looks better of dark blue or gray, raised over a scarlet or crimson balmoral. A round straw-hat, with a simple band of blue or black, knotted at the back with two ends, trimmed with straw or jet anchors, completes a costume at once jaunty and appropriate. The dress is most serviceable, made of soft woolen goods.

Challies and cambrics make up exquisitely for morning wear.

The first are neat and fresh looking, but comfortable for cool weather. The latter in pink, blue, gray or lilac, are mostly robes with an elaborate design in contrasting colors for the skirt, and a smaller corresponding one for the waist and sleeves.

When plain, this material is usually braided or embroidered. Silks, grenadines, organdies, etc., are reserved for dinner and evening toilet.

There is still a passion for a redundancy of trimmings, and the most fanciful styles have been adopted for the purpose of bringing thin goods within range of this. Fringe will be much used upon these and lace. The Garibaldi waist, not quite so full as formerly, is best suited to light materials. Occasionally the latter is puffed upon a thin lining or foundation. The "Aurora" and "Daisy" sleeve are the prettiest of all new designs; both are loosely shaped to the arm; the latter has a pointed cuff extending up to the elbow, put on quite full, and headed with fringe; it is finished with a small rounding epaulette at the top, and three bows upon the back, between the wrist and elbow.

The "Aurora" has a straight cuff, ending in a long tab; three straps pass over the elbow, from the back to the front, finished with lace and narrow fringe; a small straight cap at the top.

Bodices, Swiss and otherwise, still hold the field. They are cut pointed, or with points in front, and a sash at the back. Girdle-cord ending in heavy tassels, has superseded other kinds of trimming for these pretty trifles.

Bareges and grenadines are worn with a bodice of silk.

Some prefer the small sleeveless jacket fitting half tight, the fronts rounding away from the neck to show the waist of the dress. To be effective, the jacket should be of some gay contrasting color, and the dress of a neutral tint—steel or gray.

White waists are always pretty for summer wear, whether simply plain, with narrow bands of needlework or ruffles of Valenciennes at the



throat and wrists, or a series of tulle flutings, separated by embroidery and lace insertion. Fine tucks are often substituted in the material for puffs or fluting.

Wide ruffs and deep frills of lace and cambric are used as a finish for the neck for street-wear, but dress-collars continue of medium size, and are even quite narrow.

Frills, wide or otherwise, must have a narrow velvet or ribbon running through them, terminating in a bow or rosette with ends. A new method of trimming, *gros de Naples*, or *gros grain* basquines, for street or carriage-dress, is in vogue.

The ornaments are cut of silk, corded on the edge, and finished with narrow lace, pusher or guipure being most preferred.

White or black lace shawls, one entire piece, in shape similar to those of last summer, are always elegant, and especially suitable for an elaborate toilet.

Loose sacques of black silk, made and trimmed like the English jackets, answer admirably for morning dress and shopping tours.

Basquines are cut either close or half fitting.

There are quite a number of novelties for seaside mantles, but we shall reserve our description of these until next month. Judging from the accounts that reach us of extensive preparations under way, the season at the springs and elsewhere is destined to be unusually gay, and, as a matter of course, attractive. The *Saratogian*, speaking for its own locality, says:

"Those who have been wont to regard Saratoga as finished—who have insisted that every new hotel projected, and every enlargement of an old one, would prove a losing investment—who have opposed taxation to lay out streets or to light streets already laid out—must be sadly puzzled by the indications now presented of future growth and prosperity. During the present winter, laws have been passed authorizing the extension of Philadelphia and Spring streets to Broadway, and the construction of a splendid macadamized avenue to the lake. The Lelands will, this spring, add fifty feet to the south wing of Union Hall, and double the capacity of the lodging-rooms on the north side of their grounds, while an elegant and commodious opera house is to be erected on Federal street. The accommodations on the Saratoga race-course have been nearly doubled, and this, with other improvements, will render it the most attractive course in the country."

#### BONNETS.

For youth the delicate *chapeaux* of white tulle, to which they have inclined during May, are incomparable.

They are like fragments of clouds, white, fleecy, vaporous, with here and there a tinge of gold, royal purple, or *couleur de rose*, such as we

have seen illumine the West at sunset. It is almost impossible not to think they have suddenly sprang into being at the bidding of a fairy fancy, instead of owing their origin to mortal fingers.

Sometimes the material is puffed upon the foundation; again it is fluted or waved. A combination of crape and tulle is very pretty. Silk bonnets or plain straw are adapted to traveling costumes; but either for full dress, or ordinary wear, they are still exceedingly small.

Narrow ribbon is much used for trimming. A cluster of loops is disposed at the back, with two or three long "streamers," one of which terminates in a small rosette to be fastened upon the left shoulder. Vails are quite an indispensable addition.

They have diminished in size most wonderfully—in some instances reaching only to the tip of the nose.

This extreme is disfiguring—they should always fall to the chin, so as to make the face all of one color. The rage for ornamenting them with beads and glittering pendants is nearly exhausted.



THE ADELAIDE BONNET.

COMPOSED of pale lavender silk, folded over the sides, to meet a puffing reaching from the tip to the back, where it is confined by a plain band of silk. A double fall of lace, one white, the other black, over the waterfall; in the center loops of black ribbon, fastened by a pink rose. Face trimming, a rose with crape leaves crystallized.



FRENCH BONNET.

FINE Neapolitan embroidered with crystals, a front of dark blue silk, and fanchon crown finished with narrow falls of black lace. Inside a band of straw and roll of crimson feather fringe.

The latter first made its appearance last winter upon evening *chapeaux*. Its effect is very rich, and was so much admired that it was used upon spring bonnets, and as it is delicate and suitable, it will probably be worn throughout the summer.



TULLE BONNET,

EMBROIDERED with fine pearls. A foundation of blue silk, wide quilling, passing around the lower edge, studded with pearls at intervals; long loops and ends of ribbon at the back. In front, a spray of lilies of the valley and rope of pearls; blue strings.



"GLENNE IRIS."

A SCOTCH turban of white straw. A barbe of black lace passing round the hat, and tying with bow and ends at the back. In front, golden wheat and blue corn flowers.

There is nothing different in round hats from those we mentioned for May, except it is the military cap of straw, trimmed with a band of velvet, and cluster of flowers in front. It is called the "Faust."



COIFFURE CLEOPATRA.

THIS is the most florid style yet named. It is for a brunette. Three loops at the back as a waterfall, plain in front. Diadem of pearls and rock-crystal.

## THE HAIR.

CURLS, puffs and waves are still in the ascendancy. The *coiffure* continues to be a matter of great moment and anxiety. No ordinary fingers would ever succeed in contriving the

elaborate modes to which grace and simplicity are being utterly abandoned; so Parisian *frizeurs*, with their wondrous skill at achieving the *outré* and artistic, become more than ever invaluable to the fashionable world.

The latest styles make a distinction between blonde and brunette. The former is condemned to a parting upon the side with three puffs upon the right, and two on the left, the latter supporting a cluster of flowers. At the back a fall of long curls at one side, separated from the broad bow or loop on the other by a knot of ribbon with drooping ends. Brunettes may wear a coronal of braids with curls at the back fastened with roses, or the hair is drawn back from the forehead, confined by a jeweled band, and falls thence in a "cascade" of curls upon the shoulders.



BOATING JACKETS.

OF gray cloth, trimmed with narrow velvet fastened on the pockets and fronts with square jet buttons.

#### JUNE TOILETS.

A DINNER-DRESS of violet foulard, high body, with bands of black forming a pointed berth. Trimming upon the skirt and sleeves to match; collar and cuffs of point lace. *Coiffure* of crimson roses. A dinner-dress of sea-green crape, with a broad puffing round the bottom of the skirt, surmounted by clusters of crystals. High puffed body, with pointed silk bodice embroidered with crystals; a ruche of tulle and Valenciennes at the throat and wrists. In the hair, lilies of the valley, with frosted leaves. Ornaments, diamonds.

A dinner-dress of fine white French organdy, a broad puffing round the skirt, above which a band of blue silk, overlaid at intervals with bars of Valenciennes. Another puffing over this as wide as the first. The waist puffed across with intermediate bands of lace; sleeves to match. A standing ruff of Valenciennes at the throat, fastened with a knot of ribbon, and tiny pearl ornaments. Rope of pearls and barbe of Valenciennes in the hair.

A morning-dress of blue cambric, trimmed with bands of black an inch wide, rising in pyramids around the skirt, and *en tablier* up the front; narrow bands upon the sleeves and body; collar and undersleeves of linen, with a delicate edging of lace. Brooch and earrings of white onyx.

A morning-dress of buff cashmere, braided heavily with scarlet, in a set pattern upon the skirt, waist, belt and sleeves; narrow band at the neck and wrists, surmounted by stand-collar and cuffs of linen, embroidered. Coral jewelry. It is in exceeding bad taste to indulge in an excess of ornament for morning toilet. Simply a brooch and ear-drops, and those of rather plain design, should be chosen.

The handkerchief also comes in for criticism. A cambric, with a narrow vine of embroidery, white or in colors, is sufficiently elaborate for *dejeuner* at home or abroad.

An evening dress of *glace* silk, blue and yellow green. A short tunic of white crape festooned with crystals, set in rosettes of narrow gold lace; a low silk body, or Swiss waist, trimmed with fringe of crystals and gold-lace. High under waist of crape, puffed—each puff separated by gold cord; sleeves made the same; ruff of gold-lace at the throat and wrists. This lights up brilliantly.

Evening dress of white taffetas, with rosettes of pink crape, three deep, up the seams of the skirt. High body with round waist; sash, shoulder-knots, and scarf for the hair of rose-crape. Pearl ornaments.

Carriage dress of "goat's-hair" cloth, "dust color." Large parallelograms of blue silk around the skirt and burnous stitched on by sewing-machine. Bonnet of blue silk shaded with illusion; cluster of white roses, without foliage at the back.

Dust-colored gloves stitched with blue.

For traveling costume, thin cloth, black and white check, intended for this purpose. Loose basquine and skirt alike. A broad band of black embroidered with glints of steel around the bottom of each; sleeves and collar of basquine, trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of black Neapolitan, also embroidered with steel. At the back and inside, scarlet poppies in black and white illusion, with loops and floating ends of black ribbon.

#### A WALKING COSTUME.

Dress of dark blue foulard with two rows of little diamonds of white silk, set on with jet upon the skirt. Burnous of black lace. Bonnet of white tulle, with a broad plating of blue over the back. A spray of jonquils at the side, veiled in illusion. Inside, crystal fringe falling over tulle, and knots of blue ribbon. Black kid gloves stitched with white.



## CHILDREN'S MODES.

THE "MARIE" DRESS.—This is for a little girl from seven to ten years of age. It is of bright blue silk trimmed with black.

Long scarfs of the material are fastened with straps of black upon the front. The sleeves are open from the elbow at the back to display the miniature undersleeve.



## "YOUNG AMERICA."

SUIT of light cassimere, trimmed with straps of black silk, fastened with onyx buttons.

Infant's robes change but little. The materials seldom vary—it is cambric needle-work and Valenciennes to the end of the chapter, and the only difficulty is to decide whether they shall be made with puffs or tucks, etc. A fluted flounce looks very pretty as a finish to a dress or skirt. A beautiful outside garment is made of white merino or cashmere, pointed circular shape, with spiked leaves of corn-colored silk, set on with crystal beads around the bottom.

The neck is finished with a little hood, silk-lined.

## JEWELRY.

THE fancy for display of ornaments and *bijouterie* is growing stronger with each day. Fashion exults in extremes. It requires but a small stretch of memory to get back to the time when it was said of fair promenaders upon our gay thoroughfares, that their Quaker simplicity of dress and the preponderance of neutrality of color everywhere, won for them the soubriquet of "brown wrens." That time quickly lived out its ephemeral existence, and the rush now is "onward, still onward" to a show almost barbarous in its excess.

Brooches and ear-drops are enormous—great flashing combinations of gold and jewels. Diamonds, or imitations of them, glitter everywhere; even a breakfast toilet is considered inferior by particular tastes, unless accompanied by a huge cross, crescent or shield, glowing like a blazing sun. True refinement will never sanction this, however. Small ornaments, sparingly used, are rarely amiss; but those of great size must only be worn upon occasions, and then most carefully disposed to look well. The last part of that suggestion is, however, now a matter of little consideration to the generality.

It is a fact, that people will make scarecrows of themselves sooner than suffer the imputation of "being out of the mode." Spanish pins, and gilded or jeweled combs, are almost universally worn over the curls or waterfall. At first, the pins were of jet or ivory, but since these have come within the reach of even limited purses, gold balls, studded with pearls, rubies or emeralds, with pendants of fruit in coral, amber or malachite, have supplanted them.

## CURLING CREAM.

It is pretty generally admitted among the fair sex, who, bent upon adopting prevalent fashions, will indulge in curls and puffs, whether natural or not, that the artificial means employed to arrive at the desired end are frequently excessively injurious to the hair. We have been frequently asked of late to make mention of something to remedy the last difficulty—something to bring about the curls, etc., without being deleterious in its effects. In response we will state that Madame Demorest's Curling Cream is a perfectly safe resource in this trying emergency.

It imparts the necessary pliancy, and keeps the hair soft and glossy, without destroying it. Madame Demorest's Lily and Roseate Bloom are also very valuable substitutes for the hurtful cosmetics frequently employed to beautify the complexion.

















