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THE

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Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOLUME XIII.



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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

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VOL. 13.—JULY, 1874.—No. 1.

CARNELIAN: A ROMANCE OF A SLEEPING-CAR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

IV.

TWO evenings after, these self-protecting ladies recommenced their western journey. It was only seven o'clock when they started from Ogden, but they were exhausted by their rambles in and around Salt Lake City, and, like most passengers on overland trains, were disposed to sleep early. By eight o'clock they were all snugly bestowed in lower berths, excepting Miss Eustace, who, having found that one of the party must lie up aloft, had chosen to make a parade about her being now the individual of least consequence, and therefore under obligation to sacrifice herself.

Half an hour later, when everybody was sleeping that could sleep, a way-passenger came in from the silence and darkness of Corinne. Clothes threadbare and stained, high boots, soft and shapeless hat, hammer and canvas bag. It was the man of the cañons again. He pushed through the train until he found

the conductor—no longer Mr. Brown, whose authority had terminated with the line of the Union Pacific Railroad.

"Ah, Williams!" he said, "I go with you, after all!"

"We didn't expect you."

"No; got through before I thought I should, but quite tired out. Where will you put me?"

"Why on earth didn't you let me know? We are crowded everywhere."

"What, no berths?"

"Yes, one; if I could let you quietly in over a couple of ladies."

"Over a couple of ladies! No, thank you."

"Well, I've nothing else; and you know we haven't come to be so particular here yet as they are on the Eastern roads."

"I don't like it, Williams."

"No, I suppose not; but you can be up early—long before they are stirring."

"Hum! I don't like it, but what can

I do? I'm really used up. There, I suppose I must. Manage it as softly as you can, and give me a call at daylight. I wouldn't be caught for a thousand dollars."

"All right! all right!" said the conductor, not fully sympathizing with these scruples, which seemed to him excessive. So, with extreme caution, and a trepidation which under ordinary circumstances would have been inappropriate to six feet of height and one hundred and seventy pounds of weight, the new-comer climbed and crept, with divers twists and writhings, into the vacant nest, and soon forgot in dreams the terror of his situation.

The best-laid schemes of conductors and voyagers go oft astray. In this instance the conductor, having things of superior importance upon his mind, totally forgot his promise, and the voyager, being uncommonly weary, slept considerably beyond the time he had fixed for his proper waking. When at last he did open his eyes, it was with a shudder and a dim sense of impending horror. Uncertain apprehensions rapidly turned to positive alarm. Voices were audible beneath him, and these voices were not strange. They were, on the contrary, distinctly and to some extent disagreeably familiar. They were the voices of Miss Charlotte Vervain and her sister.

"It is impossible to conceive of a more infernal state of things!" he said to himself; and he said it sincerely. But he speedily found that he was mistaken, for a single word spoken below suddenly made him look wildly about for an avenue of escape, although he must have known that none was at hand. He felt that whereas he had waked to find himself at worst in the frying-pan, he was now tossed headlong into the fire.

The single word was his own name—only that, and nothing more.

At first, it was all obscure to him. It was the elder sister who had spoken, and he could conceive of no reason why his name should be in that pretty though not especially amiable mouth. But a few seconds gave him light enough, and more than enough.

"Dear me, Emily!" he heard Charlotte say, "one would think this Frank Farrell was your betrothed, instead of his brother George. You talk about nobody else."

"I want to see him for George's sake," was the answer, in gentler tones; "you know what George thinks of him."

"O, yes; and of course what George says mustn't be doubted—at least for a few months! But for my part, I'll form my own opinion, if you please. There's no 'George' in my case to tell me what I ought to think."

"Well, don't go and take prejudices against him, dear."

"Why shouldn't I take prejudices against him? Though what's the use, to be sure, of taking prejudices either against or for anybody?"

"Now, Charlotte, mamma hoped you might——"

"Well?"

"Don't be vexed. Mamma thought it was just possible that you might fancy Mr. Farrell, and then, you see——"

"Ah, yes; I see——"

"And she hoped he might—you know what I mean, Charlotte."

"That is probable enough," said the elder; "nobody would be surprised if Mr. Frank Farrell should follow the general impulse, I suppose; but does it occur to you that a person of his way of life might not be precisely my ideal? A sort of bush-ranger, from all I hear; a wild man of the woods—an Orson."

"No, no, Charlotte; nobody ever said that. George told us he was fond of adventure, that was all."

"So were Dick Turpin and Captain Kyd, my dear. I don't see how a man

who passes his existence among savages can be anything but a barbarian. I shouldn't be surprised to find him without a scalp."

"Charlotte, don't be so ridiculous!"

"Then don't talk Farrell to me, Emily; I don't like it."

To be sure, the tall, coarsely dressed and sun-browned traveler was nobody but Mr. Frank Farrell, as every reader has, of course, long-been aware. In his character of amateur geologist he had started out, a month before, upon a tour among the Rocky Mountains, taking with him little besides his hammer and his bag for specimens. Having severed his communications at the start, he had heard nothing from his New York brother respecting the approach of the Vervain party, and although the name was naturally familiar to him, as being that of George's future bride, he was entirely unprepared for the startling revelation which had just broken upon him. He shivered as if in an ague. It was, perhaps, the only absolutely pluckless moment of his life. Not one of the more conspicuous qualities commonly attributed to the Turpins and Kyds of romance was at his command. He was too abject and unheroic for even a barbarian or a bush-ranger.

What was to be done? What *could* be done? Was it not possible that the opposite upper berth might be already vacant, and might he not furtively bridge himself across? He peeped between his curtains, and, as he did so, a bright face confronted him. Only a face and head, surrounded by hanging drapery, like a conventional cherub taking a survey of the universe through pink clouds. This was Miss Eustace; and for a single moment he probably detested her as cordially as he did her magnificent cousin. To what extent she was acquainted with the pleasant scheme which had just been divulged, he could not know. Moreover, which was more im-

portant to him at the moment, she obstructed his hegira. He shrunk back to his pillow, and presently became aware that Miss Eustace was getting up—or, more accurately, getting down. He was hemmed in, and just then bubbles of conversation floated up to him again from the depths below.

"Anna is moving," said Miss Charlotte; "I must hear what she has to say about your California Farrell idea."

"For pity's sake, don't speak to her about it! She never heard a word of it. Mamma hinted it only to me, and I'd be ever so afraid if Anna had any notion."

"Fancy anybody being afraid of Anna Eustace," retorted the other, disdainfully. "Here, Anna——"

"O, don't, Charlotte; pray don't!"

"Are you awake?" said Miss Eustace, looking in upon them. "I can't find my boots."

"O, yes," said Emily, welcoming boots as an eligible opportunity for changing the current of her sister's thoughts; "I threw all the boots into the empty berth overhead."

Mr. Farrell gasped for breath.

"Never mind," said Anna, "I won't disturb you climbing up for them; slippers will do till you get up;" and by the rustling of her dress it was evident that she was moving away.

What the unfortunate gentleman had finally intended and hoped, was to wait until the whole party had risen, and then to watch for the conductor, and induce him to lure them to another car; but the boot discovery was a new embarrassment. He looked about him, and saw, piled together in a corner, three pairs of previously unsuspected gaiters. This put an end to all expectation of prolonged concealment. Now the better part of discretion was clearly valor, and he resolutely pushed forth his head, and in a gruff voice demanded the presence of Williams. No Williams was at hand,

but two melodious squeaks responded to his call. With a side-glance observing that the lower curtains were drawn suddenly and convulsively together, he made a bolt, a plunge, a wild descent, a rapid run—and was free. Then gathering himself together, he went into another car, performed the hasty overland toilet, and started in search of the recreant official.

After subjecting that functionary to a series of blasts for his neglect, he said: "Now, Williams, something important has happened. I must leave you as quickly as I can, and get on the hotel train behind. It is against the rule, I know, but I don't often ask a favor, and I think they'll allow it for once."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Williams, of ever acquiescent temper.

"If they don't, I must wait over a day at Elko."

"But I thought you were in a hurry."

"So I am, but this can't be helped. And look here, Williams, you've disappointed me once, don't do it again; if those ladies in there—I mean those over whom you shoved me last night—if they should ask my name, be sure you don't know it. It's not at all probable that they will—they haven't seen me yet—but they may see me before I can leave the train. If they do ask, by any chance, remember, now, you don't know anything about me—not a thing."

"Just so," said Mr. Williams; "I'll bear it in mind." And this time, it may as well be here recorded, he kept his word.

Somewhat relieved, Mr. Farrell moved forward again, with the purpose of getting as far away as possible from the source of his discomfiture. But he paused before he had gone half the length of the car. Miss Eustace was before him. She had crossed over from the sleeping-car, undoubtedly to escape the disorder of the early morning hour, and was now seated, with her eyes fixed

upon a book. As he checked his progress, she looked up.

"O!" said Mr. Farrell.

"Ah!" said Miss Eustace, with an expression of countenance that seemed to suggest the phrase, "You here again!" She remembered her gratuitous and perhaps unnecessary hand-shaking of the other evening.

"I was not aware——" began Farrell, constrainedly, and then stopped.

"My friends are in the other car," said Miss Eustace; and, as he remained standing in front of her, she added, "I suppose you have finished your work at Ogden."

He smiled. "O, yes," said he. "I stopped only to look up some mineral deposits at Willard and thereabout. I might have done well to stay longer, but I had to hurry home."

"Do you go far by this train?" she asked, a little amused at the prospect of her cousin's vexation at seeing him again.

"No," said he, "I must, for special reasons"—and he grew very red—"take the hotel train behind as soon as I can change. I wish you a pleasant journey, and—and no further annoyance from rude railway *employés*."

Miss Eustace misinterpreted his confusion. She thought he must have met her cousin Charlotte in the other part of the train, and been humiliated by that acrimonious young lady. That was contrary to her ideas of fairness.

"Stop a moment," she said, "I would like to ask you something."

In fact, she had nothing whatever to ask him, but she desired to say a pleasant word to this well-meaning though rather obtrusive young man, who, at least, had done what seemed to him the correct thing in endeavoring to enliven a part of their journey. "But in the first place," she continued, "you must not suppose there has been any annoyance so far as I am concerned. I speak only

for myself, but I am much obliged, truly obliged, for your help and the information you gave us."

"You are heartily welcome," he answered; "that's the way to pay an obligation, if there is any, to an American workman. But there is no obligation here, of course. I wish you would give me the chance to make one. What was it you had to ask me?"

"O, yes, certainly," said she, a little perplexed. She bethought herself, however, of an appropriate pretense, and drew forth a shining substance which she had picked up in the neighborhood of Salt Lake. "You know all about these things. I have found a pretty stone; can you tell me what it is?"

"Pretty!" said he, taking it; "I should say so. Why, it is a lovely carnelian—the genuine flesh tint from which it takes its name. Just like"—and he glanced at her clear and delicate cheek and forehead, but apparently saw danger ahead, and switched himself abruptly off, as it were. "Just like some which I have—not," he added, awkwardly. "I mean I have been searching for some of that kind, but never have found one."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you can see the difference," said he, pulling out half a dozen from his bag.

"But yours are much finer," she declared.

"They may look so," he answered, evasively. "I haven't a single one of that kind. I do wish you would make an exchange; there can't be much difference in the value."

"I hardly know," she said, with hesitation. Then she remembered the positive snubbings the poor fellow had undergone before her eyes, and the probable one under which she supposed he was now suffering, and consented.

"Thank you—thank you very much, indeed," he exclaimed, with extravagant emphasis. "And now I must go; good-

morning." He remained an instant, however, and seemed to be debating within himself whether he should say something more. But presently he walked hurriedly away, without another word.

After a little delay, Miss Eustace rejoined her companions. She found Miss Charlotte Vervain in a state of high excitement. The folds of the curtains, it appeared, had been compressed in a peculiar manner, so as to render them impenetrable from without, but not from within.

"That horrible man!" said Miss Vervain. "I shall certainly complain to the conductor."

Which she presently did. "Ah, well," said the placid official, "you won't be troubled in the same way again, ladies—at least, not by him. The gentleman has gone into the hotel train."

"Gentleman!" ejaculated Miss Charlotte.

"There, there, Charlotte!" said Emily, who was always good-tempered, but not invariably profound. "Everybody is a gentleman out West, you know."

"But how in the world could he get into the hotel train," said Mrs. Vervain, "when we tried to, and couldn't?"

"O, well, a workman on the road, mamma," suggested Emily.

"Bless my soul!" began Mr. Williams, in much amazement, but recalling his pledge, he said no more, and walked wondering away.

V.

Two days later, the Vervain-Eustace party rested from the toil of travel at the Grand Hotel, in San Francisco. They were promptly welcomed by a host of residents to whom they had brought credentials. One disappointment, however, awaited them. The messenger who was dispatched with Mr. George Farrell's letter to his brother, brought

back a hastily written note of eloquent regret and excuse, stating that Mr. Frank Farrell was in the very act of starting forth upon a journey of such particular importance that it would be impossible for him to pay his respects at the moment. But he hoped to be absent only a very short time, and begged to know how long the fair visitors would remain at the West.

By this the members of the Vervain family were beguiled, though the purpose would have been obvious to any persons who understood the circumstances. No person did, just then, exactly understand them, however, except the schemer himself, and, as he plunged out of civilization into the wilderness of the Sierra again, he performed an ingenious calculation, by which he arrived, at the discovery that his affairs would exclude him from San Francisco until precisely one week after the time fixed by the ladies for the commencement of their return trip. He very sincerely regretted the necessity of disregarding his brother's request, and he would gladly have undertaken any amount of exertion for the entertainment of the future Mrs. George; but he could not possibly reconcile himself to the prospect of the machinations of which he had received warning, and he trusted to time and opportunity to offer suitable excuses and explanations, in case they were needed. But Frank Farrell, though doubtless a clever young gentleman of the period, had it not quite in him to shape the course of destiny. It happened that Miss Charlotte Vervain, the autocrat of the family, found San Francisco more alluring than she had anticipated, and decreed an extension of the visit considerably beyond the date when the wanderer believed himself safe in returning. Hence the following results.

On a certain evening, the visitors, accompanied by Mr. Reddel—the gentleman at whose request Miss Eustace had

come to California, and who was found to possess a delightful reputation as an elderly married beau—sat in one of the curious side-boxes of the new and brilliant California Theatre, alternately surveying the audience and the participants in the sprightly action of "*La Grande Duchesse*." Miss Charlotte had adopted, for the occasion, an air of languid indifference to mimic sports of every kind. The opera was old, she said, and was never much to her, at its best time; play-houses, too, had long ceased to charm her fancy. Who could devise something truly new, to please her? While she lamented the absence of a sensation, her younger sister was preparing one of an unexpected nature.

"Dear me, Charlotte!" she exclaimed, "I've been wondering for ten minutes if it is not—and, I declare, I believe it is—yes, it certainly is! Look there!"

Charlotte followed the direction of her sister's eyes. "What on earth is the matter?" she said.

"Why, there; that——"

"That odious mechanic, as I live! For heaven's sake, Anna, just look!"

While the three gazed unitedly at Emily's discovery, the young man, seated in the middle of the orchestra stalls, lifted his eyes, and, seeing them, made a movement, half of astonishment and half of courteous recognition. Anna Eustace alone bowed slightly, and, as she did so, she caught sight of a peculiar and rather conspicuous "charm" depending from his watch-guard. She recognized her Desert carnelian, and for a moment turned quite rosy.

"I don't wonder that you are annoyed," said Charlotte Vervain; "was there ever such effrontery? And look at that coat! Just like what I have heard of Western miners and that class. When they come to town they spend all their savings, and make such absurd 'swells' of themselves!"

"But, really, Charlotte," said Emily Vervain, "there's nothing so very absurd about the man. He looks as well as anybody."

"If he were a gentleman, certainly," said Charlotte; "but for a laborer, or miner, or what not, how preposterous!"

The curtain fell upon the second act of the opera, and, to the momentary consternation of the young ladies—not expecting Miss Eustace, it must be admitted—the stranger (who, in one way and another, had almost ceased to be a stranger) was seen to rise, with his eyes fixed upon them, and to move slowly in their direction.

"Upon my word, I believe he is coming here," said Charlotte. "I declare, I will endure it no longer."

"Listen to me, Charlotte," began Miss Eustace.

"I won't listen to anybody," said the ireful beauty. "It is an outrage."

"Bless my soul, Miss Vervain!" said good Mr. Reddel, "what has happened? Has anybody offended you?"

But before any explanation could be offered, the bright-humored, handsome face, now overcast with considerable embarrassment, appeared at the open door of the box. Miss Charlotte turned upon its owner with a temper not unlike that of the heroine of the drama which they had been witnessing.

"Now, sir," she declaimed, "I know nothing about you, and I do not wish to; but, whoever you may be——"

"Dear me—dear me!" interposed Mr. Reddel, hastily; "here's some frightful mistake. Allow me—pray, allow me. Mrs. Vervain, let me present an estimable young friend—one of our most distinguished young men—Mr. Frank Farrell. Miss Vervain, Mr. Farrell. Mr. Farrell, another Miss Vervain—no, that's Miss Eustace. Miss Eustace, Mr. Farrell. Come in—come in; plenty of room here."

But Mr. Farrell did not go in. He said a few formal words, and withdrew. The third act was not witnessed by the Vervain party. I am aware that it contains certain scenes which do not bear the closest feminine inspection, but inasmuch as Miss Charlotte had endured them in Paris with serene complacency, I presume her sudden objection to them in San Francisco must be attributed to other causes. On her way hotelward, she was abstracted. Her thoughts were disagreeably occupied; and her dreams that night, as well as those of her little sister, were peopled with fantastic figures, not wholly of fictitious origin—Kyds, Orsons, Turpins, and Farrells—all strangely and inharmoniously blended.

VI.

The next morning, at an hour too early for premeditated calls, Miss Eustace, passing from her room to the public parlor of the hotel, encountered Mr. Frank Farrell.

"I am glad to have met you," he said. "I should have called later, anyhow; but I particularly wanted to ask the favor of one word with you alone. Now that I see you accidentally"—of course, he had been lying in wait for an hour—"will you allow me?"

They walked together up and down the empty corridor.

"You think, perhaps," began Mr. Farrell, "that I purposely deceived you all when I met you in Utah."

"It does seem as if there had been some sort of masquerading," said Anna, not looking relentlessly angry, however.

"Indeed, there was nothing of the kind," he protested. "At that time I had never heard a word of your visit. My brother's letter was waiting for me here in San Francisco, when I arrived."

"But that strange dress, and——"

"And the bag and hammer? Ah, ha!

Well, you see, Miss Eustace, I have a weakness. I am a third-rate geologist, and my passion is to break stones all over the country. I know it is a weakness, but I can't help it."

"Your friends do not call it so, Mr. Farrell; and your brother seems to be very proud of it."

"George is a fine fellow. But consider, if you please, I had no suspicion who you all were, until the morning when I left your train, and then I learned it in—well, in an inexplicable way. That was the reason why I went over to the hotel cars. And another thing I must explain. After I wrote to your aunt, I ran immediately out of town, intending to stay until you had returned to the East. That was just my design. You see, I knew how uncomfortable everybody would feel if I should meet you in *propria personæ*—everybody but you, I mean. You had done nothing to cause any awkwardness. Well, I hadn't the courage to face the situation. I ran away, and came back only yesterday afternoon; and I had no idea, until I saw you in the theatre, that you were still here. It didn't occur to me then that you might still be unaware of my identity. I stupidly took it for granted you had found it all out, and I went to your box in great perturbation, but determined to get through with it as well as I could. I was more confused than any of you when I found myself still unknown. There you have the whole truth. If I have done anything wrong, I am sincerely sorry; and now, Miss Eustace, what do you say?"

"Well, Mr. Farrell, my aunt——"

"O, never mind her, if you please. What do you say?"

"My cousin Charlotte——"

"Miss Eustace, excuse me if I say, 'Bother your cousin Charlotte!' There! What do *you* say?"

"I don't know that I have anything to say, Mr. Farrell."

"Will you kindly tell me whether you suspected anything while we were on the road?"

"Nothing, certainly, of what I now know. But I once thought——"

"What?"

"That you could hardly be what my cousin imagined."

"When was that?"

"When you began that quotation."

"You were surprised?"

"Rather."

"You could not have been more surprised than I was when you finished it. However, we might both have heard it from the stage."

"That is true."

"I hope you are not offended, Miss Eustace?"

"Truly, I don't see what there is to blame."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so. I was determined to know what you thought about it—that is, if you would tell me."

"But suppose we had gone back to New York before you came home?"

"Miss Eustace, I will tell you something. After I returned, yesterday morning, the first thing I did was to pack my trunks and prepare for a journey to the East. I found I had an irresistible desire to see New York as soon as possible."

"Indeed!" said Anna, timidly.

Mr. Farrell was then silent for an unusual time. At last, he began again, with very little of that assurance which generally distinguished him:

"Miss Eustace, would you mind asking me why I wanted to go to New York?"

"O, if you wish it. Why, then?"

"In the first place," said Mr. Farrell, speaking very slowly, and, one might say, evasively, if his name had been anything but Frank, "I wanted my *carnelian* again."

"O!"

"Yes. I found my specimens were incomplete without it."

"You shall have it. I will go and get it."

"No; not now—not now."

"And, apropos, Mr. Farrell, how do you explain the public use of *my* carnelian?"

"What! you noticed it? Well, I have it here, and if you say I must not wear it, you shall take it back again."

He unfastened the trinket and handed it to her.

"Why, this is a very different thing from what I gave you," she said.

"It is the very same, I assure you."

"The stone is the same, but you have had it magnificently set. Why, it is a perfect blaze of gold! No; I think you must keep it."

"Then you must keep yours; and yet—my collection is dreadfully imperfect without it."

Miss Eustace laughed very prettily.

"What shall we do?" persisted Mr. Farrell. "How can we arrange it?"

Miss Eustace stopped laughing, and her cheeks flushed like the gem she held in her hand.

"There is Mr. Reddel coming," said Farrell. "I'll ask him."

"No, no," said Anna; "I forbid you, sir. You will do nothing of the sort."

"Then, shall we arrange it ourselves? Please tell me quickly. Here is Reddel close by."

"Perhaps," said Miss Eustace, hurriedly. "I think so. Yes; by and by. We will, by and by."

"What is to be 'by and by?'" inquired Mr. Reddel, as he joined them.

"We haven't decided yet, sir," said Farrell; "but as soon as we do, you shall know."

During the day a species of truce was patched up, wholly without explanations, and a superficial amity was established all around. But Miss Charlotte Vervain's western visit had lost its charm.

That young lady was sometimes heard to declare, in after life, that, although she had never, at any period, absolutely lost her equanimity, she came nearer to parting with it on this occasion than on any other of her self-possessed career. Within a week she commanded a retreat, by special edict. It had, however, been a week of great industry on the part of Mr. Frank Farrell in one direction, and of Mr. Reddel in another, and it was discovered that nothing short of Miss Eustace's personal presence, for a considerable time to come, would be sufficient to establish her just pecuniary claims. So she did not accompany her aunt and cousins, but remained behind, a guest of Mrs. Reddel. When she afterward re-appeared in New York, six months later, it was not as Miss Eustace, and she was escorted by Mr. Frank Farrell, who, this time, traveled without his bag and hammer, and whose "collection" had for some while been enriched by his cherished carnelian. In spite of their trifling disappointment, Mrs. Vervain and Emily Farrell received them most cordially—the latter even with enthusiasm. Miss Charlotte, as she had been no party to the little domestic speculation, assumed an imperial air of patronage, seasoned by a flavor of stately pleasantry. In her most playful moments, she condescended to address Mr. Farrell as Richard, meaning Turpin, and Robert, meaning Kyd. By these playful allusions she showed that she had forgiven him for having been the accidental cause of her committing herself. They were received with great good-nature by that gentleman, though not particularly relished by his wife, who, on the other hand, was completely satisfied with the correlative fancy of her cousin in calling her "Carnelian"—a title which suited her imaginative nature, as signifying, under the circumstances, a treasure picked up by chance on the Great American Desert.

LABOR IN COTTON CULTURE.

THE relation of labor to the future of our cotton industry is an interesting subject for discussion. When the first attempt at a revival of cotton culture in the State was made by the writer, some three years since, it was urged against it that it could not be successfully prosecuted for want of a supply of cheap labor. It was also stated that the only resource of California for cheap labor was the introduction of Chinamen, and that the inevitable result of our resort to this means of securing the desired supply would be undesired industrial and political complications. This view of the question was answered by the statement that labor in cotton culture was free to the working-man of every nationality, that its promise of remuneration was alike generous to all, and that the probability of competition was not greater in the case of this industry than in that of any other already established, or hereafter to be established.

We may safely claim as a result of the experience of the past several years, the conviction that the area of California adapted to the growth of cotton is of sufficient extent to absorb all the capital and all the energy which may be devoted to it for many years to come, no matter how rapidly our population may be increased from any quarter. If this be true, its expansion, gradual or rapid, is sure, and it is important to understand the conditions upon which it must proceed. "Given a good cotton-growing country," says Mr. William Evelyn, in an article on 'Cotton Culture in India,' "and the next question is, What is the system of labor—is it abundant and to be relied on?" The value of the laborer in any branch of agriculture de-

pends as much upon his steadiness as his skill. For while it is true that there are degrees of excellence in agricultural labor as well as that of every other character, and equally true that skilled labor is everywhere desirable, labor in agriculture is employed under such conditions as to neutralize to a great extent the benefit of skill. The employer does direct the employed, and, although the employed may be and often are the more intelligent in what pertains to their special duty, the mere fact of subordination evidences their incapacity to occupy the place of the employer. The agricultural laborer at wages who is not only skilled in his duties, but possesses also the steadiness requisite to discharge all the obligations incident to them, will not long continue in a subordinate capacity. In California, above any locality known to me, does he more rapidly assume the position of proprietor. The fact that he remains year after year an *employé* is conclusive evidence that he is lacking in either steadiness or capacity.

By very many persons it is argued that the conditions of proprietorship in California are essentially different from those of other localities. It is stated that the farmer who tills a small area devoted to the production of our leading crops, can not thrive—nay, can not live. We are told on every hand that the profits of grain-farming are so extremely uncertain as to offer no inducement to the cultivator of limited means. Hence the great proprietors, the great farmers, the magnificent splendor of soil-butcherly that goes on year after year, rendering us poorer, diminishing our average yields, and limiting our increase in population.

Hence, too, the prevalent, almost universal discontent which, reversing the truth of experience in our case, leads to no substantial progress. For, just so long as our farms increase in size, duplicating annually the thousands of acres brought under the cultivation of single proprietors, we are working out the results of monopoly in agriculture as well as other industrial resources, and preparing for ourselves the fatal and desolating blight which history records as the result of all endeavor to concentrate the intellect and energies of a people in single pursuits or staple productions.

It will not fail to profit us if we examine closely into the correctness of this view, and determine if there be no possibility of such changes as will leave open to the laborer a higher destiny than that of the day-drudge. All emigration is predicated upon discontent. It is the cause of movement, of change—dissatisfaction with existing and surrounding circumstances. The object placed before themselves by the migrating class is the betterment of their circumstances and surroundings by removal to locations of greater promise. The natural desire of the human heart is for home and its enjoyments. It pants for this acquisition “as the hart panteth after the water-springs.” If, then, we can offer to the immigrant class nothing better than servitude—if it can never hope to become a proprietor class except upon the condition of great proprietorship—sad indeed is the prospect for California that lies in the womb of the future.

But I am among those who believe that wide-spread over the limits of the State are promises of such proprietorship as lies within reach of the many—that the arguments in behalf of great farms, with their sonorous swell of thousands upon thousands of acres, are deceptive fallacies. I am among those who believe that we have the means to

accommodate and sustain a dense population—that it is within our power to develop a higher prosperity, individual and aggregate, than is possible to any other portion of the Union. Such a result is to be attained through the development of diversified industries, and that one which will contribute most powerfully to accomplish it, is the production and manufacture of cotton.

The relation of labor to the future of our cotton industry is two-fold: First, as *employé* at wages; secondly, as independent producer. In these several relations it has been subjected to the test of experience, and the result is before us. It has developed the fact that the White man not only can be, but is, employed in the production of cotton, and that he enjoys, so far, a monopoly of all the labor bestowed upon the crop—except that of hoeing and picking—until it comes to the gin, and there he divides the work with the Chinaman. So also it has served to show that he may be profitably employed in the harvesting of the crop if he will—that it is not the fault of the crop that he is not so employed. As an illustration, it costs one cent and two-thirds per pound to pick cotton. The Chinaman averages sixty pounds per day, and receives \$1 for the work, boarding himself. The White man will pick 120 to 150 pounds per day, and at the same rate will receive \$2 to \$2.50 per day, from which deduct his board, say fifty cents per day, and he will have wages \$1.50 to \$2 per day. There is really no economy in the employment of Chinese labor in harvesting cotton, and the sole reason for their employment is the ability to command the requisite number when required, and their steadiness when employed. The cotton harvest has been considered as remedying a great want in California, beginning as it does at the close of the grain harvest, and furnishing occupation to the laborer in the interval between

the close of one grain crop and the commencement of another—its greatest demand for labor being at that season when our working people in the agricultural districts are unemployed. Offering remunerative employment at this season to the laborer of every nationality, where lies the fault that the thousands disbursed through it, fall into the pockets of the Chinaman?

J. Ross Browne estimates the number of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits in California in 1872 at less than 24,000 souls. Now, on every cotton farm of 500 acres there is employed for the harvest a force of 100 Chinamen. Thus, it would require but 230,000 acres planted to cotton, to give employment to the entire agricultural population of the State for three months of each year, when they are otherwise unemployed, supposing them to gather 120 pounds of cotton, each, per day. The White laborer in California can not object to the occupation by the Chinaman of a field in which he refuses to labor. If, furthermore, he is deficient in patience and steadiness, qualities which the cotton harvest particularly demands from the laborer, the curse that he bestows upon Asiatic competition is but an idle invocation.

It is a striking and significant fact in connection with the question of competition, that, confining the two classes of labor to that portion of the work which each has hitherto performed with satisfaction to itself, in the larger area devoted to cotton culture in California in consequence of our ability to command Chinese labor, the greater room is afforded for the employment of White labor. The short, fuzzy, and coarse cottons of India are of little value to the English spinner when used alone, but through combination with the finer staples of other countries they become a source of great profit. The use of the inferior article does not contract the consumption of

the better one; but on the contrary, the more the one is brought into use, the greater the demand for the other.

The White laborer is possessed of incontestable advantages over his Asiatic competitor when he rises from the condition of *employé*, and becomes an independent producer. His familiarity with teams and tools, and his skill in handling machinery, lifts him far above the Chinaman. There is no part of the work attending cotton production which he can not perform better *if he will*. He can achieve results not possible to the Chinaman, and which are alike impossible to the producer of any other locality. The statements of "possible results" have been hitherto purely hypothetical. Practical tests have numbered them among the facts of our history. Adjoining my own farm the past year, two men performed all the work bestowed upon 130 acres of land planted to cotton, except that of hoeing and picking. Near Centreville, on King's River, two men planted and cultivated eighty acres, and still another two 120 acres, except the hoe-work and picking. In the case of the 130 acres near my own, the work on more than fifty acres was finished in May. From June until the 15th of August, one of the men, with the greater part of the team employed in putting in the crop of cotton, worked in the grain-fields during the harvest. The product of the 130 acres was thirty-five bales of cotton of 500 pounds each. The entire cost of production was less than \$5 per acre, the picking about \$8 per acre, the ginning and baling about \$2 per acre; a total of \$15 per acre, furnishing a net return of about \$10 per acre, when grain in the same locality rarely averaged a net return of \$1 per acre. The sum of the net return was about \$1,300, where the same labor devoted to grain-growing would have given about \$400. This result, it will be remembered, was achieved under the same disadvantages as to sea-

son that characterized grain-growing, and in the face of extremely low prices for cotton; while grain—under a combination of favoring circumstances—has sold at high prices.

A contrast of the results of cotton-growing in the Cotton States with such as have attended our efforts in California, presents the strongest argument possible in behalf of its extension. I have recently traversed the region which embraces the two representative localities of the "Cotton Belt," the uplands and the Mississippi River bottoms. A crop of 4,250,000 bales, now generally conceded, attests the satisfactory result as to yield, of the year 1873. There was engaged exclusively in the production of this crop, 1,119,000 laborers. The average value of the product, per bale, delivered at the shipping points upon the rivers and railroads, would not exceed \$60, or for the whole crop an extreme estimate would be \$255,000,000. The cost of production would hardly be covered by 14¾ cents per pound, or \$68.58 per bale—a net loss to the South of \$18.58 per bale, or \$78,965,000. Or to estimate more accurately:

Wages of laborers (actual payment)	
\$150 per year.....	\$167,850,000
Food of laborers (lowest price, or rations) \$75 per year.....	83,925,000
Amount available to supply waste in lands, implements, and animals.....	55,950,000
Interest on capital.....	60,000,000
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Total cost of production.....	\$367,725,000
Deduct value as above.....	255,000,000
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Actual loss to the South from crop of 1873	\$112,725,000

The foregoing statement will enable us to comprehend clearly the utterance of Sledge McKay & Co., of Memphis, cotton factors, who say: "The entire country is bankrupt, the people of the Cotton States are in worse condition today (February 19th, 1874) than at any time since the close of the war." Analysis of the statement will manifest its truth. It is universally conceded that it costs 12½ cents per pound to produce

and prepare cotton for market in the Mississippi River bottoms—the most fertile region of the Southern States. Upon the uplands the average per hand is twelve cents—equally divided as a rule, between cotton and corn. The yield, 1,000 pounds of ginned cotton and ninety bushels of corn. It costs to produce this result:

Wages of laborer twelve months	\$122 00
Food for laborer (at a low calculation).....	75 00
Feed of team employed.....	56 25
Rental value of twelve acres of land (a low estimate).....	36 00
Waste of implements, teams, etc.....	25 00
Interest on capital.....	27 75
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Total cost.....	\$342 00
Divide equally between corn and cotton, one-half to each.....	\$171 00
Or, per 1,000 pounds ginned cotton, seventeen cents per pound.....	171 00
Cost per pound in Mississippi River bottoms.....	\$0.12½
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Two representative localities.....	\$0.29½
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Or, an average cost per pound for the South, of.....	\$0.14¾

Applying the same rule to the cost of production in the river bottoms, we should have fourteen cents per pound as the minimum. The estimates made are almost entirely predicated upon the 'share system' of farming, which ignores the wages of labor, the waste of land, implements, and teams, and takes no account of interest upon capital invested, taxes, repairs, etc.

Mr. David A. Wells, in his report of 1869 as Special Commissioner of the Revenue, says: "The value of their *per capita* product must, it would seem, be sufficient to make up the following requirements: Wages, \$275; subsistence, \$125. Amount available to supply waste in animals, implements, and land, \$50; interest on capital, \$60—total, \$510." According to the census of 1870, the value of the total agricultural productions—including betterments and additions to stock—in the ten Cotton States, was \$588,081,947, and the population engaged in agriculture 2,096,906—

a product of \$266 for each agricultural laborer. Assuming the estimate of Mr. Wells to correctly represent the necessary production of an agricultural population in a thrifty and prosperous condition, we have a deficiency for these ten States of \$244 *per capita*—a deficiency so great as almost entirely to absorb the item of wages.

An extension of the contrast of our own work with these dissatisfying results, affords strong ground for the assertion that the facts furnish an argument in behalf of extension. In the estimate made of the profit to the two farmers on Mariposa Creek the past year, the use of team was not embraced as a part of the expense. The following re-statement presents every item of expense possibly entering into the cost of producing the crop, except rent, which will likewise be eliminated from the crop of the South to be contrasted with it. The assumption in both cases will be that the land is owned by the cultivators:

Value of crop produced in Merced County by two men—thirty-five bales, at \$80 per bale, on the farm.....	\$3,000 00
Net value of 700 bushels wheat produced by same men and team.....	200 00
Harvest labor of two men (without team), three months.....	312 00
Labor in new crop of grain, dry sowing, etc., four months.....	320 00
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Total work of two men for one year.....	\$3,832 00
Less expense six-horse team, five months, at \$50.....	\$250
Less feed of same, five months, at \$50.....	250
Less expense paid for hoeing cotton	150
Less expense paid for picking cotton	1,040
Less expense of ginning and baling cotton.....	185
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	1,875 00
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Net result representing wages and subsistence, rent, etc.....	\$1,957 00
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Or, for each man.....	\$978 50

Value of crop produced in Tennessee River Valley, north Alabama, by two men:

4 bales cotton, at \$60 per bale, on farm...	\$240 00
180 bushels corn, at 75 cents per bushel, on farm.....	135 00
40 dozen fodder.....	20 00
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Total product of two men, one year.....	\$395 00
Less 20 per cent. on value of mule..	\$30
Less feed of same, one year.....	75
Less ginning and baling.....	20
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	125 00
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Net result representing wages, subsistence, rent, etc.....	\$270 00
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Or, for each person.....	\$135 00

Value of crop produced in Mississippi River bottom, Crittenden County, Arkansas, by two men:

15 bales cotton, at \$60 per bale, on farm..	\$900 00
Less 20 per cent. on value of mule..	\$30
Less feed of same, one year.....	75
Less extra picking.....	128
Less ginning and baling.....	75
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	308 00
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Net result representing wages, subsistence, rent, etc.....	\$592 00
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Or, for each man.....	\$296 00
Excess of wages, through production, of California over north Alabama, for two men.....	\$1,687 00
Or, per man.....	843 50
Excess of wages, through production, of California over Mississippi River bottom, for two men.....	1,365 00
Or, per man.....	682 50

The foregoing estimates are based in each case upon facts within the knowledge of the writer, in each of which cases he believes the facts to be representative, and therefore fair illustrations of the difference between California cotton-growing and that of the respective localities named.

To eliminate from the calculation everything but the cotton crop, we shall find that it paid to the producers for the time devoted to it, net wages each, \$632, or \$126.40 per month. This question of wages is a grave and important one. The result presented furnishes a complete answer to the objection urged against California as a producer of cotton because of her inability to command cheap labor.

It may be objected that I have discriminated in favor of California in the

prices assumed for the respective crops. I do but state the price actually obtained for the California crop, while for each of the others a glance at the market reports at Memphis will show that the price allowed is rather too high than too low. Was the price paid for the California crop greater than it would have commanded in a cotton market? Let us see. I entered the Memphis Cotton Exchange recently, with a sample of my own crop, designed as a contribution to its specimen samples. It was examined with much interest by both factors and buyers, many of whom were my own friends. Its quality and value elicited discussion, and disclosed a diversity of opinion. A prominent factor was requested to take the sample, and, without disclosing the place of production, offer 100 bales for sale to prominent buyers, not present, and return with their respective offers in writing. After an absence of half an hour, he returned with an offer of twenty cents per pound for 100 bales, from three different parties, and a unanimous classification of "middling fair." At my request, the above facts were stated in a letter to Simon Jacobs & Co., 17 and 19 Battery Street, San Francisco, who are shipping to Liverpool my crop of 1873. The fact stated by me to the Cotton Exchange, that this sample was taken from the *last* cotton ginned, and was, therefore, an *average* sample of *the whole crop*, could scarcely be credited. And it will scarcely be credited in California that the average value of cotton on sale in the Memphis market on that day was *ten cents* per pound. The difference in price is due to favorable local influences, but they are such as inhere in our climate. The California producer will ever market whole crops of a single high grade, while the planter of the Cotton States must equally expect minute subdivisions in quality as the result of the smallest planting he can make.

If the question of predominance in cotton production be a question of price, we certainly should have a broad margin for competition, when compared with the cheapest labor systems of the world. To leave off the item of wages, the cost of producing the crop of the Mariposa farmers was 10.71 cents. To add the wages of the two men for the time devoted to the crop at \$40 each per month, and subsistence \$15 each per month, the cost of production was thirteen cents per pound, and there remained a profit of three cents per pound to represent rent.

Add to the other costs in Alabama, wages and subsistence, and the farmer was in debt; in other words, cotton production fails to pay the low wages of the country and the subsistence of the producer, to say nothing of rent.

Add to the other cost in the Mississippi River bottom, wages and subsistence, and the farmer had nothing to represent rent.

It will be borne in mind that the contrasts of the past year are disadvantageous to California, as far as yield is concerned, and are exceptionally favorable to the South. The price of the Eastern markets governed the price in San Francisco paid for the California product; consequently there was, as has been already shown, no advantage in this respect. The classification and valuation of the California crop of 1873, by the Memphis Cotton Exchange, demonstrates the fact that our cotton has been sold below its real value. The Liverpool telegrams quote "middling" cotton only, and our prices have been based upon that quotation, while our crops run three grades above "middling," and are worth two and a half to three cents per pound more.

The crop of 1872, produced on Mariposa Creek, cost eleven cents per pound, and gave a net return of \$25 per acre, after paying the high wages of Califor-

nia and the subsistence of the producer, in addition to all other costs. The year 1872 is known to have been much more favorable for the production of all crops than 1873.

It will be observed, in the case we have been considering—that of the White laborer as an independent producer—two men produced as much as five men would pick. The quantity produced enabled the farmer to impose upon his crop an expense of five cents per pound for picking, and yet make a profit. The only difference between the White laborer as an *employé* and an independent producer is the item of wages. Add the item of wages to the estimated cost of production, and the excess would be the planter's profit. I may state my own experience of the past year as to cost of production; the crop having gone to Liverpool, the profit would only be conjectural. The cost of production in my case was somewhat less than in that of my neighbors on Mariposa Creek, or 11¼ cents per pound.

While the results stated are impossible to the Chinaman, because of his want of experience in handling teams and tools, he too, after the fashion of his race, is accomplishing results in cotton production which are destined to largely influence the future of California. A crop of cotton was produced by Chinamen the past year, under the share system of the South. For the work he received one-half the crop; the land, team, tools, seed, and feed for team being furnished him by the planter. The labor of ginning and baling was equally shared. At the same rate of yield as that afforded by the Mariposa Creek, he received three and one-third bales of cotton, worth upon the farm \$266, or for the twelve months, \$22.16 per month. For three months he had nothing to do, and his labor for those three months—which comprised the harvest season—if utilized, would have added \$60 more to

his wages, or increased the monthly revenue to \$27.66.

It will be observed from this statement that the results of independent production to the Chinaman have been more satisfactory than similar results to the laborer of the Cotton States, with the advantage to the latter of long experience in the work performed. The results in the Cotton States are the fruits of trained labor under the influence of a favorable season; those in California, of inexperienced labor under the influence of an unfavorable season.

The facts stated warrant the following deductions: 1st. That the labor of California finds remunerative employment in the culture of cotton. 2d. That its extension does not necessitate conflict between Chinese labor and other labor, present or prospective. 3d. That, no matter to what proportions it may attain, neither American nor foreign competition can deprive the grower of a fair compensation for his products.

The permanent establishment of cotton production among the industries of California is of vital concern to all classes of our citizens. Thus far the work of production has been prosecuted in the face of difficulties which have retarded its progress, and which weigh heavily upon the profits of the producer. We have no home market for the raw material, and are compelled to market our crops in Liverpool, receiving the profits upon one crop after another is produced. The rates of transportation over our railways are disproportionately high when compared with freights on grain, being double the price per car-load for half the weight. It costs one cent per pound to ship cotton from Plainsburg Switch to San Francisco, about 130 miles, while the same cotton is shipped to Liverpool from San Francisco for one and a half cents per pound. This rate, while quadruple the charge for the same weight of grain, is double the charge upon railway

lines in the South for the same distance, on cotton.

No estimate of its importance to the industrial economy of California is possible. Furnishing as it does in its seed product a thorough and cheap source of soil renovation, the maximum yield of land devoted to its production may be preserved for centuries to come. A basis for those industrial enterprises through which capital is accumulated and fixed, it promises us an abundant

and cheap circulating medium. Its value in commercial exchange is attested throughout the world. If we shall wisely use it, it is destined to afford us real freedom of trade, through its export as goods, to become the consumer of our grain product at home, and in time to bring into the waters of our State richer argosies than ever plowed the waters of the Adriatic, or floated on the bosom of the Irish Sea. For this consummation we "wait and hope."

DESERTED HEARTHES.

THE traveler whose business or desire for adventure carries him to the northern verge of the Pacific Ocean, can hardly see the volcanic peaks and porphyritic cliffs of the great Catherina Archipelago, rising from the fog-belted horizon, without experiencing mingled sensations of awe and curiosity. The lofty cones with their coronets of smoke or steam, their mantles of eternal snow, and the graceful sweep of their even flanks of volcanic ashes, appeal strongly to the sense of the sublime and beautiful. At the same time, the imagination is excited by speculations as to the result of an awakening of their slumbering energies and the fearful possibilities pent up beneath the fragile crust. Seen in the distance, the dark and frowning cliffs which look out upon the sea recall at once the convulsions by which their distorted forms were raised, and the ages of calm defiance to the winter storms which have elapsed since they rose, hissing, from the boiling brine. On a nearer approach, however, the soft and verdant slopes of the lowlands, the luxuriant richness of the herbage which clothes the blackened cliffs and higher peaks even to the snow-line, the multitudes of active birds, and the soft rustle of innu-

merable water-falls as they leap into the sea—all these unite to produce a sense of relief from the first impression of desolation as a characteristic of the scenery, and to awaken a keen delight in the beauty of the prospect. The total absence of trees gives a unique character to the landscape, which is heightened in its attractiveness by the intense blue of the water and sky, the transparency of the atmosphere, and the rugged and broken nature of the shores. Human life seems absent, unless in the immediate vicinity of one of the few settlements, and it requires a strong effort of the imagination to conceive these islands teeming with a dense population, the stroke of the paddle, and the exultant cry of the successful hunter ringing in every cove and bay. Yet, investigation leaves no doubt that, in past centuries, this has been the case. It is hardly possible for the traveler to enter any of the bays or inlets, where there is shelter in ordinary weather for a canoe to land, without noticing here and there, on the lowlands, generally near a running stream, elevated patches of vegetation whose verdancy and rankness, where all is green and luxuriant, point to different conditions of soil and growth. Here,

then, if we use the pick and spade, will invariably be found the last poor remnants of ruined villages and deserted hearths.

The ordinary ethnologist, after a successful campaign with the shovel, usually contents himself with giving an annotated catalogue of remarkable arrow-heads, classified stone axes, and chipped implements of flint. Perhaps, also, he may amuse himself by assigning the work of contemporary flint-chippers of different degrees of skill, to various divisions of the stone age, or wind up by a demolition of the theory and practice of some other worker in a similar field. If he be a bone-gatherer, he will probably appear in the pages of the *Anthropological Review*, giving the characteristics of an extinct race from a single battered skull of some sturdy hunter; deducing marvelous things from a millimetre in the width of the *foramen magnum*, or the chance occurrence of a "wormian" bone. Leaving these students to their diversions, may we not, even if imperfectly, from our raking in the bone and shell heaps, conjure up a picture of the life and times of a humanity with its joys and sorrows, its work and play, its youth and age, and death and love, rippling the current of existence as they do with us to-day?

Where our excavations have cut a clean section of the green mounds referred to, we see that the native earth is considerably below the surface of the present soil. Successive layers of accumulated material, each layer of a peculiar hue, lie over one another, thickest in the middle of the elevation, and thinning out at the edges. These low but extensive mounds are called "kitchen-heaps" by the Danish investigators, and similar formations are found wherever ancient races have made their sojourn. Here we gaze on the ruins of a million dinners! The lower stratum in every case is composed of a substance which

looks like a coarse greenish-white sand. This is several feet thick in some places. Examine it closely, and it is apparent that it is exclusively formed of the joints, spines, and calcareous plates of the common "sea-chestnut," "sea-egg," or *echinus*. This creature has no flesh of its own which is capable of affording food, but the ovaries are internal, and, when in season, within an ordinary *echinus* a table-spoonful or two of minute eggs may be found. These are really palatable; tasting, when raw, like an oyster. This round stone—three inches in diameter and an inch thick—which we have picked out of the lower stratum, is bruised around the periphery. There is a slight indentation on each side for the finger and thumb. It has been used by these ancients to break the *echini*, in order to extract their contents. How many ages must have passed before the thin and fragile shells could have formed such a thick deposit as we see; how low in the scale of humanity must those creatures have been who were content to pick up sea-eggs for a living! There is no evidence that they wore clothes, that they were acquainted with the use of the lance or the spear. Not a knife or bodkin, not a weapon of any kind, or any ornament, is found in the tons of this material, which we have so carefully examined. Not a fragment of charcoal, that most indestructible of substances, indicates that they were acquainted with the use of fire. It is only on the uppermost surface of this layer that we find a few rough pebbles, with a rude notch chipped in either end, which show that some extraordinary genius among them had at last invented a net and used sinkers to keep it under water. Almost immediately above the portion of the mound in which these sinkers are found, a great and complete change takes place in the nature of the *débris* of which it is formed. The introduction of the use of nets

seems to have worked a revolution in the aboriginal economy. Here we see a solid, compact mass of fish-bones, from one to three feet thick, extending over acres. We may recognize by their characteristic bones most of the ordinary sea and fresh-water fish which still abound in the islands. Still, there are no indications of the use of fire, and the probability is that the fish were eaten raw, as they often are, even to this day, by the descendants of these hardy savages. With *solfataras* and volcanoes close at hand, it is difficult to understand the long delay in availing themselves of the use of fire in culinary matters. It is possible that the conservatism of that day, as in more modern times, looked with disdain at any departure from the habits of preceding generations; and we may even conceive of the contempt with which the elders of the community may have treated the introduction of a practice which must have seemed to foster luxury and degeneration.

Fish, however, is a substance which can not be conveniently dismembered by teeth and nails, and the use of sharp chips of stone as knives, begun soon after the introduction of nets, was soon superseded by more artistic productions in the shape of pieces of slate ground on other stones to a tolerably sharp edge, and of semi-lunar form. These were, doubtless, mounted in rough wooden handles, and were used as furriers' knives are by modern skin-dressers. The first rude and rough lance-heads, such as might be useful in securing the salmon in shallow water, begin to appear in the upper portion of the fish-bone stratum. This invention appears to have stimulated the aboriginal mind, much as in later days the invention of printing and the telegraph have affected modern races. Up to this time there are no evidences of permanent houses, and it may be that these aborigines liv-

ed in temporary and destructible edifices of drift-wood and mats.

But with the invention of the spear and lance of stone (for in these islands the bow does not appear to have ever been used), a multitude of new wants sprung into being, and the savage mind was awakened and stimulated by many new applications for their rude weapons. When the skin-canoe first came into use, or how the present artistic and indispensable *bidarka* was gradually elaborated from the first crude conception of a boat, we have no means of knowing, as the materials of which it is composed are liable to decay. It is not unreasonable, however, to suppose that this improvement was coeval with the ichthyophagous period. A more general use of shell-fish as an article of food, judging by the remains in the mounds, also occurred about this time, though why, in the earlier portions of the deposit, shells are so rare, is a mystery. Perhaps the recent elevation, or changes of level, of the islands had something to do with their scarcity.

Now, however, with the ability to kill, by means of weapons, not only fish from the shores, but sea animals and even birds, many new instruments were required. To utilize the results of the chase, new contrivances were necessary. Chisels, adzes, knives, and scrapers, to fashion the shafts of their stone weapons, were indispensable. With the possession of skins, sinew, and the bones of the larger animals, came the use by the skin-dressers of stone and pumice, awls, bodkins, needles, and cases for them; and then commenced the deposition of the upper layer, which is almost entirely composed of the bones of animals and birds, with a sprinkling of shells and fish-bones. The seal and sea-lion are found throughout the stratum, and also the remains of birds, many of which we may suppose were caught in nets or snares. It is only in the up-

permost and most modern portion of the mounds that we find the remains of the killer, and the sperm and baleen whales.

The more general use of flesh as food brought with it the possession of oil and ivory, and unquestionably the use of fire. For the first time we find traces of permanent dwellings and of articles of ornament. Charcoal, stone implements bearing the marks of fire and oil, indicate that a mighty wave of progress had swept over the sea of life. Rising and retiring with the sun, their progenitors had relied on heaven for their light and warmth. Now the lamp at once formed a centre of attraction for the members of a household, prolonged their available hours of labor, and cheered the dreary nights of winter. Not only was the utilitarian side of the native mind developed, but it began dimly to experience sensations of the beautiful and supernatural. Judging by observations on existing savages, the last-mentioned element can hardly have added much to the happiness of the prehistoric Aleut, but it must, at least, have tended to dissipate that stolidity and mental stupor which are the characteristics of the lowest grades of man. To attempt, with the scanty records of the "kitchen-heaps," to trace the development of the mental and psychological faculties of the islanders, or even their later improvements in the useful arts, would be a task which is not warranted by our knowledge. We may, at least, present a picture of their life, as it was seen in 1745 by the first voyagers, and sketch roughly their present condition under American as contrasted with Russian influences.

Active, sprightly, and fond of dances and festivals; of a less determined nature than their relations, the Esquimaux of the main-land, but yet not devoid of courage; of immense endurance, indefatigable in the chase and inimitable in the grace, ease, and dexterity with which

they managed their frail canoes, the early Aleuts derived their origin by tradition from the American continent, and called themselves "People of the East." All the evidences of language, physique, and habits of life, confirm these traditions, and demolish at once the theories which, without a fact to support them, would derive the Aleuts from the inhabitants of Asia.

Their homes were large and commodious, affording shelter to great numbers of families under one roof. They were entered from an aperture in the roof by means of a notched pole, and were in great part below the level of the adjacent soil. Each family had a compartment to itself, serving in some instances also for a tomb. Like most savage nations, cleanliness was not in their catalogue of virtues. The iron endurance which their descendants still retain, fortified them against the elements. No fire was used in the houses except in small lamps. Their cookery was performed on large, permanent hearths, built of concave stones, outside the houses, and these may frequently be found in place to-day. "When they were cold," says an old voyager, "they made a fire of grass, and stood over it." Their dress consisted of boots of seal-skin or fur, reaching the knees, and a long shirt, with a square collar, falling to the feet. The skins of fur animals were used by the women; the warm pelts of auks and divers by the men. Their head-gear was variously contrived of fur, parchment, or carved wood. Their caps were ornamented with bone carvings, mineral earths of red and blue, and with the long whiskers of the sea-lion. When in their canoes, the indispensable *kamlayka*, or shirt composed of the dressed intestines of sea-lions, formed a water-proof covering. All these were ornamented with delicate embroidery, feathers, colored earth, and amulets or ornaments of ivory or bone. They were

not much given to war until the incursion of the Russians introduced dissensions in their midst, and were said at first to have had no weapons except those used in the chase; yet, at the time of their discovery, they were engaged in hostilities with the Esquimaux of the main-land, whose attacks, according to tradition, were the original cause of their emigration to the islands from the continent.

Hospitality was one of their most prominent characteristics, and was carried to extremes which would meet no approval from modern civilization. Their natural endurance was confirmed by the habit, winter or summer, of bathing daily in the sea. The hardy and successful hunter was their hero; his exploits formed the subject of the tales and songs with which they beguiled the long nights of winter. His spoils were the property of all in need; the widow and the orphan meeting him on the strand at his return, would find their wants anticipated. For him were the favors of the smiling maidens, and the slothful or unlucky competitor found no encouragement in their sight. Bachelorhood was the latter's portion, unless he could, by subsequent success in hunting, redeem his reputation.

Personal ornamentation was not much favored in the men. Bone labrets, and a nose or ear ornament, with a few lines of tattooing on the face, comprised the whole; but what was lacking here, spent itself in decoration of their weapons, their canoes, the articles used in their religious rites, and in the entombment of their more distinguished dead. The arts of carving wood and bone were brought into extensive requisition in these last mentioned cases, and also a species of mummifying of the dead. The mother, bereft of her child, wrapped its remains in the most costly furs, and then surrounded it with folds of the most exquisitely woven matting. Sew-

ed in a water-proof covering, the corpse was placed in a sort of cradle suspended from two wooden arches, and often curiously carved. This was sometimes kept near them in the house, and the mother would watch it with the greatest tenderness, wiping away the mold, and adorning it with such ornaments as she could procure.

They used, in their mysterious religious rites, now almost forgotten, a kind of temporary idol into which the spirits were supposed to descend at the call of their worshipers. A fancy that death followed a glance at the idol when thus tenanted, led them to wear during these rites a mask of carved wood, so contrived that they could only see the ground about their feet. An extension of the same idea led them to cover the faces of the dead with a similar mask. Much space would be required to detail the curious and interesting facts connected with their treatment of the dead. I will only add that they were usually deposited in caves, and, in the old time, never buried.

What, then, did civilization bring to these children of nature, whose early character and life present so much pleasanter a picture than that of the ordinary savage? First, robbery, extortion, outrage, and successive decimations by the early Russian traders, until the native inhabitants, by violence and introduced disease, were reduced to less than a fifth of their original numbers. Then, with the chartered companies, a gradual improvement in their condition, though it was still pitiable. Then a devoted and saintly missionary in Veniaminoff. His labors and the increased attention to their needs by the Imperial Government improved, christianized, and nearly civilized them. The establishment of churches and schools, with strict regulation of the resident traders, ameliorated their condition, and greatly hastened their mental and moral progress. Bound by

its charter, the Russian-American Company looked with much care to the material interests of their wards. While, from individual and isolated traders, injustice and harsh treatment were occasionally experienced, usually the policy of the company was humane and wise.

What, then, has the transfer to the custody of "the best government the world ever saw" effected for these people? From personal observation I can answer. Their schools, except in one locality, have disappeared, save where a few natives, of their own accord, have tried to teach their children the Greek catechism and the Russian alphabet. They are everywhere at the complete mercy of the traders. The number of fur animals is annually decreasing, except in the Pribyloff group, and the time seems not far distant when it will be impossible for many of them to gain a sustenance except by a relapse into the grossest barbarism. Where anything has been done for their welfare, it has been prompted by evidently interested

motives, and a desire to obtain a more complete control over them.

Can it be wondered at, that at a festival of the church, not long ago, the natives brought out the Russian flag, which had been carefully preserved, and set it to the breeze with cheers? What warrant is there for an enlightened government to place a whole people absolutely in a state of practical slavery to a combination of traders, setting aside any consideration of the treatment they receive, be it good or bad? What thinking man can conscientiously assert that such a state of things is for a moment defensible?

That the most docile and most civilized aboriginal people within its boundaries should be without the means of appeal to any court of justice, or any method of obtaining the protection of the laws—without defense against outrage, or means of education—is, in my opinion, the most serious and inexcusable blot existing on the character of the Government of the United States.

CAIN.

THERE was blood on the hand, not visible to the eye; to the sight it was only a brown hand, tanned by the sun, rather slim and delicate for the hand of a miner; yet there was blood upon it. The soul could see it, even if the eyes could not.

There was blood, too, on the brow. True, the light of the sun revealed it not. Only a smooth forehead, with high temples, and a full swell to the brain; rather scholarly, rather intellectual than otherwise; rather an unusual face in its refinement for a rough mining life; yet there was a broad stain of blood upon it—a horrid, crimson stain. No water could wash it away. True, the skin was

fair and white, save a slight yellowish tinge, come of days upon the desert, and a faint line where the hat pressed; yet, with the vision of some subtle inner sense, one saw the hideous smear of blood there; saw it in the glare of the noonday sun; saw it in the deepest darkness of the black midnight.

I first met him at Camp Date Creek, Arizona, where I was awaiting orders to proceed to my own post. Rather a pleasant face, only reserved and still. I sat and talked awhile with him, pleased to find one who was intelligent, and who could converse well.

The hot sun of the June morning was pouring its heat down upon me as I sat,

until I thought I must seek the shade of the tent. Then, I felt *it* come over me (once before I felt it when I sat by a man who was afterward hanged for murder); felt *it*—not a chill, not a shiver; my hands were warm, and my pulse full and strong; no, not a chill, certainly not a chill, but a cold, wordless horror.

One stands near a precipice. He is in no bodily peril; yet a terror creeps and creeps, from the heart, along the branching course of the blood-vessels, out to the tips of the starting hair. He is in no bodily peril; why does he stand appalled, and this terror come upon him—this bodily horror? Because the physical being shrinks from the contiguity of this yawning possibility of destruction. Through every nerve it cries: "Flee! flee! Tarry not! Death haunteth the brink! Flee, lest madness seize thee, lest the abyss charm thee, reach out to thee, and thou cast thyself down!"

Is the soul-horror that seizes one, when in the presence of great crime, like this, only in a more subtle sense? Is it that the soul shrinks, starts back, shouts to itself an alarm, lest madness seize upon it, too, and tempt it to the soul-death that it feels beside it? I know not; I only ask.

I sat in the hot sun, and the chill horror crept and crept over me. *Then*, my eyes were clear; *then*, I saw the crimson stain on the brow—the blood-smear; saw it, though the face was bent to the ground; saw it, though the hat-rim was pulled down, covering all, even to the eyes that were cast downward and never lifted to meet mine.

When, where, how? I knew not. It might have been on the high seas, in the city slums, in the lone bosom of the desert, known of no eye save the un-sleeping eye of God; *but the brand of Cain was there.*

My voice was not changed; I did not move; no shrinking away; and *he* had not looked up. Yet he *knew* that the

chill had come to me; he *knew* that my eyes that moment were opened; he *knew*, knew to the deepest depths of his shrinking soul, that I saw the criminal, the blood.

Then the eyes, the carefully veiled eyes, lifted to mine—only an instant lifted, with a horror, a hunted despair, like the look of the damned. The first slayer so looked when the burning eye of God made him face that terrible question, "Cain! where is thy brother?"

I sat one day in the shade of the hospital tent. One of the patients inside—an odd kind of a man, who had a queer fancy for reading aloud passages of Scripture—was turning the leaves of his Bible, and reading. I sat partly hidden by a hanging flap of the tent, idly gazing at the green fringe of trailing vines creeping and twining along the jagged, rocky edge of the cañon, which ran—a huge chasm—through the *mesa* below the camp.

I sat, idly gazing, when *he* came slowly walking by, and then stopped a moment, and stood looking toward the brown mountains beyond; only, he seemed not to see the mountains; the eyes seemed to be looking, with that peculiar retrospective gaze, *somewhere, at something*, in a time long past.

He stood gazing, yet not seeing. I sat in the shadow of the tent, silently watching his face. The voice of the sick man within, reading in his odd, fanciful way, picking here and there a sentence, fell on the silence: not breaking it; rather, in the contrast of the low tones, intensifying it.

" . . . And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother? . . . The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. . . . And now art thou cursed from the earth. . . . A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth. . . . And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him."

He still stood with the vacant eyes fixed upon the brown, desolate mountains. At first he did not seem to hear the voice of the reader. Then the vacant look died away from the eyes. He turned and listened. The unconscious voice within, with a strange pertinacity, again read:

“ . . . The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. . . . And now art thou cursed from the earth. . . . A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.”

As the voice slowly read, a look of surprise, of incredulity, came to the face—a look as of one waking from a dream. Then the eyes, that always in the presence of another were cast down—the shrinking eyes—dilated; the white, uplifted balls turned yellow; the brow grew livid with the blood that swelled and stagnated in the black veins, filled almost to bursting.

I could not move. I still sat in the shade of the tent, and watched him.

The livid face turned to meet the skies; the slim, sun-burned hands slowly lifted to the heavens—lifted as the hands of one chained, who sees the hanging mountains falling upon him. A look of horror came and settled down upon the brow. It was not fear; the look was too hopeless for fear. It was not despair; the look was too still, too quiet for despair. It was horror—cold, worldless, stony horror. The damned look so, who lie in the deepest depths of hell, and know, as no mortal can know, that awful word, *eternity*. They, in their torment, groaning, hopeless, *they* look so.

He was going on from the camp in company with a small party of travelers who were about to start by the old military road, which passes by the way of Wickenburg across to the mouth of the Rio Salado, where it joins the Gila, below Maricopa Wells. He had by accident met them, and had arranged to

travel with them. I noticed, however, when the party left he did not go with them, but remained in camp. I did not ask him why, but, in some surprise, I spoke to a member of the party whom I met by himself. He seemed at a loss to reply; but, looking around uneasily, he finally, with some hesitation, said that they did not like to travel with that man. They could not tell why, but there was something about him that threw a dread upon them, which they could not shake off. So they had told him they preferred to travel alone. *He* did not look surprised, but simply bowed his head, as though he had expected it. There was a look in the eyes, as of one who felt himself in the grasp of a fate against which he could not even struggle—a look of abject, hopeless submission.

I thought of the voice of the sick man reading, “A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth!”

The party left without him. He went the next day alone. The third day, two other men went by the same road. A week afterward, a squad of cavalry, patrolling the road, found the stripped, mutilated bodies of both the first and the last parties, murdered by the Apaches. *His* body they did not find. Many months afterward, when the hostile Indians had gone upon a reservation, one of them told of a war party waylaying the road, and killing a small band of travelers. The next day, he said, a single White man rode by, but they laid quiet and did not molest him. The third day, they killed two more men. When asked why they spared the man who had passed by their ambush, traveling alone, he said he did not know; only, *something*, some strange feeling they could not understand, had held them back, and kept them from harming him.

Had the Lord set a mark upon *him*, “lest any finding him should kill him?”

I met him again, a year later, at Camp Bowie, Apache Pass, where I was then stationed. I was asked to go and see a sick man down upon the flat below the hill, where a small party was encamped near the spring. He was lying in the shade of a wagon, sleeping. I stood and watched him.

When I was a child, I used to hear, among old nursery tales, one, that a murderer always afterward slept with his eyes partly open. Children *will* hear and relate such odd fancies. As I grew older, of course I knew better, and this shared the fate of many other childish delusions.

I stood and watched him as he slept. Strange! I shivered; it *was* foolish, but I could not help it. *The eyelids hung half open.* The eyeballs were not turned up, as one often sees in sleep, showing only the whites. *The dark pupils glared out with a dull, glazed, stony stare.* Do the dead stare so in their graves?

Foolish! I know it is foolish. I have seen sick people, in hospitals, sleep with the eyes only partly closed—people who were near death. I know it is foolish; yet it *was* strange how those dull eyeballs glared into the day with that dead, stony stare.

I saw him once again. I was settled in Los Angeles. I sat one evening in the dusky twilight in my office. The sun had gone down behind a fog-bank in the west, and the dark shadows were falling from the hills. I sat and looked out into the gray gloom. Then—*the chill crept over me.* I knew that *he* was there. I turned and looked. The evening gloom had grown thicker. Low fog-clouds drifted quickly by. In the open door, against the cold, gray sky as a background, he stood—stood as one palsied.

Then, over the haggard face crept again (my God! can I ever shut it out from my sight?)—over the hollow cheeks,

the starting eyes, the distorted, clammy brow, crept again the stony, hopeless horror.

I never saw him again.

In the north-west corner of San Bernardino County, lying partly also in Inyo County, and, by the newly surveyed line, partly also in the State of Nevada, is a region paralleled by few other spots upon the face of the earth. We say, the world is instinct with life. Here, if the phraseology may be pardoned, is a place instinct with death. A huge basin, whose rim is the ancient hills, stricken with the barrenness of eternal desolation; whose bosom, the blasted waste of the desert—treeless, shrubless, and waterless, save a few bitter pools like the lye of potash water; surrounded by mountains that tower thousands of feet above the sea-level, itself lying three hundred feet below the sea. It is a very "Gehenna"—a place of death and bones. Birds do not fly over it. Animals do not enter it. Vegetation can not exist in it. The broad sands absorb the heat, the bare mountains reflect it, the unclouded sun daily adds to it. Ninety degrees in the shade (artificial shade, there is no other) means winter. One hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty degrees, *that* is summer.

The hot air grows hotter, wavers, trembles with heat, until nature, goaded to madness, can endure no more; and then the burning blast rouses itself—rouses in its might; rouses as an angry beast, with a hoarse, ominous roar; sweeps mile after mile, on, ever on, over the broad reach of the desert, bearing in its black, whirling bosom—black as the midnight—dust, sand, alkali, and death. Sometimes a murky cloud gathers upon the mountains above; then there is a rush—a warning sigh on the winds—a low rumbling in the air; the hills quiver, the earth trembles, and a torrent, half water, half mud, bounds from the

hills, leaps into the desert, plowing chasms like river-beds in the loose sand. The clouds scatter, the sun comes again, the eternal thirst of the desert is not quenched. The raging river was only a dream.

In the year 1849, a party of emigrants entered the basin. Day after day, they toiled on—thirsting, dying. The pitiless mountains walled them in; no escape. One by one they dropped and died. A few, abandoning everything, scaled the mountains and escaped. The others lie as they fell, dried to mummies—no birds even to devour their flesh, no beasts to prey upon them. Wagon-tires unruined; gun-barrels bright, untarnished. Such is the place. Mile after mile silence reigns: silence—and death.

“Walled by the mountains, domed with brazen sky,
League after league the never-ending sand
Spreads like the ocean, to the lifting eye.
An aged, weary, long-forgotten land:
As cursed in wrath, and smit with God's fierce hand,
No cooling mist quenches the endless thirst
That rules supreme the boundless stretches grand;
Over its broad expanse no storm-clouds burst
With hurrying feet. It is a land accursed.”

It is as though Nature had gathered all of the curses—heat, thirst, alkali, barrenness, death—all in one huge mass of hatred, and hurled it, a terrible anathema of eternal desolation, upon the shuddering earth. She has made of it a Golgotha—a place of skulls. After giving to other lands her blessings, the waving of green trees, the cooling flash of waters, soft breezes, gentle sunshine, she comes here—like a madman, when the fit is on him, going away by himself to foam at the mouth, to rage, to gnash his teeth—she comes here, with fire, with tempest, with the dread simoom, and lashes the elements into fury. She hurls the blazing heat like a fire-bolt, licks up the last trace of moisture with a tongue of flame, sears the groaning mountains with burning winds, rides upon the relentless sand-storm—Ruin

bestriding red-mouthed Devastation for a charger.

Or, it is as though God had repented Him of His anger, when He said, “Cursed be the earth for thy sake!”—as though He repented Him, and withheld His curse; and yet, that His word might not be broken, gathered up the bitterness of the curse, distilled it, concentrated it, grasped the very essence of it in His hand, and, raising it aloft, hurled it—one awful bolt of consuming wrath—downward, and it hit the north-western corner of San Bernardino County. Men call the spot, where it struck, “Death Valley.”

One day, an old acquaintance came to my office—a roving, good-natured fellow, with a strong appreciation of the advantages of money, but a chronic dislike to its acquisition by hard labor. The result has been, a life frittered away in wild-goose chases after sunken treasures, lost mines, and other attractive yet sadly delusive dreams of suddenly acquired wealth. This time he was just back, with his partner, from a search along the borders of Death Valley for the famous “Gun-sight Lode.” The story of the mine is briefly this: Two of the survivors of the emigrant party which was lost in Death Valley in 1849, scaling the mountains to escape, found, by their report, a silver mine of surprising richness. One of the men, as the story goes, picked out a piece of the virgin metal, and hammered it into a sight for his gun, to replace one which he had lost. I believe both men died without having had the courage to go back, through the scene of their terrible suffering, in search of the spot. However this may be, the mine was lost. It is known all over the border to-day as “The Gun-sight Lode.” At various times parties have searched for it, but always unsuccessfully.

“We did not find the mine,” said my friend; “but one day, when toiling

through the sand in the edge of the valley, we came upon the dried, skinny remains of a man, perished evidently all alone. A note-book, partly written, was caught under the body in such a manner that it had not been blown away. The writing seemed to refer, in places, to a mine—possibly the Gun-sight Lode; but we could not fully understand it, and, as we were also short of provisions, we did not search long. Besides, from what little we could decipher, the man seemed to have been crazy; so we paid less attention to it. We brought the note-book with us, however, thinking you might like to see it; and, as we are tired of this region, and are going to try our luck in Colorado, it will be of no use to us."

The man left the book with me. It is a small, leather-bound memorandum book, with tuck, such as one carries in a breast-pocket; much dried by the sun, and the writing (written with pencil) often entirely effaced. The following is all that I have been able to decipher. I give it without any attempt to connect the narrative, or to fill the breaks. Indeed, the writer seems to have observed little regularity in his record, if record it can be called:

"Blood on my hands! A blur of crimson before my eyes! The skies are brazen above me. The sun is sick with gore. The winds from the desert shriek at me—shriek and howl; and this one word only do they wail in my ears—this dreadful word, '*Murder!*' I stop my ears with my hands; I cry aloud, to drown their wailing voice. I can not drown it. I can not keep it out. It pierces me—pierces me through and through.

"What is it? I am bewildered. Why am I flying as one who seeks the ends of the earth? Yesterday earth had no horror for me. The sun was not veiled in blood. The winds were only winds

—not demon voices. Ah! *now* I recollect. God pity me! Pity? I forgot. He can only *curse* me. Annihilate me, O God! Blot me out from the universe. *That* would be pity.

"It all comes back to me now. It is seared in my brain: the long search for the mine; the days in the desert, in the mountains; and then, behind that hill that overlooks the 'Valley of Death,' the vein of the white, shining silver—wealth for a king. Then it swept over me—my years of poverty, of toil—the cold sneer of the rich, as they saw my penury; and here was wealth. I would have it all—*all*. Not even my partner should share the treasure. I was mad. He stooped to pick up the precious metal, and I struck him—*him*, the friend of my toils, the one who had never failed me—*him*, who had shared his food with me; who had slept, upon the desert, in the mountains, under the same blanket; who had nursed me in sickness—I struck *him* to the earth. God! I was mad.

"I was alone with my wealth; with my wealth—ah! and the dead. I had not thought of the cold, still face that would lie there, *after* the blow; of the sightless eyes staring to heaven. *Then* the madness left me. I threw myself beside him; prayed him to awake; felt for the heart-beat. Dead—dead! O, my God!—dead!—the friend of my toils. And I was a murderer—*a murderer!*"

Here some leaves are missing from the book, as if torn out. I transcribe again, as the record goes on:

"Wandering, still wandering. Earth has no rest for my feet; and I am so weary! When I stop, the earth spurns me, and the pitiless skies cry, 'On! on!' Starving! penniless!—and there, back *there* is wealth untold. Yet I dare not seek it, dare not tell of it; for *there, too*, is that cold, still face, with the sightless eyes gazing at the heavens; and the red

blood crying, ever crying, to God. I wander on. And ever I feel upon my brow a brand like that of Cain. I can not wash it off. It is a brand of blood—hot, burning blood. I walk among men, and I feel they *must* see it—it is there. I pull my hat over my brow—closely, O, so closely!—down to my eyes. But they *must* see it.

“I wandered to a post, here in the Arizona mountains. I thought I might rest—only a few days; I was *so* tired. They were all strangers, and they *surely* would not see. I sat and talked with the surgeon, by a tent. I pulled my hat down—over my face. I kept my eyes turned to the ground. I would not look at him, lest the eyes might betray me. I thought I was safe. I sat and talked. Then, all at once, *I knew* that the horror had come upon him, and that he *saw*. He said nothing; he moved not. Yet I knew that the brand was laid bare to his eyes. Some power I could not resist compelled me to look up—to meet his gaze. I read in his eyes the horror.

“*The brand of Cain! The brand of Cain!* O God, it is upon me!

“For days and days I have wandered in the mountains, thirsting, hungering, trembling at the stir of a leaf. Yet death comes not to me. The wild beasts avoid me. The savages pass me by, and harm me not. I suffer, faint—but do not die.

“A hope has come to me wandering here alone. Strange word!—hope! A hope, born of despair. I will go back. I can not flee from the burning eye of God. It searches me out in the mountains. It glares upon me in the loneliness of the desert. It consumes me. I will no longer flee. I will go back—back where I know the still face is awaiting me. I will kneel by it; kneel, and lift my hands to heaven and pray—pray. Pray *him*, my murdered friend, to forgive me; pray God to look in pity on me!

“Is there hope of pardon? O! it seems to me, even *now*, that the brand upon my forehead grows dimmer. It seems to me, even *me*, that the blessed thought comes like a cooling hand to my fevered brow. Fail not, O my weary feet, until I reach the side of that still face; and then, I will kneel—and pray; pray until pardon comes to me; pardon—or death!”

Here the writing is faded and effaced in the book for several pages. I resume at the point where it again becomes legible. I would only remark that this portion which I can not decipher, I should judge, from the length of time necessary to travel from the region where the last seems to have been written to the spot indicated in the next portion, must have covered a period of several weeks. The record goes on, but very brokenly.

“The end of my wandering draws near. I am alone in the desert. In the distance, I see the hill, so curiously align with the two high hills beyond, behind which I know the still face is waiting for me. I come. O, my murdered friend, pity me! I come.

“The hot sun pours down upon me. I have no water. My tongue is black and bleeding; yet I feel no thirst. My brain is on fire. Yet, one thought only possesses me—there is the place—there, before me. Many weary miles yet, but there I will *pray*. My head swims. I can—not—see.

“Where am I? Ah! now I recollect. I was walking in the day. It is night now. I must have fainted. I am lying in the desert. The still moon looks down upon me. A strange calm has come over me. The night wind does not howl at me now—it only kisses my face. Its kiss is peace. In the east, the blush of the coming dawn reddens the mountain tops—not red like blood, but softly bright like the glory about

the brow of the pitying Christ. I am strangely calm. Ah! now I know—I am dying—dying. O God, let me thank thee at least for death!

“Strange! I no longer feel the brand upon my brow. Is it gone? Has the merciful God forgiven me?—forgiven, and spared me the agony of kneeling by that dead face? In the dim light I can see, miles and miles away, the hills at the foot of which the dead face lies. I

now know that my feet shall never go to it.

“I must have fainted again. The sun hangs just above the mountain crest in the east—no longer angry, no longer red like blood. The warm rays touch my brow gently as a mother’s kiss. I am dying. With my last strength I write this, only this more, for a hope of pardon—only a *hope*. O God!—I—thank —Thee!”

OUT, EAST FROM EDEN.

There is a mark on Cain,
First son of Adam the first;
For sin of a brother slain
He goes out from the Lord accurst.

His father spits upon him;
His mother puts back his hands;
With all his countenance fallen
He goes out from his tilléd lands.

The grain is already white
That shall never for him be bread;
The fruits he shall never bite
Hang heavy about his head.

Chill with guilt and fear,
White from curse and scorn,
Out to the wilderness drear
He stumbles through briar and thorn.

With a smitten face to haunt him,
He had known on his mother’s breast;
In ghastly wise to taunt him,
Beckoning toward the west;

Touching him here and there
With a bruise of a ghastly stain;
Stinging his numb despair
To the jagged quicks of pain.

Felon of naked limb,
Of haggard and branded brow,
There is one that pities him,
That follows him even now,

That softly lifts his fingers,
 That kisses him where she may,
 When he fails in the path or lingers,
 When he thrusts her not away :

So strongly the woman in her
 Cleaves to the man forlorn,
 Though a man accurst, and a sinner
 That had better never been born.

THE PIONEERS OF OREGON.

PART I.

PERHAPS no State of the Federal Union, not even excepting Massachusetts or Louisiana, has had a more interesting, certainly none a more unique history than Oregon. Going as far back as when all the maritime powers of Europe and the world were seeking a north-western passage from the Pacific to some point on the North Atlantic, all the country afterward known as the Oregon Territory was invested with mystery and romance, and was the scene of many a pleasant fiction that was introduced as fact into the reports of exploring expeditions. Bits of romantic naval history of that time attach themselves to many a port, all up and down the coast. The incidents connected with the discovery of the Columbia River have in them that "manifest destiny," no-use-in-fighting-against-fate kind of exhilaration which one feels while watching a neck-and-neck race of any kind, when the winner has been, to all appearance, of the weaker party.

The struggle for occupation by the American and British fur companies, twenty years later, was also exciting, and full of dramatic situations. The history of the natives, their customs, religious beliefs, and manner of living, furnished themes for some of the ablest writers of the first part of the present

century; while the legends that belong to the mountains and rivers of this picturesque land have always clothed them with a poetic interest for travelers, whether literary or not.

But that portion of Oregon history which takes hold of the mind and heart of the student, is embraced within a period of fifteen years—from 1834 to 1848; a period in which a small body of men seized, held, settled, governed, and at last presented to the Federal Union, ready-made into a State, all the territory which is now embraced in Oregon and Washington; and by the same act secured to the General Government all the territory between it and the Missouri River.

Following the failure of the Astor expedition, which came at last to have no other value than accrued from the fact of its furnishing proof of priority of settlement by Americans, the Hudson's Bay Company settled in and occupied the country from the forty-second parallel on the south, to the sources of the Columbia River on the north; and from the Pacific Ocean on the west, to the Rocky Mountains on the east. Following the war of 1812, when Astor's fort at the mouth of the Columbia was captured and restored, the country belonged, by treaty of 1818, to neither the

United States nor Great Britain, nor to both equally; it having been agreed to occupy it jointly for ten years, or until one or the other party gave notice of a desire to settle the question of ownership. Neither party having determined to show cause why the other should relinquish claim at the end of the first ten years, the treaty of joint occupation was continued upon the same terms one decade after another. All this time the powerful Hudson's Bay Company continued alone to occupy and grow rich in the territory belonging equally to the United States.

In 1826, the American fur companies first ventured west of the Rocky Mountains, under Smith, Sublette, and Jackson; but remained in the Snake country, about the head-waters of the Lewis fork of the Columbia River. The following year, Smith, with a small party of Americans, made a long hunt by the way of San Francisco Bay, and up the Sacramento, thence northward through the mountains into Oregon; but he lost all his party, except three men, in a treacherous assault by the Umpqua Indians, and arrived at the head-quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia River late in the year 1828, poor and alone; the other two who escaped soon following him.

These three Americans were hospitably entertained at Fort Vancouver through that winter; and Doctor McLaughlin, the chief factor and governor of the Department of Oregon, caused a party of his own people to go down to the Rogue River and procure the restoration of Smith's furs, to the value of \$40,000. The following spring, Smith sold his stock to the Hudson's Bay Company, and proceeded up the Columbia to the Snake country, to join his partners. The strong feeling of rivalry and opposition by which the American company had been animated, was very much softened by the kind and hospita-

ble action of the chief of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver, and, by the advice of Smith, the American trappers made no more encroachments upon territory hunted over by the British company, for a long time.

Rumors of the profits of the fur trade on the Columbia River, and a feeling of disappointment in the nation at the resumption of the treaty of joint occupancy, about this time began to stir up some enterprising spirits to attempt to compete with the British traders. American vessels from Boston began to enter the river to trade. In February, 1829, the *Oahu*, Captain Dominus, pioneered the way, followed soon after by the *Convoy*, Captain Thompson. Both vessels remained allsummer in the river, the *Convoy* sailing for Oahu in the autumn, and returning in the spring of 1830 for her consort, soon after which they quit-
ted Oregon to return no more; finding, probably, that the natives were so much under the influence of the British company that trade with them could not be made remunerative.

Two years later, in 1832, Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, a New Englander, made his appearance on the Columbia, with eleven men, to await the arrival of a vessel he had sent out with goods, intending to establish a salmon fishery on the Columbia. The vessel was wrecked in the Pacific, and Captain Wyeth returned to Boston, leaving his men in the Willamette Valley. In 1834, he again visited the Columbia, bringing with him, overland, a large party of trappers, which he left in the Snake country to procure furs, while he proceeded to meet his vessel—the *May Dacre*, Captain Lambert—which arrived in the river in the fall of that year.

Captain Wyeth built an establishment called Fort Hall, in the Snake country; and another, called Fort William, on Sauvie's Island, at the lower mouth of the Willamette. But, owing to the dif-

faculty of getting on peaceably with the Indians, and other causes connected with the opposition of the Hudson's Bay Company, Captain Wyeth was unable to secure more than half a cargo of salmon the following summer, and finally broke up his fishery, sold out his fort in the Snake country to the Hudson's Bay Company, and returned defeated to Boston.

About the same time, Captain Bonnevillie, with a large company of men, was trying to prosecute the fur trade in the territory hunted over by American trappers principally, yet which was the scene of active rivalry—a sort of border land between the American and British companies. As he had both parties to contend with, he failed, and retired from the trade. But although Captain Bonnevillie had accomplished nothing for himself, he inadvertently occasioned the settlement of Oregon by Americans a few years later. Having had an intimate acquaintance with the Nez Perces tribe of Indians while in the fur trade, and finding them curious about the White man's religion, he communicated to them as well as he could some idea of the great and powerful God of his race, and of the Christ who was the loving God-man, who made everything easy and pleasant for his obedient worshipers. Seeing how wise and powerful were the children of the great White God, the Nez Perces, always a superior race of Indians, encouraged a couple of their young men—mere boys—to accompany the traveling partner of the American company to St. Louis, to learn what they could of the White people and their religion. In this undertaking they were aided by the Indian painter, Catlin, who spent several years in and about the Rocky Mountains.

This period was one of active missionary enterprise, as it was also one of earnest inquiry by statesmen and others as to the ultimate future of the Oregon

territory. Some enthusiastic writer penned an account of the visit of the two Nez Perces boys to St. Louis, in search of the White man's God; and the incident, so natural in itself, of gratifying their curiosity, and seizing the opportunity to compare themselves with the Whites in their own country, was made to appear as an act of the most touching and wonderful toil, courage, and devotion to an idea, and evidence of a great spiritual want.

The churches responded almost at once; two brothers by the name of Lee, of the Methodist denomination in Canada, being the first to set out with the intention of conveying the Word of God to the Indians of Oregon. They, with two laymen, joined themselves to Captain Wyeth's last expedition in 1834, and making their way through the Indian country, always under the protection of the one or other of the fur companies, arrived in the valley of the Willamette in the autumn of that year. It does not appear why they did not remain in the country of the inquiring Nez Perces.

The following year, the Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman, animated by the same zeal to Christianize the natives, proceeded with the American fur company's train to their rendezvous in the Rocky Mountains. These gentlemen were agents of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and came out to inquire into the condition of the Indians, and concerning the best location for a mission. On arriving at the rendezvous, Mr. Parker decided to continue on to Vancouver on the lower Columbia, and Dr. Whitman to return to the States for more laborers. Mr. Parker spent the winter very agreeably as a guest of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver, and in the spring or following summer took passage in one of the company's vessels for the Sandwich Islands, on his way home. -

Dr. Whitman, arriving with his wife, and Rev. H. H. Spaulding and wife, with a lay member or two, and some cattle, in 1836, settled in the country of the Nez Percés, Walla Wallas, and Cayuses. In this same year the Methodist Mission in the Willamette Valley was reinforced; and all these Americans came direct to Vancouver, where they were each and all hospitably entertained. It happened that Dr. McLaughlin, in addition to being a large-hearted man by nature, and a gentleman by breeding, was a man of profound veneration for religion also, so that every person who came to him in the character of a missionary of Christ was sure of a kindly reception. And thus it happened, also, that although, for a period of four or five years, reinforcements continued to arrive for both missions—that in the Willamette Valley having become quite a settlement, by the addition, not of lay members only, but of deserting sailors and other adventurers, who came into the country by sea and land—the doctor was compelled by the nobility of his sentiments to foster an American enterprise, because it assumed to be a religious one.

This sentiment, together with one of courtesy toward the United States as the other claimant of the Oregon territory, won a kind reception for one Mr. Slocum, a purser in the United States Navy, who visited Oregon in 1836, as a spy, to report to the Government of the United States the position of affairs in the disputed country. But it was not the less exceedingly annoying to a man of his high sense of honor and propriety, to be spied upon; nor was the annoyance less when it became apparent that the Americans in Oregon, missionaries though they were, had assumed, through an excess of patriotism, a hostile attitude toward himself, as representative of the British interest in the country.

It was characteristic of the aggres-

sive, self-asserting American citizen, that this little body of men—say four Methodists, three Presbyterians, and fifteen or twenty deserting sailors and adventurers from California, should think of arraigning the great Hudson's Bay Company before the bar of public opinion—the public being themselves—and resolving to take measures to resist tyranny and injustice! There would have been something ludicrous about it, if there had not been such sober, dead earnest. As it was, this imperative spirit in the new-comers threatened to give the head of the British power in Oregon no end of trouble.

Having settled in a wilderness country, the first need of the missionaries was subsistence—grain, vegetables, beef, fruits, milk, and butter. As before stated, Dr. McLaughlin willingly furnished every aid that reason or hospitality could require to the missionaries, *as* missionaries. But his instructions from the London company forbade his encouraging American settlers, *as* settlers; for, the moment that the country was given over to settlement, the fur trade must come to an end; the Indians, with whom the company was on good terms, would become restless and dissatisfied; and the British claim to the territory would be endangered.

The "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" that was to gather the blackness and force of the storm, was already risen on the horizon when Mr. Slocum visited Oregon in 1836, finding a little handful of his countrymen, not owning allegiance to the Hudson's Bay Company. The first occasion of reproach to the company was, that its governor would not furnish cattle, by selling them to the mission. Lend them he would, but *sell* them he would not. The reason given for this was the scarcity of domestic stock in the country, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the necessity of improving, preserving, and increasing it. None

of these reasons, however, were acknowledged to be sufficient by the Americans. Mr. Lee, superintendent of the mission in the Willamette Valley, conferred with his associates and with the other Americans in the country, and finally with the retired servants of the company, who had taken farms in the valley. It was proposed to send to California for a band of Spanish cattle, could the money for their purchase be procured, with men enough to bring them safely through the country of the hostile Indians on the southern border of Oregon. It was thought that a man named Ewing Young, who had come into Oregon from California the previous year with a band of brood mares, might be induced to lead such an expedition. But Mr. Young had been accused, through a letter of General Figueroa, Governor of California, to Dr. McLaughlin, of stealing some of the animals he brought with him to Oregon, and Mr. Lee was afraid to trust him with the necessary funds; though Mr. Young, from having been treated with suspicion by Dr. McLaughlin, was anxious to have the Americans assert and maintain their independence of that gentleman. The truth about Young probably was, that the horses were actually purchased by him, but afterward reclaimed by their former owners, by whom they had been branded. This was no uncommon trick with the Mexicans of California. However that was, the difficulty was finally gotten over, by making Young captain of the proposed cattle company, and Mr. Edwards, belonging to the mission, treasurer.

This arrangement brought two elements into harmony—the religious, and the outside, adventurer class. One more element was needed—the Hudson's Bay Company's retired servants; and these, of whom there were about sixty settled near the mission, finally came into the arrangement. As many of these men as had credit on the com-

pany's books made a demand for payment, or gave their orders to Mr. Lee to be presented to the company. In this way quite an amount was raised, to which was added all that the settlers, including the missionaries, could afford, which, after their best endeavors, was an insignificant sum.

Just at this juncture Mr. Slocum became of the greatest use to the infant colony. He not only subscribed enough stock to complete the venture, but offered to carry the cattle company, eight in number, to California, free of charge, except for food, which he did. In February, 1837, the brig *Loriot*, quitting the Columbia River, conveyed the adventurers to the Bay of San Francisco, whence they returned overland in the autumn of that year, bringing with them several hundred head of wild cattle, over and above some losses they sustained by the attacks of the Rogue River Indians. In this venture the Presbyterian missionaries, being located in the upper country, had no interest. Besides, they had brought with them a few cattle, seeds, farming implements, etc., and were comparatively independent of foreign aid.

In 1837, the Methodist Mission was reinforced by the arrival of several families, with goods for the mission. In the first ship came three young ladies, two of whom became wives to the bachelor missionaries within eight or ten weeks after their advent in Oregon. In September of this year, the number of men, women, and children belonging to the Methodist establishment numbered nineteen; houses had been hastily erected, and considerable advancement made in preparing the mission farm for cultivation. As soon as practicable a school was started for teaching both the Indians and the half-breed children of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants; but owing to the breaking of the ground, malarial fevers prostrated both teachers and scholars, and no important change

for the better was accomplished for the Indians whom these people had come so far to save.

In the autumn of the following year, 1838, there were eleven members of the Presbyterian Mission at work in the country of the upper Columbia; and each year after this saw some new comers to Oregon, either in connection with the missions, or roving individuals from different parties of adventurers. During this year, two Catholic priests also settled in Oregon, as missionaries. What with gatherings from exploring parties, and the now disbanded American fur companies, the White American population of Oregon amounted in 1840 to 137, counting women and children; while the Hudson's Bay servants numbered sixty, most of them with native wives and half-breed children. It became necessary now for the British company to look to its claim.

The Americans, headed by the missionaries, soon found out that the Hudson's Bay Company was empowered to make arrests, try causes, etc., and determined not to allow the company to administer justice for them. Accordingly, as early as 1838, they elected a justice of the peace, to settle difficulties that might arise among themselves. In 1840, they sent their first petition to Congress, commencing as follows: "Your petitioners represent unto your honorable bodies, that they are residents in Oregon Territory, and citizens of the United States, or persons desirous of becoming such. They further represent to your honorable bodies that they have settled themselves in said territory, under the belief that it was a portion of the public domain of said States, and that they might rely upon the government thereof for the blessings of free institutions, and the protection of its arms."

The petition further sets forth the advantages of the country for agricultural and commercial purposes, and presents

a list of the ills to which they were exposed from being without a government—chief among which were "theft, murder, and infanticide," which they aver were increasing among them to an alarming extent, although the closest investigation would have failed to bring to light a sufficient amount of crime to alarm a community of to-day. This petition informed the United States Government that an English surveying squadron had been on the Oregon coast for two years, employed in making accurate surveys of all its rivers, bays, and harbors; and also that the English Government was said to have made a grant to the Hudson's Bay Company of all lands lying between the Columbia River and Puget Sound; and that "said company is actually exercising unequivocal acts of ownership over lands thus granted, and opening extensive farms upon the same." When their condition had been sufficiently explained and set forth, they prayed "the Congress of the United States of America to establish, as soon as may be, a territorial government in the Oregon Territory." They entirely ignored the treaty of joint occupancy.

The whole talk of the American settlers for two or three years had been of schemes to oppose British claims and British oppression, and in some way set up a government of their own in Oregon. Nor were the Canadian servants of the company untampered with, as the head of the company was aware. But no opportunity presented itself of openly advocating a government organization until 1841. In February of this year, occurred the death of Mr. Ewing Young, who, dying possessed of a large band of cattle and horses—the wealth of the country—was accounted rich. Thus far no law of estates and inheritance had been needed, but now the necessity became apparent. On the same day that Mr. Young's body was laid in the ground, a meeting of those in attendance was

called, to consider the emergency, the superintendent of the mission presiding. An adjourned meeting for the following day was finally ordered, at which were present all classes of people in the territory—for this matter concerned them all.

It was the custom of the Hudson's Bay Company to take charge of, and appropriate to itself, the property acquired by any of its servants; and perhaps for a moment the mission felt itself entitled to the property left by Mr. Young, who had no heirs in the country, nor elsewhere, so far as known. But upon reflection the precedent was not a good one to establish, and the title to Mr. Young's property remained in abeyance. On the 18th day of February, a general meeting of all the settlers, British and American, was held, and a resolution was offered that a committee be formed "to draft a code of laws." The committee named in the resolution contained the names of Protestant and Catholic missionaries—of American and Canadian settlers.

After considerable discussion, certain officers were elected: Dr. Ira L. Babcock, of the mission, being chosen supreme judge; and the offices of justices of the peace and constables being filled by Americans and Canadians with the greatest impartiality. But no one could be selected who could obtain the suffrages of the people for governor. There was too much at stake, to put the gubernatorial power into the hands of any missionary or mountain man, either American or Briton. So a governor was dispensed with, unless the supreme judge may have been invested with an authority tantamount to this.

Several meetings were subsequently held, passing various resolutions relative to drafting a code of laws, and other matters, but nothing definite was arrived at. One cause of the failure was the withdrawal of the foreign and Cath-

olic element, which made it hazardous to proceed alone with a purely American organization; and another was the fact, that Captain Wilkes and the officers of the United States Surveying Squadron, then in the Columbia River, opposed the "organization of the country into a civil compact," and "encouraged the belief that the United States Government would probably soon extend jurisdiction over the country." Many of the Americans resented this opposition of their own countrymen, but were powerless to combat it openly; and nothing further was done for nearly two years, except to use every opportunity of getting information concerning Oregon before the Congress and people of the United States, and these opportunities were very rare.

Owing to such representations as the Oregon settlers were able to make, an emigration amounting to 111 persons was added to their numbers in 1842, swelling the American population to something over 250. The Hudson's Bay Company also brought out, from their settlement on the Red River, a colony of sixty farmers, who were settled on the north side of the Columbia; it being now universally admitted by that Company that the Americans would be able to hold the territory on the south side of the river.

It must not be supposed that no important changes had been taking place in the social and moral condition of the Indian population in all this time since 1834. So far as the first impulse of the missionaries was concerned, they no doubt meant to undertake the Christianizing of the Indians; both those in the Willamette Valley, and those on the upper Columbia. But the Indians of the Willamette were a weak and indolent race, compared with those farther in the interior, and they had been more exposed to the evils of association with a low class of Whites. When a number

were collected together at the mission for instruction, the before-mentioned malaria of a newly broken soil, together with an almost entire change of habits of living, brought on fevers, and developed diseases of which they died. The parents whose children thus perished naturally became distrustful of the benefits of civilization; and after a very few years the place of an Indian about the mission was that of a house or farm servant, rather than a student either of literature or theology. Very nearly the same state of things resulted at the missions in the interior, though not quite to the same extent.

As soon as the natives became convinced from their experience that a missionary education was not what they wanted to make them powerful, wise, and rich, in their own day and generation, they began to feel and exhibit discontent, and jealousy of the presence of so many White people among them. Demands were made upon the Whites for pay for their lands, petty thefts were committed, and the missionaries sometimes grossly insulted. In order to quiet these threatenings, the Whites were accustomed to tell them that in a little while the Great Chief of all the White people was to send an agent to purchase and pay for their lands.

The Indian answer to these assurances most often was, that they should all be dead before that time arrived: "What good would blankets do them when they were dead?" Some trifling presents sometimes were made them, and they were partially quieted, though never satisfied; and the settlers began to fear that the volcano beneath them might at any moment burst forth and engulf them in its frightful vortex. For, what were 200 or 300 poorly armed Whites against many thousands of relentless savages? The influence by which the Hudson's Bay Company had controlled them had been two-fold: First, through

their necessities; and secondly, through fear of a perfectly just and sure punishment for any serious offenses. They had, besides, but one law of trade with them—a fixed price, first-class goods, and no competition on either side.

The influx among them of a different nationality, who were not bound to observe the company's rules, and the introduction of new ideas and habits, the spoiling of their hunting-grounds, and failure of their numbers—lately become alarming—all were producing their legitimate results. Just when affairs began to look gloomy for the peace of the settlements, there arrived in the fall of 1842 Dr. Elijah White, a former member of the mission, who had been on a visit to the States. Dr. White returned invested with a "little brief authority" as sub Indian agent, out of which he undertook to evolve the condition of governor of the colony, but failing in that, finally contented himself with the discharge of his proper duties, and was really of service in keeping peace with the disaffected Indians, and making preliminary treaties with them, which were to be confirmed when the Great White Chief had all things ready.

In the meantime, fresh causes of complaint against the Hudson's Bay Company continued to be charged, and a memorial had been sent to Congress, containing anything but a complimentary account of Dr. McLaughlin's manner of dealing with Americans. So strong had the feeling of opposition become between the British and American interests in the territory, that in addition to the frequent memorials and petitions of the citizens of the Willamette Valley, Dr. Whitman, of the Presbyterian Mission, had found it imperative to make an overland journey to Washington in winter time, with a view to influencing the Secretary of State in regard to the Ashburton Treaty, supposed to be in progress, but which he found closed on his arrival.

During the absence of Dr. Whitman, the Cayuse Indians, among whom he had his establishment, were guilty of gross outrages, not only destroying his grist-mill and grain, but offering violence to Mrs. Whitman, from which she escaped with difficulty. All this gave the new Indian agent plenty to do, and made it necessary to proceed to the upper country with presents to pacify the turbulent Indians. The Indian goods, provisions, powder, balls, etc., for this journey, had to be procured at the Com-

pany's fort, Vancouver, and as Dr. McLaughlin had said the authors of the offensive memorial need expect no favors from him, there was some doubt about being able to procure the necessary outfit. However, he could not refuse, when it came to the pinch; and, as he had so often done before, and did so often afterward, gave "aid and comfort to his enemies;" which assistance enabled Dr. White to secure, by means of presents and diplomacy, a temporary peace in the Cayuse country.

THE RACK:

OR, JUSTICE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

ON the southern shore of the Waal, that powerful branch of the Rhine which in the Netherlands loses its importance and in the Katwyk sand-hills finds an artificial issue, lies the ancient city of Nimegue. Ancient indeed, for on the summit of the hill, covered with houses built in the middle ages, are yet the ruins of the Roman "burg," where in the first century the Roman legions kept their watch; and in the middle ages Nimegue was one of the imperial free cities, endowed with privileges such as belong to an independent sovereign state; while at the close of the seventeenth century there was signed the treaty which put a stop to the grasping power of France, and for a time at least gave peace to Europe.

Let us go back to the year 1760. Let us go through the steep streets, up to the market-place. What means that crowd before the court-house? We pass the crowd, we ascend the stone steps, we enter the hall, we follow the stream of men coming and going, until we reach a door guarded by two halberdiers. We are allowed to pass. We are in a

large court-room. A few windows give a gloomy light. The marble pavement, the bare walls, the dead silence, make us shudder. We look round: in the distance against the wall we perceive a large statue; it is white, it holds in one hand the scales. It is the emblem of "Justice"—of justice in marble. We advance a few steps, and find we are not alone. Under the statue is a table, long and narrow, covered with a green cloth. Five men are seated, facing us. They are judges. Their wigs and dress show it. Their faces are turned to the left. We follow their direction. We come a little nearer. We see another room opening into the court-room. It is dark. Near the door we can discern something like a raised platform, oblong; at the four corners are cranks. A human being lies there stretched out, the hands and feet held by chains. Two men stand by with crossed arms, one at the head, one at the foot.

"One turn more," says the presiding judge, in a low voice.

Slowly the cranks move. We hear the wrenching of the limbs. A shriek,

loud and piercing; then another less piercing; then a gasping as for breath; then utter silence.

"Loosen!" cries the judge; "bring him to."

The cranks move back; the men apply medicated water to the mouth of the fainting prisoner. He opens his eyes, and looks around. We have come near enough to see all, to hear all. What an agony in those eyes! One of the judges approaches him, looks steadily at him, then says, with a voice wherein pity is mixed with stern conviction:

"Why not confess at once, Harrik? To-morrow you will enter eternity. Why not tell the truth?"

With a voice which can scarcely be heard, the man gasps out:

"I did it!—I did it!—I was alone."

The judge gives a signal to the men, holding up two fingers. The cranks move, this time more rapidly; shriek upon shriek follows; the cranks move on; an unearthly yell is the last; yet we hear the cranks move till the second turn is made.

"One turn more will dislocate," says one of the men.

"Loosen," cries the presiding judge, "and bring him into court."

We look on, though cold with horror. We see the men unloose the hands and feet. They take him up, and carry the fainting prisoner into the court-room, where they lay him on a sort of leaning-chair.

Consciousness returns after a few minutes. He realizes that he is no more on the rack. He sighs, and we hear a faint "Thank God!"

The presiding judge speaks, in a tone of impatient authority:

"Harrik, what is the use of further delay? Why this obstinacy? Gilman was there, and assisted you. Circumstances prove it. Your end is near. Why force us to increase your misery? For the truth must come out. Your

confession must seal his doom as well as yours. Come now, Harrik, confess at once: Gilman was there."

There is a silence. We observe one of the judges looking intently at the doomed man; his eyes are moist, his lips quiver. He leans back in his chair, resting his head on his right arm, and with his hand trying to cover the emotion of his pitying soul.

At last the victim gasps out: "I did it!—I did it!—I was alone!"

The presiding judge frowns. "To the rack!" he says, with a stern voice.

They take him up. Arms and limbs hang powerless. But they are stretched on the rack, the chains fastened.

"Three turns!" cries the presiding judge.

Screams are of no avail. Slowly the cranks turn; we can hear the muscles squeak, then there is a dull noise. The cranks stop.

"Dislocated!" says one of the men.

"Call the doctor," cries the presiding judge, in a somewhat anxious voice.

The physician approaches, the chains are loosened, the dislocated limbs reset. This takes some time. We look at the five judges. The president is agitated, the others indifferent; the youngest remains sitting, one hand over his face.

The physician has performed his work, and with some stimulants restored the prisoner to consciousness. The presiding judge has recovered self-possession, and says, in his usual tone of authority:

"Bring the prisoner into court."

Again the victim is carried to the leaning-chair. Again the judge addresses him in stern words. Again he answers, but faintly this time, "I was alone."

"To the rack!" exclaims the judge; and again the men take hold of the victim; again stretch his restored limbs and fasten them to the chains; again the cranks begin to turn.

This time no scream, no yell, but a faint whisper: "I can no more."

The judge who first interrogated him approaches. "Confess, Harrik," says he, "and all is right."

"Yes, yes, he was there!" says the victim.

The cranks go slowly on.

"It was Gilman, was it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"He wore a brown coat, did he?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You swear it was he who aided you?"

"Yes, yes!—for God's sake!—yes!"

The cranks stop. The declaration is written down, and a pen put in the victim's fingers, who traces the semblance of a cross under it.

The court adjourns. They have suffered, though not on the rack! They leave. Only one remains.

When all are gone, he rises and speaks a few words to the warden; then turning to the prisoner, he assists in carrying him to the leaning-chair. The poor man looks thankfully up to his sympathizing face. The warden enters with a tray. On it is a strong cup of coffee, and some refreshing food. The man says thanks with a glance, while the judge leaves the court-room.

What I have written is no fiction, but a simple narrative of what occurred in the Court of Justice, at Nimegue, in the year 1760. For the judge who showed compassion was my grandfather, and he had good occasion to narrate it to my father, as you will see. From my father I heard it more than once, as an only son is anxious to hear over and over what belongs as it were to the family.

Yes, the merciful judge left the court-room, and went to his home. His wife received him with love, and in the blessed atmosphere of domestic affection in vain he tried to forget the horrible scene he had been compelled to witness. In vain!

Harrik was a man who always bore a

good character. The father of a numerous family, he had an enemy—one who with all his might and craftiness tried to do him injury. This was known and acknowledged by all the witnesses. In all his troubles his next neighbor, Gilman, had been his friend. This was known and acknowledged by all the witnesses. But one afternoon, when the dusk of evening set in, and people returned from their work, Harrik vented his anger on the cause of his troubles. From words they came to blows; a crowd gathered. Beside the two men, a third man was seen—was it Gilman? The struggle was short. The troubler of Harrik's peace fell down, stabbed in breast and back and side. Harrik was arrested on the spot. But where was the other man? He was gone.

"It was Gilman," said most of the witnesses. "We knew him by his coat. It was Gilman."

Others seemed to doubt. Gilman was found at his home, busy with his domestic duties. He seemed very agitated; but was it sorrow for his friend, or was it consciousness of guilt? In court he protested his innocence, and appealed to Harrik, who simply said: "I did it. Gilman was not there."

But the many witnesses who insisted that they had seen him and no other, as well as the known friendship of the two, induced the court to get the final convincing proof from Harrik.

He was condemned to the gallows. Yet one day, and the convincing proof would fail. Hence the rack!

They had been successful! Gilman's doom was sealed.

But the merciful judge had his doubts. That night he was sleepless. It was long past midnight, when he was startled by the ringing of the door-bell. It was the warden. Coming into the presence of my grandfather, he said:

"Sir, the unhappy man is restless—more than once he has asked me when

he was to die? I told him; then he cried loud: 'O, Gilman! Gilman!' At last I said: 'What about Gilman?' Then he said nothing. Just now, he stopped me in my round, and said: 'Jochems, could you not go to the gentleman who was so kind to me? I want so much to see him.' Said I: 'But it is late, Harrik—it won't do!' Then he began to beg me so hard, sir, that I did not like to refuse. He has but one day more to live, sir, and I saw you were kind to him; so I took courage, and said I would go."

While the honest warden was talking, my grandfather was already busy to prepare himself for the visit. They went through the silent streets of Nimegue, up to the prison. The jailor unlocked door after door, and ushered my grandfather into the cell of the condemned man. A sad sight it was! On a stretcher lay Harrik, a wreck of humanity; his tortured limbs powerless, his face alone showing life. With glistening eyes he looked at my grandfather, who took a seat beside him, and clasping his hand, said:

"What is it, Harrik?—what can I do?"

There was a moment of silence. The man looked steadily at the merciful judge. At last he said:

"You have been very kind to me, sir. I have something to say, but I am afraid, sir. The rack! the rack!"

And as if all his torments returned at the very thought, he gasped for breath. At last he said:

"I can not die with a lie on my conscience! Blood enough! blood enough! But Gilman—poor dear Gilman!"

"Speak," said my grandfather—"I am no judge now; I am only a witness of what you have to say. Gilman was *not* there?"

The man stared long, then he said, slowly: "You were so kind to me, sir, I thought you might have pity. But I

am afraid—I can no more bear the rack."

"Speak and give your testimony," said my grandfather, "and I give my word that it shall not be known before——"

He hesitated. The word was hard. But Harrik understood him, and with a look, almost of happiness, said:

"Gilman was *not* there, sir; torture made me tell an untruth. Gilman was *not* there."

"I thought so," said my grandfather. "Now let me write down your solemn confession, which you will sign, and I shall attest with the warden; then you may be sure that your friend will not suffer. I shall take care of that."

The warden brought paper, pen, and ink; the declaration was made, signed by Harrik, and by the merciful judge and the warden as witnesses.

"Now, I can die in peace," said the poor criminal. "Blood for blood, it is just; but Gilman will go free?"

"Be sure of that," was the answer, and my grandfather left.

Thirty years have passed. The skeleton bones of Harrik have been hanging on the *galgen veld*, the "gallows-field," near the city of Nimegue, probably alongside of other victims of human justice; the birds of the air have fed on the flesh, the bones have frightened the passers-by. Gilman has kept his flesh and bones, and is perhaps yet living in comfort and ease.

A young man comes from the Leyden University. He is but twenty years of age, but has obtained the degree of Doctor of Roman and Common Law. He returns to his family home, where he has as yet spent but very few days. He is admitted as "advocate" in the courts of the imperial city of Nimegue.

One morning a woman calls on him. She is a woman of the country, poorly dressed, but with an honest face—such a one as appeals at once to the heart of an honest man. Two little children

hang on her hands. Now and then they look up to their mother, but oftener they look around with a frightened eye. The woman's face has traces of tears; she makes a courtesy, but is evidently glad to sit down on a chair politely offered her by the young advocate.

My father, for it was he, inherited the gift of sympathy. "What is the matter, good woman?" said he, in the meantime taking hold of one of the children.

The woman broke down in tears; she sobbed long, and at last began:

"O, sir, if you can help us, may God bless you—but Joris is innocent; he is innocent, sir—I swear it by all the saints!"

Then she broke out in tears again, sobbing and crying. At last she seemed to master her emotions, and said:

"He is innocent, sir; he never knew of it; or, if he knew, he certainly never did it—never, sir, never! But there is much against him! I know it. He threatened he would do so—yes, he did—I heard it. But he never did it!"

Like many simple-minded people wrapt up in their sorrow and anxiety, so this poor woman seemed to think everyone fully acquainted with her troubles. At last my father succeeded in learning thus much of her case:

Joris was in the service of Vinkman, a well-to-do *heere-boer*—what we would call a sort of country gentleman. His business was to herd the sheep; but while away, sometimes day and night, in the pasture-fields, the master in his leisure hours paid much attention to the wife, who, though not handsome, had the blooming freshness of Gelder's country maidens. How far the spouse of Joris encouraged the *heere-boer*, my father could not find out, nor was it of much importance. If something had been wrong, the poor woman at any rate gave proof of penitence, by her truly heart-breaking grief at the dreadful punishment awaiting her lawful husband. For

Joris loved his wife, and, right or wrong, became jealous. He watched his master, and found him too often in his humble cottage, when unexpectedly he made an appearance. Then he frowned, and uttered words of dark import. Yet he kept within bounds, not wishing to lose his place.

This was unfortunate; for the corroding grief would have its utterance, and so, when thoughtless comrades joked about the master's frequent visits, he spoke of "*Ieder zyn beurt*," or as we would say, "his turn will come." "I'll make it hot enough for him," was one of the threats wherewith he used to leave in anger.

Joost was the man in charge of the dairy; a silent, stubborn sort of a man, evil-minded just for the sake of evil. He had a grudge against the master, but he said little. He often used to talk to Joris, and once he said: "You talk of making it hot enough for him, but you only talk. Why not *do it*?"

Joris, with all his jealousy, was an honest fellow, but very dull. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, now, is it so difficult to build a little fire in the barn, and when the wind blows south, won't it soon catch the house?"

Joris said nothing, and turned away.

Some days thereafter the master had brought Joris' wife a new cap, which she in her simplicity showed to the somewhat jealous neighbors. Hence new jokes at the expense of Joris, who now became stupidly angry, and left with his usual exclamation: "I'll make it hot!"

"Ha! do ye hear that?" cried Joost, with a mien of earnest suspicion. "Some of these days he'll set fire to the master's house, you may be sure!"

The men, who had been jesting and laughing, and enjoying even the sudden retreat of poor Joris, kept silent and looked serious. The threat of "making

it hot" became the topic of conversation, and some went even as far as to suggest, "It would be well to warn the master.

A few days later, toward midnight, when man and beast were sound asleep, flames burst out of the barn. Cries of "Fire!" were heard from the barn, and master and servants were soon on the spot. Neighbors rushed to the rescue. Joris was among the first. No one saw him come. He was there. Two men were wrestling hard with Joost. "Hold him," they cried, "he set the fire—we saw him do it." Joost was bound, though struggling hard to escape. When well secured, he gazed round and saw Joris carrying buckets to save the house if possible.

"Hold on!" he cried, "there is the man who wanted to 'make it hot.' He did it; I wanted to put it out, you fools; you take the wrong man." Joris was bound almost before he had done speaking. He made no resistance. He said nothing.

"Now, let me go," said Joost. "You have the right man, you know it; what do you want with me?"

But those who had bound him said: "We have seen him feed the fire; he did not want to put it out. We were asleep, and did not see the beginning."

"Well," said Master Vinkman, who was not partial to Joris, "hold them both, and call the sheriff."

So both were incarcerated on the charge of incendiarism, which there and in those days was punished with "death on the wheel."

Thus much my father gathered concerning the case from what poor Joris' wife could say, and from what he learned by further investigation.

"Truly, sir, he did not do it!" was the poor woman's pleading, who now most probably realized her wickedness in flirting with the hard-hearted master, who ought to know better. "Joris was al-

ways an honest, sober man, and would not hurt a flea. They tell me you are kind; will you take his case in hand, sir? We are poor; but you may save an innocent man's life, sir, and that will reward you."

In those days, and in that country, criminal cases were considered of most importance, and where an advocate could best show forth his talents and ability. They were never paid; the satisfaction of saving innocence or of softening the stern penalty of the law, was considered a more than sufficient emolument; and the honor of persuading, not a body of more or less ignorant or prejudiced jurymen, but a bench of experienced judges who were not chosen for a short term of years, but appointed for life-time, was considered a stepping-stone to real fame.

My father willingly took the case. It was to be his first one of importance. Through his procurator and his own investigations, he gained evidence enough to show that Joris' case was not promising. To one who has read what we have just written, the case seems clear enough, of course. But there in the court was, first of all, Joost, already condemned to die, who pointed to him as the one who "lit the fire," to make it "hot for the master." Then there were the many who witnessed to the fact of having *seen* him there, but not one who could witness to his *coming*. But most of all weighed the unanimous testimony to the often repeated threats of "making it hot for him." Again, the two witnesses who saw Joost "feeding the fire," could not swear that they had seen him "kindle" it, as they awoke only when the roaring flames were in full blast.

To all the questions put to him, Joris answered in a manner which gave suspicion of something hidden. His were not the bold, square answers of a man who is conscious of being innocent.

When asked what were his feelings toward the master, he would simply say, "I hate him." When asked what he thought about Joost, he would say, with a grim smile, "O, I knew he might do something." When asked if he ever had some talk about it, he would say, "O, yes; but I did not mind it." All this worked against him. Yet, when positively interrogated, Joris would deny. "I came to help put the fire out, not to make it."

The rack was a cruel thing. Yet its origin in judicial proceedings was owing to a most humane decree of the Emperor Charles V., who, three centuries ago, had said, "It is better, far better, that ninety-nine guilty persons should go unpunished than one innocent be put to death." Hence the law "that no sentence of death should be executed, unless the accused confessed to his guilt." And hence, when guilt was manifest, and nothing but the stolid obstinacy of the criminal seemed in the way of justice, the thumb-screw and the rack to force confession.

In the city of Amsterdam my father saw husband and wife condemned for murder. The husband had yielded to the torture, and was executed; the wife suffered the extreme of torment, but she resisted, and ended her life in prison. Yet in 1791, there was already a change in public feeling, slowly but surely manifesting itself. The American Independence, the forerunner of the French Revolution then in its state of fermentation, all this began to sweep away the remainders of mediæval barbarism, and the torture was more seldom applied. It had become an exception, and was no more a rule.

Let us go once more to the court-room, where we assisted thirty years ago at a scene of horror. Nothing is changed. It is the same large hall, with

marble floor and white walls, dimly lighted by the narrow windows of painted glass. We see the same statue of Justice, with the same scales; the same narrow, long table, with perhaps the same green cloth; the same door opening into the torture-chamber, but it is closed! At the table we perceive the five judges, with their wigs and robes. But they are not the same. A generation has gone, and the "sympathizing" judge has long since left the bench, to be Secretary of State. We do not feel alone in the court-room, as on our last visit. A bench running along the wall is filled with men and women; friends and acquaintances, some of the accused, some of the young advocate who is pleading his first case of "life or death." In the centre, near the table, sits the accused. On his right sits the poor wife, with her two children crouched at her feet. Humble and mournful she sits, overawed by the scene around, and now and then casting a beseeching look at Joris, who gazes in stolid silence before him. On his left stands the advocate. A glow is on his face. He is near the conclusion of his defense, the culminating point. He is rapid in his utterance; he speaks as one who *knows* his client to be innocent. He reviews tersely the insufficiency of proof, the known integrity of the accused, the devoted love of his despairing wife. There is a wail from the poor woman, whose little ones begin to moan; the audience gives, in hushed tones, utterance to deep-felt sympathy; the judges look serious—they speak in subdued whispers to one another. An acquittal is expected by all.

But the prosecuting attorney rises. He is a man past middle age, a prominent lawyer, but known as harsh and vindictive. He has a feud of long standing with the young advocate, or rather with his father. He praises the effort of the defense, but slowly and pointedly recapitulates the strong points of evi-

dence against the incendiary; dwells on his stolid reticence; suggests that a very little force might soon make him confess a crime which ought not to go unpunished; mentions a similar case, where the obstinate denial of a criminal had been conquered by a little force.

"It is long ago," said he—"it is more than thirty years; but the records will show you that Harrik yielded to the argument of 'force,' and confessed the guilt of his associate in crime. I demand the 'question!'"

The judges were perplexed. To their inmost hearts they believed Joris to be guilty; my father's pleading had moved, but not convinced them. After some consultation, the president said:

"We believe the prosecution to be right, and adjourn until to-morrow."

There went a thrill of horror through the audience. The rack! They had not heard of it for a long time. Poor Joris did not seem to realize what was in store for him. He kissed the little ones, and, with a "good-by" to his wife, he followed the warden to his prison-cell.

But the wife had understood. With tearful eye, she took my father's hand, and said: "Good sir, save him—save him! If they torment him, he will say, 'Yes—yes.' I know it; I know it."

That afternoon the young advocate was silent at the dinner-table. The old Secretary of State had read the news from Paris; for one so accustomed to the old *régime*, it was as if the world was coming to an end. He was pre-occupied, but at last inquired after the case, and wondered at my father's downcast appearance.

When he was told about the successful pleading, followed by the demand for the question, he stared long, then said:

"You are sure he mentioned Harrik—the case of Harrik? It is impossible!"

But when my father repeated the words of Attorney Van Buren, he exclaimed:

"The case is won, my dear son. The venomous spider has made a mistake! He could not do better for you."

He then related the trial of Harrik. "It is long, long ago," continued he, with a sigh, remembering his more youthful years; "but when, after Harrik's execution, I laid his written confession before my colleagues of the bench, the exclamation of wonder and surprise I do yet hear. So great was the revulsion in their feelings, so great the horror they felt at their own useless cruelty and the worse injury which had threatened Gilman, that at once they dismissed his case and set him at liberty. Whether Harrik's dying confession was entered on the records, I do not know. Perhaps not; it was not a flattering testimonial to the value of human justice! But I prized the last words of the condemned man; I prized the cross he put to them; I have them among my papers. I'll give you the paper. With that you can make a *coup d'éclat*, provided you prepare yourself well."

He rose and left my father in wonder and thankful joy. After a few moments he returned with the precious document, which once had saved an innocent man's life, and now might be the means of saving another.

"By the by," said my grandfather, looking once more over the old manuscript, "I don't know but that Gilman is yet alive. He must be a very old man now, but it seems to me I heard or read his name somewhere. However, that is no matter; the document speaks for itself. Go and study your part, my young Demosthenes, and go to-morrow into court, with the full assurance of liberating poor Joris."

The following morning there was a large audience at the court. I use a

wrong term. It was a crowd of people, who came not so much to hear as to see; for, in a city like Nimegue, rumors are swift, and, in those times, at least, commerce and its all-absorbing interests had little or no influence. "Joris was condemned; Joris was to be tortured," was the rumor. "The young advocate had spoken splendidly, but the rack would be too strong for him." Then there were friends and acquaintances who believed in his innocence—some implicitly, some with a doubt. "The torture!" they said, "who would think of that?" Then, again, there were friends of the advocate, who were anxious to know how he would act in the situation. The benches were all occupied; the rest stood and whispered. The poor wife sat on the chair allowed her; the two little ones crouched near her. My father was at his post near the seat of the accused, who soon came in with the warden, and, having taken his seat, gave a friendly look to his wife and children, then turning to my father, said:

"I am afraid, sir—I am afraid. They speak of the rack. I am afraid, sir!"

He looked as one who could not bear much. His stolid indifference had given way to a nervous anxiety. His wife looked up to my father.

"Never," said he, "shall I forget that look! It was one of beseeching despair. She knew he would yield."

A bell rings. A side-door opens; the judges enter and take their seats. We now see, with a feeling of horror, that the door of the torture-room is open. The prosecuting attorney rises, and says, with stentorian voice, "We demand the question."

The presiding judge is silent; whispers are exchanged between the members of the court. At last he rises, and says:

"Let the court-room be cleared; the question admits of no witnesses but the court."

There is a murmur in the crowd. A few leave; most remain. The young advocate rises, and, holding up a paper, says, "I protest."

"On what ground?" asks the judge, with a frown.

"On the ground of false allegation," replies my father.

"False allegation!" screams the prosecuting attorney; "what do you mean?"

The judge imposes silence on the virtulent attorney, and says to the advocate, "Give your proofs."

"The proof is here," he answered, as one who was sure to gain his cause; and turning to the attorney: "Failing in evidence against this poor man, who came to save his master's property, not to destroy—failing in evidence, you want the evidence of rack and torture. You want to force him to become his own accuser; you want a victim on the wheel. And, as if criminal antecedents could justify an infraction of laws divine and human, you appeal to the case of Harrik who suffered on that rack"—and here he pointed to the dark torture-room, and paused a moment, while the audience looked shuddering to the dismal spot—"yes, on that same rack, where now you want to stretch this innocent man——"

"The proof—the proof!" exclaimed the attorney.

"Ah, well; you want the proof of false allegation? Did you not say 'the records would show us that Harrik yielded to the argument of force'—a tender word, indeed, for infernal torture!—'and confessed the guilt of his associate in crime?' Did you not say so?"

"I did, and do so yet. What then?"

"The records you quote do show what pain and torture may do, even in a man of strong and determined will. They are a record of barbarous times, which happily come to an end——"

An approving murmur resounded through the court-room.

"But here," continued my father, encouraged by the "signs of the times," "here is one which proves the other—the one you appeal to—to be false and worthless."

He unfolded the document. There was a breathless silence while he read:

"IN JAIL, August 3, 1760.

"I, John Harrik, under sentence of death, this last night of my earthly life, in the presence of God Almighty and two witnesses, do testify that my confession, made on the bench of torture, was in consequence of unutterable pain. Gilman was not there. I alone am guilty. May God have mercy on my soul.

"JOHN † HARRIK.

"Witnesses: C. W. V. M., Judge; Joost Brand, Warden."

There was a stir in the audience, a more or less loud talking, so that the presiding judge had to make his voice heard; then sitting down, he seemed to expect an answer from the prosecuting attorney.

He was pale and hesitating in his manner. Half rising, he said, in a tone which he tried to make sarcastic, but sounded weak:

"Reliable witnesses, indeed! Strange it is not on the records; nor is the release of Gilman there."

"Here he is!" replied a stentorian voice from the seats near the wall.

Judges, witnesses, attorneys, all looked with astonishment in that direction. The standing crowd made room, and slowly came forward an elderly gentleman, whom the advocate at once recognized as a friend of his father. On his arm leaned a very old man, bent with age and scarcely able to move.

"Are you Gilman?" asked the presiding judge—"the one who was accused of murder?"

"That is my name, sir," answered he, in a voice so weak that it was difficult to hear him. After a pause, he added: "They let me go, sir. I was not there. Poor Harrik!" The old man trembled. The court-room, the trial, the jail: it all came back. He sunk down; strong arms

upheld him and carried him away. Still he muttered, "I was not there; poor Harrik!"

When noise and emotion had subsided, my father arose.

"Honorable judges," said he, with ringing voice, "I ask for the immediate acquittal of the prisoner. Too long he has been suffering under a suspicion for which there is no proof, no evidence whatever—no, none whatever!—since, as a last resort, the prosecution demands the torture. And shall we, in a time when humanity begins to awaken—when in a neighboring country the Bastille, with its dungeons and torture-rooms, has been destroyed—shall we hear again the shrieks and yells in that dark room there?" He pointed to the rack just visible; there was a threatening growl among the audience. "Shall we stretch the limbs of this man, innocent of crime, on the rack, and patiently wait until, in the despair of agony, he says 'Yes,' and gives up his mutilated body to the wheel——?"

A loud yell interrupted him: "Away with it; destroy it." And the excited crowd pressed toward the dark room. The spirit which demolished the Bastille is contagious; a dense mob was crowding in from the outside. But it takes much wrong to bring the honest Netherlander beyond the limits of law and order. The halberdiers interposed with authority. The presiding judge rung the heavy bell. After a few minutes, there was silence.

A very low whispering could be heard in the audience. The prosecuting attorney sat silent. The young advocate exchanged friendly and hopeful glances with some of his acquaintances. The accused looked stolidly before him; his wife sat weeping, nervously holding her little ones. The judges conferred among themselves in an undertone. At last, the presiding judge arose, and said:

"Thomas Joris, stand up."

My father had to repeat the order to the poor fellow, who slowly rose as from a stupor.

"Thomas Joris," continued the judge, "the evidence against you is insufficient. The court refuses the question; you are free."

A hurrah of joy resounded that time through the hall, which thirty years before had echoed the agonized screams of Harrik. The stream of gladdened humanity left the court-room, and spread the tidings through the city. The wife

was overcome, and clung weeping to my father, whom she called her savior; while Joris only now seemed to realize that his limbs had been in danger, and, with smiles, took hold of his little ones.

How it came that old Gilman was found and brought into court, my grandfather never would tell, though he acknowledged, with a smile, that it was very apropos, and in its effect more startling than if my father had known it before.

FROM COLCHIS BACK TO ARGOS.

NO. IV.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AMONG THE CORAL REEFS.

THE brig had been anchored in fresh water, but before we had gone a mile we were pitching in the swell of the Caribbean Sea. The wind was off shore, so that in a few hours after our anchor was up we were out of sight of the low coast, and had escaped from the myriads of small mosquitoes that infest it. It was a great luxury to be once more on the open sea. Though we were crowded, and the vessel most wretchedly furnished, yet it was so refreshing to stretch our limbs out in a berth, with a pillow under our heads! Cheered with the prospect of a short voyage of only ten days to the soil of our own native land, we were all in the best of spirits.

Captain Lawrence is a lazy, illiterate fellow. Though occasionally giving way to violent bursts of passion, under ordinary circumstances he has not energy or decision to govern his vessel. The mate, Mr. Sutter, is on the contrary all decision and energy, without judgment or a tolerable share of sense. Vain-glorious and boisterous, his voice is heard in everybody's mess, and the com-

mand of the vessel practically soon fell to him. Abusive and tyrannical to those he did not fear, he was very obsequious to those who, he thought, had the power to injure or benefit him. He was on his way to California, as he told me; was at Chagres when the *Mechanic* was fitting out, and was offered the place of mate. He informed me that the brig had been wrecked at that place, was condemned, bought for a small sum by several gamblers, and sent up for passengers to San Juan, as a place where her character would not be known. He further stated that it was the intention of the captain to wreck the brig *Union*, and that he, as mate, expected to realize a fine sum as salvage. He was very communicative, and there were but few on board who did not have an opportunity to know the history of his whole life, as well as that of his family and his native town. There were not wanting those who would gratify his vanity for the sake of seeing the wonderful inflation it produced, just as they would tease the sea-porcupine with a straw to see the fish bloat.

The land-breeze failed, and then followed a calm. After that came the usual north-east trades, and we were compelled to stand off south-east. We beat about for eight days, endeavoring to get to windward in order to lay our course clear of Cape Gracias á Dios. We sighted the Corn Islands four times in as many days, a fine trade-wind blowing all the time. At length the wind hauled more to the eastward, and we ran north until we made a group of keys and reefs between latitude 14° and 15° north, and longitude 82° and 83° . We sounded, and found eleven fathoms, when we went about.

It began now to appear that not only was the vessel unseaworthy, but insufficiently supplied with provisions. The crew were mostly down with fever, and there was no medicine on board except that in the hands of passengers. On the 2d of January, in the morning, we made the island of St. Andrews, and endeavored to beat up to it for the remainder of that day. During the following night we stood north-west by north until two in the morning, when we tacked, and made the lee side about eight o'clock. There was no information on board relative to this island, but it was necessary to get some water and fresh provisions. We were now only about 150 miles from San Juan, and at our rate of progression it was evident that we should fall short of stores of every description. As we worked up nearer the island, we saw human habitations on the higher parts; then coconut and plantain trees became distinguishable. At the same time, the fearful surf which dashed upon its shores seemed to preclude all hope of a landing; but, to our great relief, just as we were preparing to go about, a canoe was seen coming out to us. The brig was at once hove-to, and the best Spanish speaker was mounted conspicuously to act as interpreter.

There was profound silence on board as the canoe came in hailing distance. "*Tiene huevos aqui?*" shouted our Spanish oracle. The black man with the paddle turned his broad face full to us, and, showing a double row of ivory, replied, "Yaas, but we ca-als um *aigs* heah!" Hurrah! these were our own people — they spoke English! They were taken on board, and the canoe hoisted in after them. The canoe was not unlike a hog-trough, about ten feet long and two feet wide, with large holes in the side where the wood had rotted away. It required constant bailing by one of the men to keep the craft afloat while the other used the paddle.

The canoemen piloted us into a small cove, where we let go our anchor in five fathoms with coral bottom, at about a quarter of a mile from shore. The boats were got out, and a party of us were soon on land. There was no one at the landing-place, and we followed a path that led to the summit through a low growth of lance-wood, limes, guavas, a species of the banyan, and a variety of other trees unknown to me. As we emerged from the woods, we saw a neat cottage, occupied by an Englishman, who had resided here for twenty years. He told us that Mr. Livingston, a missionary of the Leight Street Baptist Church, and himself, were the only White men on the island; the population, four or five hundred in number, being negroes of all the various shades. The language spoken is claimed to be English, but I could not recognize it at first as having any resemblance to our tongue. The vowel sounds are distended to their utmost capacity of breadth and length, and the intonation is in the minor key. Though the island nominally belongs to New Granada, it is not burdened with a government.

Not knowing how short our stay might be, I set out to improve the time and explore the island as far as possible, fol-

lowing any road I saw. The native huts are like those of Central America, except that the side walls are of bamboo, split and interwoven like basket-work. The people are very destitute of all the comforts of civilization, and subsist for the most part on the spontaneous productions of the soil. They are just emerging from a state of slavery in which blacks themselves are the slaveholders.

The arrival of a vessel is an event so rare, that the people are thrown into a state of excitement such as the island had not witnessed for years. Everywhere, as we passed along the way, people were making preparations for trade. Oranges, limes, soursops, papaws, and cocoa-nuts, were being gathered for trade. We had gone several miles by a winding path, and being desirous of reaching the windward side of the island, in hope of finding shells, we stopped at a cottage to inquire the road that would lead us to it. Four or five young White women were seated round a neat room, dressed in clean calico made up in American fashion, looking as prim and solemn as school-girls expecting visitors. My first impression was, that there was a death in the family, and they were awaiting the funeral ceremonies. The scene was so unexpected, that I was upon the point of retreating; but it soon became evident that they were not so surprised, and I summoned up courage to inquire the way to the beach. They made some reply, but whether they understood me, I could not tell. It was certain that I could not recognize the English in their vernacular; so we went on to another house, where we had better success, and obtained the services of a lad as guide.

We passed several cultivated fields, and saw yams, cassava, cotton, and cane growing finely; while cocoa-nuts, guavas, tamarinds, and limes are everywhere in the woods in great profusion.

There being no market for them, they are suffered to perish where they grow.

After spending two or three hours along the beach, looking for shells and coral, we went to the hut of a native for food. Several dishes were prepared, but fried eggs and plantains were all that we could reconcile to our not over-fastidious appetites. Before we had concluded our repast, we were visited by nearly all the women in the neighborhood, all rigged out in their best attire. Two girls, quadroons—evidently regarded by their darker companions as capable of making an impression—were represented as orphans, left in possession of a considerable quantity of land, with tenants, slaves, and how many cocoa-nut trees I do not remember. Even here, on this little Caribbean isle, land monopoly is in full force. Land is valued at about two dollars an acre, and there is no part of the island that is not susceptible of high cultivation. Cocoa-nut trees are valued at seven dollars each.

We returned to the harbor by another road, having made almost a complete circuit of the island. Our guide was a lad fully grown, yet had never been off the island. I asked him how long he thought it was. He replied, "Long enough!" Being pressed to give his idea of the distance in miles, he said, "About seven hundred!"

We had filled our clothes with fruit, besides all we could carry in our hands, and sat down at the landing to wait for a boat. The island is protected from the sea on the windward side by a coral reef extending half-way around it, and apparently a mile distant. The lee side is bold, having five fathoms of water close up to the coral rock, of which the island is composed, and which has been undermined by the waves, and much eroded by the water wherever exposed to its action.

One of our party had filled his shirt above his belt with fruit picked up in

the woods, to such an extent that he could not perform nautical evolutions with success. Not being very dexterous in handling ropes at any time, when we got alongside of our vessel, and the hand-rope was thrown to him to climb up, he could not get more than half-way, and then was without strength of limb to go farther, yet afraid to let go lest he would drop into the water. The sea was very rough, and the rolling of the brig kept the unhappy man bumping against her side until the last guava was reduced to a pulp, and the cider ran from his heels in a copious stream. Some wicked fellow told him there was a shark close by, and he begged for help. A noose was lowered and slipped around one of his legs, and he was at length hauled in.

That night the wind hauled more to the northward, and a heavy sea set into our anchorage, which increased the rolling very much. The next morning the wind had increased, and the natives had congregated around the vessel with their produce, impatient to get it on board. A canoe, in attempting to come off with a load of fruit, was swamped with four persons, and the natives on shore dared not venture to their assistance in their small canoes. The wrecked men clung to their boat, and shouted lustily for help; but the mate said he had no boat for the "d—d niggers." The captain, however, after some time, went himself with the jolly-boat, picked them up and carried them ashore. The long-boat was used during the day for the embarkation of provisions.

At night the wind increased to a gale. Many trees were torn up, but we rode it out in safety, being under the lee of the island, though the rolling was so violent that fears were felt for our masts. When daylight came, it was decided to proceed on our voyage, as our position was dangerous. The anchor was hove short, the fore-topsail loosed, and we

were just ready to go, when signals were made to us from the shore so earnestly as to lead to the impression that some important intelligence had arrived from the windward. The boats had been lashed fast, but one was lowered, and Captain Lawrence with Captain Hutchinson and three men pulled off for the shore. Scarcely had they entered the cove, when the heave of the sea, with the wind on our loosened topsail, parted our cable close to the anchor. Immediately it was discovered that we were drifting rapidly toward the shore among the ragged corals. The mate, finding himself suddenly in command and in peril, lost his self-possession, and, instead of making sail to get out of the danger, ran forward to unlash the other anchor. In half of the time necessary to do this, no anchor could have saved us. We were already but a few lengths from the rocks, upon which the sea was dashing furiously, and every moment the distance grew perceptibly shorter. To me it seemed inevitable that we must strike, and I hurried down into the cabin for all that was left to me of a pair of boots, to enable me to leap upon the rocks the moment the vessel should strike, and before she could recoil. Captain Titcomb was below, but fortunately Captain C. C. Sisson, of Mystic,* who was one of our party, seeing the mate had lost his senses, took the wheel, and, deeming the occasion one that did not admit of ceremony, told the men to hoist the jibs and sheet home the topsail. This was done at once, and as the vessel's head fell off and the head sails filled, command of the vessel was once more obtained. As soon as the mate discovered that the brig was saved, he ran back to the quarter-deck, pale and trembling, and called out, "All hands keep cool! I'm here myself!"

It was impossible to heave - to in our

* Captain Sisson, in 1873, commanded the clipper-ship *Bridgewater* out of San Francisco.

present situation. It was as much as the brig could do to hold her own in such a sea with all the sail she could carry, and we stood off and on under reefed topsail and mainsail.

We were now free from immediate danger, but what course to pursue we were at a loss to determine. We were at sea, with the mate in command, and he was totally incompetent to the responsibility that devolved upon him. The cabin passengers held a council in the cabin, and it was resolved that if the mate failed to recover the captain within a reasonable time, it was due to ourselves to depose him, put one of our seamen passengers in command, and proceed to the nearest port. Our danger was increased by the failure of the pumps, and the increase of water in the hold, while the fever was prevailing to such a rate that but two of the crew were fit for duty.

The mate evinced the greatest perplexity. As soon as we got clear of the land he brought the chart down into the cabin, and with a pair of dividers began to calculate! At length he asked Captain Titcomb what he should do; and expressed a wish to stand off on the starboard tack till midnight, then on three hours and off four, until the wind should abate. This plan would have taken us back to the Mosquito shore by daylight. The captain advised him to go about immediately, before we should lose sight of the island—for, having no chronometer on board, he doubted whether in that case he would be able to find it again—get as near the anchorage as was safe, and make short tacks until the boat's crew were picked up. This advice was followed, and before night Captain Lawrence was restored to his command.

He had a funny story to tell. As he approached the landing, there was a great clamor set up by the few cocoa-nut merchants who had a stock left over, offer-

ing the balance at half-price! He turned about with all the indignation that could be conceived; but what was his astonishment to see the brig with sails set, flying away from the island. Astonishment gave way to wrath, and one of the men with him told me that he poured out such a terrible shower of oaths as to beat down the sea, and for a time it became quite calm! Then he went back, and damned the cocoa-nut merchants. He climbed to the top of the highest tree on the island, and watched the receding vessel until it was but a speck on the horizon. Then he retired to the Englishman's house to discuss mutiny, piracy, and other kindred topics.

As soon as the boat was taken in, we rounded the south end of the island, and steered south-east by east to clear the South-east Keys, a dangerous reef twenty miles from St. Andrews. The wind was now favorable for running to windward; but this new difficulty, with the want of confidence in our chart and the vessel, compelled us to run off. It really seemed that home grew farther off with each day's efforts to get there! Just three months had passed since I left Sacramento with an eager, light heart, hoping soon to be at the end of all my adventures; but disappointment and long delays had fairly reduced hope to apathy, and home seemed like some vision of our childhood, every day more unreal and uncertain.

On the night of the 6th of January, the officer of the deck reported smooth water, and the noise of many birds such as is not heard far from land. It was supposed that we had passed close under the lee of the Roncador Reef, where the brig *Matamoras* was reported at St. Andrews to have been wrecked about two weeks before. If this were so, we should be able to make Serrana Key before the next night, as it was only forty-five miles north by west. About an hour after sunrise, Captain Titcomb,

who, notwithstanding his age, was the sharpest-sighted of us all, discovered breakers under our lee, and the captain was informed of it. We continued to run on for some time, when a brig was discovered about two points off our weather bow; she had all sail set, and was apparently bound the same way with ourselves. The breakers were now seen broad off our beam, and extending in a long white line far to the north and south. The order was then given to go about, for we were now almost upon the most dreaded reef on our route. This was "Quita Sueño" (banish sleep), extending about twenty-five miles, with a strong current setting across it from the eastward, and having no land above water to afford a footing to those who are cast upon it. We were twenty-five miles west of our reckoning.

That day and the following night were spent in beating off, and the next morning, when it was supposed that we were in the longitude of Serrana, we stood north. About eight o'clock a sail was seen on our lee bow, and soon after it was discovered that she was in distress, having lost her foremast, and her colors being set upon the mainmast "union down." One of the men from the wreck of the *Union* went aloft to determine whether it was not that vessel, but he could not recognize her, and reported breakers all around her. We stood on until she was off our beam, when the seas could be seen making completely over her, and by the help of a glass we discovered a man climbing the shrouds. It was now thought that this was the same vessel that we had seen the day before, that she was on the *Quita Sueño*, and that we had not gained five miles to windward in the twenty-four hours. The captain determined at once to do something for their relief. The men on Serrana could afford to wait, as they were on land and provisioned for six months, but these men must perish

unless aid could reach them speedily. The only way to approach them was to get to the lee of the reef, so we squarred away and ran around the south end. We found a bank, or submerged coral island, extending westward for ten or twelve miles. Over this bank we worked in smooth water, but among the coral rocks, as far as we could pick our way toward the wreck, and dropped anchor in ten fathoms, with fine corals projecting themselves to the surface on every side. The water was so clear that the bottom could be seen where we lay, and fish in great numbers could be distinguished feeding about the coral. It was now four o'clock, and too late in the day to attempt anything more than to make preparations for the next morning. That night was a strange one. We no longer heard the dash nor felt the heave of the sea beneath us, but our ears were filled with the distant sullen roar of breakers. Our little wandering hag of a vessel was anchored as if asleep, far from land or shelter from the gales that sometimes sweep the ocean. Our only anchor was in the coral-beds, and we dreaded to think of our fate should we be driven from our anchorage at night by such a wind as that we had encountered a few days before. But what concerned us most was the scarcity of provisions, which might yet compel us to put back. All the fishing-tackle on board was put into requisition to increase the supply. We caught many fish of the genus *Acanthurus*, weighing about a pound each. One species, the *Chirurgus*, was of a deep blue color, and armed on each side near the tail with a lancet, which folded into the body at its narrowest part, and pointed forward. When the fish is seized back of its gills, as is usual in extricating the hook, and the tail is moved laterally, this lancet is thrown out so as to inflict a very ugly wound, and several passengers were badly hurt before the surgical character

of the fish was known. This sport was kept up until dark, when some sea-monsters carried off our lines.

It was eight o'clock the next morning before the boats were ready to be launched, and then one was discovered coming from the wreck with a blanket raised for a sail. This contained the mate and two men of the *Martha Sanger*, from Chagres, bound to New Orleans, with ninety returning Californians. The three boats then put off, and spent the day, effecting nothing, except the rescue of the captain (Robinson), with his large chest containing his own valuables and as much gold-dust as he could induce the men on board to intrust to his keeping, leaving all his passengers to the uncertainty of another night. He brought off also a keg containing whisky, and good spirits prevailed among the officers. The failure of the expedition to rescue any of the passengers was attributed to the impossibility of getting the long-boat up against the strong breeze.

The following day the three boats were connected by means of a line, and the small boats took the large one in tow. There were not oarsmen enough on board to man the boats, and I volunteered to go with Captain Hutchinson and pull one of the two oars in his boat. We started off with enthusiasm, shaping our course directly to windward in order to get under the lee of the breakers in smooth water before the afternoon breeze freshened. The distance was only about five miles, but the utmost exertion was necessary to stem the current, wind, and waves. We encountered a heavy squall when near the reef, but we made fast to a mass of coral. The boats were so ranged that one broke the force of the wind from the other two, and when its violence had abated we pulled in closer to the reef where the sea was smoother.

It was a rare opportunity to see the

marine forests that was furnished us that day. Divesting one's-self of the thoughts of danger, if possible, while floating over these submarine landscapes, it was enchanting. At one moment we would be over a deep valley whose bottom we could scarcely distinguish, and the next a hill would rise almost to the surface. Purple sea-fans, like palm-leaves spread out, undulated to the motion of the water; then suddenly a tree of white coral projected its flinty boughs, inflexible as the dead oak bleaching on the hill: all teeming with many-colored life. Algæ took root in the shelly bottom, and looked green as our woods on *terra firma*, intermingled with sponges and the lower forms of life, red, brown, and yellow, which gave to the whole the glow of a tropical garden. Among these were fish of the most fantastic colors and forms, playing and chasing each other around. There one could expect, if anywhere, to see the Nereids sporting in the groves. A branch of the coral which you raise is covered with the lower forms of animal life. In fact, the whole bank is one vast animated mass. But to the sailor these are all objects of terror. He sees these corals, like dead men's fingers pointing from the grave, and threatening the thin cedar boards that separate the world above from that beneath the waters, and the daughters of Nereus he knows only in the character of sharks.

We followed along the thundering line of seas, whose huge crests protected us from the wind—pulling “hard starboard” or “hard larboard” to clear some lurking rock—until the middle of the afternoon, when we were close upon the wreck. The most difficult feat to accomplish was to get across the reef and through the surf to the vessel. At low tide the points of rock on the reef project slightly above the water, with race-ways or water-worn channels between, and the sea, as it breaks and

rushes in tumultuous foam over the rocks, flows through these channels. Through one of these our boat must pass. The long-boat was cast off and anchored, and Captain Hutchinson told us to "pull steady and strong," on no account to look around us, but to keep our eyes steadily on the oars; and we pulled as though our lives depended on each stroke. We entered a channel under the lee of the wreck, and slowly gained on the torrent. Our oars on both sides touched the coral, and, placing them against this firmer fulcrum, we forced ourselves through, when the retreating wave carried us over the turbulent, heaving mass of foam between the reef and the wreck, and alongside, among drifting spars and tangled rigging. As we came alongside, I jumped upon a floating spar to reach the rope thrown to me from the deck; but the grip of my hands failed me, from the severe and unaccustomed efforts to which they had been subjected, and the returning wave rolled the spar from under my feet. I did not think of drowning, but the fear of being crushed among the floating *débris*, and of having a leg taken off by a shark, gave me fearful energy. I remounted the spar; a rope with a slip-noose was thrown to me, which I lost no time in placing under my arms, and was raised on board.

The brig was broadside on the rocks; the stern thrown well up, while the bows were held down in deeper water by the anchor, which had been thrown over before striking. The foremast had gone overboard, and in falling its foot had slipped out of the step and pried up the deck. The main-topmast was standing, the badge of woe torn and flying at the truck. The jib-boom was entire, and, as each sea lifted us and we came down again upon the rocks, it would bend like a fishing-rod. The whole vessel would crack and twist as in a dying agony, and the next moment

a deluge of water would sweep her decks and pour over her lee rail.

The passengers had crowded the after house so that it was almost inaccessible, and their joy at our arrival was the only agreeable feature in the scene of desolation. Ship-stores, crockery, and every species of valuables, strewed the deck, and the most wanton waste had been practiced by men who had been deserted by all their officers except a sick second mate. Two men were found dead in their berths, and several others in a dying state. Among the latter I recognized a Mr. Wheelock, who had been a passenger with me on board the *Plymouth* from San Francisco. To prevent the panic-stricken passengers from filling our boats, Mr. Sutter planted himself in the companionway with a long knife, threatening instant death to all who attempted to pass. He outroared the surf, as if to awe the landsmen into the idea that old Neptune himself had assumed command.

The day was far spent, and what was done must be done quickly. The galley was cut away, and the door-way and windows were battened to convert it into a barge. This extemporized ark was slid overboard and floated over the reef, when the sick were first put into it, and then others were put on board as they drew their lots, until it was reported that the flooring was started. Those who were able were kept at work with pails to bail out the water. About twenty-five were stowed in the long-boat, with a demijohn of water and a bag of bread. The small boat took three or four, and we left the remainder with the assurance that we would not desert them. In the effort to get on board the boat, I was a second time submerged, and owed my preservation to the grasp of Captain Hutchinson.

The sun was nearly setting when we took the extemporized barge in tow, the jolly-boat leading off as before. The

boat belonging to the wreck was in command of the mate of that vessel, and after we were under way he requested permission to return to the wreck to take in a few more men, run down to the *Mechanic*, and return to our assistance. This plan was approved. He was at the same time directed to have lights set for us on the brig, and to bring us a kedge-anchor to hold us in case of need. We pulled along the reef by the rays of the moon, whose light was sufficient to enable us to distinguish the discolored spots which indicated coral near the surface, until we supposed we were nearly to windward of the brig as she bore by compass before dark, and then squared away to run down before the wind.

The house presented a large surface to the wind, and we moved rapidly, straining our eyes for the boat and for the signal-lights which were to guide us to our vessel. We had guns and powder taken from the wreck, and we fired signals continually, but they met with no response.

At length we made the lights from the brig, but they were to windward! We had squared away too soon. Where was the recreant mate? Why had he deserted us? Deep, dark curses went up with the smoke of the gunpowder, enough to have freighted a ship. But this did not help us. We were drifting rapidly toward the edge of the bank, beyond which no anchor could avail. We put our head to the wind, the best men were put to the oars, and every effort was made to hold our own until assistance could reach us. We were broad to leeward, and, notwithstanding all our efforts, we were falling away fast. We shouted until our voices failed us. We knew they must hear us—why did they not send the boat with the anchor? They did hear us, and watched with painful interest the firing as it flashed farther and farther to leeward; but the boat was gone, and there was no earth-

ly power, so far as they knew, that could save us. The mate proposed to cut away the tow and save ourselves, but Captain Hutchinson refused to consent to it yet. The long-boat had on board a cast-iron pinnace-gun which had been used to anchor her on the reef, and this was now tied to the boat's painter and thrown overboard to act as a drag, the rope being too short to reach bottom, but to our great gratification it got tangled in the coral of some ledge over which we were drifting. This enabled us to disengage the small boat, which went with the two officers to the brig to get the anchor, and met on the way the missing boat with that symbol of hope on the way to our relief.

The mate of the *Martha Sanger*, when he reached the brig, called upon his captain to take the boat back to our relief. He was in too safe quarters, but offered a large sum to anyone who would go in the boat. Captain Lawrence at length, finding that no dependence could be placed in these men, went into the boat himself with two of his men who were invalids, and pulled away to windward, where he expected to find us; but failing, he returned, and, seeing our signals away to leeward, as soon as he had approached near enough to be heard, ordered the men to the windlass to heave up the anchor. Captain Titcomb remonstrated; there was no officer in the brig, and the order was not obeyed. He represented that with the vessel's position among the reefs, it would be impossible to get her out at night without striking, and losing the brig. Captain Lawrence, when he got on board, followed the advice given him, and sent his boat, with Captain Sisson and Mr. Wolf, two volunteers of our traveling party, with the anchor.

Mr. Sutter, when he left us to find the boat, continued on after meeting it to carry out his sworn pledge to kill the deserter. I doubt not he would have

done it if he could; but the man who had distinguished himself by his tact in the art of self-preservation could not be caught, and, after pursuing him through the rigging for some time, amidst the cheers of the passengers, bellowing with rage, and armed with the knife with which he had overawed the men on the wreck—Sutter went below and took a drink.

No sooner was it known on board that we were safe, and the cause of our danger made known, than the most hearty indignation was expressed. Some proposed to seize the wretch to

the rigging and flog him; others proposed to put him with his cowardly captain into their own boat, and compel them to find land as best they could; but the excitement wore away, and they passed unpunished. The small boats were employed until two o'clock in the morning in conveying the men from the raft; and the long-boat, relieved of a part of its load, last of all reached the brig. The warm congratulations of my fellow-passengers made me fully realize the danger through which we had passed.

IN ARIZONA.

How broken plunged the steep descent!
 How barren! Desolate and rent
 By earthquake shock, the land lay dead,
 Like some proud king in old-time slain.
 An ugly skeleton, it gleamed
 In burning sands. The fiery rain
 Of fierce volcanoes here had sown
 Its ashes. Burnt and black and seamed
 With thunder-strokes and strown
 With cinders. Yea, so overthrown,
 That wilder men than we had said,
 On seeing this, with gathered breath,
 "We come on the confines of death!"

And yet here lay, in ashes lay,
 Beside this dead and dried-up sea—
 This wide white desert sea of sand,
 This land that seemed to know no land,
 While great round wheels ground mournfully—
 A city older than that gray
 And grass-grown tower builded when
 Confusion cursed the tongues of men.

The groaning wheels plowed here and there,
 Plowed deep in earth, and broke anew
 Old broken idols, and laid bare
 Old bits of vessels that had grown
 As countless ages cycled through
 Imbedded into common stone.

The while we move down to the sea,
 The still white shining sea of sand,

So grand with all its grandeur gone,
 Some one would stoop, eye curiously,
 Pick from the ground, turn quick in hand,
 Thin bits of pictured pottery—
 Toss these aside, and so pass on.

We wound below a sudden bluff
 That lifted from its sea-voiced base
 A wall, with characters cut rough
 And deep by some long-perished race;
 And here strange beasts, unnamed, unknown,
 Stood dimly limned against the stone.

Below, before, and far away,
 There reached the white arm of a bay—
 A broad bay, turned to sand and stone,
 Where ships had rode and breakers rolled
 When Nineveh was yet unnamed,
 And Nimrod's hunting-fields unknown.
 Beneath, a silent city lay
 That in its majesty had shamed
 The wolf-nursed conqueror of old.

Some serpents slid from out the grass
 That grew in tufts by shattered stone,
 Then hid below some broken mass
 Of ruins older than the East,
 That time had eaten as a bone
 Is eaten by some savage beast.

Great dull-eyed rattlesnakes—they lay
 All loathsome, yellow-skinned, and slept
 Coiled tight as pine-knots in the sun,
 With flat heads through the centre run;
 Then struck out sharp, then rattling crept
 Flat-bellied down the dusty way.

Two pink-eyed hawks, wide-winged and gray,
 Screamed savagely, then circled high,
 And screaming still in mad dismay,
 Grew dim and died against the sky.

The grasses failed, and then a mass
 Of dry, red cactus ruled the land;
 The sun rose right above, and fell
 As falling molten from the skies,
 And no wing'd thing was seen to pass.

Then stunted sage set loose in sand,
 Right loud with odors; then some trees,
 Low-built and black as shapes of hell,
 Where white owls sat with bent bills hooked

Beneath their wings, awaiting night ;
 Then great striped lizards, with eyes bright
 As jet, shot through the brown, thin grass
 Made gray with dust of alkali,
 Then stopped, then looked, then lifted high
 On crooked legs, and looked and looked.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRA.

NO. III.—ANCIENT GLACIERS AND THEIR PATHWAYS.

THOUGH the gigantic glaciers of the Sierra are dead, their history is indelibly recorded in characters of rock, mountain, cañon, and forest; and, although other hieroglyphics are being incessantly engraved over these, "line upon line," the glacial characters are so enormously emphasized that they rise free and unconfused in sublime relief, through every after inscription, whether of the torrent, the avalanche, or the restless heaving atmosphere.

In order to give the reader definite conceptions of the magnitude and aspect of these ancient ice-rivers, I will briefly outline those which were most concerned in the formation of Yosemite Valley and its cañon branches. We have seen (in the previous paper) that Yosemite received the simultaneous thrust of the Yosemite Creek, Hoffmann, Tenaya, South Lyell, and Illilouette glaciers. These welded themselves together into one huge trunk, which swept down through the valley, receiving small affluents in its course from Pohono, Sentinel, and Indian cañons, and those on both sides of El Capitan Rock. At this period most of the upper portions of the walls of the valley were bare; but during its earlier history, the wide mouths of these several glaciers formed an almost uninterrupted covering of ice. All the ancient glaciers of the Sierra fluctuated in depth and width, and in degree of individual-

ity, down to the latest glacial days. It must, therefore, be distinctly borne in mind that the following sketches of these upper Merced glaciers relate only to their separate condition, and to that phase of their separate condition which they presented toward the close of the period when Yosemite and its branches were works nearly accomplished.

YOSEMITE CREEK GLACIER.

The broad, many-fountained glacier to which the basin of Yosemite Creek belonged, was about fourteen miles in length by four in width, and in many places was not less than a thousand feet in depth. Its principal tributaries issued from lofty amphitheatres laid well back among the northern spurs of the Hoffmann range. These at first pursued a westerly course; then, uniting with each other and absorbing a series of small affluents from the Tuolumne divide, the trunk thus formed swept round to the south in a magnificent curve, and poured its ice into Yosemite in cascades two miles wide. This broad glacier formed a kind of wrinkled ice-cloud. As it grew older, it became more regular and river-like; encircling peaks overshadowed its upper fountains, rock islets rose at intervals among its shallowing currents, and its bright sculptured banks, nowhere overflowed, extended in massive simplicity all the way to its mouth. As the ice-winter drew near a close, the

main trunk, becoming torpid, at length wholly disappeared in the sun, and a waiting multitude of plants and animals entered the new valley to inhabit the mansions prepared for them. In the meantime the chief tributaries, creeping slowly back into the shelter of their fountain shadows, continued to live and work independently, spreading moraine soil for gardens, scooping basins for lakelets, and leisurely completing the sculpture of their fountains. These also have at last vanished, and the whole basin is now full of light. Forests flourish luxuriantly over all its broad moraines, lakes and meadows nestle among its domes, and a thousand flowery gardens are outspread along its streams.

HOFFMANN GLACIER.

The short, swift-flowing Hoffmann Glacier offered a striking contrast to the Yosemite Creek, in the energy and directness of its movements, and the general tone and tendencies of its life. The erosive energy of the latter was diffused over a succession of low boulder-like domes. Hoffmann Glacier, on the contrary, moved straight to its mark, making a descent of 5,000 feet in about five miles, steadily deepening and contracting its current, and finally thrusting itself against the upper portion of Yosemite in the form of a wedge of solid ice six miles in length by four in width. The concentrated action of this energetic glacier, combined with that of the Tenaya, accomplished the greater portion of the work of the disinterment and sculpture of the great Half Dome, North Dome, and the adjacent rocks. Its fountains, ranged along the southern slopes of the main Hoffmann ridge, gave birth to a series of flat, wing-shaped tributaries, separated from one another by picturesque walls built of massive blocks, bedded and jointed like masonry. The story of its death is not unlike that of the Yosemite Creek, though the

declivity of its channel and equal exposure to sun-heat prevented any considerable portion from passing through a torpid condition. It was first burned off on its lower course; then, creeping slowly back, lingered awhile at the base of its mountains to finish their sculpture, and encircle them with a zone of moraine soil for gardens and forests.

The gray slopes of Mount Hoffmann are singularly barren in aspect, yet the traveler who is so fortunate as to ascend them will find himself in the very loveliest gardens of the Sierra. The lower banks and slopes of the basin are plushed with chaparral rich in berries and bloom—a favorite resort for bears; while the middle region is planted with the most superb forest of silver-fir I ever beheld. Nowhere are the cold footsteps of ice more warmly covered with light and life.

TENAYA GLACIER.

The rugged, strong-limbed Tenaya Glacier was about twelve miles long, and from half a mile to two and a half miles wide. Its depth varied from near 500 to 2,000 feet, according as its current was outspread in many channels or compressed in one. Instead of drawing its supplies directly from the summit fountains, it formed one of the principal outlets of the Tuolumne *mer de glace*, issuing at once from this noble source, a full-grown glacier two miles wide and more than a thousand feet deep. It flowed in a general south-westerly direction, entering Yosemite at the head, between Half and North domes. In setting out on its life-work it moved slowly, spending its strength in ascending the Tuolumne divide, and in eroding a series of parallel sub-channels leading over into the broad, shallow basin of Lake Tenaya. Hence, after uniting its main current, which had been partially separated in crossing the divide, and receiving a swift-flowing af-

fluent from the fountains of Cathedral Peak, it set forth again with renewed vigor, pouring its massive floods over the south-western rim of the basin in a series of splendid cascades; then, crushing heavily against the ridge of Cloud's Rest, curved toward the west, quickened its pace, focalized its wavering currents, and bore down upon Yosemite with its whole concentrated energy. Toward the end of the ice-period, and while the upper tributaries of its Hoffmann companion continued to grind rock-meal for coming forests, the whole body of Tenaya became torpid, withering simultaneously from end to end, instead of dying gradually from the foot upward. Its upper portion separated into long parallel strips extending between the Tenaya basin and Tuolumne *mer de glace*. These, together with the shallow ice-clouds of the lake-basin, melted rapidly, exposing broad areas of rolling rock-waves and glossy pavements, on whose channelless surface water ran everywhere wild and free. There are no very extensive morainal accumulations of any sort in the basin. The largest occur on the divide, near the Big Tuolumne Meadows, and on the sloping ground north-west of Lake Tenaya.*

For a distance of six miles from its mouth the pathway of this noble glacier is a simple trough from 2,000 to 3,000 feet deep, countersunk in the solid granite, with sides inclined at angles with

the horizon of from thirty to fifty degrees. Above this its grand simplicity is interrupted by huge moutoneed ridges extending in the general direction of its length over into the basin of Lake Tenaya. Passing these, and crossing the bright glacial pavements that border the lake, we find another series of ridges, from 500 to 1,200 feet in height, extending over the divide to the ancient Tuolumne ice-fountain. Their bare moutoneed forms and polished surfaces indicate that they were overswept, existing at first as mere boulders beneath the mighty glacier that flowed in one unbroken current between Cathedral Peak and the south-east shoulder of the Hoffmann range.

NEVADA, OR SOUTH LYELL GLACIER.

The South Lyell Glacier was less influential than the last, but longer and more symmetrical, and the only one of the Merced system whose sources extended directly to the main summits on the axis of the chain. Its numerous ice-wombs, now mostly barren, range side by side in three distinct series at an elevation above sea-level of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet. The first series on the right side of the basin extends from the Matterhorn to Cathedral Peak in a north-westerly direction a distance of about twelve miles. The second series extends in the same direction along the left side of the basin in the summits of the Merced group, and is about six miles in length. The third is about nine miles long, and extends along the head of the basin in a direction at right angles to that of the others, and unites with them at their south-eastern extremities. The three ranges of summits in which these fountains are laid, and the long continuous ridge of Cloud's Rest, inclose a rectangular basin, leaving an outlet near the south-west corner opposite its principal *névé* fountains, situated in the dark jagged peaks of the Lyell

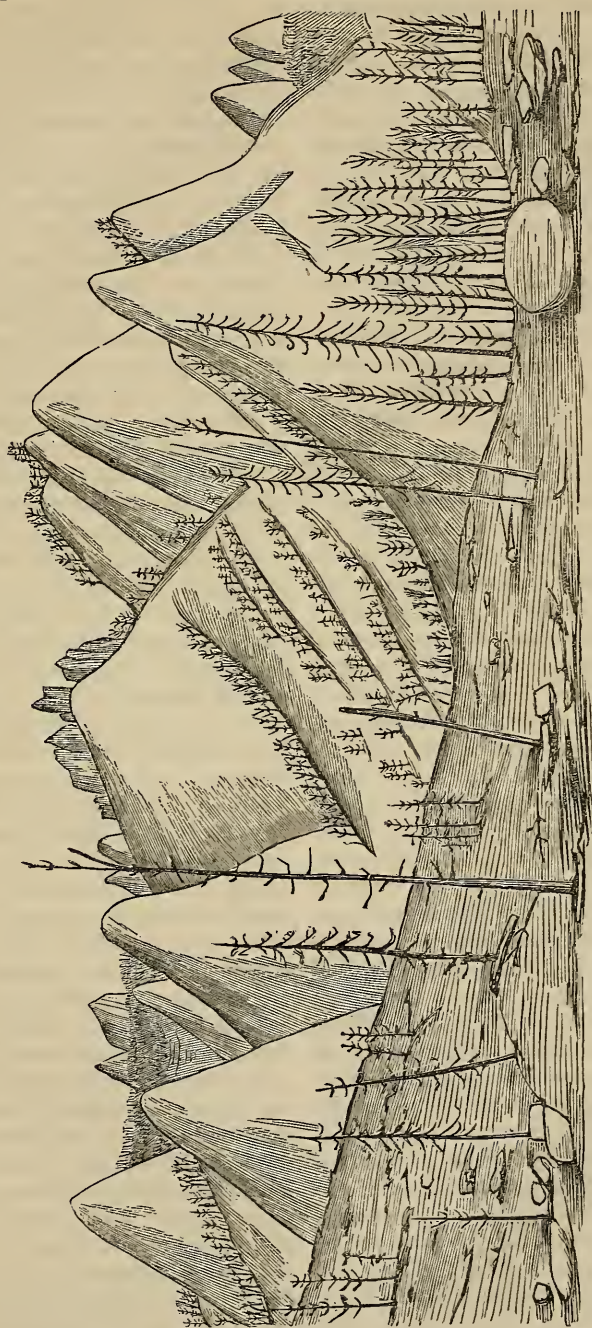
* Because the main trunk died almost simultaneously throughout its whole extent, we, of course, find no terminal moraines curved across its channels; nor, since its banks were in most places too steeply inclined for their deposition, do we find much of the two laterals. One of the first Tenaya glacierets was developed in the shadow of Yosemite Half Dome. Others were formed along the bases of Coliseum Peak, and the long, precipitous walls extending from near Lake Tenaya to the Big Tuolumne Meadows. The latter, on account of the uniformity and continuity of their protecting shadows, formed moraines of considerable length and regularity, that are liable to be mistaken for portions of the left lateral moraine of the main glacier.

group. The main central trunk, lavishly fed by these numerous fountains, was from 1,000 to 1,400 feet in depth, from three-fourths of a mile to a mile and a half in width, and about fifteen miles in length. It first flowed in a north-westerly direction for a few miles, then curving toward the left, pursued a westerly course, and poured its shattered cascading currents down into Yosemite between Half Dome and Mount Starr King.

Could we have visited Yosemite toward the close of the glacial period, we should have found its ice-cascades vastly more glorious than their tiny water representatives of the present hour. One of the most sublime of these was formed by that portion of the South Lyell current which descended the broad, rounded shoulder of Half-Dome. The whole glacier resembled an oak with a gnarled swelling base and wide-spreading branches. Its banks, a few miles above Yosemite, were adorned with groups of picturesque rocks of every conceivable form and mode of combination, among which glided swift-descending affluents, mottled with black slates from the summits, and gray granite blocks from ridges and headlands. One of the most interesting facts relating to the early history of this glacier is, that the lofty cathedral spur forming the north-east boundary of its basin was broken through and overflowed by deep ice-currents from the Tuolumne region. The scored and polished gaps eroded by them in their passage across the summit of the spur, trend with admirable steadiness in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction; a fact of great importance, considered in its bearings upon questions relating to the universal ice-sheet. *Traces of a similar overflow from the north-east occur on the edges of the basins of all the Yosemite glaciers.*

The principal moraines of the basin

occur in short, irregular sections scattered along the sides of the valleys, or spread in rough beds in level portions of their bottoms, without manifesting subordination to any system whatever. This fragmentary condition is due to interruptions caused by portions of the sides of the valleys being too precipitous for moraine matter to rest upon, and to the breakings and down-washings of torrents and avalanches of winter snow. The obscurity resulting from these causes is further augmented by forests and underbrush, making a patient study of details indispensable to the recognition of their unity and simple grandeur. The south lateral moraine of the lower portion of the trunk may be traced about five miles, from the mouth of the north tributary of Mount Clark to the cañon of Illilouette, though simplicity of structure has in most places been prevented by the nature of the ground, and by the action of a narrow margin glacier which descended against it with variable pressure from cool, shadowy slopes above. The corresponding section of the right lateral, extending from the mouth of Cathedral tributary to Half Dome, is far more perfect in structure, because of the evenness of the ground, and because the ice-wing which curved against Cloud's Rest and descended against it was fully exposed to the sun, and was, therefore, melted long before the main trunk, allowing the latter to complete the formation of this section of its moraine undisturbed. Some conception of its size and general character may be obtained by following the Cloud's Rest and Yosemite trail, which crosses it obliquely, leading past several cross-sections made by small streams. A few slate boulders from the Lyell group may be seen, but the main mass of the moraine is composed of ordinary granite and porphyry, the latter having been derived from Feldspar and Cathedral valleys.



PORTION OF THE LEFT BANK OF THE CHANNEL OF THE SOUTH LYELL GLACIER, NEAR THE MOUTH OF CATHEDRAL TRIBUTARY.

The elevation of the top of the moraine near Cathedral tributary is about 8,100 feet; near Half Dome, 7,600. It rests upon the side of the valley at angles varying from fifteen to twenty-five degrees, and in many places is straight and uniform as a railroad embankment. The greatest depth of the glacier between Cloud's Rest and Mount Starr King, measuring from the highest points of its lateral moraines, was 1,300 feet. The recurrence of ridges and terraces on its sides indicate oscillations in the level of the glacier, probably caused by clusters of cooler or snowier seasons which no doubt diversified the great glacial winter, just as clusters of sunny or stormy days occasion fluctuations in the level of the streams and prevent monotony in our annual winters. When the depth of the South Lyell Glacier diminished to about 500 feet, it became torpid, on account of the retardation caused by the roughness and crookedness of its channel. But though it henceforth made no farther advance of its whole length, it possessed feeble vitality—in small sections, of exceptional slope or depth, maintaining a squirming and swedging motion, while it lay dying like a wounded serpent. The numerous fountain wombs continued fruitful long after the lower valleys were developed and vitalized with sun-heat. These gave rise to an imposing series of short residual glaciers, extending around three sides of the quadrangular basin, a distance of twenty-four miles. Most of them have but recently succumbed to the demands of the changing seasons, dying in turn, as determined by elevation, size, and exposure. A few still linger in the loftiest and most comprehensive shadows, actively engaged upon the last hieroglyphics which will complete the history of the South Lyell Glacier, forming one of the noblest and most symmetrical sheets of ice manuscript in the whole Sierra.

ILLILOUETTE.

The broad, shallow glacier that inhabited the basin of Illilouette more resembled a lake than a river, being nearly half as wide as it was long. Its greatest length was about ten miles, and its depth perhaps nowhere much exceeded 700 feet. Its chief fountains were ranged along the western side of the Merced spur at an elevation of about 10,000 feet. These gave birth to magnificent affluents, flowing in a westerly direction for several miles, in full independence, and uniting near the centre of the basin. The principal trunk curved northward, grinding heavily against the lofty wall forming its left bank, and finally poured its ice into Yosemite by the South Cañon between Glacier Point and Mount Starr King. All the phenomena relating to glacial action in this basin are remarkably simple and orderly, on account of the sheltered positions occupied by its principal fountains with reference to the unifying effects of ice-currents from the main summits of the chain. A fine general view, displaying the principal moraines sweeping out into the middle of the basin from Black, Red, Gray, and Clark mountains may be obtained from the eastern base of the cone of Starr King. The right lateral of the tributary which took its rise between Red and Black mountains is a magnificent piece of ice-work. Near the upper end, where it is joined to the shoulder of Red Mountain, it is 250 feet in height, and displays three well-marked terraces. From the first to the second of these, the vertical descent is eighty-five feet, and inclination of the surface fifteen degrees; from the second to the third, ninety-five feet, and inclination twenty-five degrees; and from the third to the bottom of the channel, seventy feet, made at an angle of nineteen degrees. The smoothness of the uppermost terrace shows that it is considerably more ancient than the others, many of the blocks of which

it was composed having crumbled to sand.

A few miles farther down, the moraine has an average slope in front of about twenty-seven degrees, and an elevation above the bottom of the channel of 666 feet. More than half of the side of the channel from the top is covered with moraine matter, and overgrown with a dense growth of chaparral, composed of manzanita, cherry, and castanopsis. Blocks of rose-colored granite, many of them very large, occur at intervals all the way from the western base of Mount Clark to Starr King, indicating exactly the course pursued by the ice when the north divide of the basin was overflowed, Mount Clark being the only source whence they could possibly have been derived.

Near the middle of the basin, just where the regular moraines flatten out and disappear, there is outspread a smooth gravel slope, planted with the olive-green *Arctostaphylos glauca* so as to appear in the distance as a delightful meadow. Sections cut by streams show it to be composed of the same material as the moraines, but finer and more water-worn. The main channel, which is narrow at this point, appears to have been dammed up with ice and terminal moraines, thus giving rise to a central lake, at the bottom of which moraine matter was re-ground and subsequently spread and leveled by the impetuous action of its outbreking waters. The southern boundary of the basin is a strikingly perfect wall, extending sheer and unbroken from Black Mountain* to Buena Vista Peak, casting a long, cool shadow all through the summer for the protection of fountain snow. The northern rim presents a beautiful succession of smooth undulations, rising here and there to a dome, their pale gray sides

dotted with junipers and silver-leaved pines, and separated by dark, feathery base-fringes of fir.

The ice-plows of Illilouette, ranged side by side in orderly gangs, have furrowed its rocks with admirable uniformity, producing irrigating channels for a brood of wild streams, and abundance of deep, rich soils, adapted to every requirement of garden and grove. No other section of the Yosemite uplands is in so high a state of glacial cultivation. Its clustering domes, sheer walls, and lofty towering peaks, however majestic in themselves, are only border adornments, submissively subordinate to their sublime garden centre. The basins of Yosemite Creek, Tenaya, and South Lyell, are pages of sculptured rocks embellished with gardens. The Illilouette basin is one grand garden embellished with rocks.

Nature manifests her love for the number five in her glaciers, as well as in the petals of the flowers which she plants in their pathways. These five Yosemite glaciers we have been sketching are as directly related to one another, and for as definite an object, as are the organs of a plant. After uniting in the valley, and expending the down-thrusting power with which they were endowed by virtue of the declivity of their channels, the trunk flowed *up out* of the valley without yielding much compliance to the crooked and comparatively small river cañon extending in a general westerly direction from the foot of the main valley. In effecting its exit a considerable ascent was made, traces of which are to be seen in the upward slope of the worn, rounded extremities of the valley walls. Down this glacier-constructed grade descend both the Coulterville and Mariposa trails; and we might further observe in this connection that, because the ice-sheet near the period of transition to distinct glaciers flowed south-westerly, the south lips of

* This mountain occurs next south of Red Mountain, and must not be confounded with the Black Mountain six miles farther south.

all Yosemites trending east and west, other conditions being equal, are more heavily eroded, making the construction of trails on that side easier. The first trail, therefore, that was made into Yosemite, was of course made down over the south lip. The only trail entering the Tuolumne Yosemite descends the south lip, and so also does the only trail leading into the King's River Yosemite. A large majority of deer and bear and Indian trails likewise descend the south lips of Yosemite. So extensively are the movements of men and animals controlled by the previous movements of certain snow-crystals combined as glaciers.

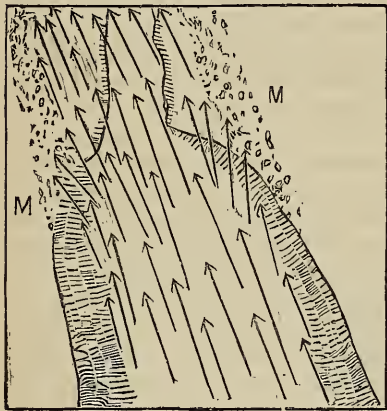


FIG. 1.

The direction pursued by the Yosemite trunk, after escaping from the valley, is unmistakably indicated by its immense lateral moraines extending from its lips in a west-south-westerly direction. The right moraine was disturbed by the large tributary of Cascade Creek, and is extremely complicated in structure. The left is simple until it comes under the influence of tributaries from the south-east, and both are further obscured by forests which flourish upon their mixed soil, and by the washing of rains and melting snows, and the weathering of their boulders, making a smooth,

sandy, unmoraine-like surface. It is, therefore, the less to be wondered at that the nature of these moraines, which represent so important a part of the chips hewn from the valley in the course of its formation, should not have been sooner recognized. *Similarly situated moraines extend from the lips of every Yosemite* wherever the ground admits of their deposition and retention. In Hetch-Hetchy and other smaller and younger Yosemite of the upper Merced, the ascending *striae* which measure the angle of ascent made by the bottom of their glaciers in their outflow are still clearly visible.

Fig. 1 is the horizontal section of the end of a Yosemite valley, showing the ordinary boat-shaped edge, and lateral moraines (M M) extending from the lips. The moraines and arrows indicate the course pursued by the outflowing ice. Fig. 2 represents the right lip of Yosemite, situated on the upper Merced below the confluence of Cathedral tributary. The whole lip is polished and striated. The arrows indicate the direction of the *striae*, which measure the angle of ascent made by the outflowing ice.

In the presentation of these studies, we have proceeded thus far with the assumption that all the valleys of the region are valleys of erosion, and that glaciers were the principal eroding agents; because the intelligible discussion of these propositions requires some knowledge of the physiognomy and general configuration of the region, as well as of the history of its ancient glaciers. Our space is here available only for very brief outlines of a portion of the argument, which will be gradually developed in subsequent articles.

That fossils were created as they occur in the rocks, is an ancient doctrine, now so little believed that geologists are spared the pains of proving that nature ever deals in fragmentary creations of

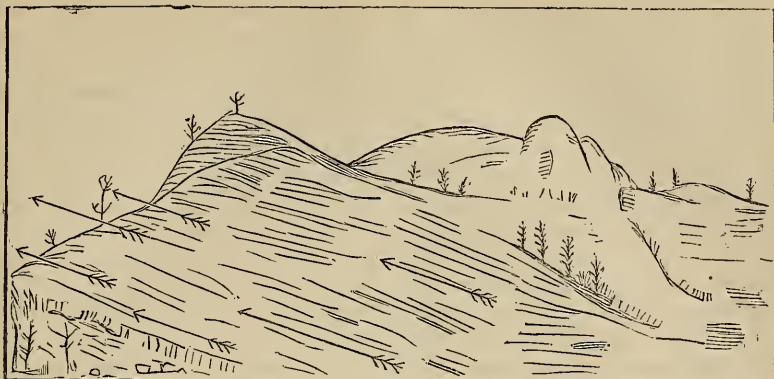


FIG. 2.

any sort. All of our valleys are clearly fragmentary in some degree. Fig. 3 is a section across Yosemite Valley from Indian Cañon, which displays the stumps of slabs and columns of which the granite is here composed. Now, the complements of these broken rocks must have occupied all, or part, or more than all of the two portions of the valley, A C D and B E F. The bottom, A B,

ing up and translation of rocks which occupied its place; or, in other words, by erosion.

Fig. 4 is a section across the lower portion of the valley of Illilouette south of Mount Starr King. In this case the bottom is naked, and the dotted reconstructed portions of the huge granite folds A B C D have evidently been eroded.* Even the smoothly curved

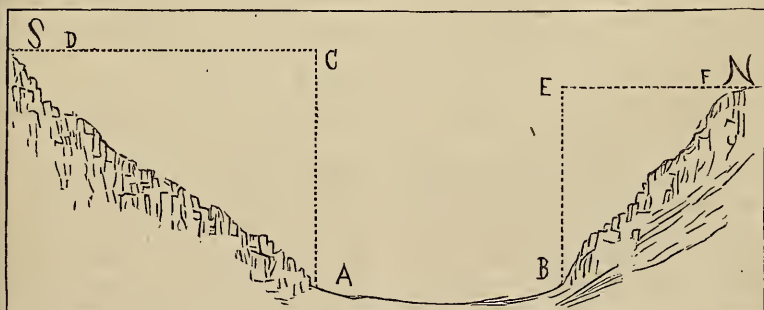


FIG. 3.

is covered with drift, but we may assume that if it were laid bare we would find it made up of the ends of slabs and columns like the sides, which filled the space A C E B; because in all valleys where the bottom is naked, the broken stumps *do* appear, showing that this valley was not formed by a fold in the mountain surface, or by a splitting asunder, or by subsidence, but by a break-

trough of two rock-waves which afford sections like Fig. 5 can not be regarded as a valley originating in a fold of the surface, for we have shown in the first paper of this series that domes or extended waves, with a concentric structure like A C, may exist as concretion-

* Water never erodes a wide U-shaped valley in granite, but always a narrow gorge like E F, in Fig. 4.

ary or crystalline masses beneath the surface of granite possessing an entirely different structure or no determinate structure whatever, as in B.

The chief valley-eroding agents are water and ice. Each has been vaguely considered the more influential by different observers, although the phenomena to which they give rise are immensely different. These workmen are known by their chips, and only glacier chips form moraines which correspond in kind and quantity to the size of the valleys and condition of their surfaces. Also, their structure unfolds the secret of their origin. The constant and inseparable

follow it down, we find that after trending steadily about two miles it makes a bend of a few degrees to the *left* (A, Fig. 6). Looking for the cause, we perceive a depression on the *opposite* or right wall; ascending to it, we find the depression to be the mouth of a tributary valley which leads to a crater-shaped ice-fountain (B) which gave rise to the tributary glacier that, in thrusting itself into the valley trunk, caused the bend we are studying. After maintaining the new trend thus acquired for a distance of about a mile and a half, the huge valley swerves lithely to the *right*, at C. Looking for the cause, we find

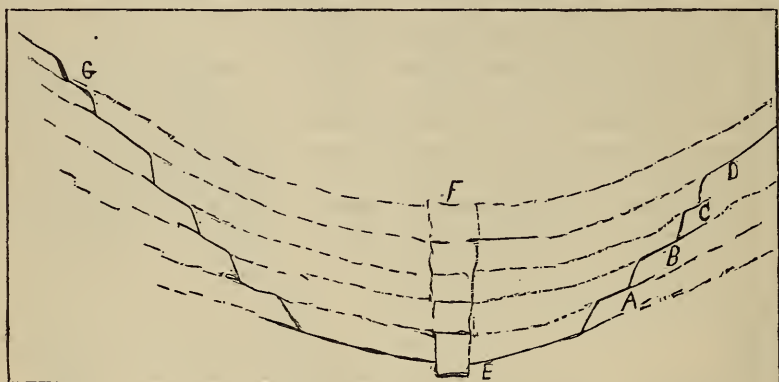


FIG. 4.

relations of trend, size, and form which these Sierra valleys sustain to the ice-fountains in which they all head, as well as their grooved and broken sides, proclaim the eroding force to be ice. We have shown in the second paper that the trend of Yosemite valleys is always a direct resultant of the forces of their ancient glaciers, modified by obvious peculiarities of physical structure of their rocks. *The same is true of all valleys in this region.* We give one example, the upper Tuolumne Valley, which is about eight miles long, and from 2,000 to 3,000 feet deep, and trends in a generally northerly direction. If we go to its head on the base of Mount Lyell, and

another tributary ice-grooved valley coming in on the *left*, which like the first conducts back to an ice-womb (D) which gave birth to a glacier that in uniting with the trunk pushed it aside as far as its force, modified by the direction, smoothness, and declivity of its channel, enabled it to do. Below this, the noble valley is again pushed round in a curve to the *left* by a series of small tributaries which, of course, enter on the *right*, and with each change in trend there is always a corresponding change in width, or depth, or in both. *No valley changes its direction without becoming larger.* On nearing the Big Meadows it is swept entirely round to

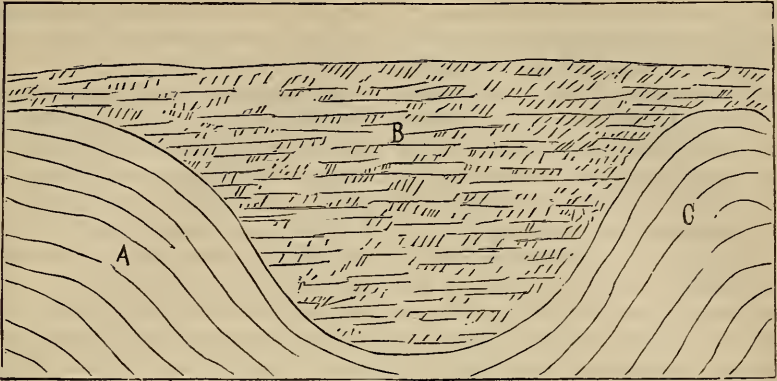


FIG. 5.

the west by huge glaciers, represented by the large arrows, which descended from the flanks of Mounts Dana, Gibbs, Ord, and others to the south. For thirty miles farther, we find everywhere displayed the same delicate yielding to glacial law, showing that, throughout the whole period of its formation, the huge granite valley was lithe as a serpent, and winced tenderly to the touch of every tributary. So simple and sublime is the dynamics of the ancient glaciers.

Every valley in the region gives understandable evidence of having been equally obedient and sensitive to glacial force, and to no other. The erosive energy of ice is almost universally under-

rated, because we know so little about it. Water is our constant companion, but we can not dwell with ice. Water is far more human than ice, and also far more outspoken. If glaciers, like roaring torrents, were endowed with voices commensurate with their strength, we would be slow to question any ascription of power that has yet been bestowed upon them. With reference to size, we have seen that the greater the ice-fountains the greater the resulting valleys; but no such direct and simple proportion exists between areas drained by water streams and the valleys in which they flow. Thus, the basin of Tenaya is *not one-fourth the size of the South Lyell*, although *its cañon is much*

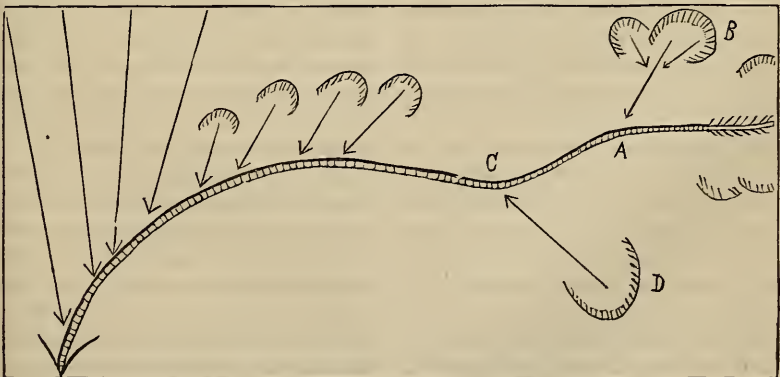


FIG. 6.—ILLUSTRATING BEND OF UPPER TUOLUMNE VALLEY.

larger. Indeed, many cañons have no streams at all, whose topographical circumstances are also such as demonstrate the impossibility of their ever having had any. This state of things could not exist if the water streams which succeeded the glaciers could follow in their tracks, but the mode and extent of the compliance which glaciers yield to the topography of a mountain side, is very different from that yielded by water streams; both follow the lines of greatest declivity, but the former in a far more general way. Thus, the greater portion of the ice-current which eroded Tenaya Cañon flowed over the divide from the Tuolumne region, *making an ascent of over 500 feet*. Water streams, of course, could not follow; hence the dry channels, and the disparity, to which we have called attention, between Tenaya Cañon and its basin.

Anyone who has attentively observed the habits and gestures of the upper Sierra streams, could not fail to perceive that they are young, and but little acquainted with the mountains; rushing wildly down steep inclines, whirling in pools, sleeping in lakes, often halting with an embarrassed air and turning back, groping their way as best they can, moving most lightly just where the glaciers bore down most heavily. With glaciers as a key the secrets of every valley are unlocked. Streams of ice explain all the phenomena; streams of water do not explain any; neither do subsidences, fissures, or pressure plications.

We have shown in the previous paper that *post-glacial streams have not eroded the 500,000th part of the upper Merced cañons*. The deepest water gorges with which we are acquainted are between the upper and lower Yosemite falls, and in the Tenaya Cañon about four miles above Mirror Lake. These are from twenty to a hundred feet deep, and are easily distinguished

from ice-eroded gorges by their narrowness and the ruggedness of their washed and pot-holed sides.

The gorge of Niagara River, below the falls, is perhaps the grandest known example of a valley eroded by water in compact rock; yet, comparing equal lengths, the glacier-eroded valley of Yosemite is a hundred times as large, reckoning the average width of the former 900 feet, and depth 200. But the erosion of Yosemite Valley, besides being a hundred times greater, was accomplished in hard granite, while the Niagara was in shales and limestone. Moreover, Niagara cañon, as it now exists, expresses nearly the whole amount of erosion effected by the river; but the present Yosemite is by no means an adequate expression of the whole quantity of glacial erosion effected there since the beginning of the glacial epoch, or even from that point in the period when its principal features began to be developed, because the walls were being cut down on the top simultaneously with the deepening of its bottom. We may fairly ascribe the formation of the Niagara gorge to its river, because we find it at the upper end engaged in the work of its further extension toward Lake Erie; and for the same reason we may regard glaciers as the workmen that excavated Yosemite, for at the heads of some of its branches we find small glaciers engaged in the same kind of excavation. Merced cañons may be compared to mortises in the ends of which we still find the chisels that cut them, though now rusted and worn out. If Niagara River should vanish, or be represented only by a small brook, the evidence of the erosion of its gorge would still remain in a thousand water-worn monuments upon its walls. Nor, since Yosemite glaciers have been burned off by the sun, is the proof less conclusive that in their greater extension they excavated Yosemite, for, both in shape

and sculpture, *every Yosemite rock is a glacial monument.*

When we walk the pathways of Yosemite glaciers and contemplate their separate works—the mountains they have shaped, the cañons they have furrowed, the rocks they have worn, and

broken, and scattered in moraines—on reaching Yosemite, instead of being overwhelmed as at first with its uncom-
pared magnitude, we ask, *Is this all?* wondering that so mighty a concentration of energy did not find yet grander expression.

"411."

"411?"

"That's me, sir."

"Let me see your arm."

"It's all right, sir."

"All right, is it? In my humble opinion, it's about as wrong as wrong can be."

411 looked down at the bruised flesh and broken bones he had affirmed to be "all right," with a half-contemptuous smile, and then, resigning himself to the inevitable, laid quietly watching the white hands of the young doctor as he prepared splints, bandages, etc., and commenced the work of setting the bone, now rendered doubly difficult by the swelling of the bruised flesh.

The light of the setting sun stole into the room, illuminating with a sudden glory the bare walls and comfortless surroundings, and throwing into strong relief the two figures which gave life to the picture. The doctor's frank good-humored face, slight easy figure, and air of careless good-breeding, could not have been out of place under any circumstances; but the other seemed strangely in unison with, and yet in contradiction to, his surroundings. His muscular frame might have served as a model for strength and beauty—a Hercules in a prison-dress! His hands, roughened and hardened by toil, had been as slender and well-shaped as the doctor's own. His face, bronzed by exposure to all weathers, was still high-

bred and refined—aquiline features; clear, brave eyes; and, above all, the close-cropped hair of a convict. He had that air of reserve, totally distinct from rudeness, which only well-bred people possess, and which impresses even the most vulgar and obtuse.

Though the sensitive mouth betrayed his delicate nervous organization, nothing could be more stoical than the composure with which he bore the torture he was suffering.

"Why on earth, man, don't you say something, or cry out?" exclaimed the doctor, half impatiently.

"That's not my way, sir."

Noticing the gathering whiteness round his patient's lips, the doctor hastily poured something in a glass, and, bidding him drink it, went quickly on with his work. After a few minutes' silence, he glanced up suddenly.

"What's that?"—pointing to a small blue figure on the brawny wrist.

"That? O! my crest. I did it when I was a boy," said the man, indifferently.

"Your crest?"

"Did I say that?"—and a flush crept over his face. "I must have been dreaming; people do dream sometimes, don't they?"

The doctor did not answer, but looked keenly at him, as he turned away his head with a short embarrassed laugh.

"What is your name?"

"No. 411."

"I don't mean that; I mean your name," persisted the doctor.

"Jim Brown."

Dr. Harris laughed. "Jim Brown! Why don't you say, Bill Scroggins? One name would suit you about as well as the other."

411 frowned slightly. "Why should I tell you my name?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the frank answer; "unless because I want you to. That crest on your arm is very like my own. I thought perhaps we were related."

"And if we were? You wouldn't own me."

"Why not? I'm not a bad fellow in my way, neither do I think you are. Why shouldn't I own you?"

The man raised himself on his arm, and looked searchingly in the doctor's face.

"A convict?" he said, slowly.

"Well," said the doctor, dryly, "I don't see much society except convicts, at present, and I can't say but what I like them as well as I do those who think themselves a good deal better. I've found out it isn't always the worst that are caught, by any means. I'm a 'radical,' you must know," he added, quaintly, "and very much disapproved of by the family."

411 looked out into the gathering darkness for some minutes, and then said, quietly:

"Well, sir, if you care to hear a convict's story, sit down awhile. I've never told it to any one, and I don't know why I should tell it to you; but the mood's on me, and I might as well talk as think, maybe; and then you've guessed my secret partly—at least, you know I'm not Jim Brown"—and a smile flashed across his face. "How old do you think I am?" he continued.

Dr. Harris looked at the powerful frame of the man—at the strong, hard lines in his face.

"Between forty and fifty, I should say."

"Thirty-six, yesterday. I was twenty-four the day I was sentenced; a pleasant way of celebrating one's birthday, wasn't it? There was a lot of stuff in the papers about my 'youth,' and my being so 'hardened.' Did they think I was going to beg for mercy?—not I. I've been out here twelve years now, and I've escaped twice and been caught again; but I'll try it once more, some time."

"You ought not to tell me that," said the doctor, smiling.

"Why not? They watch me all the time, anyway. Just give me some water, will you? Thanks. Well, I ought to commence with my name, I suppose. It is Edward Tracy. I was the second son of a Northumberland squire, who had just enough money to keep up the place for my brother, and no more. A fine old place it was, and the only thoroughly happy days I can look back to were spent there. That was when I was a boy—home for the holidays, eager about cricket and foot-ball, and to whom a gun and the range of the rabbit-warren were perfect happiness. After awhile, it was unpleasant enough. My brother—a lazy, good-looking fellow, who knew how to ride and to shoot, and only that—was the idol of my mother and sisters. All deferred to him except little Mary, my pet, who used to follow me round like a kitten. Poor little girl! I wonder if she ever thinks of me now. Younger sons in a poor family have a hard time of it. I only wonder more don't go to the bad than do. Brought up as gentlemen, they are then thrown on their own resources, to live by their wits, either in some beggarly profession, or as hangers-on where there are any rich relations. They must put up with being snubbed and thrown over, whenever they come in the way—made use of and then cast aside; at least, such was my experience. I was proud and

passionate, and so felt these things more than others, I dare say. I wanted to go into the army, but my father said he couldn't afford it—I 'would be always getting into debt,' etc.—and so I was apprenticed to a London barrister—a great, pompous man, whom I cordially detested before a month was out. He had a way of aggravating me whenever we came in contact that used to make me long for an excuse to pitch him down-stairs. I believe in presentiments. I knew that man would injure me some day. I saw more trickery and under-hand dealing while in that office than I had ever seen in my life before. Mr. Pierson was a man of *tact*, not talent. He had gained several good cases, which made his reputation, and he had a way of making people believe that if black was not just white, it was certainly *gray*, which proved very useful to him.

"I was about twenty-two when I went into Kent for a few weeks, partly on business for Mr. Pierson, and partly to visit an uncle of mine. Am I tiring you, sir, with this long story?"

"Not at all, Tracy; go on."

411 started at the unfamiliar name, which the doctor slightly emphasized. His breath came quickly, and his voice was husky when he spoke again:

"Would you think, now, that a man could hear his own name so seldom, that when it was spoken as you spoke mine, it could make the past come back like a great wave, almost blotting out the present? I haven't heard my name for more than ten years," he went on, musingly. "I don't wonder it sounds strange to me. It was in the summer when I went to Kent; the time for 'falling in love,' as it is called, and, of course, I did it. I don't wonder at myself, even now, when I remember all that has passed. We were thrown very much together. Lucy was an orphan, living with a rich maiden aunt, whose place adjoined my uncle's. I had always a fondness

for playing the part of protector; and she was a clinging, dependent little thing, with long golden curls and a delicate pink-and-white daisy face. I had never cared for any girl before, and from the first I loved her madly. It's the 'old, old story,' and I needn't make a fool of myself again by telling it to you. Before I went back to town, we had exchanged rings, and she had promised to love me through eternity. A lengthy eternity it proved!

"Our engagement was to remain a secret until I should become a great lawyer, and then I was to claim her. This was Lucy's idea. I wanted to speak to her aunt, but she begged me not, giving a dozen different reasons for my silence. I believe, even then, she thought it best not to bind herself too closely; but, of course, I never suspected this, for, with all my faults, I had always been perfectly honest and truthful. In the winter, Mr. Pierson told me that the business I had been attending to had now to be completed, and that he was going down himself. I was, of course, very anxious to go, but he did not give me the chance. Lucy met him at a couple of dinners, and, from what she said, I knew he had been very attentive to her. He was a good-looking man, about forty, and could make himself very agreeable when he chose to do so. I wrote to Lucy immediately, telling her what I thought of him. She replied, accusing me of being jealous, and saying she was sure I was prejudiced against Mr. Pierson, who had spoken very highly of me, and to whom I found she had confided the whole story of our engagement. I was very angry, and wrote rather harshly to her, I fancy, for I remember she told me I 'did not love her as I once did.' That was our first quarrel and was soon made up, and for a few weeks we corresponded as usual. Mr. Pierson returned to London, but went back again to Kent in a week or

two. He said he was collecting evidence for an important case.

"Soon I noticed that Lucy's letters grew shorter and shorter, and finally one came saying that she 'had been thinking over our foolish engagement, and as there was no prospect of my being able to support her, she had come to the conclusion that for the sake of us both it had better be broken.'

"I know every word of that cool, heartless letter now. One remembers such things. Very soon after, I heard of her engagement to Mr. Pierson. I was a gentleman, and he was a snob; but he had money, and I hadn't."

"'What's a gentleman born? Is it shillin's an' pence?'" quoted the doctor, softly.

"Eh!—what's that?"

"Only a quotation from *The Yorkshire Farmer*; go on."

"Well, of course I was furious, but what good did that do me? I thought if I only had *money*, I would find some means of revenge; but money was just what I hadn't got. About that time, I met a man calling himself St. John. He was clever and well educated, and seemed to read all my wild, restless longings at a glance. He led me on from bad to worse, till it ended in forgery; then he turned king's evidence, and I was locked up. I was always very strong, and finding one of the bars loose, I wrenched it out, and dropped from my window one dark night and escaped. On my way to the sea, I met this man—St. John. I might have got off if I could have let him alone, but I couldn't. I stopped him; he taunted me with my disgrace; told me that Mr. Pierson had known of the plan laid to ruin me. 'The young lady throwing you over was a prime trump in our hand,' he added, with a leer. I warned him to be silent; but he, as if blind to his danger, exasperated me in every way possible. I grappled with him, and remembering a trick I

had learned at school, soon threw him. My hands were on his throat. A half-minute more, and the earth would have been rid of one sordid wretch; but his cries had been heard by some men in a neighboring field, and I was overpowered. This man—a ruined gamester, once a gentleman—had changed me from an honest, honorable lad, to a felon, and then, disregarding the 'honor' which is said to exist even 'among thieves,' threw me over to save himself. I would be content to give five years of my life—nay, more, I would be content to *add* five years to my life—could it purchase that one half-minute of which I was robbed.

"My family disowned me, and made no attempt even to procure counsel for me. All forsook me except little Mary, from whom I got a tear-stained letter inclosing a five-pound note, her quarterly allowance, and telling me that she would never forget me. My father had forbidden any of them to write to me, or even mention my name; but Mary had disobeyed him. 'It can't be wrong to write to you, dear,' she said, 'for you are my own brother, always.'

"There was a flaw in the evidence, which my counsel took advantage of, but Mr. Pierson worked against him privately, collecting evidence for the crown, and I was convicted. Heaven grant there may not be many poor wretches who leave old England with the feelings with which I left it. If I had had the opportunity, I would have put an end to my miserable existence. I was taken in a cab, strongly guarded, from the jail to the wharf. We passed one of the parks on our way. I had been in prison some time, and the fresh green grass, the trees, the flowers, had never looked so beautiful as now, when I knew I was looking on them for the last time. I thought of the hedge-rows white with blossoms, in Northumberland; the larks singing overhead; Mary

perhaps in our favorite nook in the orchard, weeping bitter tears as a last good-bye to 'her handsome Teddy,' as she fondly called me. No wonder my heart swelled when I thought of those who in the sight of God were guilty of my crime.

"As we went down the dock, a child passed us with a bunch of cowslips. Just two years before, I had gathered them for Lucy in the green Kentish lanes! The child looked up wistfully, as I passed; presently she ran after us, and put her cowslips in my hand. That was the drop too much in the cup already full; to save my life, I could not have kept back the tears which rolled over my cheeks. I was handcuffed, but one of my guards thrust a handkerchief into my hand, with a few cheering words gruffly said. That touch of sympathy, and the child's gift, saved me from utter despair. That was the last I saw of England. My life here has been the same, day after day, except the few nights I spent in the bush, the two times I got off. They mostly let me alone now. I keep by myself, and I've never told a word of this before. I had almost forgotten I wasn't 'Jim Brown,' until to-day. Did you hear how I hurt my arm?"

"One of the men told me you were helping to raise a heavy stone, and that you let the lever slip in some way, and so got your arm crushed."

"That's true, as far as it goes; a gang of us were working on the road when a carriage passed. I looked up as I step-

ped out of the way, and who do you think I saw?—Lucy and her husband! She was looking just the same as ever, only prouder. I was so near I could have touched her dress. She looked calmly at me—I was only a convict, covered with the dust from her carriage wheels. If she had recognized me, the color would have faded a little from her pink cheeks, I think. I wonder if she remembers the letter I wrote her, before I was transported? I told her some home truths then. She knows who to blame for my wasted—worse than wasted—life.

"Twelve years didn't seem much to me. I looked after the carriage like one stunned. The lever slipped from my hand—you saw my arm. I didn't think of it, until I found I couldn't lift it. Mr. Pierson has got some high appointment here, some one said. Of course his wife will be *fêted* and flattered. I wonder how she would like to be reminded of that summer in Kent. How would she look if I should stop her carriage, and remind her of the time she swore to love me forever, or how often her bright head has rested on my shoulder. I can feel the thrill of her soft lips yet on my cheek. There, that's all. Do you believe in justice? I don't. The *cause* of evil should be attacked; *now*, it is only the victim. That woman is more guilty to-day than I. *She* drove me mad—and yet she rides by in her carriage, respected and admired; while I, in my prison dress, can never be anything but what I am—411."

A SONG OF THE SUMMER WIND.

Balmily, balmily, summer wind,
 Sigh through the mountain-passes,
 Over the sleep of the beautiful deep,
 Over the woods' green masses;
 Ripple the grain of valley and plain,
 And the reeds and the river grasses!

How many songs, O summer wind,
 How many songs you know,
 Of fair, sweet things in your wanderings,
 As over the earth you go—
 To the Norland bare and bleak, from where
 The red south roses blow.

Where the red south blossoms blow, O wind,
 (Sing low to me, low and stilly!)
 And the golden green of the citrons lean
 To the white of the saintly lily;
 Where the sun-rays drowse in the orange-boughs,
 (Sing, sing, for the heart grows chilly!)
 And the belted bee hangs heavily
 In rose and daffodilly.

I know a song, O summer wind,
 A song of a willow-tree:
 Soft as the sweep of its fringes deep
 In languorous swoons of tropic noons,
 But sad as sad can be!
 Yet I would you might sing it, summer wind,
 I would you might sing it me.

(O, tremulous, musical murmur of leaves!
 O mystical melancholy
 Of waves that call from the far sea-wall!—
 Shall I render your meaning wholly
 Ere the day shall wane to the night again,
 And the stars come, slowly, slowly?)

I would you might sing me, summer wind,
 A song of a little chamber:
 Sing soft, sing low, how the roses grow
 And the starry jasmynes clamber;
 Through the emerald rifts how the moonlight drifts,
 And the sunlight's mellow amber.

Sing of a hand in the fluttering leaves,
 Like a wee white bird in its nest;

Of a white hand twined in the leaves to find
 A bloom for the fair young breast.
 Sing of my love, my little love,
 My snow-white dove in her nest,
 As she looks through the fragrant jasmine leaves
 Into the wasting west.

Tenderly, tenderly, summer wind,
 With murmurous word-caresses,
 O, wind of the south, to her beautiful mouth
 Did you cling with your balmy kisses—
 Flutter and float o'er the white, white throat,
 And ripple the golden tresses?

“*The long year groweth from green to gold,*”
 Saith the song of the willow-tree ;
 “*My tresses cover, my roots enfold.*”
 O, summer wind, sing it me !
 Lorn and dreary, sad and weary,
 As lovers that parted be—
 But sweet as the grace of a fair young face
 I never again may see !

ORIGIN OF THE MOON.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

NEARLY two years ago there appeared in the OVERLAND MONTHLY an aboriginal account of the origin of fire. We were then in Washington Territory, and I inquired of Katy, a Nisqually Indian, what their theory was. In reply, she gave me this story; and if the reader can place before him, instead of the silent page, a comely, brown-cheeked girl, low-browed, and with straight, black hair—straighter than any but an Indian's—hanging in two braids, he will see Katy as she looked that summer afternoon, her cheeks aglow, and her shy, dark eyes luminous with interest in her story.

The natives of Washington Territory say that many, many generations ago—as remote as the “once upon a time” of fairy days—two Indian girls sat, one evening,

“Watching the westward-going stars
 Pass slowly out of sight.”

Of all the glittering multitude, two stars—one red, one white—shining with peculiar brightness, attracted their attention. One said, “The red is my star;” and the other, “The white is mine;” and they looked at them, and talked about them a long time. The night waned, and they went into the lodge. While they slept, these stars that they had chosen, assuming human forms, descended and bore their brides to a country strange and beautiful. Here to one of them was born a wonderful child—none other, indeed, than the moon. In defiance of all our ideas of its feminine claims and attributes, it was also a boy. Everybody who saw him envied his mother, and coveted the lovely baby.

A woodpecker, as he went to and fro

through the woods to his work—they made all the canoes in those days, shaping and hollowing them with their beaks—saw the child and became so attached to it that he stole it. With fire he had hurriedly hollowed an immense cedar “stick”—a tree these Indians call a stick, and its bark is “stick-skin.” He lined it with mats woven of rushes, and over these he spread soft skins; and not daring to take his stolen treasure home, he hid it here.

One day, when he and his wife were out together, they stopped at this tree, and she, just as he had hoped she would, insisted on taking the little fellow home. He was then about two years old. They had one daughter, the Lark—a naughty, naughty girl—and when the boy grew older she was very jealous of him, and was constantly troubling him and trying to bring him into disgrace. Every day she would aggravatingly dance about him and say, “Shoot me—shoot me!” Finally he did, and wounded her thumb. Then she turned upon him and told him he was not her brother—he was “child of a stick;” a disparaging allusion to his hiding-place in the tree. He asked her who told her; she replied, her own *tum-tum* (mind) told her. He looked at her, then at himself; then at her mother and at himself; at her father and at himself again; and their resemblance to one another and his entire dissimilarity to them, confirmed her story. He made up his mind he would live no longer with them, and ran away into the forest. After wandering a long distance, he heard a great many little girls singing. He was tired, lonely, and dispirited, and he wished himself a berry that they might eat it, and then he would be gone; or that he was a flower, that they would gather it, and it would fade and perish. He became neither berry nor flower; but when he wished he might be a dog, he was suddenly transformed into one, and, bounding among the girls,

joined in their frolics. They were delighted with his beauty, gracefulness, and intelligence, and crowded about him; but he would allow only one hand to caress his silky head. He became the constant playfellow and companion of the *tyee's* (chief's) daughter. He was very dainty, and would never touch the common fare of the other canines, nor would he eat if it were thrown to him. His mistress praised and petted his dignity, and fed him on his own special trencher.

At last she married, though she never saw her mysterious bridegroom until evening, nor imagined that he and her playfellow through the day were identical. Of the four children that were born to them, three were dogs—more beautiful than any that were ever seen, but, after all, only dogs. The youngest was a girl, with a face and form half dog, half human. The poor *tyee*, mortified at such abnormal descendants, banished daughter and grandchildren. They went down near the sea and made them a wigwam of mats.

One evening, when the mother was out digging clams, she heard loud laughter and talking of men, and when she came in she asked who had been there. The girl, who was the only one that could talk, told her mother that while she was away the three dogs were changed into men; that her “papa” (the Indians always accent the *first* syllable) took the little brown *pussissies* (blankets) off from them all and from himself, and they talked and laughed until she came back, bidding the little girl watch and tell them when she saw her. So she told the child to say she was far off—“*Si-ah, si-ah*”—very far; and she went down again to the beach for clams.

When she heard the laughing and singing, she left the pine-knot blazing as though she still were there, and by a roundabout course stole close up to the lodge.

The father kept asking the child if her mother was coming, and she constantly replied, "No, she is far off; she is not coming." And so, in the midst of their revels, she peeped in and saw four handsome braves and her pretty girl, and in a corner near her the five little brown skins, lying in a heap.

She slipped stealthily in and threw them on the fire, and that dispelled the enchantment that had disguised her husband and children.

When the *tyee* came to visit them, he found four bright black-eyed grandchildren, and his son-in-law, a noble-looking man, of high tribal relations.

Meanwhile, at home, the Moon's mother bewailed year after year the mysterious loss of her son. She wept over his empty little bed till it was so wet she wrung from it a flood, and that became the Sun, who lived with her to comfort her. She sent many messengers to try to find the Moon, but the forests were full of giants and evil spirits, who killed each one she sent.

One day a blue-jay came to her and told her he knew where her son was, and if she would give him a little blue blanket he would tell the Moon his mother was alive, and would bring him to her. She gave him the brightest *pussissy* she could find, and any one who has seen the vivid plumage of the blue-birds in Washington Territory will know the exceeding beauty of her gift.

She told him of the tragical fate of every messenger she had sent, but he cocked his little head, spread his wings, and soared above the towering trees, where the evil spirits had no power over him. He held his airy way safely till he reached the lodge he sought. The Moon understood all languages—the squirrels, the insects, and the birds had no secrets from him—and when the jay twittered at his door, he rose and followed him. They went unharmed until they heard a distant roaring. As they drew nearer, they saw five men towering fiercely in their path. They were singing with strong, clear voices, and as they sung terrible flames poured out of their throats, and the trees about them shriveled and crackled with the heat. They could not go through the woods, for the fire followed them there; they plunged into the water, and that was so hot that all the fish died, and the travelers were very glad to hurry out of the seething element.

The jay, who appears to have been a *tamanawis*, or guardian spirit to the Moon, after fluttering back and forth, told him to lie down in the road, and the five men would pass over him, leaving him unharmed. The two then went triumphantly on, without further adventure, till they came to the Moon's old home, and received a joyful welcome from his mother, the Thea of aboriginal mythology.

OUR NORSE FOREFATHERS.

THEY were a sad people, those old Norse forefathers of ours. Their Christianity was sad, their minsters sad; there are few sadder, though few grander, buildings than a Norman church. And yet, perhaps, their Christianity did not make them sad. It was but the other and the healthier side of that sadness which they had, as heathens. Read which you will of the old Sagas—heathen or half-Christian—the Eyrbyggja, Viga Glum, Burnt Niall, Grettir the Strong, and, above all, Snorro Sturleson's *Heimskringla* itself—the Homer of the North, as he has well been called—and you will see at once how sad they are. There is in the old Sagas none of that enjoyment of life which shines out everywhere in Greek poetry, even through its deepest tragedies. Not in complacency with Nature's beauty, but only in the fierce struggle with her wrath, does the Norseman feel pleasure. Nature to him was not—as in Mr. Longfellow's exquisite poem—the kind old nurse, to take him on her knee, and whisper to him, ever anew, the story without an end. She was a weird witch-wife, mother of storm-demons and frost-giants, who must be fought with steadily, warily, wearily, over dreary heaths, and snow-capped fells, and rugged nesses, and tossing sounds, and away into the boundless sea—or who could live?—until he got hardened, in the fight, into ruthlessness of need and greed. The poor strip of flat strath, plowed and re-plowed again, in the short summer days, would yield no more; or wet harvests spoiled the crops, or heavy snows starved the cattle. And so the Norseman launched his ships when the lands were sown in spring, and went forth to pil-

lage, or to trade, as luck would have—to "*summerled*," as he himself called it—and came back, if he ever came back, in autumn to the women, to help at harvest-time—with blood upon his hand.

But had he remained at home, blood would have been there still. Three out of four of them had been mixed up in some man-slaying, or had some blood-feud to avenge, among their own kin. The whole of Scandinavia—Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Orkney, and the rest—remind me ever of that terrible picture of the great Norse painter, Tidde-man, in which two splendid youths, lashed together in true Norse duel fashion, by the waist, are hewing each other to death with the short axe, about some hot words over their ale. The loss of life—and that of the most gallant of the young—must have been enormous. If the vitality of the race had not been even more enormous, they must have destroyed each other—as the Red Indians have done—off the face of the earth. They lived, these Norsemen, not to live; they lived to die. But what cared they? Death—what was death to them? What it was to the Jomsburger Viking, who, when led out to execution, said to the headsman: "Die? With all pleasure. We used to question in Jomsburg, whether a man felt when his head was off. Now I shall know. But if I do, take care; for I shall smite thee with my knife. And meanwhile, spoil not this long hair of mine. It is so beautiful."

But, O! what waste. What might not these men have done, if they had sought peace, not war?—if they had learned, a few centuries sooner, to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with their God?

And yet one loves them, blood-stained as they are. Your own poets—men brought up under circumstances, under ideas, the most opposite to theirs—love them, and can not help it. And why? It is not merely for their bold daring; it is not merely for their stern endurance; nor again that they had in them that shift and thrift, those steady and common-sense business habits, which made their noblest men not ashamed to go on voyages of merchandise. Nor is it again that grim humor—humor as of the modern Scotch—which so often flashes out into an actual jest; but more usually underlies, unspoken, all their deeds. Is it not rather that these men are our forefathers? That their blood runs in the veins of perhaps three men out of four in any general assembly, whether in America or in Britain—often, too, in Ireland, also? Startling as the assertion may be, I believe it to be strictly true.

Be that as it may, I can not read the stories of your western men—the writings of Bret Harte or Colonel John Hay, for instance—without feeling at every turn that here are the old Norse alive again, beyond the very ocean which they first crossed 850 years ago.

Let me try to prove my point, and end with a scrap from an old Saga.

It is just thirty years before the Norman conquest of England; the evening of the battle of Sticklestead. St. Olaf's corpse is still lying unburied on the hill-side. The reforming and Christian King of Norway has fallen in the attempt to force Christianity and despotism on the conservative and half-heathen party—the free Bonders, or yeomen-farmers. Thormod, his poet—the man, as his name means, of Thunder-mood—has been standing to the end, though sore wounded, in the ranks, and at last has an arrow in his left side. He breaks off the shaft, and thus goes up, when all is lost, to a farm where is a great barn full

of wounded. One Kimbe comes out—a man of the opposite, or Bonder, party. “There is great howling and screaming in there,” he says. “King Olaf's men fought bravely enough; but it is a shame brisk young lads can not bear their wounds. On what side wert thou in the fight?” “On the best side,” says the beaten Thormod. Kimbe sees that Thormod has a gold bracelet on his arm. “Thou art surely a king's man. Give me thy gold ring, and I will hide thee, ere the Bonders kill thee.”

Thormod said: “Take it if thou canst get it. I have lost that which is worth more;” and he stretched out his left hand, and Kimbe tried to take it. But Thormod, swinging his sword, cut off Kimbe's hand; and it is said he behaved no better over his wound than those he had been blaming.

Then Thormod went into the barn; and after he had sung his song there in praise of his dead king, he went into an inner room, where was a fire, and water warming, and a handsome girl binding up men's wounds. And he sat down by the door, and one said to him: “Why art thou so dead pale? Why dost thou not call for the leech?” Then sung Thormod:

“I am not blooming; and the fair
And slender maiden loves to care
For blooming youths. Few care for me,
With Fenri's gold medal I can't fee—”

and so forth—improvising, after the old Norse fashion.

Then Thormod got up and went to the fire, and stood and warmed himself. And the nurse-girl said to him, “Go out, man, and bring some of the split fire-wood which lies outside the door.” He went out, and brought an armful of wood, and threw it down. Then the nurse-girl looked him in the face, and said: “Dreadful pale is this man. Why art thou so?” Then sung Thormod:

“Thou wonderest, sweet bloom, at me,
A man so hideous to see.

The arrow-drift o'ertook me, girl;
A fine-ground arrow in the whirl
Went through me; and I feel the dart
Sits, lovely lass, too near my heart."

The girl said, "Let me see thy wound." Then Thormod sat down, and the girl saw his wounds, and that which was in his side, and saw that there was a piece of iron in it, but could not tell where it had gone. In a stone pot she had leeks and other herbs, and boiled them, and gave the wounded men of it to eat. But Thormod said, "Take it away. I have no appetite now for my broth." Then she took a great pair of tongs and tried to pull out the iron; but the wound was swelled, and there was too little to lay hold of. Now said Thormod, "Cut in so deep that thou canst get at the iron, and give me the tongs." She did as he said. Then took Thormod the gold bracelet off his hand, and gave it to the nurse-girl, and bade her do with it what she liked.

"It is a good man's gift," said he.

"King Olaf gave me the ring this morning."

Then Thormod took the tongs, and pulled the iron out. But on the iron was a barb, on which hung flesh from the heart—some red, some white. When he saw that, he said, "The king has fed us well. I am fat, even to the heart's roots." And so leaned back, and was dead.

I shall not insult your intelligence by any comment, or even epithet, of my own. I shall but ask you—Was not this man your kinsman? Does not the story sound—allowing for all change of manners, as well as of time and place—like a scene out of your own Bret Harte or Colonel John Hay's writings—a scene of the dry humor, the rough heroism of your own Far West? Yes. As long as you have your *Jim Bludso*s and *Tom Flynns of Virginia*, the old Norse blood is surely not extinct, and the old Norse spirit is not dead.

ETC.

Charles Kingsley.

One of the best results of the iron road to this "new world beyond the new world," as Charles Kingsley calls California, has been the bringing hither of some of the finest culture and most observing mind of the old world. At first we had a rush of bagmen and politicians, who came to advance commercial or ambitious projects, reinforced by a class of literary tourists who were constantly re-discovering America and writing us up as a naturalist would a new genus or species, except that they usually lacked the precision and accuracy of scientific description. Lately we have been glad to welcome visitors of a more discriminating and judicial kind, who come to gratify a wise curiosity or in a spirit of earnest inquiry, and who represent to us some of the best traits of that civiliza-

tion whose advance couriers we have been on the Pacific. It has been a privilege to hear and talk with Ralph Waldo Emerson, the most original and independent thinker of America; and, quite recently, with Charles Kingsley, one of the most original and nervous writers of England. Although the author of *Hyppatia* and *Alton Locke* came here mainly for rest and recreation, he has delighted his many readers by delivering several of his finest lectures, the repose and culture evinced by which have been in grateful contrast to much of the "popular lecture" business, so called. He has received agreeable impressions of our border land; where he is delighted to find a fresh and vigorous society, moving ahead under the worthiest and highest impulse of modern thought. Doubtless he has corrected by observation on

the spot some of the general misapprehensions concerning California, which have been confirmed, if not partly created, by the partial views of Bret Harte, who, finding the vices of our young community more picturesque and dramatic than its virtues, has made them predominant in his attractive fictions and poems, much to our disparagement. As a result of such correction, we may hope to hear from Mr. Kingsley, after his return to England, not fulsome praise, but juster criticism than has often reached us from returned tourists. Meanwhile, the readers of the *OVERLAND* will be glad to see a characteristic communication from his pen in this number of the magazine, consisting of the closing portion of his lecture on the Norsemen. By the tender of this article this eminent English author expresses gracefully the sympathy between the literature of both countries, which is growing more and more cordial. He will take with him across the continent and the Atlantic the hearty good-will of California.

The Little Glove.

Entering my office one day some years ago, I found a child's glove on my writing-table. I kept and still retain the glove, never having ascertained who was the owner. That little glove vexed my thought until I wrote about it, imitating the act of the woman who married her suitor to get rid of him :

A little glove lies on my table !

How came it, nor whose can I think ;
Yet fancy how beauteous the fingers
That filled it, flesh pearly and pink ;

Round, dimpled, and chubby with childhood,
Fat, flexible, downy, and fresh—
Until my own fingers seem feeling
The warm, velvet touch of the flesh.

Nails—rose-petals, spotless and tender,
Fresh-sprouted from calyxine sheath ;
Translucent, with hints of the blushes
Of blood coursing purely beneath.

Fair fingers that lawlessly wander
Unchecked o'er warm pillows like down,
Where none others scatheless may trespass,
Though monarchs of sceptre and crown.

In fancy I see them in motion,
As tendrils feel out for the sun ;
And, musing, I wonder what fortune
The Fates for those fingers have spun.

What evil shall be their temptation,
What influence model their chart ;
What joys will elude them in grasping,
What hopes, ere they seize them, depart ?

Are they of a hand that will linger
Some day in another's, until
The depths of his spirit shall answer
Her touch with love's feverish thrill ?

Are they of a hand that in battle
Shall grasp the fierce falchion's hilt,
And where are now dimples of childhood,
Be clots of the blood it has spilt ?

Or write like Lycurgus and Solon
The laws that shall nations control,
Or fashion the songs that shall rule them
With verses that capture the soul ?

What fortune is waiting its cunning,
What fate, or what destiny grand
Is locked in the safe of the future
Whose key is that innocent hand ?

That hand ! will it beckon the erring
Away from the dangerous path ;
Or strew gilded lies in the highways
That lead to remediless wrath ?

Or shall it when hurricanes threaten
The laboring ship to o'erwhelm,
Give courage and hope to the fearful
Who see its firm grasp of the helm ?

Or will it o'er subjects admiring
Reign queenlike, whose sceptered decrees
Are tones which those flexible fingers
Evoke as they float o'er the keys ?

That hand ! how my spirit is weaving
With whimsical shuttle of brain,
Its woof to the warp that the future
May draw from Fate's possible skein.

I see it, like Borgia's, commingling
The draught of the poisonous cup ;
Or stretched forth to succor the erring,
And lift the fall'n wanderer up.

It threatens from the pulpit and forum,
It awes with its pose of command ;
And crime shrinks and trembles beholding
The sweep of that eloquent hand.

A sister of mercy, it comforts
And lightens the heart of its care ;
Through love teaching faith to the dying,
Through faith grafting hope on despair.

Round, dimpled, and chubby with childhood,
In exquisite harmony planned,
Who fifty years hence will remember
The beauty now gracing that hand ?

Perhaps then, toil-hardened and withered,
And cramped with its labors well done,
'Twill tremble ere fate snaps asunder
The thread it long wearily spun.

And then?—let my fancy be quiet;
 And faith—the dark avenue spanned—
 May joyfully see its waved welcome
 To heaven, from that luminous hand.
 FRANK SOULÉ.

Stoddard in Rome.

We have received the following pleasant words from Charles Warren Stoddard, dated Rome, April 26th, 1874:

“I am just back in my room trying to keep out of the sunshine that has grown too hot for me these last three days. I should not have turned out, but that the occasion was a special one. It was, in brief, a very swell dinner given at the American College (one of the feeders of the Propaganda) to Cardinal Franchi. His eminence is one of the handsomest of men, and, as he received us in turn with a grace which is not only clerical but entirely Catholic, I thought him one of the most magnetic of his kind; in truth, his Holiness is the only exception I can make at this moment. He said all sorts of delightful things in French, and had much of the Pope’s overflowing humor and wonderfully responsive spirit that fascinates everyone who comes under its influence. There were many distinguished churchmen there—an archbishop, a monseigneur, friars of orders (black, white, and gray), professors from the Propaganda, and a few civilians, who looked like picked chickens in their clawhammer coats, for the robes of the clergy were ample and characteristic. The cardinal, for instance, wore a mantle of rose-colored silk that swept the floor, and on his head was the little skull-cap looking like an enormous rose-leaf. He sat in a gilded chair at table, surrounded by the most distinguished, and we then sprinkled ourselves on either hand, the Church and the world being represented about two to one; but we shook hands over champagne and ices, and had the jolliest sort of a time. The feed was excellent and the wine of the best; good Catholics always have good wine. There were lots of young fellows in long robes (all Americans, though none of them from California), and all sprouting for the Church. You would have thought I had taken orders myself if you could have seen the brotherly way some

of those novitiates and I nodded to each other over our glasses! After the ices and the fruits, we all repaired to the parlor overlooking a charming garden full of birds and fountains, and there we had coffee and *pousse café* and the merriest sort of a gossip. There was not a woman inside the walls, and yet we managed to be civil, and the conversation did not lag either. It was a roomful of learned men, and students, with very dissimilar and strongly marked faces, and a combination of nationalities and dress such as could not easily be mustered on short notice outside of Rome.

“Do not ask me to say aught of Rome just now. When I get to Venice, I will do some Maga work. I have a nestful of good eggs, but I can not afford to sit long enough to hatch them. We saw at the college some of the original designs of Overbeck, the German devotional painter; the lines of the cartoons looked faint and shadowy as if they were dying, or slowly returning to dust with the hand that fashioned them. On my way home I passed the fountain of Trevi, where Miriam saw her model’s shadow in the water, just as Corinne saw that of Lord Nevil. Just round the corner is Hilda’s Tower; and when I went into it, the other day, I saw where some one had scribbled on the wall with a lead-pencil, ‘Hilda—Doves—Kenyon.’

“I daily pass the church (it is my parish church) of SS. Laurentii et Lucinae, the scene of the baptism and marriage of Pompilio in Browning’s *Ring and the Book*, and where the bodies of her parents were exposed after the murder. Nicholas Ponsin is buried there, and has a monument erected by Chateaubriand. Over the high altar is that glorious crucifixion by Guido Reni. Do you know these associations and the pictures are so thick in this old city that one grows utterly indifferent to them. By and by they will come back to me, when I am home again in the land that I love more and more the more I have the opportunity of comparing it with other lands. Then I shall reverence Rome, and dream about it, and perhaps make verses on it; and, to confess the whole truth, that will be much finer and more enjoyable than being on the spot.”

Literary Notes.

—The University is about to graduate a class of twenty-four scholars who have completed a four years' course of study. One of these scholars is a young lady. Already the breezes are full of the topics of Commencement days. A new feature has been introduced into the closing exercises of the year. In addition to the usual distribution of Commencement parts, every person in the graduating class is required to prepare and publicly present a thesis of some literary or scientific theme in which he is especially interested. Five successive Fridays are set apart for the reading of these themes, which are announced in the programme under the five groups or colleges to which they belong—Letters, Agriculture, Mechanics, Engineering, and Chemistry. The blending of practical scientific work with literary and scientific culture, which is a distinguishing feature of the University, is seen in the list of subjects. In the College of Letters we have, "Roman Colonization," "Communism," "Newspapers," "The Prospective Literature of California," "Ancient Art," "The Macedonian Power," "Technical Education in California," etc. In the scientific colleges we have, "Social Development of the San Joaquin Valley," "Preservation of Timber," "Analysis of a Proposed Bridge at the University Site," "Water Supply of the University," "Faraday on Induction," "The Spectroscope in Quantitative Analysis," and "Analysis of Sonoma Wines." There is a wide range from the "Rise of the Macedonian Power" to the "Wines of Sonoma!" The theses are to be followed by the formal Commencement, 22d July.

—Ex-Governor S. G. Arnold, of Rhode Island, author of an excellent history of that State, writes to Bishop Kip an expression of the interest excited by the latter's translation of "The Rhode Island Privateer," from the "*Lettres Edifiantes*" of the Jesuit missionaries, and announces that the paper has been read before the Rhode Island Historical Society, and will be included in its publications. Governor Arnold adds these interesting notes:

"Privateering was extensively carried on during the almost incessant wars with Spain and France in the last century, and this is the story of a privateer

employed against France. During that and the next year, when war was declared against Spain, there were about a dozen fitted out from this colony alone — mostly operating against the French West India Islands and on the Spanish Main. Thirty years later, privateering against British commerce was a most important element of success against the mother country; for by this means only could supplies of naval stores and many essential articles for use in war be obtained, their production having been discouraged in the colonies for many years previous to the Revolution. Cooper, I think, admits this in his *Naval History*, and I had frequent occasions to verify the statement while searching the records of those times. In regard to this State, I can say that in the early part of the "old French" war, *one-fifth* of the entire male adult population were at sea in private armed cruisers; while of the remainder, *one-seventh* were in the land forces. And when it came to the Revolution, the capture of Nassau by a Rhode Island fleet showed that the naval spirit of the preceding generation had been fully transmitted to their descendants."

—An event worthy of notice is the formation of a Harvard Club in San Francisco—not so much that a club has been inaugurated, as that the Harvard graduates have actually looked each other up and brought themselves together. The club mustered some forty-five names, a membership large enough, probably, to surprise the graduates themselves as much as the community they live in. And our idea is, that if these forty-five Harvard men, or any considerable portion of them, come together, they can not help stirring up the fountains of learning somewhat, even if they make the waters a little turbid and confused from imperfect recollections and unused material. Possibly they, individually, may keep up the classics and polite literature sufficiently not to need any such stimulus, but we know that the bow is not always kept fully bent, and that gatherings like the recent dinner of the Harvard Club are very useful for that purpose to the participants, and through them to the society in which they move. And besides, Harvard has a name and a history that it is well worth while to perpetuate and glorify for the sake of its past, and that its future may be equally glorious. A special sign of promise is seen in the fact that Harvard men take sufficient interest in their Mother University and in the teachings she has instilled into them, to meet together and form a club for the purpose of renewing their associations with her, and of "keeping her memory green." So

strong a tie as this everywhere seems to be among Harvard men, certainly indicates a sense of gratitude to the college, as well as a pleasant feeling of good-fellowship among its sons. Of course all this applies with more or less force to other colleges and their graduates, and we should be glad to see more such clubs formed; for we feel sure that their influence in the cause of general culture would be of the very best kind, bringing more prominently before the rising generation the importance which older men place upon collegiate training, and so serving as an instigation to a better education than they might otherwise wish for, and, in their ultimate development, acting for the manifest gain of all the community. We have a firm faith in the benefits of the classics and cognate literature, and anything that helps in any degree to foster and promote the study of them will always be sure of our word of encouragement.

—The visit of Canon Kingsley to the University, a few days ago, and the brief words which he spoke to the assembled students, will not be soon forgotten. It was his only informal speech while among us, and in it he was so simple, so true, so earnest, so severe in his words of encouragement and admonition, that he seemed like a prophet of old standing up to warn, and cheer, and guide his hearers. His plea for knowledge and power, as worth more than gold, and for culture as worth more than skill—and his glowing praise of Berkeley, whom he named next after Plato as his own great teacher, were very impressive parts of his discourse. "Read Berkeley," he said in substance, "and read him again; read him until you can understand him, and then you will be wise."

The strong influence which Mr. Kingsley exerts with his pen is matched by his off-hand oral utterances; for his spoken like his written words are charming by their fitness, their point, and their vigor. It was a study for the young orators of the University to observe how simple and unartificial he appeared, and then to remember that his literary career has been based on hard and varied study, both of nature and of books; it has been steady, painstaking, laborious, and hence successful in a high degree. The

highest culture shows the least art. We apprehend that his earlier works—*Hypatia*, *Alton Locke*, and *Yeast*—which dealt so well with the questions of the day twenty years ago, are less read by the young readers of the University than they were in Eastern colleges when originally published. Public discussions have changed, and new writers have been prominently before us; but those early writings have lost none of their freshness and fitness, and well deserve perusal still from the lovers of English literature and the student of modern society.

But perhaps the author appears to the best advantage in his newest volume, which is not a romance, nor a history, nor a poem, nor a volume of sermons—in all of which departments of literature he has excelled—but a volume of speeches and essays discussing homely themes of education and social science, with a charming freshness of manner and thought, and with a rich experience of life. For example, under the mystical and at first unsuggestive title of "The Air Mothers," we find a lively and suggestive plea for abundance of pure water in towns, with excellent hints as to how and why a supply should be secured; and thrown in at the close is an earnest plea for abundant cold water, and which almost seems to have been written for the moment of Mr. Lick's foundation of a free bath in San Francisco. He imagines an old Roman emperor to rise from his grave and visit London, admiring railroads and bridges, cathedrals and parks. "And where," he would ask, "are your public baths?" And the minister of state, his guide, would answer: "O, great Cæsar, I really do not know." Then the august shade might reply: "We used to call you in old Rome, northern barbarians. Are you aware that in every city in the Roman Empire there were as a matter of course public baths, open not only to the poorest freeman, but to the slave? Are you aware that in Rome, millionaire after millionaire, emperor after emperor, built baths and yet more baths, and connected with them *gymnasia* for exercise, lecture-rooms, libraries, and porticoes, wherein the people might have shade and shelter and rest?" All this, and much more—humorous, sarcastic, suggestive—there is on this same subject of baths. The volume is entitled

Health and Education, and will be widely useful.

—Judge Deady, of the United States District Court for Oregon, is on a visit to San Francisco for the purpose of supervising the publication of the Digest of the Statutes of Oregon, prepared by him under authority of an Act of the Legislature. His previous compilation of the laws took high rank among works of its class.

Art Notes.

—The exhibition of the School of Design was an undeniable triumph for both Director Williams and the students. The drawings and paintings exhibited were most creditable. Some of the brush studies from the antique were very near perfection, and some still-life studies were extremely good. There was no attempt whatever at the meretricious. It would have been extremely easy to have made a greater "show," by giving the students more or less ambitious paintings to copy; but Mr. Williams kept them to severe drawing, and the result is, that, after four months' work, real art progress has been made. The school will re-open early in August, and the indications are that it will be much more largely attended. About sixty pupils were enrolled last term, five-sixths of whom were ladies.

A most excellent idea has been started in connection with the above school. The students in fine weather have a weekly "sketching picnic." Accompanied by Mr. Williams, they proceed to one of the accessible spots around the bay most remarkable for its picturesque beauty, and make out-door studies direct from nature. Some of the sketches made indicate a considerable amount of ability.

—Keith has just completed his grand picture of "The Californian Alps," and ere these lines reach the reader, it will be one of the greatest attractions of the Art Association Exhibition. It is a work which deserves to be engraved; it would make in black and white as fine a subject as "The Heart of the Andes," and perhaps has more realistic scientific value as well as poetry than that great composition. We are assured that Mr. Keith,

one of the quietest and most modest of our local artists, will, after this work is seen, take rank among the greatest artists of the country.

—S. M. Brookes has completed some studies of trout, which will add much to his honestly earned reputation. They are really wonderful pieces of painting.

—We would remind our resident painters that their success is largely mixed with that of our regular Art Association exhibitions, and that they should, therefore, be fully represented. Many of our local artists have stood more or less aloof. Their brethren in New York did the same thing for a long time. This season, however, the artists of Gotham have risen in their might, and a private letter states that the sales at the Academy, to May 18th, had aggregated about \$20,000. Formerly they were down to zero, as the artists sent the larger proportion of their works to picture-stores and auction-rooms. Union is strength in these matters, and art will prosper only so far as artists understand this.

—Bloomer and Holdredge, two of the most hard-working and talented of our younger local artists, will shortly offer at auction a number of their works. These young men intend to start immediately afterward for a tour in Europe, whither they go for purposes of study. In this determination they are wise; by comparison and investigation in the great galleries, they will learn how to translate and appreciate nature. Artists of the stay-at-home order are very apt to become wise in their own conceit only.

—The sale of Major Edward Sutherland's pictures was not a pecuniary success, although there were some excellent works in the collection. The little pair, "Evening on the Dart, Devonshire," and "Moonlight, Coast of Cornwall," were veritable gems. Mr. Sutherland, who is an artist of merit, need not feel discouraged. This market is very peculiar in many respects as regards the sale of works of art; but nevertheless, San Francisco does probably better in its way than any city of the size in the United States or elsewhere. The merest trifle, however, often interferes with the sale of pictures at auction—a rainy day, a hot or dull day in weather or stocks—almost anything, in fact. Our

wealthiest citizens are not as a rule men of leisure, but men of business.

—The Graphic Club has virtually ceased its meetings for the summer. Next winter it

will be re-organized, and we hope that at some future date an exhibition of the many talented and amusing sketches made by the club may be held.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEODORE PARKER: A Biography. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

Theodore Parker was a man concerning whom the generations that follow him are certain to inquire. Almost all readers of books and of events, who never saw him, have heard of him, and they to whom he remains only a name and a figure in history can have had up to this time but an imperfect idea of him. Many men of his own days, who were familiar with his face, failed in a full comprehension of him. Few, who met him and talked with him, had sympathy or charity enough to understand him altogether, or to appreciate him as he was, or thought himself to be. A man of intense individuality, large capacity, restless mind, of sensitive moral nature, of active practical talents, broad human sympathies, limitless courage, a minister by profession, a reformer by temperament and the circumstances of his time, prominent by reason of his mental strength and acquirements, he was of a partisan nature, and it was natural that he should be widely known, widely misunderstood, widely hated, and understood, sympathized with, and loved by but very few. If one is a reformer in any sphere of thought, in morals or politics, or religion or science, he will certainly have at first but few listeners, and it will depend much upon the man's organism whether he will have any followers. He may by reason of his individual talent become known, and the chances are that he will be thought by most people to be no very desirable blessing.

Theodore Parker was born in 1810 in Lexington, Massachusetts. His parents were poor, his home was on a farm, his chances for school learning were exceedingly limited. What he had he improved. He loved books,

and almost all kinds of knowledge. He had some opportunities of going to school, but the most that he learned was by himself. He did not go through college, but one summer day in 1830 "he went away, telling no one whither he was going. His father had given him leave of absence from morning until night. He walked to Cambridge, was examined, passed examination, walked home, and told his father, lying in his bed, that he had entered Harvard College. If the old man wondered in the morning where his son was going, he wondered more at night on learning where he had been. 'But, Theodore, I can not afford it.' 'Father, it shall cost you nothing. I will stay at home, and keep up with my class.' Four years later, he might have had a degree from the college if he could have paid the arrears of tuition. In 1840, he did receive from Harvard the degree of A. M., in recognition of his learning and ability. He kept school, when he should have been going to school, but all the time he kept at his studies. In 1834, he went to the Cambridge Divinity School. In 1837, he was ordained as minister over a Unitarian church in West Roxbury. To be a Unitarian in that day was much the same as to be a heretic, and that was in the estimation of most persons to be something very bad. Parker was naturally a student, an observer, a searcher everywhere for knowledge concerning the subject of his thoughts. With a memory whose powers of retention were wonderful, he was an insatiable devourer of books. With a hard common sense, and an instinctive practicalness, he measured theories, dogmas, propositions of every kind, by that in them which accorded with his ideas of the needs of humanity and the likelihood of a practical result. He read everything he could lay his hands on, and remembered

nearly everything that he read. Not accepting any fanciful theories of religion, nor any mystical dogmas, and therefore a Unitarian, his doubts, his courage, his rational methods of testing expressions of truth, would not let him stay quietly and in subjection even within the fold of that so-called liberal denomination, and it was not long before he had his brethren about his ears. But he was a man who loved truth before any man or all men. He was restless in study, eager to learn the right, fearless in giving the results of his thought, and swinging out widely the arms of his belief, careless if he hit and tumbled down the idols that other men had set up. The story of his controversy with his own denomination is interesting. Therein came his first opportunity of making a large circle of auditors. Therein he appeared to be at war with all the old beliefs, himself taking the position not of a mere disbeliever and skeptic, but on the side of what he felt were newer and better beliefs. The result to him was noted; for the few who sympathized with the man who seemed to be cast out by his former co-laborers, met on June 22d, 1845, and passed a single resolution—"That the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston"—and the controversy, as does every controversy for the side of the minority, made him friends and drew the attention of thinking people toward him and his faith. From that time he preached in Boston unto the end of his strength. His first effort and victory were by no means his last. To a man of his temperament there never can, while life lasts, be any cessation of effort. If he is a theologian, and is, or believes he is, in the advance guard of modern thought, he will never cease using the best weapons he has, and will be necessarily always controversial. He will be not merely on the defensive, but he will strike out. Every man with whom he differs he will hold to be his enemy.

Parker was large-hearted and earnest, and it was not strange that the arrows he let fly were occasionally sharpened with his own personal feeling. He was a great believer in humanity, and he believed nothing human to be outside his sympathies. For his theology all the ministers and churchmen who did not hate him gave him their pity, and the

hate or fear of his theological brethren was not silent. His teachings were believed to be pernicious, and dull men measured his manhood by the same line they had applied to his theology. In time of conversions he was a sinner, who needed conversion. In time of religious revival he was not forgotten. It seems scarcely credible that so late as the year of our Lord 1858, any man who would be allowed to offer prayers in public could be so benighted and superstitious as to believe any conceivable God would answer such prayers as were uttered then against Theodore Parker. One prayed thus: "O Lord! send confusion into his study this afternoon, and prevent his finishing his labors for to-morrow; or, if he shall attempt to desecrate Thy holy day by attempting to speak to the people, meet him there, Lord, and confound him, so that he shall not be able to speak." Another lifted up his voice and said, "O Lord! put a hook in this man's jaws, so he may not be able to speak;" and another, evidently in humility and despair, besought the Father thus: "Lord, we know that we can not argue him down; and, the more we say against him, the more will the people flock after him, and the more will they love and revere him. O Lord! what shall be done for Boston, if Thou dost not take this and some other matters in hand." The last may have been the petition of a lay brother, but these "addresses to the throne of grace," with others like them, Mr. Parker preserved in his journal, as a memento, doubtless, of the hesitation in the march of civilization, and, while the so-called religious excitement lasted, preached two sermons—"A False and True Revival of Religion," and "The Revival of Religion which we need."

That such a man should be one of the earliest and most ardent of abolitionists is what now seems natural, and that his method of warfare in that battle should be fearless and unsparing, restless, almost resistless, and with not much, if any, mercy even toward those who, not battling for the principle of slavery, simply held to what they had all their lives been taught to consider their own. He was by nature an agitator and belligerent. In his part of the fight, he held to and saw most clearly what was the human element involv-

ed in the question of difference between the North and the South. As Parker failed of being a true philosopher viewed from the stand-point of "pure reason," so he would have failed to be a statesman, had he sought such a place, from his inability to separate the sympathetic element in contemplation of the methods of dealing with the question of slavery. All he saw was that a human being was held as a slave, and in his view any act was justifiable which was necessary to keep one from slavery. So he stood with those who imagined that questions of statesmanship were merely questions of morals, and sympathized with the rashest words of Charles Sumner, and with the wild fanaticism of John Brown. It is not difficult, being familiar with the lives and words of men like Theodore Parker, to see that extreme element existing in the North which counterbalanced the extreme element in the South, and which together brought on a carnival of blood, rich in the result of freedom and good riddance to an institution that was doing more injury to the Whites than they could themselves appreciate, but poor in the contemplation of the picture of a civilization that had perforce to run to barbaric methods to cure its ills, giving up such wealth of its dearest blood, and losing almost all its own virtue in a corruption and demoralization so wide-spread that the next century will be well advanced before its worst results will be overcome.

This is not the first time that an extended memoir of Theodore Parker has been issued. Soon after Mr. Parker's death, a *Life* was written by John Weiss, but its bulkiness and cost, and the indiscriminate gathering of his correspondence, were the "obvious reasons" for its failure to command the attention it deserved. The task of responding to the wishes of the friends of Theodore Parker's ideas by writing a new biography could not have fallen to a better hand. He has not altogether escaped the charge of voluminous compilation of letters, but that is scarcely an objection of moment. The work has been done with a loving and tender hand, with complete sympathy with the progress of Mr. Parker's mind, especially in theological ideas. Where the story can be told by Parker's journal and letters, he lets it be so done. Where the writer must tell the events of Par-

ker's life, the narrative is free, easy, graceful, and the story most charmingly told. Mr. Frothingham gives the reader the favorable picture of his subject. That may be and probably is the real Parker; another's idea of Parker may be and probably is only the often rough and ungracious exterior, the manner of the man, that made many sensible people in his time regard him as an irrational, bitter, vindictive, merciless iconoclast, who seemed to throw stones for the sake of hearing the glass break when no earthly good was to be gained by anybody; who was bad in his rhetoric, false in his logic, an infidel, a fanatic, a nuisance. Mr. Frothingham does recognize the fact that Parker was not perfect nor complete, and with a considerate and careful pen he assays his character, and gives a good result. Whatever animosity anyone, a stranger, may have hitherto felt toward Mr. Parker, it is scarcely possible to read this biography with persuasion of the truth of its narrative, without a readiness to concede that the man, Theodore Parker, was a man of much exemplary virtue and purity; that the errors of his life were at least not of the heart and intent, but came from temperament, from early training, from imperfect culture, possibly from want of that very discipline which his father "could not afford." With glaring defects, he had so much of virtue and acquisition, that it is easy to see how the few who knew him might dearly love the man, and as easy to see how it was that the "unco' gude" prayed that God might trip him on the way, and how his very methods might make men hate his theology, doubt his religion, and distrust his goodness.

MARINE MAMMALS OF THE NORTH-WESTERN COAST OF NORTH AMERICA, described and illustrated; together with an account of the American Whale-fishery. By Charles M. Scammon, Captain U. S. Revenue Marine. San Francisco: John H. Carmany & Co.

One of the most interesting divisions of the animal kingdom is the order of cetacea, including all species of mammalia which inhabit the water only, which are warm-blooded, breathe by means of lungs, and frequently come to the surface to respire. Owing to the peculiar habits of these creatures,

the study of their customs, and even of their forms and other characteristics, is very difficult and baffling, and consequently we have until now had no single comprehensive description of them. In addition to the cetacea proper, under which head all whales, dolphins, and porpoises are enumerated, we have the pinnipedia, or finned mammals of the sea, embracing the seals, otters, and walrus. These animals, coming more to the surface, and often lying exposed on land or rock, have been more susceptible of observation. Yet still there is an equal lack of any thorough work relating to them. The volume before us—a handsome large quarto of 325 pages, elegantly and copiously illustrated—supplies the want of a popular and scientific account of marine mammalia. Although relating chiefly to Pacific Coast species, it covers more ground than any previous book on the same subject.

Captain Scammon began his general observations of marine mammals in 1852, when in command of a brig bound on a sealing, sea-elephant, and whaling voyage, when the objects of his pursuit were found in great numbers, and the opportunities for studying their habits were so good as to stimulate his curiosity. In 1858, he began the systematic research which, continued laboriously and constantly ever since, has at last resulted in the important work entitled above. Scoresby is the only previous scientific writer upon whales, who had particular observation of them and has written anything of value, and his observations were confined principally to the Greenland and Spitzbergen seas. Beale's observations were confined to the sperm whale. Many eminent men have written about the osteology of whales, but none have figured them in as satisfactory a manner as they are figured by Captain Scammon. In this respect, no comparison can be made between his book and any other. Professor Cope may be considered the best-informed naturalist upon the osteology of cetaceans, both living and fossil, in the United States, if not in the world; and Professor Gill is a well-known observer on marine mammalia generally; but the natural history of whales has never been observed so closely as by Scammon, who has made it his chief object to give as correct figures as could be obtained

from careful life-studies, with numerous accurate measurements after death, supplemented by as full an account of the habits of these animals as practicable, together with all the facts he could learn as to their geographical distribution. His work contains, besides, the only chronological history of the American whale-fishery ever written. This required careful research among the conflicting records of Nantucket and other whaling ports, and an examination of a large number of miscellaneous and fragmentary authorities. In addition to such research and examination, Captain Scammon made original studies and collections among whalers, even including the Indian tribes of this coast.

The divisions of his book include, first, accounts of the cetacea—whales, porpoises, dolphins, and grampuses—in sixteen chapters; second, accounts of the pinnipedia—sea-elephants, sea-lions, seals, otters, and walrus—in seven chapters; third, a history and description of whale-fishing industrially and commercially considered, accounts of whaling-ships and outfits, life and characteristics of American whalers, and graphic descriptions of lagoon-whaling off the Californian coast. Finally, in a lengthy appendix, we have an admirable scientific catalogue of the cetacea of the North Pacific, by W. H. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution; a glossary of words and phrases used by whalers, and a list of stores and outfits. Mr. Dall's catalogue, in preparing which he was assisted by Captain Scammon's personal knowledge, notes, and collections, is very careful, and will be found valuable to the professional naturalist. It includes forty-four species, to which Captain Scammon adds two species not known to Mr. Dall at the time of preparing his list. While the purely descriptive and narrative portions of Captain Scammon's work are quite popular in character, being written in a graphic and picturesque style, they have the exactness which results only from a scientific method and purpose, and will show that the author is an original investigator, as he was also the first to discover, and in other cases the first to describe, several species either quite new or comparatively rare and unfamiliar.

The task of designating novelties must be

left to others. We can only add that Captain Scammon's work is a monument of prolonged and patient observation, prosecuted mainly at sea, in the intervals of professional occupation, and conducted in a spirit equally enthusiastic and painstaking. He has been a most industrious collector, as several leading museums in the United States attest, and his preliminary notes on many of the subjects of this book have made his name well known to readers of the *OVERLAND* and other publications. By reason of the peculiar constitution and habits, as well as the commercial utility, of the marine mammals, his account of these animals is singularly interesting reading, to the non-scientific equally as to the special students of natural history, and it is sure to take rank at once as the standard work on the subject. The warmest testimony to its value is borne by scientists like Agassiz—to whose memory it is fittingly dedicated—and like Whitney, Baird, and Davidson. Its value and interest are much enhanced by about seventy illustrations, including twenty-seven engraved or lithographed plates, many of which are double-page, figuring the animals in whole or detail, the instruments and methods of capture, etc. The drawings for these plates were made by Captain Scammon, and their execution is effective and artistic, reflecting great credit on the San Francisco establishments which produced them. We may be permitted to say—what the modesty of the publishers might perhaps withhold—that no scientific work of equal extent and importance has ever been issued in California, and that its typography is at once solid and elegant.

NARRATIVE OF MILITARY OPERATIONS,
directed during the late war between the States. By Joseph E. Johnston, General, C. S. A. Illustrated by steel-plate maps. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Among the Confederate generals who survived the late civil war, Joseph E. Johnston occupies in general esteem a very high rank; perhaps next to that occupied by the late General Lee. His probity as a man and his superior capacity as a military commander are acknowledged on all hands, by both parties to the late conflict. Happily, too, the asperities growing out of the conflict are so

rapidly subsiding and giving place to more fraternal feelings, that the general public is better qualified to judge impartially of the respective merits and qualities of the men who were conspicuous actors in those trying scenes. Whatever of greatness they exhibited or achieved, on either side, when rightly considered, becomes a part of our American intellectual and moral property, serving to illustrate and adorn our American character. Great names are a precious possession to any nation, not only as vindicating its claims to consideration in the world, in the family of nations, but as examples to stimulate its youth. We are unwilling to spare any of our great American names.

General Johnston, in the volume before us, proves that he knows how to wield a skillful pen, as he had before shown that he knew how to hold the baton of the commander. The style is animated, clear, and incisive; the narrative consecutive, perspicuous, fearless, and evidently scrupulously truthful. It is the story of an honest, able, and intelligent man, who is moved by a laudable desire to contribute valuable material for the use of the historian who may hereafter attempt to illustrate an extraordinary event in the world's history. Viewed in the light of a calm philosophy, our great struggle should furnish valuable lessons for the guidance of the statesman and the political economist. They are lessons, however, taught at the expense of terrible suffering—a suffering which has been endured, but much of which, we fear, remains to be endured. Would that all the world might learn, from our lesson, as well as from other historic scenes of bloody conflict, that war is not the remedy to which humanity should resort to correct either real or imaginary evils.

The work before us is all the more valuable as a contribution to history, from the fact that it comes from so high a source on the Southern side of the question. Of mere partisan narratives there is no lack; we might possibly spare some, without detriment to authentic history, certainly without injury to the philosophy of history. But this is a work whose statements, besides the personal integrity of the narrator, are verified by authentic official documents, which are beyond the reach of impeachment or cavil; and from

that very fact possess a weighty intrinsic value. General Johnston commences his narrative by a vindication of his motives, which — in common with other Southern men's — have been impeached because he espoused that side of the conflict. He says that he had been educated to believe—and such was the prevailing opinion and doctrine of the Southern people, as well as of a powerful party in the North—that his allegiance was first due to his State; hence, when his State seceded, he felt it to be his duty to go with her. Indeed, this doctrine had been, in the progress of our history, strongly enunciated, at different times, by the two great parties into which the North, as well as the South, had been divided. The leading men of the great Federal party of New England, nearly half a century before, had proclaimed it with pronounced emphasis; and the paramount dignity of State Rights had always been regarded as a cardinal principle by the Democratic party in both sections of the Union. What wonder, then, that he should, when Virginia passed the ordinance of secession, feel it his duty, as a professional soldier, to draw his sword in her cause, when war became inevitable. So much has he offered in vindication of the integrity of his motives.

One of the most valuable portions of this narrative is that which lifts the curtain from occurrences that so perplexed the public mind while Johnston was retreating before the army of Sherman through the Southern States. The world saw that he was conducting his retreat in a masterly manner, before a superior force, preserving all his forces and all his property intact; a feat which has ever been regarded as one of the most conclusive evidences of an able commander. He was fortifying Atlanta, where, with great advantage of position and surroundings, it was expected he would undertake the final struggle against his wary and able antagonist, whom he had, by masterly strategy, drawn a long way from his base into an enemy's country. At this critical moment, Johnston was relieved, by orders from Richmond, and the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee handed over to General Hood. The public mind, both North and South, was astonished and perplexed at such a strange occurrence. The disastrous consequences to

the Southern cause which soon followed, conclusively proved how ill - advised was the step. It unquestionably hastened a catastrophe which, almost beyond question, was sooner or later inevitable. We are now made acquainted with the reasons which led to this extraordinary change of commanders. The fatal order, from General Cooper, dated July 17th, 1864, and directed to Johnston, stated, among other things, that, "As you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta . . . and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved." That is to say, because he had not attacked an enemy of greatly superior force, with every prospect of defeat; because he had not, in the spirit of a braggart, expressed a "confidence" which circumstances did not justify; because he had, with consummate tact and skill, avoided a decisive engagement while deceiving his enemy farther and farther away from his base and toward his own chosen position, where he felt he might prudently risk a battle, he was removed. It has been said that there was lack of administrative ability at Richmond; this untimely order would look like it. It is at least, as we think, evidence of a want of manly patience and fortitude, in a great and trying moment. But it was one of those mistakes which led to the more speedy re-establishment of the Union of the States; and hence, we devoutly trust, to the essential welfare and glory of the country.

PHILOSOPHERS AND FOOLS. A Study. By Julia Duhring. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The title - page of this new book has these mottoes, as indices to the subject treated in the volume: "I like the study of men and women better than grass and trees," an utterance of Sydney Smith. And this from Emerson, "Let us treat men and women well; treat them as if they were real; perhaps they are." The author says in the preface: "Believing the study of Man is the most ennobling and satisfying of all human pursuits, it is natural that I should desire to lead others to the same conclusion." She declares that her object is to induce the reader to examine those "earnest questions upon

a solution of which so large a portion of happiness and misery depends." These are certainly worthy aims—worthy the earnest thought and discussion of a great and benevolent nature. Those "earnest questions" are discussed in nine chapters or essays, entitled respectively, "Philosophers and Fools," "Finding our Level," "Chief among Realities," "Voice and Language," "Who are the Wicked?" "Greater than Sceptres," "Man and Woman," "Antagonistic Peoples," "Romance *versus* Criticism."

A more earnest thinker and writer has not appeared in these times. The title of the first essay, which gives its name to the volume, would seem to indicate a somewhat harsh and proscriptive division of men into two classes, philosophers—lovers of wisdom—and fools; but there is nothing intolerant or uncharitable in the book. Considering that our inborn passions constantly solicit us into wrong indulgences, and hence into moral wrong-doing, those who achieve a mastery over themselves know how difficult is the self-conquest; and this knowledge should teach them charity. Many a noble nature that begins this battle fails from a variety of causes, before final victory is won, and therefore is to be classed among the unwise, the foolish. Passion stimulates reason, but reason is given us that by its use we may regulate passion; herein is the field for the exercise of wisdom—herein are the uses of philosophy. We need the exercise of constant self-control to keep from unwise—hence foolish—action. The boundary between the two is often very narrow. A great man once said—and it has passed into a proverb—"There is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous." The division line between wisdom and folly is frequently, so far as human action is concerned, quite as narrow. It is related that a familiar acquaintance of Plato once stepped into his house, in the morning, and to his astonishment saw the great philosopher standing in a menacing attitude, his countenance distorted by rage, his hand, armed with a rod, raised high in air, in the very act to strike his servant, who was cowardly cringing under the expected blow. The philosopher maintained this attitude for some moments, evidently in furious conflict with himself; but still he did not strike. "What are

you doing, Plato?" finally inquired his friend. "Punishing a passionate man," was the reply. Passion, folly, solicited him to strike; but wisdom counseled forbearance, and wisdom conquered. There was self-conquest; but how narrow the boundary between wisdom and folly! Only a blow between.

It is the quality of wisdom to inspire benevolence. All great philosophers, inspired by love of their fellow-man, have been teachers. Socrates taught the youth of Athens because he desired to give them a knowledge of the inestimable value of virtue and truth; Plato taught in the groves of the academy from like motives; and, as his great soul contemplated the beneficent effects of goodness upon man in his individual and social capacity, he exclaimed in rapture, "O, that Virtue could be seen of men; then all would be led to worship her." And so the Saviour of mankind, feeling it was His mission to teach, sought not the society of the rich, and powerful, and cultivated; He went rather to the abodes of the humble poor, and taught them the value of celestial wisdom; He ate and associated with publicans and sinners, because they were the class who needed the heavenly Physician and the more keenly felt their need. He carried divine wisdom to those who, from their humble stations in life, were most willing to learn, because they were conscious that they most needed a teacher. And it was from this class that He received a cordial welcome, while the rich and powerful, with all their opportunities for culture, were, from pride and vainglory, self-willed and ignorant, in spite of their opportunities.

These observations will give the reader an idea of the spirit and character of this book, whose well-written essays may be read with profit by all.

BRIEF ESSAYS AND BREVITIES. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This little volume contains a great many excellent things. It is one of those books that one may take up at any time, open at almost any page, and find something interesting and frequently very profitable. It is a pity that some of the essays are a little mar-

red by an ambitious attempt at fine writing. This is especially the case with two: the one entitled "Ladyhood;" the other, "Genius and Talent." When the author is simple in his style, he is always forcible. He calls attention to the fact that these two words, *genius* and *talent*, are found neither in the Bible nor in Shakspeare, in the sense now applied to them, as attributes of the mind; showing that, as now used, they are of comparatively recent origin. But his attempt, by a series of antithetical sentences, to run a parallel between genius and talent, is, we are disposed to think, more fanciful than substantial. The popular notion perhaps is, that genius is the mental faculty that creates, talent the faculty that applies; but as there can be but one creation of one and the same thing, there is frequently quite as much capacity displayed in the skillful use as in the creation of the particular thing. Genius, as being the higher and rarer faculty, is supposed to contain talent, upon the principle that the greater includes the less; and yet how often do we see men who are credited with great genius, without the talent to turn their own inventions to any account or to any practical use. The fact is, we are apt to think that a man of more than ordinary talent—talent that makes him conspicuous above his fellows—is to that extent a genius also. One man may be a great poet, another a great painter, another a great sculptor, and still another a great orator; others may be great mechanics, inventors, engineers: it is not, perhaps, that there is so much difference in the volume or amount of their capacity, as in their *tastes*, which lead them into different pursuits. We once knew a great orator, who passed in the world for a great genius—though his life was of very little practical value to himself or others—who said to us, in his maudlin condition, after one of his magnificent oratorical efforts, "The world calls *that* genius; it shows how much the world knows about what it calls genius. The fact is, I saw this great question looming up, six months before its final issue was brought upon us; and I went home into the big paternal library, where I worked hard for about four months, reading all I could find on the subject, collating the authorities, and fixing up my points; and when the time came, I made

that speech, which is the product of a vast amount of brain labor, all planned and digested beforehand. And now the world says my speech is the product of my genius; but it is in fact the product of hard study and laborious thought."

And so we are inclined to think that, as a rule, that which passes for genius is the result of the patient labor of talent, rather than an intuition bestowed by a caprice of nature. Let the aspiring young man, then, take courage and learn to labor.

We are thankful to our author for his triumphant answer to Carlyle's taunting question, "What have the Americans done?" We wish we had room for the whole answer, found on pages 265-6-7. We must give this much: "We have abolished monarchy; we have abolished hereditary oligarchy; we have sundered church and state; we have wrought with our English inheritance that most Englishmen better their condition by quitting the old home and coming to the new; . . . we have suppressed standing armies; we have decentralized government," etc.

A TOUR THROUGH THE PYRENEES. By Hippolyte Adolphus Taine. Translated by J. Safford Fiske. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This series of sparkling sketches of the trip from the sea at the mouth of the Gironde River, and through the mountains of the Pyrenees, embracing descriptions of the villages, towns, rivers, inhabitants, and customs by the way, together with sketches of character and history, embodied in a peculiarly delicate and dramatic diction, has been most happily translated. In descriptions of locality, the writer refers to history, and, in imagination, peoples the streets with beings of the past, whose manners, habits of dress, etc., are brought quite vividly before the eye. Many of his subjects are treated poetically, and also rendered pleasing by a touch of personality, as, in speaking of ripples of the incoming tide: "The land softens its embrace, the better to receive and caress those darling creatures, which are, as it were, the little children of the sea;" and of the pine-trees: "Thus they chant, in a plain, live fashion, with a far softer and more harmonious voice

than the other trees." While describing the scenery upon the Pyrenees, he says: "The sole inhabitants are the cascades, assembled to form the Gave." Altogether, the book is one which may be perused with much pleasure and interest, giving one a very good idea of southern France, its scenery, resorts for invalids, and of the great mountain barrier dividing France from Spain.

FIRST STEPS IN GENERAL HISTORY. By Arthur Gilman, M. A. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Anyone who, in former life, has read over the field of history, and desires to keep his memory of important events fresh and green, will find this a valuable little volume for such a purpose. By a few hours' pleasant reading, he will find his memory fully established in regard to all events, with the dates of their occurrence, which it is especially desirable to keep in mind. And if one has not already read history, but desires a knowledge

of those occurrences upon which have turned the destinies of nations and communities, he will find all the salient points succinctly and consecutively set forth in the volume before us. It is a valuable book for both kinds of readers. It contains a great deal in a little space. It is desirable to have such a work always in one's house, for reference, in case one wishes to settle a doubt as to the character and time of any historical event; and this, whether in reference to ancient, mediæval, or modern history. A youth who has not yet taken a course of historical reading would do well to peruse this book, as a sort of preparation to a more extended study of this important branch of learning. It has several skeleton maps, which give the reader an intelligent comprehension of the countries treated of in the volume. All the remarkable characters who have acted an important part in the world's history, are mentioned, in connection with the events in which they acted a prominent part. It is a valuable historical summary.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From PAYOT, UPHAM & Co.:

Waldfried. A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Hand-book of Physical Training in Schools. By Chas. J. Robinson. San Francisco: Payot, Upham & Co.

Brief Essays and Brevities. By Geo. H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Spring Floods, and A Lear of the Steppe. By Ivan Turgéniéff. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Recent Art and Society. By Henry F. Chorley. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Van Nostrand's Science Series. Nos. 10 and 11. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

From A. ROMAN & Co.:

First Steps in General History. By Arthur Gilman. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

From SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & Co., New York:

Personal Reminiscences by Chorley, Planche, and Young. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Meridiana, or Adventures in South Africa. By Jules Verne. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

From HURD & HOUGHTON, New York:

Mose Evans. By Wm. M. Baker. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From M. GRAY, San Francisco:

My Betsy Jane and I. Written and composed by Sam Booth.

A Drive to Jerome. Written, composed, and sung by Wm. H. Lingard.

From LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia, Penn.:

Amphion Waltz. By Joseph Steinhauser.

Perles de l'Opera. No. 3, Don Juan. Composed by Theodore Oesten.

Les Jours. Recreations by J. B. Duvernoy. No. 2, Mardi. Air Italien.

Les Jours. Recreations by J. B. Duvernoy. No. 3, Mercredi. Fanfare.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 13.—AUGUST, 1874.—No. 2.

GLIMPSSES OF THE COURT OF CHINA.

No. I.

THE only foreigners who have ever penetrated to the interior of Chinese life were the Jesuit missionaries. Trained in the language, they carried with them not only scientific men, but workmen skilled in every accomplishment which could attract the attention of the rulers of the country and gain for them an influence at court. The consequence was, that at one time in the seventeenth century the members of the Society of Jesus were at the head of all the scientific schools, and even were employed in many departments of the arts. As early as the sixteenth century, they had penetrated to the imperial court, and were often the advisers of the emperor. Of this, the following letter furnishes a good illustration. Written a century ago, it is the only narrative with which we are acquainted, giving any views of the interior of Chinese royal life. It is translated from the "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*" of the Jesuit missionaries, and from the novelty of its pictures may interest our readers.

Letter of Father Benoit, Missionary at Peking.

NOVEMBER 4th, 1773.

You are aware, monsieur, that it is necessary for the new missionaries who come to Peking by order of the emperor, to be presented to his majesty a short time after their arrival. But you are probably not aware, that when they appear before him, custom requires that they should make him some presents. Two new missionaries having therefore arrived at our house on the 12th of January, in this year, 1773—Father Mericourt, with the title of clockmaker, and Broth-

er Pansi, in the capacity of painter—our father-superior charged me to make all the necessary arrangements for their presentation. The letter which to-day I have the honor to write you will have for its object to show the success of this commission, which was exceedingly embarrassing, and which I discharged in the best manner I possibly could. You will find in my letter some detailed accounts, little known in Europe, of the interior of the palace, some customs of the court, and the manner of life of this powerful emperor.

Among the different presents which

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these new-comers had to offer, was a magnificent telescope of a new invention, which M. Bertin had sent us during the last year. The minister of state was pleased to arrange for us these gifts of our glorious and beloved monarch. There was also a picture painted by Brother Pansi, and an air-pump, which our superior-general (Father le Fevre) had sent us from Canton. These were the most remarkable of the presents destined for the emperor.

The first point was, to contrive that his majesty should become acquainted with the value of the telescope and the use of the air-pump; for it often happened that curious articles, presented to the emperor, were either refused by him, or, if he favorably received them, they were placed in the store-house, where they remained without being used, and indeed entirely forgotten. As to the air-pump, I had toiled over it for several months, to place it in proper condition. I had prepared, in Chinese, an explanation, as much with regard to the theory as its practical uses, from which I had selected about twenty of the most curious, and I had caused to be drawn, with Chinese ink, diagrams which explained them. This explanation, which formed a small volume, was to be presented to the emperor before he received the machine.

We had now entered on the twelfth Chinese month, when the public offices are closed, and the courts of justice have vacation to the twenty-first of the first month of the following year. During this period of leisure, no business is entertained except that which it is necessary promptly to discharge. The emperor is therefore less occupied than at other times of the year, but he is also more engaged in religious ceremonies, or in spectacles in the interior of the palace. It was necessary, then, to urge upon them the presentation of the two new missionaries. I addressed myself,

therefore, to the officers of the palace who arrange affairs of this kind. They fixed upon the 12th of January, being the twenty-sixth of the twelfth month. The evening preceding, I caused the presents to be carried thither, and as the petition for presentation should reach the interior of the palace early in the day, in fear lest we should not be in time, I intrusted the petition, the catalogue of the presents, and the explanation of the air-pump to those whose duty it is to bring matters of this kind before the emperor. I had added a separate letter, to be also presented to his majesty, in which I had stated, that however competent Brother Pansi might be in different kinds of painting, his particular talent was for portraits. I notified them also with regard to the air-pump, that to keep it in a serviceable state, it should be placed in a temperate atmosphere and sheltered from the violent cold which at that time was prevailing.

The next day, January 18th, our father-superior and myself, with some other members of our church, accompanied the two new-comers. The petition for presentation and the other papers had been already sent in. Here it is necessary, summer and winter, to be very much on the alert. Toward nine o'clock they gave us notice that the emperor had read the petition for presentation, and had caused the presents to be brought into the interior of the palace, so that when his majesty should be at leisure, he could see them and choose those which pleased him. After midday they brought back those of the presents which the emperor had not received, and made known to us his orders, to-wit, that the two newly arrived missionaries should immediately enter the palace, each one to give an exhibition there of his art; that Brother Pansi should take part with Fathers Damascene and Pisol in the execution of six pictures, for which his majesty had given orders; that Father Meri-

court should work at clock-making with Fathers Archange and de Vantavon; that the air-pump should be taken to *Fou-y-koan* (which is the place where the European artists are at work); and that in the spring, when the weather was milder, Father Sighebare and myself should exhibit its working before his majesty, and explain it to him. These were the first orders of the emperor, the greater part of which were immediately afterward changed. The presents with which the emperor gratified the new missionaries were, according to custom, six small pieces of silk for each one.

The emperor had not as yet positively accepted the telescope. He wished first to know what it was, and what was its use. I was called to explain it, and conducted to the suit of apartments where the emperor then was. One of the eunuchs of the presence having come out of the chamber in which his majesty was, I directed the telescope toward the top of one of the roofs of the palace, the most distant of all that we could see. As the atmosphere was clear and without any apparent vapor, the eunuch saw the top of the roof so distinctly and apparently so near, that, exceedingly surprised, he went back immediately to inform the emperor, who was then at supper, although it was only two hours after midday—the custom of his majesty being to sup at this hour and to dine at eight o'clock in the morning, spending at each meal not more than a quarter of an hour. I shall have occasion, in the future, to speak more at large as to what relates to the repasts of the emperor.

All the eunuchs of the presence and the other officers having satisfied their curiosity with regard to the telescope, they placed a table at the side of his majesty's apartment, so as to enable me to arrange it myself and direct it toward some object. This having been done, as the emperor had now finished his supper, the eunuchs requested him

to come and make trial of it. The emperor perceived at once the superiority of this instrument to any which he had hitherto seen. He appointed two of the eunuchs to carry it always with him whenever he went out, and gave me a commission to instruct them in the manner of using and arranging it. And to testify more fully his satisfaction, besides the silks which he had already given to the new missionaries, he caused to be presented to them and to myself three large pieces of silk, one of which alone was worth five or six of the former.

I made the acknowledgments in the customary way, and afterward was ordered to bring Brother Pansi to the palace, the next day, to receive the commands of the emperor as to what he should do. In accordance with this, on the 19th of January, I conducted the painter to *Ki-siang-kong*. (This is the place in the interior of the palace, where the Chinese painters work during the three months of the year that the emperor remains at Pekin). There they notified us that the emperor wished Brother Pansi to take a portrait. While I was waiting until everything should be prepared for the commencement of this work, the eunuchs who were charged with the care of the telescope brought it to me, that I might continue my instructions as to its management. They told me that the emperor had ascended a tower upon which was a platform, and from this they had directed the telescope to some distant objects; but the weather being foggy, they found it difficult to see anything. I told them they should not be surprised at this, because the glass, in increasing the size of the objects, increased also the vapors.

The next day, January 20th, having repaired early in the morning to the palace, we remained there in a room by the side of the apartment in which the emperor then was. A little while afterward, there came to us a page of twenty-

seven or twenty-eight years of age, whose portrait his majesty wished taken. Scarcely had Brother Pansi marked out the first rough sketch, when the emperor, having caused it to be brought to him, took occasion to say, in sending it back, that he already recognized the features of the young man. The first draught having been made, so that Brother Pansi could put in the colors, his majesty again sent for it; and in returning it, expressed anew his satisfaction. He caused also to be signified to us his wishes, particularly with regard to the shading, which in China they wish to be laid on more lightly than in Europe, not even allowing as much as is necessary to bring out the object into proper relief. Nevertheless, the work advanced, and from time to time came an order from the emperor, to have it brought to him; for here, on the slightest indication of a wish on the part of the prince, they observe rigorously the rule which is prescribed in Europe to the greater part of the members of the religious orders, to quit all work at the least signal, to which they should yield their obedience. Brother Pansi, not being accustomed to have his work so interrupted, was very uneasy. He was afraid that the emperor, in seeing from time to time those features which were not yet finished, could not but regard the painting as a daub. I re-assured him, by telling him that this could not seem so to the emperor, who was accustomed to watch the progress of pictures he had ordered, and that the same course was pursued with regard to brothers Castiglione, Attiret, and others, many of whose works could not be disowned by the best painters in Europe.

We returned to the palace, according to our orders, January 26th, where we found the Chinese painters and the mandarins of painting, in company with whom they conducted us to *Ki-siang-kong*. It is necessary to mention, in

noticing everything which relates to the interior of the palace, that no one, whoever he may be, whether prince of the blood, minister of state, etc., is allowed to enter there, unless he is accompanied by the eunuchs; and when there are a number, as we then were—mandarins, painters, servants, and Europeans—they count them all without distinction, one by one, both at entering and coming out.

We repaired afterward to the same place where Brother Pansi had begun to paint the young page. He was going on with the portrait, when the emperor, who had become more and more satisfied with his skill, sent to us, to say that he could discontinue the portrait he had commenced, and come and paint one of himself. We entered immediately into the apartment of his majesty—Brother Pansi and myself—where we at first were going through the necessary ceremony, which he did not allow us to finish, but causing us immediately to rise, he inquired with regard to the age and country of Brother Pansi, the church where he lived, etc. He then explained the manner in which he wished to be painted. The taste of the Chinese, indeed, inclines them to have their portraits in full face, not somewhat in profile, as is customary in Europe. It is necessary that both sides of the face should be equally seen in the portrait, and there should be no other difference between them but that which is created by the shadows, in accordance with the side from which the light comes, so that the portrait should be always looking at the spectator. For this reason, however, it is much more difficult to succeed in this kind of painting.

But the emperor, having concluded that by the multitude of his engagements it would be difficult for him to retain us in his presence all the time which would be necessary for the execution of his design, decided that Brother Pansi should paint the portrait in

private from one of his former portraits, and that afterward he should make in his presence the alterations which the time that had elapsed had imprinted on his features. I mentioned this to Brother Pansi, and in concert with him I said to the first eunuch of the presence, that the emperor, in granting to Brother Pansi the honor to paint his portrait, expected him to paint him as he now really is; that whatever resemblance there might be in the older portraits, they represented the features of his majesty as they were at that time, but that age and circumstances always produce some change in the expression, and if by consulting a portrait then made, one should execute to-day a portrait of the emperor, it would resemble what his majesty was at that time, but not what he now really is. I added, that whatever corrections might subsequently be made in the presence of the emperor and by consulting his features, the portrait, in spite of these corrections, could never exhibit that certain perfection which is the result of the first sketch, when one has taken care to foresee the different expressions, on observing which the perfection depends. I prayed the eunuch to make these representations to his majesty, as they had excited in Brother Pansi the fear that he should not succeed as he wished.

The eunuch executed his commission perfectly, and the emperor having sent for us, said, "that the considerations which had been presented to him were just. I am," he remarked, "entirely different from what I was when you first arrived here. How long ago was that?"

"Sire," I replied, "it is twenty-eight years that I have been in Peking, and twenty-six years since I had the honor for the first time to speak to his majesty, when he charged me with the arrangement of the waters with which he wished to embellish his palace, both here

and at *Yuen-ming-guen*" (the House of Pleasure).

"Well," replied the emperor, "you should then be able to remember how thin and slender I was at that time; and is it not true, that if since then you had never seen me, you would not now be able to recognize me, seeing how much stouter I now am?"

"It is," said I, "the constant exercise which his majesty takes, and the diet which he observes, which contribute to this stoutness. Ordinarily, in proportion as age advances, we perceive the strength and the health to decrease. On the contrary, the strength and health of his majesty seems to increase with his age. It is the goodness of God which wishes to preserve him for his people."

"Although I feel myself to be strong and robust," replied the emperor, "yet I perceive that my features have changed year after year, and that I am entirely different from what I was when my old portraits were taken. Therefore, Pan-ting-chang" (the Chinese name of Brother Pansi) "has reason for what he says. Let him paint me now, and put himself in the situation which he thinks will be most proper to enable him to succeed."

The emperor then asked about what time it would require to paint him, and whether during that time he would be able to employ himself in reading, writing, etc. After having questioned Brother Pansi, I replied to him, "that the first sketch would occupy two or three hours; that after some days, when the colors should have dried, the painter would put on the second coat of coloring, which would take more or less time as the first sitting had been more or less successful. As to the rest, as soon as his majesty wished, he could leave the work and take it up again whenever it pleased him, without it suffering any injury." And I added, "that while he was engaged

in the painting, his majesty could read or write and do whatever he thought proper, provided that his face was always in such a direction that the painter could see his different features, and that when the work required a certain position, he should take the liberty of giving his majesty notice of it."

"Do not fail, then," said the emperor, "to let me know when a change of position will be necessary."

The apartment in which the emperor then was, is in the taste of all the other apartments, or rather, according to the taste of all persons in Pekin who are somewhat easy in their fortunes. On account of the earthquakes which are so frequent here, the beams and roofs of Chinese buildings are not supported on the walls, but on wooden columns placed on bases of stone, so that often the roof of a building is finished before the walls are built. In this way it happens, that in an earthquake the walls are sometimes overturned, without the roof or even the interior of the building being injured. The walls are commonly of brick, very appropriately worked on the outside, sometimes even ornamented with different designs in sculpture, and on the inner side covered either with stucco, or with boards in the apartments which they wish to line with paper. In other apartments the walls are covered with joiner's work.

The apartment of the emperor is constructed in this taste, and is about ninety feet in length by twenty-five or twenty-six in breadth, and is divided into three parts. The middle division is the hall of the throne. Outside the whole length of this building there is a covered gallery, about five feet in width, formed by two ranges of columns. The ceilings, both of the hall and over the gallery, are ornamented with different works in sculpture, which are partly gilded, partly painted and varnished. The columns are always glazed in crimson.

Stone steps extend along the length of these galleries, elevating them four feet above the pavement of the court and on a level with the floor of the hall, in the middle of which is placed the throne of his majesty, elevated several steps. The throne is set off with different ornaments, rich and in good taste, the greater part of which were made in Europe. What impressed me most among these ornaments were two clocks of middling elegance, the supports of which, either of gold or of silver gilt, were made to represent branches with their leaves entwined. Under the base of the one is an elephant, which made different movements with his trunk. On the branches of the other support is a dragon. The whole is formed in a way so natural that one would imagine the animals to be alive. From the ceiling, in accordance with the custom of the Chinese, are suspended lanterns of different kinds and other ornaments, with their tassels of silk of different colors. This hall is used only for ordinary audiences. There is in the interior of the palace, for receptions of ceremony, one particular hall, the grandeur and magnificence of which are in accordance with the majesty of the sovereign to whom homage is there rendered.

The emperor is lodged in the eastern chamber of the palace. The private apartments on the western side are devoted to his consort, the ladies who wait on her, and the small children. But the emperor, as well as the empress, the princesses, the maids of honor, and all other females who wait on them, have their apartments separate, and, in accordance with the custom of the country, never during the day is the emperor seen with any one of the other sex.

In the chamber where the emperor is lodged, on the northern side, is an alcove, shut in by different wooden arches. These arches sustain a ceiling raised about eight or nine feet above the

floor of the chamber. Above this alcove are placed different precious vases and pots of natural or artificial flowers, which one is able to see from the floor of the chamber below. Within the alcove are disposed in ranges different shelves of varnished japanned work, ornamented with precious vases of all kinds of jewelry. There are there, also, under the alcove and in different parts of the chamber, vases of different kinds of natural flowers; for here, during the whole winter and even during the most severe cold weather, they possess the secret of causing these plants and trees of all kinds to flourish, and with less fresh air than in France. I have known peach-trees and pomegranate-trees to bear the double blossoms in January, and immediately afterward the peaches and pomegranates, which became very large. I should have had difficulty in persuading myself that they came of these double blossoms, if many times I had not seen with my own eyes the progress of these different trees, and thus had present proof.

At the end of the chamber in which the emperor was, there was a dais about two feet in height and six feet in breadth, which extended the width of the apartment. The dais and the rest of the floor were covered with a carpet of silk, the ground-work of which was yellow, ornamented with different figures of crimson color. Often these carpets are of scarlet or other fine cloths, of velvet or different European stuffs. To guard against dampness, they are accustomed to place between the carpet and the pavement a kind of felt, which they put on everything on which they sit. The pavement of this chamber and of all the apartments of the emperor is formed of bricks, which they call here *kin-tchou-en*—that is, metallic bricks, because when they work on them, they ring like brass or any other sounding metal. They are two feet square, and are made

in the southern provinces. The kind of sand which they employ in making them is prepared as emery is procured to polish instruments of metal. Having mixed the sand with water in a vessel, they suffer it to be undisturbed for some time, so that the larger particles are deposited at the bottom of the vessel. They then turn off the water into other vessels, where it is again permitted to remain for a long time, until the finer particles with which it is impregnated are deposited. It is of this deposit that the bricks are made, the grain of which is so fine that the fragments are in great demand to use in sharpening razors and polishing different instruments of metal. Each of these bricks will bring forty ounces of silver, which is equal to 100 crowns of our money in France. In constructing the pavement, they unite the bricks together with a mastic composed of varnish; and when they are placed in their position, they cover them with a varnish which renders the surface brilliant, and so hard, that in walking over it there is no more impression made than if it were a pavement of marble.

The emperor was seated in the middle of the dais, his back toward the east—sitting Tartar-fashion, his legs crossed, on a cushion of yellow damask. Another cushion of the same material was against the wall, to serve for a back. At his sides he had small tables, eight or ten inches in height, on which were pencils, red and black ink, inkstands, different written papers, and some volumes of books. His robe was lined with a costly fur, the price of which exceeded nine or ten times that of the most beautiful sables. As it was during the ceremonies of the New Year, the robe which covered this fur was of yellow damask worked with dragons of five talons. (These dragons with five talons are to the emperors of China what the *fleurs-de-lis* are to our kings. If any, except the emperor, should at any time

use the dragons in embroidery, in painting, or in sculpture, they must represent them with but four talons.) The dress above it was of violet color. It descended around the body, even to the dais, and entirely covered the robe. The cap which he wore was of black fur with one pearl on the top. This pearl, which I have seen near by and handled, is fourteen lines* in length. The base is a little oval, and at the top it forms two blunted points.

In speaking of the position of the emperor, there is one observation made both by Brother Pansi and myself, which excited in us some surprise. It is this, that during the different sittings, however long they might be, while we were employed on the painting, he was at the same distance from the cushion which served as a back to his seat, and we have never seen him support himself or lean back upon it. Often when he had become animated in speaking, or particularly when he drew to his side the things of which he had need, he made different movements of his head, his arms, and his bust, but we never saw him make the least movement with his legs, or in the slightest degree change their position. This trait may appear to be, and indeed is, in itself a trifle; it shows, nevertheless, how much the emperor gives to his Tartars an example of shunning everything which ministers to the love of ease. This example authorizes him to punish or even to disgrace anyone, no matter who he may be, whom he knows to be living an effeminate life and seeking his ease with too much care, even though he might have in other respects the necessary capacity. In the apartments of his majesty are neither chairs nor stools, because if he showed anyone the grace to cause him to be seated, he could only sit on the floor, which is always covered with a carpet. If sometimes he wishes to dis-

tinguish in a marked manner a prince of the blood, a general of the army, or any other person in whom he recognizes eminent merit, then he causes him to sit on the same dais with himself.

As it was then excessively cold, on a pedestal in the middle of the chamber was placed a large brown vase, filled with live coals well kindled but covered with ashes, to keep up a temperate atmosphere. Besides this kind of brazier, we know that in China they use a species of stove, formed by pipes which run below the floor of the chamber and carry thither the heat of a furnace with which they are connected. This furnace is buried in the earth outside of the chamber, generally on the side opposite the windows. The hot air of this furnace, when it is lighted, circulating through the pipes, warms the entire floor, and consequently the chamber itself, with a uniform heat, without producing either smoke or any disagreeable odor. But the emperor, who did not regard cold, rarely caused it to be lighted.

And now let me tell you briefly in what consists the ornaments of the emperor's chamber. A number of tables of japanned work, artistically executed and covered with all sorts of trinkets, were arranged on the different sides of the room. The lanterns and other ornaments suspended from the ceiling are the same as in the hall of the throne. Some small portraits of former wise men of the country, executed in ink, are hung on the wainscoting of the alcove. In place of tapestry, a beautiful white paper, pasted on the walls and the ceiling, renders the chamber exceedingly light, without fatiguing the sight. The emperor has, however, tapestries in many of his palaces, to which he goes from time to time to walk or repose himself. These same palaces are also ornamented with glass, pictures, clocks, candlesticks, and all sorts of other ornaments,

* A line was one-twelfth of an inch.—TRANS.

which are the most costly of those we have in Europe. The mandarins of the provinces present him with every variety of thing of this kind. That which Tsong-tore of Canton alone offered him, during the last year, in the twelfth month, amounted to more than thirty *ouan*—that is, 325,000 livres. But the emperor makes little use of these ornaments in the places where he commonly lives.

The magnificence of the roof of the main building announces the resident beneath it. The tiles, which are varnished in yellow, shine with such brightness, that, when the sun lights them up, you would suppose they were gilded. The crown and parapets of the roof are ornamented with different works in

sculpture of the same material as the tiles, and varnished like them. However, they sometimes varnish these tiles with different colors—green, blue, violet, flesh-color, etc.—and the greater part of these tints are beautiful and very vivid. They do not use them for any buildings but the residence of the emperor or the temples; but for the apartments where the emperor usually lodges, they ordinarily employ only yellow.

After this digression—which, while giving an idea of the apartments of an Emperor of China, will give also an idea of the situation in which his majesty was when Brother Pansi took his portrait—I return to what relates to the portrait itself.

A TALE OF THE NEVADA DESERT.

SITTING here, in my sunny window, with geraniums and fuchsias all abloom just outside, and the ghost of last night's shower flitting away toward some eyrie of Monte Diablo, its light footsteps touching the hills with green as it goes, there come before me with all the vividness of utter contrast some of those old desert days—days of some care and toil, and not a few wanderings, but not without many a well-remembered episode of pleasure or novel experience. I wonder if it is the familiar brown eyes of the little lady in navy-blue just flitting by, that have brought back this morning so vividly the events connected with Nell Gwin's courtship?

Do you know the Ooma-Piqua Valley in south-eastern Nevada? If you do, you remember that in '65 all that region was still down on the maps as "unexplored," though a few hardy spirits were pushing their way through. Blasdell and his party had seen much tribulation in Death Valley, but had got through,

and as they came upon Ooma-Piqua, it looked to them—wayworn and weary—as fair as did Canaan to Moses in days of old.

Among others, we too arrived there, all the way from —th Street, in an Eastern city, where we had studied the latest atlases as of yore they sought the oracle. *Our* oracle was extremely communicative as far as Council Bluffs, a little more reticent from there to Salt Lake, gushed out again with much confidence at Virginia City and Austin—had not Mr. Colfax and Governor Bross been there?—but when we required it to break away from the great stage route and take us south from Austin, the oracle stammered, stumbled, and—was dumb. To tell the truth, that was very much the way everything else served us on that eventful trip—mules, wagons, and drivers. But we got there—over 350 miles of weary road—a never-ending succession of wide, gray valleys, bounded in front and behind by bare brown

mountain ranges, and fading on either hand into gray distance; but, over all, the most glorious blue sky in all the world, and an atmosphere, breathing which you were compensated for all the ills of life—past, present, and to come. At last, standing at the summit of the final range dividing us from “home,” and shading our eyes from the morning sun, we gazed down along ten miles of sandy bench-land to where Ooma-Piqua lay in all its beauty. Once in a while, in this land of otherwise utter desolation, some angel of compensation has dropped a gem of a valley, green with turf and crystal-bright with springs; and the pearl—no, the emerald—of these is Ooma-Piqua. Out of bare, black rocks at the head of the valley rises a spring, bountifully large, and so tempered by inner heat that it has conquered the desert all around it. This is the source of one of the rivers that feed the mysterious Colorado of the South. The little stream from the spring flows down the valley, gathering force and volume from others of its kindred, until at the end of thirty-five miles a lake is formed, inclosed by low hills and holding one or two miniature islands. All along there is tillable land, some of it deep with vegetable mold, and yielding wonderful crops of grain and potatoes. Little wild flowers spring up and even force themselves out into the sandy ravines of the “bench,” to meet the cactus and sage-brush and yucca half-way in friendly greeting. This little oasis had at last been discovered by the same sturdy prospectors who had found the western boundary range to be silver-bearing, and, of course, it was not long without a mining-camp; one of those settlements not only almost ubiquitous in Nevada, but peripatetic; for, when comes a rumor of richer quartz than their own, no matter how many weary miles away, not only the inhabitants but their houses are far off and away.

But I am not to tell you of the mining fortunes or misfortunes of this camp. I am thinking this morning of another morning just as sunny, in the latter part of '66, when we had arrived at the dignity of a stage from Austin once in two weeks. How I watched it as it rattled down the dusty road, finally stopping in front of the low building which served as mill-office, post-office, and general club-room. Two or three dusty men descended, and then a woman with an unmistakable air, even at that distance, of being fresh from some centre of life and fashion. Our social resources, femininely speaking, had hitherto consisted of a family from “Pike,” a good little *Norwégienne* who “kept de boarding-house,” and the household of an apostate Mormon—of all whitened sepulchres the worst whitewashed. So it was with a little flutter of expectation that I watched H—— as he came up the road with a package of papers and letters from beyond the mountains.

“Who is she? *Do* tell me who she is.”

“Who’s who? You’re as bad as the man that always asked who *she* was when he heard of any new mischief.”

“*Do* be good, and don’t bother; you know I mean the lady who came in the stage.”

“O!” (circumflex)—“a very nice-looking little lady who came with her brother—a nice young man I should say. Gwin’s the name—brought me a letter from old Mr. Hyatt, of our company.”

“Splendid! Where *is* she going to stay?”

“Just what young Gwin asked of me, looking about as if he expected to see a brown-stone front lying around loose somewhere.”

“Couldn’t we make room for her here awhile?”

“O! no doubt,” with a comical look around the one room of our sod cabin; “I suppose I didn’t hear somebody say

yesterday that she could not and would not live another week without a second room—eh?”

“Yes, but the poor little thing, without a soul to welcome her or expect her! You go right down and bring her up here, and I’ll fix it somehow.”

“All right, old lady; your head generally *is* pretty level.”

“Don’t talk slang, H——, but do as you are bid.”

So Nell Gwin came, and there was a merry time building a nest in a warm corner of the cabin, and improvising a curtain wherewith to separate the guest-chamber from the “drawing-room.” The brother—Joe—took his chances with the others; a bunk, or a part of one, as it happened, and the half or the whole of somebody’s blankets. The sister was of a graceful, womanly presence, with a fair, oval face lit by bright, honest, brown eyes; full of helpful, homelike ways, winning her way straight to our hearts. Their little story was told before many days. Their mother had died years ago, but there had been a happy home with the father and the two children in it. Recently, the father’s death had broken it up; and there was, I inferred, only a little money left for the two. “Then papa’s friend, Mr. Hyatt,” said Nell, “told Joe of these new mines; said he could make our fortunes if he came out, and offered me a home during Joe’s absence; but of course, I would not let him come without me. With Joe’s talents he could do well anywhere, but he thought best to follow Mr. Hyatt’s advice.”

Now “Joe’s talents” had, so far, developed themselves mostly in the line of late breakfasts, unlimited cigars, and a somewhat supercilious inspection of matters about the camp. In consideration of his introduction, H—— had interested himself in the young man, and, as work of some kinds was plenty, had put in his way several chances which prom-

ised well. But there seemed to be “nothing that exactly suited, you know,” and busy H—— could not stop to listen to his ideas as to what *would* suit. As time went on, and brother Joe still settled to nothing, I could see a worried look creeping into Nell’s brown eyes, and at last she said one day, point-blank: “Mrs. H——, I can not trespass upon your hospitality any longer; don’t you know of some little cabin where Joe and I can set up housekeeping?”

But I would not hear of it, and besides my long-promised kitchen, I managed to have a room for her added to our house, and then made her help me beautify it in such scant fashion as we could—a few yards of red calico, an old *Suisse* dress, and some discarded ribbons calling forth some remarkable talent in the upholstery line. Our little house was often the scene of as pleasant an “evening” as if we had been back in ——th Street, and able to send cards to whom we would; for, although the feminine element was so small, there were men there of fine culture, of extended travel, of high scientific attainments, and of soundest practical sense and experience—men who did not stop at the end of their class-books of philosophy and geology and chemistry when they left their colleges, but who went right on into the great laboratory of nature, finding and proving and classifying for themselves, and taking in by the way many a lesson in ethics and mental science by collision with the varied humanity around them. Among others who came and talked of all the things under the sun was a young man, the amalgamator in the quartz-mill which formed the nucleus of the camp. He had been well grounded in mining and metallurgy and general education in Germany, but the pedantry of a freshly imported “Freiburger” had been worn off by the friction of several years of Western life. He was manly, generous,

devoted to his work, and we had all liked him from the first. After Nell came, it had not taken long for me to develop strong match-making proclivities, and to all appearances the young man would in time become a willing victim to my plots. But Nell seemed to have eyes and ears only for Joe, and her heart was so wholly taken up with Joe's prospects and Joe's success, that I firmly believe she saw no difference for weeks between handsome Will Seaver and fussy old Professor Leon, who had come out as geological "expert" for the N. Y. and O. P. S. M. Co.

Nell's anxieties increased. H—— had finally tried to initiate Joe into part of his own many-sided business. The young fellow was a good accountant, but anyone so utterly irresponsible, unreliable, and aggravating, who had grown to man's estate, was never before seen. In a camp where all were workers, where there were not enough hours in the day for all we had to do, and where the six o'clock whistle found us all astir of mornings, Joe would lounge into the office near noon, and, not insolently but with the gayest *insouciance*, would ask if there was anything for him to do! He indulged in no dissipation; neither "valley-tan" nor "poker" had any attractions for him; but for half the glorious, starry, dewless night, he would roam up and down the valley, whistling an opera clear through, or trolling a ballad. He *would* charge the quicksilver to the mining account, and the blasting powder and drills were sure to be down upon the "milling" page, and when payday came, every man's account was so inextricably mixed up with every other man's, from the "roustabout" to the superintendent, that H—— was obliged sorrowfully to give him up as an exceedingly bad job. Then, a new company wanted a map of their mines, and Joe, who for anything like mapping, drafting, or even designing, did really show a tal-

ent, was off in the mountains and as busy as a beaver for a week and more—and Nell's step was light, her eyes bright with hope, and she even vouchsafed a little gracious attention to Seaver's earnest talk.

But when the work was finished, actually finished, and Joe was back again, he told us with his most lordly air that "of course he had given his services gratuitously, as the company was incurring great expense at the outset;" and this, when I was morally certain their stock of funds was all but exhausted.

Will Seaver's kindly blue eyes had taken in a great deal of the state of affairs, and he had quietly tried his best to get Joe interested in something definite; but my lord evidently imagined himself located on a different plane from our hard-working Will, and though most gracious and condescending, never clasped hands in any real friendly sense.

One day H—— came home with a telegram from New York. Telegrams came as far as Salt Lake City in those days over the wires, but from there down they were *pony*-grams. This one was from the secretary of our company, and read: "Send your most competent man to San Francisco to buy and ship twenty stamps, with pans, etc. Ship by sea to Los Angeles; from there overland—the man to see it through. Further advices in San Francisco."

This was good news for our camp, but I asked H—— rather wonderingly who would be the "competent?"

"I think, Seaver," was his reply. "Smith can do his work, and as I have been through over the road with the first mill, I can post him. He's really the best man I have, and it will be a good card for him, if he puts it through in shape."

So that night Seaver was up at the house for a good talk, and H—— was "posting" him upon foundries and men, steamers and teams, and finally map-

ping out the long desert journey, with its springs and "dry camps" and "divides." During the last part of the talk Joe had evidently been listening with both eyes and ears, and finally, with the air of one who confers a favor, he said to Will Seaver: "My good fellow, I believe I'll go with you; I reckon it will be an adventure worth having."

I think that, for an instant, Seaver was near making a wry face, but a look into Nell's wistful face must have decided him, for he replied simply: "All right, Joe, if you like!"—and the matter was settled.

In a few days they were off, out by Austin and Virginia City, and so on to "The Bay," the shortest and quickest way to get there, but back by a long and tedious road, through hot deserts and past scanty and infrequent springs of unrefreshing water; because the mountains were lower and more easily passed with the heavy machinery on the southern road.

We heard from them on the way whenever they had opportunity to send us a line, and finally by regular mail from San Francisco. All went well; few delays met them in selecting and getting ready their machinery, and Seaver wrote to H—— that Joe was more business-like than he had ever yet seen him. Teams were purchased and shipped to San Pedro to await them at Los Angeles for the start overland. Then a letter came, "We sail to-morrow;" after a long interval, news of their arrival in Los Angeles; and, finally, a letter from San Bernardino, which H—— said would be the last, as, unless they met teams going out (a most unusual thing), they could send us nothing that would reach us as soon as they themselves would.

In the meantime, spring advanced with us. The March winds were blowing when they left, but April came balmy and sweet, with cloudless skies. Spring in the desert seems like the faint, intan-

gible shade of some dead spring in greener lands. The bare, brown hills take on no gracious covering of verdure—the sage-brush only gains a deeper tint of gray; there are no little rills to sing spring songs to the blue-birds—but the soft west winds tell you that *somewhere* the flowers are blooming and the trees are budding, though it may be a thousand miles away.

With the sandy "bench" spreading away from our back-door to the mountains, how precious seemed the little strip of green in front, winding and curving along the base of the low hills at the eastern side of the valley, just at the caprice of the little rivulet which gave it being! To be sure, much of it was tulle grass, and the rest was a wiry, alkali-ed excuse for the tender turf at home, but it "wore the green;" in one or two sunny spots there nestled tiny beds of blue violets, and willows and wild-rose bushes grew far down the valley, where the stream broadened.

Nell and I had many a glorious ramble; and when H—— surprised us with two side-saddles, all the way from Austin, and costing we never dared ask how much, we were queens, indeed. Every nook and corner of the valley was explored, and the little black papooses who at first ran from us in dire dismay, soon got to following us in inconvenient numbers, clamoring for the "bish-kit" with which we were always provided. It was in May that we heard from the travelers at San Bernardino, and we looked for them in early June, before the fiercest heats should come. Nell kept up a brave front—was most helpful, and the greatest company and comfort in our little household; but all that month of May I knew her heart was out on the lonely plains, seeking the brother who, as she once said, "was all she had left." Whether there were any tender thoughts for the other one, she never told.

About the middle of June, H—— be-

gan to look for them in earnest, though he said a delay of ten or even fifteen days would not alarm him, as there was so much allowance to be made for breakdowns, hunting strayed stock, and all the numerous and inevitable mishaps which old campaigners know so well. The ten days of grace went slowly by, and Nell's brown eyes seemed to grow larger as the pale cheek grew thinner, and her wistful gaze down the valley road made my heart ache. H—— said to me one morning: "I don't know that there is real cause for anxiety, but I have fought for a week against what Sister Em would call 'a presentiment.' I gave Seaver every instruction possible about the road and the spring; but if the animals gave out, or those Mexican devils of drivers behaved badly, he might have trouble. If they're not in by Wednesday, I shall start out on the road, but don't say anything to Nell." The next day, however, Nell said something for herself. At breakfast, she spoke as if she could no longer keep back the words: "Mr. H——, *can* nothing be done? May I not saddle Prince, and take a canteen and saddle-bags and go to 'The Pass?' I would get back by a little after dark, and you have said there was a view for miles from that summit." She kept up bravely, hardly a quiver in her voice, and not a tremble of the lip. It was almost too much for H——, who replied: "My dear girl, I will start myself in the morning. You and Mrs. H—— shall get everything ready to-day, and I'll be off by daybreak."

Nell looked her thanks, and seemed almost happy now that she could be *doing*. We made ready a capacious *cantina* with coffee, a roll of soft linen, and everything that our wits and H——'s experience suggested, with many an unspoken prayer that the things so full of suggestions of want and suffering might not be required. At last all was done, and nothing remained but to fold our

hands and watch the day die. Some chance word of mine touched the strained cord which had held poor Nell's feelings in leash so long, and she threw herself at my feet, and, putting her head in my lap, sobbed it all out. I kept utter silence, for she knew by this time that no words were needed between us two. But at last she spoke: "Dear Mrs. H——, will you not beg your husband to let me go, too? Another day of inaction and suspense will kill me. I will be no trouble; I am strong; besides, our two horses can carry double the quantity of food and water, and—and there are *two* of the lost ones. If we *should* find them, they can both ride. O! Mrs. H——," and then the words came faster and the face was turned farther away, "I have been so wicked! It is *both* of them I want saved. Mr. Seaver spoke to me before he went, but I was so selfishly bound up in Joe that I let him start on that dreadful journey without one word to tell him how my heart ached. I thought it was treason to Joe, and now I am going to be punished my life long." It had come to be almost undisputed between us that something was wrong, and I let her take it for granted; but I gave her what comfort I could, and promised to do my best with H——, though I was about hopeless on *that* score. However, after the preliminary remarks which I expected, evincing great disgust at being "bothered with a woman," he began to be reasonable, and finally yielded with such grace as he could muster, and with only this parting sally, "When Seaver gets here, if he don't marry the girl and get her off my hands in less than a week, I'll discharge him!" which, on the whole, I considered very mild for H——.

By daybreak next morning, Prince and Sultan were saddled and bridled, and the relief guard were off down the valley at a great pace, with many a prayer for success from me. I, left behind to wait, considered that I had the hard-

est of it, and busied myself in making the house as dainty as possible, and cooking up provisions enough for the entire camp, with the vague idea that I was getting ready for something unusual.

The animals showed their mettle finely; and, before noon, H—— and Nell had reached the Pass, and had stopped a necessary but interminable half-hour to refresh the horses. Then, great as was their impatience, they felt that they must proceed slowly, for every mile of the way must be closely scanned for any clue. Nell had thoughtfully slung from her saddle a picnic case much used in the happy days of early spring, and a field-glass, which proved of the utmost value. How often they paused to sweep that awful desert, as they plodded along the hot sandy road! Some two or three hours before noon, when the sun beamed down from the cloudless sky with fiercest ray, Nell was looking off to the right of the road; suddenly she started, freed the glass from dust, and looked again; then, too excited to speak, gave it to H——, and pointed to where a grease-wood bush grew somewhat higher than the surrounding sage-brush. All H—— saw was a dark cloth fluttering from the top of the bush in the fitful wind that was like a furnace blast. It might be only a rag, caught from the scanty apparel of some wandering Ute, but it might mean more, and they would leave no clue unfollowed. So, almost without a word, they swung off the road and through the brush. Only half the distance was accomplished, when, from behind the bush they were watching with such strained eyes, there slowly rose a tall, gaunt figure, reaching out such beseeching arms to them, that, with a fresh spur to the horses, they almost flew over the remaining distance, neither horses nor riders seeming to breathe in that moment of supreme excitement. For all her woman's dress, Nell was first to

the ground, the canteen in her hand as she sprang. With one look for Joe, who lay in the scant shade of the grease-wood, she walked straight to Will Seaver, and, only saying, "My darling, thank God we are in time," she forced him gently down and gave him to drink, while H—— was at Joe's side, trembling lest the sleep of unconsciousness should be his last sleep. One draught of the heaven-sent water, and then dear, unselfish Will turned to see if Joe could drink, saying, as well as his poor swollen lips and tongue would let him, "I tried to save him for you, Nell." This was all just then, for a few moments of blessed unconsciousness came after the long strain, and there was plenty of work for both the relief guard. Nell's love, at last acknowledged, showed itself in every busy movement, as she worked for the two, with more good sense and deftness, as H—— admitted, than any two men.

Joe proved to be the better off of the two, and a cool, damp cloth laid upon his forehead, soon roused him to the blessed consciousness of a cup of water just ready for his lips. In a little while a fragrant fire was burning and soup and coffee heating, while Nell, most prudent of physicians, gave each at intervals a few spoonfuls of weak brandy and water. By the time their soup was ready they were able to stand almost steadily upon their feet. Soon the little cavalcade had started back toward the Pass; Seaver and Joe riding, not without many protestations from Seaver, who was, however, completely under petticoat government.

As they went, a plan was developed which was Nell's own and which proved her wisdom in coming at all. They, having saddle-blankets and provisions enough for comfort, should camp for the night at the little spring in the Pass; while she came up to the settlement and sent back for them a comfortable wagon. By this time the whole three had

about resigned themselves to Nell as captain of the expedition, and she encountered no opposition worth speaking of. Leaving H—— to keep up a fire and give them nourishment at short intervals, and never waiting a moment for rest, she was in the saddle again, and a little past midnight her knock aroused me from a light slumber as I sat by the fire. One look in her happy face told me that all was well, but I saw there was yet work to be done. A few hurried words told me how things were, and we soon had the watchman taking care of Prince, and had roused two or three others, who promised to be off by daylight for their welcome passengers. Then I got our dear girl home, and, by dint of much coaxing and representing to her all that still remained to do, I got her to undress quietly and go to bed. She slept soundly at last, just waking for a moment with a pleased smile at day-dawn, as the wagon rattled by.

By candle-light that evening they were with us, and we were listening, a little at a time, to the story of their journey. Almost as soon as he could speak, Seaver had told H—— that the wagons and machinery were safe a little the other side of Las Vegas. The summer had been a dreadful one even for the Colorado Desert; part of the animals were *bronchos*, and, after a hard trip, a number of them had sickened and died—so many that there were not enough left to pull the wagons. They had come on with the remnant to Las Vegas, and there the Mexican drivers had declared they would go no farther. Seaver had offered every inducement to get even a few of them to come on with him, but neither inducements nor intimidation had served, and he and Joe took saddle animals and started for the valley alone. But, worst fortune of all, they had missed a spring, the only one in fifty miles; go back they would not,

but pressed on until the animals would go no farther, but laid their weary carcasses on the desert sands to rest forever. Then, divesting themselves of every ounce of unnecessary weight and half-dead with thirst, the two men toiled on. When Nell and H—— found them, Joe had fallen asleep in one of those merciful moments of relief when the thirst seems all gone, and was dreaming of rippling streams and blue lakes; while poor Will, burning and almost insane with a dreadful paroxysm, kept his faithful guard until the last.

How happy we all were that evening! Nell and Will, now formally "engaged," showed their happiness frankly, but there was no danger of any "sickly sentimentality" from them. Joe, with a more serious look than I had ever seen in his boyish face, gave to Seaver his due of grateful praise and warm acknowledgment, and welcomed most heartily the new family arrangement—greatly, I confess, to my surprise. But Joe's face-to-face encounter with the realities of life and death had wrought a greater change than any of us could then believe, and since that time he has taken hold of life with both hands, and his one little talent of architectural ability has developed into a noble and remunerative profession.

The week after was a busy one. H—— scoured the valley and the mountains for horses, mules, oxen—anything that could draw—and started them and drivers after the mill. Seaver and Joe, after submitting to two or three days of petting and spoiling, were on their feet and into the thick of the work. Letters and telegrams were sent to New York, and the company, for once forsaking the time-honored custom of sending out superannuated dry-goods clerks to conduct vast enterprises, bestowed upon Seaver the charge of the new mill.

H—— and I, too, had work to do. We were quietly fitting up, with such

comforts as we could gather, a little cabin near the new mill-site. Before the end of the busy week, H—— announced one evening at supper, with a queer twinkle in his eye, that we were to have a call from the State Geologist. I remarked, rather saucily, that I didn't see anything very funny in that.

"Couldn't you and Nell get up a little supper to-morrow evening, and invite some of our friends to meet him?"

"I suppose we could, but that's rather a queer idea; and if you *will* be so kind as to tell what you're so very mysterious about, I'm sure I'd be obliged."

"O, nothing—only our State Geologist happens to be the Rev. Mr. Black, a minister in good and regular standing, and it *does* seem a pity to let such a chance slip; don't it, Nell?"

Her face flamed as she saw what he meant, and she disappeared in great haste through the open door, I suppose to look after the weather. But Will Seaver must have pleaded his cause well during their sunset walk, for, the next evening, Ooma-Piqua society was convulsed to its very foundations by the excitement attending the happy ending of Nell Gwin's courtship.

A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

O soul! however sweet
 The goal to which I hasten with swift feet—
 If, just within my grasp,
 I reach, and joy to clasp,
 And find one there whose body I must make
 A footstool for that sake,
 Though ever and forevermore denied,
 Grant me to turn aside!

O, howsoever dear
 The love I long for, seek, and find anear—
 So near, so near, the bliss
 Sweetest of all that is—
 If I must win by cunning or by art,
 Or wrong one other heart,
 Though it should bring me death, O soul! that day
 Grant me to turn away!

That in the life so far
 And yet so near, I be without a scar
 Of wounds dealt others! Greet with lifted eyes
 The pure of Paradise!
 So I may never know
 The agony of tears I caused to flow!

THE PIONEERS OF OREGON.

PART II.

THE opening of the year 1843 found Oregon with an American majority, as far as numbers go; and what it lacked in wealth, power, and prestige, it made up in vigilance and activity. Congress had been plied with memorials and petitions. Doctor Whitman was personally present in Washington, urging the claims of the settlers to protection and recognition. A bill was actually before Congress, which was promised to be put through, granting large donations of land to Oregon settlers; while a few of the ablest statesmen were working like giants for a final adjustment of the Oregon title upon an American basis. But it was not what they were doing in Washington that kept the balance of power in Oregon; it was what the pioneers were doing for themselves. The gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, from Doctor McLaughlin down to the youngest clerk, were men of character, scholarship, and literary tastes. Books, indeed, formed the chief society and solace of their isolated lives. Aware of this, and sure of their support, our diplomatic Americans originated the idea of a "circulating library." Shares were taken at \$5 a share, to the number of 100; 300 volumes were collected in the territory, and an order was sent to the States for more. The people of the mission establishment, being interested in education and temperance, came willingly into the arrangement. This produced an appearance of harmony, and perhaps some harmony in fact.

But the chief design of the originators of the library association was to provoke, without seeming to do so, discus-

sion on topics, the consideration of which would gradually open the way for another attempt at government organization. And it is quite a notable fact that, during the discussions which actually did take place in this literary society, the question of an independent government, acknowledging neither Great Britain nor the United States, was ably canvassed, and was advocated by a few of the best men of both nationalities.

But the library and literary association was only one of the means resorted to for fusing the opposing political elements into unity. Every frontiersman is aware of the destructiveness of wolves, panthers, bears, and other animals of predatory habits, to flocks and herds. Here, at least, was one common ground of harmonious action. A "wolf organization" was therefore constituted, and a meeting held, whereat bounties were determined on for the untimely taking-off of the above-mentioned panthers, bears, and wolves. The organization had a chairman, a secretary, and a recorder. Its first regular meeting was entirely concordant and satisfactory, and attended by Canadians as well as Americans.

When the business of the meeting had been concluded, some short addresses concerning the common weal of the country were in order; and, before anyone knew it, the question had been asked, "If we have the right to protect our flocks and herds, have we not as much right to protect our wives and children, and ourselves?" And then, before the surprised Canadians could take breath, the following resolutions were offered:

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of taking measures for the civil and military protection of this colony.

"Resolved, That said committee consist of twelve persons."

Nobody objecting, the committee were named, and the meeting dispersed. In the selection of a committee, attention had been paid to the fusing principle. There was rather a preponderance of the outside class, and of Hudson's Bay men, with a judicious mixture of the missionary element; for the outsiders were as much afraid of missionary monopoly as of Hudson's Bay monopoly.

During the four or five weeks which followed before the meeting of the Committee on Government, the Canadian portion of the community had time to consider on their part "the propriety of taking measures for the civil and military protection of this colony," and they came to the conclusion that it was a snare and a delusion of the Americans, to make them false to their allegiance, or an effort on the part of the Protestants to include them in anti-Catholic measures. They therefore prepared to oppose the motion for a government. Some of the most prominent missionaries also discouraged the attempt, either from a fear of embroiling themselves with the Hudson's Bay Company, or from apprehensions that authority might fall into bad hands. As to the actual necessity for laws, there was as yet very little.

Up to this period so scattered was the little population of the country that names for places had hardly been esteemed important to its geography. However, about this time, the name of "Wallamet Falls" was applied to the spot where Oregon City now stands; "Champoeg" to the French-Canadian settlement above; and "Chemeketa," or "The Mission," interchangeably, to the present town site of Salem. It was at Wallamet Falls that the meeting of

the committee was held, about the middle of March—a meeting not of the committee only, but of all persons interested in the organization. After a spirited discussion, which resulted only in a call for an adjourned meeting, the people returned to their homes.

The adjourned meeting was appointed for the 2d of May, to be held at Cham-poeg, the centre of the Canadian settlement; and on that day and at that place the people gathered themselves. The meeting was organized by calling to the chair Dr. I. L. Babcock, of the Methodist Mission, and naming as secretaries W. H. Gray (formerly of the Presbyterian Mission), W. H. Wilson of the Methodist Mission, and G. W. LeBreton of the adventurer class. The committee then presented their report, and, on a motion being made to accept it, it was lost! Here was defeat the third. But in the midst of the consequent confusion, Mr. LeBreton's mother-wit came to his aid, and he made a motion, which was seconded by Mr. Gray, to divide the meeting—those in favor of an organization taking the right, and those opposed to it taking the left. In an instant, out stepped a famous mountain man, Joseph L. Meek, with the question: "Who is for a divide? All who favor the report of the committee, follow me!" The effect was electrical; every American took his place in line on the right, where, being counted, they were found to number fifty-two. The opposite side counted up fifty. So quickly did victory follow upon the heels of defeat!

After the cheering which followed this sudden turn of affairs had ceased, the meeting was called to order, and the Canadian party withdrew, leaving on file a carefully prepared "address," or protest, against the organization. The report of the committee was then taken up and disposed of, article by article. Among the officers chosen to carry out

the purposes of the organization was a Supreme Judge, with probate powers, this honor being conferred on Mr. A. E. Wilson, a trader at Wallamet Falls. G. W. LeBreton was chosen Clerk of the Court and Recorder; J. L. Meek, Sheriff; and W. H. Wilson, Treasurer. Balloting was then resorted to for the choice of persons to fill the other offices. The balloting for a Legislative Committee resulted in the election of David Hill, T. J. Hubbard, Robert Shortess, Robert Newell, Alanson Beers, W. H. Gray, James O'Neil, Robert Moore, and W. M. Dougherty. Of these nine men, three had been, or were, connected with the missions; the other six were simply *Americans*. Three magistrates were next elected, in the same proportion of one-third missionary; three constables, all outsiders; a major and three captains of militia, also from the adventurer class. So that the organization, as it now stood, had in it very little of either the missionary or Hudson's Bay element. No governor was chosen, for the same reasons that prevented the choice of an executive in 1841—the people were unwilling to place any one party in power.

Subsequently, an additional magistrate and constable were chosen, and the major and captains were instructed to enlist men to form companies of mounted riflemen. The old officers, elected at a former meeting, were to remain in office until the code of laws was formed and accepted by the people. The Legislative Committee were allowed only six days for their business session, and were to receive \$1.25 per day for their services, the money to be raised by subscription. The time to be appointed for taking the vote of the people upon the code was discussed, and fixed for the 5th day of July. This closed the business of this most momentous meeting.

Two weeks later, on the 16th of May, the Legislative Committee met at Wallamet Falls. After a little deliberation,

it was determined to sit with open doors, the better to catch and act upon the impulse of the people. Three or four days sufficed for the transactions of the committee, who returned quietly to their homes to await the day which was to decide upon the result of their labors.

On the 4th of July, the American citizens of the Willamette Valley met at Champoeg to celebrate the national anniversary, and get the spirit of patriotism aroused to the proper pitch before the final decision should be taken upon the report of the Legislative Committee. The orator of the day was the Rev. G. Hines, of the Methodist Mission; and, if any of his hearers had expected that he would do the arousing, they were disappointed in their speaker, who was as non-committal as if he had been selected by the Hudson's Bay Company to make the address. Notwithstanding, he was elected president of the convention on the following day, when the report of the Legislative Committee was presented to the meeting by Robert Moore, chairman of the committee, and accepted.

Article by article the different sections of the report were taken up, canvassed, and generally accepted with but slight emendations, under the name of "Organic Laws." First, the territory was divided into districts; after which such laws were enacted as conferred upon the people liberty of conscience in religious matters; the right to writ of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury; security against unjust imprisonment and cruel punishment; protection to person and property; and the enforcement of contracts. Religion, morality, and knowledge were declared to be necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind; hence, "schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." It was also promised "that the utmost good faith shall always be observed toward the Indians; their lands and prop-

erty shall never be taken from them without their consent; and in their property, rights, and liberty they shall never be invaded or disturbed, unless in just and lawful wars, authorized by the representatives of the people. But laws, founded in justice and humanity, shall, from time to time, be made, for preventing injustice being done to them, and for preserving peace and friendship. There shall be *neither slavery nor involuntary servitude* in said territory, otherwise than for the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." It was enacted that the executive power should be *vested in a committee of three persons*, and the legislative power in a committee of nine. The judicial power was vested in a supreme court, consisting of a supreme judge and two justices of the peace; in a probate court, and in justices of the peace. The militia law provided for the arrangement into one battalion of three or more companies of mounted riflemen, each company to meet once a year for company inspection. It was made the duty of each male inhabitant, over the age of sixteen years, and under sixty, *who wished to be considered a citizen*, to cause himself to be enrolled by giving his name to the proper officers of the militia—except such as might afterward be exempted. Fines were to be laid upon all who failed to adhere to the commands of the Executive Committee, the money to be expended for arms and ammunition, without delay; and the appointment of some person to take charge of the magazine was ordered. And, lastly, the militia was made subject to the call of authorized agents of the United States Government, with the advice and consent of the Executive Committee, until troops should be sent to support the same. It was enacted that "the laws of Iowa Territory shall be the laws of this territory in military and civil cases, where not otherwise provided for; and

where no statute of Iowa Territory applies, the principles of common law and equity shall govern."

The convention completed its labors by the election of an Executive Committee, upon the old plan of a balance of power; the triune governor consisting of Alanson Beers, a mission man; David Hill, an outsider; and Joseph Gale, a mountain man, or one who represented that class. After all was completed, including a land law, a marriage law, and a law of weights and measures, it was

"Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to draw up a digest of the doings of the people of this territory with regard to an organization, and transmit the same to the United States Government, for their information."

It is hardly possible, in the limits allowed by a magazine article, to do justice to a subject like this, or to show the working of opposite interests, which the reader can readily imagine; but the sagacity of the men who composed the isolated community in Oregon in 1843 is made sufficiently apparent by the dry record of facts above presented. The nicety with which they conciliated all classes; the tenacity with which they clung to the principles of a free government; and the patient persistency with which they contended for the national claim to the Oregon territory, present a chapter of events nowhere paralleled in the history of the United States.

That article of the organic laws which forbade "slavery and involuntary servitude" was a premeditated impediment placed in the way of a certain class of persons who might become immigrants. There was as yet no privileged class in the country, except the Hudson's Bay Company. *That* they hoped to dislodge. Then, those who came from the North were by education and principle opposed to slavery; and those who came from the South were very few of them owners of slaves, and knew too much of the evils which their class suffered in a

slave State, not to throw all their influence against the establishment of the institution in Oregon. They meant the government they were founding should be established in justice, temperance, intelligence, and freedom.

It nearly always happens that in an enlightened nation the people are in advance of the government, which very properly is conservative. The people of the United States, as well as this little Oregon colony, were demanding the settlement of the Oregon title, and had little patience with the deliberations of cabinet officers. A correspondence was being carried on between the colonists and their friends and former neighbors in the States, mutually informing each other of the progress of affairs. But it took a year, in those days of overland mail by ox-teams, to send a letter and get a return; consequently no very close communication could be maintained.

When Dr. Whitman decided to go to Washington in the interests of Oregon, he had heard of the Hudson's Bay importation of Red River settlers to balance the American settlement, and on the instant declared his purpose to bring a thousand immigrants to offset their sixty. Fortunately for his word, so rashly given, the doctor found on reaching the frontier that preparations for considerable emigration to Oregon were already about completed, and bidding those people God-speed, he hurried on to Washington and New York, returning in time to overtake the slow-moving trains by the time they had reached the North Platte. From this point he acted as their guide over the most difficult portions of the road, and led them without serious loss or detention to his mission on the Walla Walla River, whence, refreshed with fresh food and vegetables, they pursued their way down the Columbia to the Willamette Valley.

While this promised "thousand"—in reality about 800—were wending

their toilsome way across the continent, the Oregon colony, as we have seen, was organizing a government, independent, yet not independent—*provisional*, it was called—but distinctly and uncompromisingly American. It was doing what the General Government would not have dared to do at that time—taking possession of Oregon without the form of a treaty. Nor was the Hudson's Bay Company unaware of this fact. Already it had tacitly yielded the country south of the Columbia, and confined its later settlements to the north side. Meaning to be true to the interests of the corporation he represented, Dr. McLaughlin, as its representative in Oregon, yielded little by little, only as he was compelled by the exigency of the circumstances in which he was placed. And certainly his position at that time was not an enviable one. If he let these Americans have their own way, they would soon possess the whole country. Yet what could he do to oppose them that would not bring on a contest, ending perhaps in bloodshed? They had already caused uneasiness among the Indians, by settling among them without trading with them, or paying them for their lands, and danger threatened, unless the Indians could be conciliated. Dr. White, as an agent of the United States Government, had commenced to deal with them, teaching them to expect hereafter the interposition of a new and different government from that of the Hudson's Bay Company. This alone might become a fruitful source of trouble. But should anything like open warfare occur between the two nationalities of Whites, the Indians were sure to enter into the conflict, and, whichever side they took, the ruin of the whole country was sure to result. Peace, both with Whites and Indians, became as much a necessity as a duty.

But the Americans were so very ex-

asperating! They accepted favors both asked and unasked, and then mocked those who bestowed them. They placed themselves where the company was forced to protect them to protect itself. They were rapidly ruining the country for the fur trade, and yet memorialized their Government because the company endeavored to make up for that loss by starting a trade in grain with the Russian settlements in Alaska, and because Dr. McLaughlin could build a better mill, and quicker than they could, in the Willamette Valley. In short, they denied the company's right to carry on a profitable business in Oregon. They had set up a government upon neutral territory, and organized a militia. And all this, in spite of the most cordial endeavors of the good doctor to keep upon comfortable terms with them! Their Americanism was irrepressible on all occasions. In view of these circumstances, the gentlemen at Vancouver were often in a state of great perplexity, while yet maintaining to the best of their ability amicable relations with the American settlers.

Boastful as were the little Oregon colony, they would narrowly have escaped being overpowered by their friends in the fall of 1843, had it not been for the kind offices of the hated monopoly. Successful as the first large emigration were in safely reaching eastern Oregon, they found one of the most difficult portions of their journey would be the passage of the Cascade Mountains with their families, household stuff, wagons, and stock. Upon arriving at the Dalles, very few of these 800 people had any provisions left. Neither had the colonists made any preparations for them. Many of them had left their exhausted cattle in the Walla Walla country to recruit until spring. Others expected to drive theirs into the Willamette Valley by a narrow pack-trail, over which it was impossible to take the wagons.

In this extremity, the very corporation they had been taught to fear and dislike came to their assistance, with food for the starving families, and boats for transportation down the Columbia. Those who could not pay fared as well as those who could. The colonists had made no preparation for the reception of the 800 new settlers; neither was there food nor shelter for all these people, nor teams to break up the sod, nor seed to put in the earth for the next year's provisions. Credit had to be extended to large numbers of these people, whose little all was exhausted by the long and wasting journey from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. The colonists themselves could not relieve such a number. The mission store had no authority to give credit; the few small traders already in the country would not. Dr. McLaughlin alone was both able and willing. Thus none of the immigrants suffered as they must have suffered without this assistance, and the older colonists were greatly elated by this addition to their numbers.

The year 1843 was rendered memorable by the successful establishment of an American government, and by the advent in Oregon of the first important immigrating party. But the opening of the following year was overshadowed by Indian difficulties in the Willamette Valley. So much alarm was felt by the settlers, that the Executive Committee felt constrained to issue a proclamation calling for an organization of the military forces in the settlements. The Indians made an attack upon Wallamet Falls on the 4th of March, in which affray a notoriously bad Indian was killed, and three White men wounded, two of whom died. One of those who fell was G. W. LeBreton, the first Clerk of the Court in Oregon. On the 9th of March, a meeting was held at Champoege for the purpose of organizing companies of mounted riflemen. The first company

raised consisted of nineteen volunteers, who immediately proceeded to elect their officers: T. D. Keizer being chosen captain; J. L. Morrison, first lieutenant; and — Cason, ensign. The meeting urged the settlers to organize other companies, and rendezvous on the 22d at the Oregon Institute, as the mission school was now called—the same that has since expanded into the Willamette University.

These prompt measures on the part of the settlers had effect in two ways; they intimidated the Indians and alarmed the Hudson's Bay Company. Although as a rule the American population of Oregon were law-and-order loving, there were a few reckless spirits in this, as in all other communities, whose love of excitement made them seek occasions of offense against the company; and from this small but always dangerous class had emanated certain threats concerning the company's fort at Vancouver, which, together with the growing restlessness of the Indians and the formation of military companies among the Americans, caused the stationing in the river opposite Vancouver of her British majesty's ship *Modeste*; which remained on this duty, of guarding the company's post, from 1844 to 1847.

Among and leaders of the immigration of 1843 were such men as Jesse Applegate, Peter H. Burnett, J. W. Nesmith, and other prominent men of the Pacific coast during the last thirty years; and Dr. McLaughlin was not slow to perceive and recognize their power as individuals. Drawn together by mutual respect, these gentlemen and the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company became warm personal friends, and were able to discuss without rancor the peculiar position of affairs in Oregon. By the election of 1844, a new legislative and Executive Committee had been chosen, which leaned, partly through the influence of the company and partly

through ambitious motives, to the side of an independent government. They proceeded to pass laws, order a convention, fix salaries of government officers—and in fact devised the machinery of a new and possible form of government, which might at any moment take place. Instead of submitting their acts to the people, the real legislative body of the territory, they omitted to summon a mass-meeting, or to take a vote of the people.

This high-handed legislation naturally alarmed the people, and while they accepted the proposed change of a single in place of a triple executive, they took care that the officer filling this position should be unequivocally American in his views. The immigration of 1844 had been about the same as that of the previous year, and there were now enough settlers who were neither Hudson's Bay nor missionary to keep the politics of the country quite free of either influence. But the man chosen for the first governor of Oregon was Mr. George Abernethy, a lay member of the Methodist Mission, and of very strong anti-Hudson's-Bay sentiments; and so well did Mr. Abernethy suit the people of Oregon, that he continued to be re-elected as long as the provisional government remained in force.

Oregon being now thoroughly Americanized, the Hudson's Bay Company gave up the struggle to resist the tide of events. The thoroughly American Legislature of 1845, led in a great measure by Jesse Applegate, devised an oath of office which should not affect the allegiance of those British subjects who now wished to join the American organization, and the greatest part of them voted for Mr. Abernethy. At the same time, however, the gun-ship *Modeste* remained in the river, and additional fortifications were added to the company's post.

It was indeed a critical period in the

history of Oregon. Memorial after memorial had been sent to Congress, setting forth the precarious condition of the colony, for the five years antecedent. Every newspaper and every private letter received from the States was anxiously examined for a hint that Congress meant to settle the boundary question with Great Britain without further postponement and joint occupancy; and the constant entreaty of Oregon was, that the notice of abrogation should be given. But one year after another passed, and no notice was forthcoming. The people were becoming belligerent and threatening. Whereas they had once almost accepted the idea of yielding the country north of the Columbia River to Great Britain, they now insisted upon the possession of the whole territory to the northernmost point of Spanish discovery; and "fifty-four forty or fight" became the watchword of Americanism in Oregon.

The intelligence of this state of affairs in the territory being conveyed to Great Britain, Doctor McLaughlin fell under the displeasure of the London company, for "encouraging American settlement!" Never was man so tormented between two fires as the good doctor. When he had explained that he had done his best to prevent settlement, by all honorable means, and that he had assisted the immigrants from humanity alone—when the company reproached him with giving credits, and compelled him to assume \$60,000 of debt and account therefor to the company out of his own private means, making his humanity of heart a crime and disgrace—Doctor McLaughlin resigned his connection with the company he had served so faithfully for more than twenty years, and retired to Wallamet Falls, where he had long before taken up the site of Oregon City. But the rabid Protestant-American party would not allow him to possess in peace his claim, upon which

nearly all of his remaining private means had been expended, and fought him constantly. Religion was scandalized by his being a devout Catholic, as by his Canadian birth, though a Scotchman, he naturally would be. Politics was scandalized because he was a British subject, and would hardly allow him to become naturalized as an American citizen; while those debtors for whose sake he had ruined himself were too often his bitterest persecutors.

In the meantime, the Oregon government was strengthened by the talent and patriotism which had newly entered into it. The first work of the Legislative Committee of 1845—now increased to thirteen members—was to revise and prepare for the final approval of the people the organic laws of the country. This they did; Mr. Applegate embodying the views of the committee in one of the clearest, most just, and forcible codes ever submitted to any people. An attempt was made to render void the acts of the committee of 1844, in the matter of taxing the people without having previously obtained their consent, which effort miscarried, owing to the little importance attached to the subject in the then financial condition of the territory, when "wheat and orders on solvent merchants" furnished the "circulating medium" of the Oregonians.

The following copy of the Treasurer's Report for 1844 will give some idea of the economical manner in which the affairs of the country were administered in those primitive times:

Received of collector in taxes.....	\$313 31	
For licenses for two ferries.....	40 00	
One fine.....	5 00	
		\$358 31
Expended for stationery.....	\$20 38	
Rent of Mr. Hathaway's house.....	15 00	
Judge Babcock's salary.....	60 00	
Services of secretary in house.....	20 00	
		115 38
Balance remaining in treasury.....	\$242 93	

There could have been no Boss Tweeds in Oregon, when the treasury retained

more than half its contents, after paying the salaries of all the officers of state! It was a common enough thing in 1845 to resolve a salary to some officer, but a rarer thing for him to claim it. Hardly a year ago, the Legislature of Oregon voted "back pay" to Governor Abernethy, for services rendered while executive of the provisional government, which was never claimed until the late disastrous fires had made it almost a necessity.

Again a Legislative Committee memorialized and petitioned Congress, setting forth the wants, the hopes and fears, and dangers, and devoted patriotism of the colony, and asking to be taken under the protection of the General Government. This memorial, together with a copy of the amended organic laws, was transmitted to Congress by the hand of Doctor White, who was returning to the States, to be in readiness for any appointment that might by any possibility fall to him, in case of the erection of a territorial government. But as Congress had been notified that Oregon did not desire his return in an official capacity, his connection with her early history was ended from that time. The year 1845 closed with the accession to the colony of about 3,000 souls; but the condition in which this immigration arrived was pitiable, and demanded, as it received, the assistance of the Hudson's Bay Company, from the Dalles to Wailamet Falls.

From this time on the Oregon government may be considered as well established, the concern of the people being now more for the final settlement of the United States claim to the country, and the recognition by Congress of their claim to the lands settled upon, than for the safety of life or personal property in the colony. And while they petitioned and waited, they kept alive their interest in colonial affairs by inventing prohibitory liquor laws, which never could

be passed, because, by binding themselves not to manufacture or sell ardent spirits, they placed a monopoly of that business in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company; by laying out roads and hunting for passes through the mountains to facilitate future immigration; by organizing a printing association, cultivating a home talent for literature, and steadily keeping up the old habit of antagonism to everything British, in the intervals of labor and amusement. In this interval of suspense, the officers of the *Modeste* played no unimportant part in the endeavor to keep the peace and cultivate the friendship of the Americans. Balls, races, private theatricals, and literary entertainments were freely given, in which the youth and beauty of the colony were invited to participate; and, if one may believe the *Oregon Spectator*, published in 1846, there has never been a time when Oregon society was more genuinely enjoyable, or more thoroughly enjoyed. And yet the fever of expectancy burned unintermittently in the hearts of the long-enduring guardians of the American interests.

At length, in December, 1846, Governor Abernethy, in his message to the legislature, announced that the United States Senate "had ratified the treaty upon the Oregon question by a vote of forty-one to fourteen." So much was learned from the *Polynesian*, a paper published at the Sandwich Islands. By private letters to the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company in the islands the intelligence was received, and conveyed to the agent of the company in Oregon, and by him to the executive of the provisional government. What were the terms of the treaty had not yet been made known officially. It was stated that the boundary was settled along the forty-ninth parallel to the Straits of Fuca, yielding Vancouver's Island and the country above, as far as the fifty-fourth parallel, to Great Britain.

The "fifty-four-forty-or-fight" spirit of the colonists was terribly humiliated by this concession of the United States Government, and many refused to credit it. But others tried to comfort themselves by the now certain hope of being taken under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. The governor in his message leaves it to the legislature to determine whether to adjourn until further intelligence of the intentions of Congress are received, "or to go on with the regular business of the session, as if nothing were done for us or expected by us." The Legislative Committee proceeded to take a middle course, which was to get such laws enacted as they wished to have confirmed by the territorial government whenever the United States should establish one in Oregon.

But the General Government seemed very well satisfied with the condition of its unacknowledged offspring. Although the treaty settling the boundary question had been ratified eighteen months before, Governor Abernethy opened his message for December, 1847, with the following paragraph: "Contrary to the expectation of all who reside in this territory, you are again convened under the provisional government of Oregon. After learning that the boundary line was settled, there was hardly a doubt resting in the mind of any individual with regard to the extension of the jurisdiction of the United States over this territory. We have been sadly disappointed, and hope, which was so fondly cherished, begins to sink into despair in the hearts of many." Another large immigration had reached Oregon in the fall of 1846, and still another in 1847, but they had not added materially to the wealth of the country as yet, and a pressing need began to be felt of some means of increasing the revenue for the purposes of government, as well as to furnish means for dealing with the Indians, all the time growing more and more tur-

bulent. In reference to this threatening danger, the governor's message continues: "Some plan should be devised by which a fund can be raised, and presents made to the Indians to keep them quiet until an agent arrives from the United States."

The ink was hardly dry upon this message, when the Legislative Committee and the whole colony were shocked and terrified by the intelligence received through Chief Factor Douglas at Vancouver, of the massacre of Doctor Whitman, wife, family, and about a dozen immigrants who were wintering at the mission on the Walla Walla—an event long threatened, but not to be avoided except by the abandonment of the country or the interference of the United States Government. As we have seen, no such interference came in time to avert the catastrophe. Nothing but the wholesale butchery of its citizens could spur the General Government up to attend to their petitions.

When the blood of the long-suffering colonists had been shed, and Oregon was arming her volunteers, with the assistance of a foreign company—when her messengers were flying to California, to the Sandwich Islands, and overland through winter snows to Washington—the Government became at length aroused to a sense of its responsibility. In August, 1848, the bill passed organizing the *Territory of Oregon*, although to all intents and purposes it was a State in every essential except population, which, in 1847, must have amounted to 13,000, or upward of that number. In March, 1849, the machinery of the new government arrived in Oregon, and the burden of holding and governing an extensive territory, without money or arms, was lifted from the hearts and hands of Oregon pioneers, by the appointees of the power which received as a free gift a heretofore independent State.

OLD JANET.

OLD JANET! It was an odd nickname that I had given her, though we were children together, and she six weeks my junior. She was a creature of moods and swift impulses. She was tender, proud, humble, all at once, and, more than all, she was rigidly just. Not even her inordinate affection for Teddy Burr could hoodwink her sense of justice, or blind her eyes to a perception of my follies when the cost entailed by them was likely to fall on our common guardian.

"Mind now, Teddy, I will tell grandpapa!" she said one day, when, coming unexpectedly to the stables, she surprised me leading out Bess, the bay mare, preparatory to a ride into town. Bess was our grandfather's pet mare, and no person was allowed to mount her except by permission, as a gracious favor.

"I will tell grandpapa!" she repeated, planting herself firmly before me, her clumpy little feet set wide apart, and all her roughened, bright brown hair tumbling, cataract-fashion, from under her gipsy hat.

My only answer was a tightening of the girths with a defiant air.

"You have no right!" she flashed out, angrily. "You know dada does not like it, and I will surely tell him."

By this time I was mounted and riding out of the gate. But as I swept past her I looked back, and, pursing up my lips, sung out insultingly: "Tell-tale! tell-tale! Tell tales, if you dare!" and so cantered off. She did tell. Not one of the people employed on the place would have betrayed me, though every-one of them knew that I had willfully done wrong, and I was proportionately

indignant with Old Janet for carrying out her threat. I think that when I was punished, she suffered more than I did. For two days I would not speak to her, and she moped about the house with red eyes and an unkempt head. On the evening of the third day I was sitting in the dining-room window waiting for tea, when Janet stole up to me with a shy, hesitating air.

"Won't you forgive me, Teddy, dear?" she whispered. I made no answer, but sat resolutely gazing out of the window at the red and bronzed foliage tossed by the autumn winds.

"I am so sorry." A pair of quivering, wet lips were laid on my hand; a slender brown arm stole about my neck. "Please forgive me, Ted!"

"What are you sorry about?" I asked, shortly. I was quite as ready as she to make up our difference, for I missed her a great deal in my daily sports, but I meant to make the reconciliation as humiliating for her as possible. It might serve as a warning to her in future not to meddle.

"O, Ted! I am so sorry because—because you are angry; and I was so sorry to see you punished and grandpapa so angry. I would a thousand times rather have been punished in your stead. Please, please forgive me, Teddy—do!"

Tears were flowing plentifully, and she was wiping them with her ruffled muslin apron all in a mess.

"Well, then," I answered, mollified, "if you are really sorry, you just go without your supper to-night, as I did *that* night, and then I'll make it all up with you."

"O! will you, truly? Dear Ted, how

good you are! I am so glad! I don't mind going without my supper—that's nothing! I wish you had asked something harder of me. But—but won't you kiss me, Teddy—just once?"

"To-morrow," I answered, turning shortly away. "After it's all over, I'll kiss you, if you want. But not to-night."

"Very well; to-morrow, then!" She took her little, wistful, tear-stained face off to the other side of the room, and sat penitently down by the fire. She sat there quietly while the bell rung and my grandfather and I took our places at the table. I had pictured her, in my mind, with a disgraced air going early, supperless, to bed, and I was not prepared for this. Grandfather missed her. She always sat at his right hand, feeding out of his cup, or plate, as the willful fancy moved her, and he now peremptorily ordered her to her usual seat by his side.

"Not to-night, please, dear dada!" she pleaded, without stirring; and when he asked her what was the matter, went hurriedly on: "I'm not to have any tea to-night. I don't really mind it. It's nothing—and Teddy's going to forgive me—and—he will kiss me in the morning—and we are always going to be good friends after this—always, forever—"

Then her voice broke, and, with a rush of tears, she was away from the room, up-stairs, to hide them out of sight.

"So, so! Master Theodore, that's it, is it?" My grandfather's sharp, gray, needle-gun eyes seemed to shoot me through and through. "Little Janet is to be punished because she was honest enough to show you up in your faithlessness to me?"

I muttered something in reply not quite intelligible.

"Well, it won't hurt Janet, this discipline; I like to see the metal she's made of. But as for you, sir, it strikes me that you have much more the air of

a culprit, sitting there eating your supper, than the little girl who is hiding her honest tears up-stairs in bed."

It was tough work. His look and words were hard to bear, but I sat it out, munching my bread with a defiant air, and afterward going out of the room with as much bravado as I could assume, lightly humming, "Love is a sickness"—one of our grandfather's old-fashioned airs which Janet and I affected to sing together.

I kissed Janet next morning, and so we made up our difference; and pretty much in this way we quarreled and kissed and made up again, till I was eighteen years of age and sent away to school. By that time it was pretty well understood that grandfather designed us to be married as soon as my education was finished, and to inherit his property. I don't know that either of us thought much about it. Janet was my slave, and I accepted her devotion as I fancied a man should—grandly! My grandfather, watching his idol Janet closely, was satisfied because he saw that she was happy. But sometimes, when my domineering temper overtopped even its ordinary exacting demands on Janet's sweet humility, he would shake his head and mutter forebodings of the "wild nature—the bad Burr blood," which I had inherited from my ancestors.

I passed my first vacations abroad. One excuse after another I made, until two years were gone before I came home again. The welcome then was warm. My grandfather, whose hair had whitened wonderfully, leaned heavily on my arm as he walked up and down the room.

"You see I am changed, Ted—changed for the worse—in these two years. But, Janet—you think Janet's changed for the better; don't you, eh?" He looked anxiously in my face.

My only reply was to bend and kiss the exquisite dimples that lay like crum-

pled rose-leaves in her rounded cheek and chin. She flushed up splendidly, and drew slightly away. It was the first time I had known Janet shy; and it added a keener relish to my appreciation, somewhat supercilious, of her frank and generous country beauty. Grandfather smiled proudly.

"There's no girl like our Janet!" he said to me. "She was brought up by men—women don't train such girls—and she's got a man's courage, a man's will, and a man's sense of honor, added to a woman's tenderness. You are a happy man, Ted, to possess her."

I acquiesced, with inward superciliousness, thinking my grandfather was getting childish in his old age. But I remembered it all afterward, and recognized his wisdom.

One day, late in the afternoon, I got my horse out, and, promising Janet that I would be gone but an hour, rode briskly away over the white, hard winter ground. The cold air set my pulses bounding; the blood mounted to my head, and, singing furiously, I rode on and on. In the outskirts of the town, I chanced to meet some acquaintances; among them Burt Harrison, a college-chum, with his sister. They urged me to join them, and we rode into town, with the promise of a gay night before us. We had supper, music, wine; song followed song, toast followed toast; and, while Rosalind Harrison's splendidly beautiful Southern eyes smilingly invited love into mine, I forgot honor, forgot my promise to Janet, forgot everything that a wise man should remember. The first red streaks of early dawn were visible over the eastern hills when I rode homeward. The touch of the cold, pine-scented air on my forehead was grateful; the fever in my blood was cooled as I swept on; but there was a sickening fall of the pulse within, which was new to me.

The first sight that greeted my eyes,

as I swung the gate, was Janet, flying toward me. Evidently she had not slept. Her face was pale, her yesterday's evening dress not laid off, and dark shadows underlined her heavy eyes.

"What! up so soon?" I cried, with affected gayety, as I flung myself to the ground—"and waiting for a ride? Jump up now, and you shall have one canter before I put Bess in the stables. She's dead tired out with her night's work."

But Janet's only answer was to throw her arms about my neck with a burst of tears.

"O, Ted! what a fright you have given us; what a night I have spent! I feared an accident. We have had men scouring the hills, but they could find no trace of you. Thank God! you are safe home."

I led her into the house, soothing her as well as I could. After a few moments of convulsive weeping, she grew calmer, and I wiped her eyes with penitent kisses. She left me, smiling, and I was congratulating myself on having escaped so easily, when a door opened, and my grandfather stood before me on the landing. One glance at his shaking white head and stern face assured me that the worst was yet to come. I suppose I must have looked like a guilty culprit, with my wine-flushed face, my wind-tossed hair, and disordered clothes.

"Well, sir!" He spoke briefly, and then stood silent, waiting an explanation.

"I am sorry to have caused you any uneasiness," I began, trying at the same time to be respectful, and to curb the irritated temper which was born of my exhausted nerves. "I met some village friends, and joined them at a supper in town. I quite forgot the flight of time; it must have flown on silken wings."

"Indeed!" My grandfather's tone was hard as steel, and quite as cold and cutting.

"I repeat, that I am sorry to have caused you any uneasiness," I went on, struggling hard with my furiously rising blood; "but, pardon me, I think it would have been quite as well if you had slept the night away as usual. This excess of anxiety regarding me, which you and Janet display, seems to be wholly uncalled for."

"We will leave Janet's name out of this discussion, if you please." The old man spoke with quiet dignity, but my temper flashed like lightning.

"We will leave it out now and forever after, if you like!" I flung back, my prudence all cast to the four winds.

The words must have struck him hard and heavy, but he made no sign—not then.

"Will you tell me who were your companions in last night's orgies?"—some suspicion which I had not wit enough to guess at prompting his inquiry.

"I should be glad to tell you," I replied, with an impertinent affectation of coxcombry, "but, unfortunately, one woman who was present fills my mind to the exclusion of all the others. I can describe her, if you wish, for she was more beautiful than an houri seen in a dream of Paradise."

"A woman—a woman!" He controlled his shaking limbs, and raised his head, with one of the old sharp glances flashing out from his keen, gray eyes. "What is her name?"

"Miss Harrison—Miss Rosalind Harrison," I simpered. "You know the family, Grandfather; the Harrisons of the South."

"Janet! Janet!" My grandfather suddenly raised his voice, calling loudly. I stood stupefied with astonishment. In another moment Janet was by his side, fluttering with anxious solicitude. He took her hands in his, and, turning her to the cruel light, studied intently the fair young face which not even a night's

sleepless watching could make less than freshly lovely. "Janet, my Janet, do you love this man, this Theodore Burr? Is your true heart bound up in him, my girl? Alas! alas!" he added, as, blushing and sobbing "O, Grandpapa!" she hid her pure, young face in his bosom. He held it there, and kissed the bright brown curls in a passion of fierce tenderness. Then he turned to me:

"I forgive you this once, for the sake of my girl, who, God pity her! loves you. But, mind you, only this once; for not even you shall play fast-and-loose with my darling. When once her name is dropped between us, Master Ted, it is dropped forever. I know the Harrisons; they are bad, core through. Old and young are alike treacherous and deceitful. Who plays with them plays a losing game. Let me warn you in time."

He shook fearfully, as if with ague. I offered to support him, fearing that he would fall, but he repulsed me, and led Janet away. I could hear him muttering to her of "Poor girl, my Janet!" and of the "bad Burr blood" that spoiled me. And then he kissed her, weeping. How he loved that girl!

When I went back to the college town, the Harrisons were already established there. Burt and I were classmates. He took me to see Rosalind, and she straightway cast the old fatal spell over me. I loved her passionately when I was with her; but when I was away, I longed for Janet. I longed to hear Janet's voice, to feel the touch of her hand. I thought of Rosalind by day, but dreamed of Old Janet by night. I had been at school only a few weeks, when a peremptory summons came, bidding me home. The message was given in such terms that I feared serious illness was at the bottom of it, and fled homeward like the wind. Janet was not in sight. A servant led me up to my grandfather's

room. He was sitting alone, a majestic gray figure, by the table. I hastened forward to greet him, but he suddenly stretched out his hand and repulsed me with a gesture so stern, a look so pathetic and dignified, that I stood as if rooted to the floor.

"Don't speak! don't touch me!" he said, "until you have read that, and explained it." He pointed with a long, lean finger to an open letter on the table.

I took it up; it was the history of my intercourse with Rosalind Harrison from beginning to end—terribly precise, terribly true! I felt the blood surging hot and dark into my face under those piercing, needle-like gray eyes that watched me as I read the damned treachery.

"Is it true?" my grandfather asked; but I could not reply. "Is it true, sir?" persisted the pitiless voice; and then I forced myself to look up.

"It is true, in part, I am afraid. But, O, Grandfather! for pity's sake, listen to me; let me speak one word for myself. I am not so wholly base, or to blame, as this says——"

"Stop!" my grandfather cried, "I will not hear another word. The one fact that I wanted to be assured of before I condemned you, is true. You have confessed it. You have been false to my Janet. Janet! Janet!" The pathetic old voice, breaking out into this strange, sad cry, rung through the lonely passages and reached her, wherever she was. She flew into the room, and, bending over him, without a look at me, kissed his white hair and his withered cheeks, soothing him tenderly.

"Janet, my girl—my brave girl! it's all true. You and I are left to love each other alone, Janet," he said, clinging to her hands.

"And we are quite happy, Grandpapa," answered her sweet, clear voice; "quite happy, you and I! Cheer up—cheer up, Dada!"

I stood apart, listening as if on the other side of a great gulf. Neither of them looked at me.

"Forgive me!" I pleaded, for once in humbleness. "If you are thus determined to cast me out of your hearts, let me, at least, hear you say that you forgive me before I go."

"Why should we bear enmity against a stranger, Janet?" said my grandfather, with cruel distinctness; "let him go in peace. Those whom he took in place of us to be his friends have already played the part of Judas and betrayed him."

What could I say? For it was Burt Harrison's hand, that, unskillfully disguised, had penned that miserable epistle, in the hope of forever separating me from Janet Fentonsleigh. Was he not Judas? So I left them, without another word. And at that last hour I knew the truth. My grandfather had never cared for me except for Janet's sake, and when he fancied that I had ceased to love her, he hated me.

I felt like a ruined man—stunned, reeling—as I stepped out into the open air. A great blank suddenly yawned in my life. I had always depended on Janet's love. Whether I were apparently true to her or false; whether I laughed, or sneered, or smiled at her, I expected her to love *me*. I felt it impossible for her to be false. "A man's courage, a man's will, and a man's sense of honor, added to a woman's tenderness;" how then could Janet cast me off, possessing these qualities? Sometimes I pished and jeered, and told myself all this trouble came from the man's training Janet had received. She would have clung to me, in spite of everything, as a woman ought, had she been reared by women. After all, I preferred to think that she loved me, even then, in spite of that iron old man; so I whistled Rosalind Harrison's memory down the wind, and, now that my Old Janet was lost to me, hug-

ged her dear image closer than ever to my heart.

It was a soft, dark day—still, horribly still, with the calm that follows or precedes a tempest. Now and then the heavy plunge of sliding masses of snow was heard as I walked to the station, and great flakes fell from the clouds at long distances. Our train labored heavily along. The wheels clogged, the rails creaked, and the sullen air seemed to be thrilled with forebodings of disaster. To add to our gloom, a heavy fog settled down about us. The sheets of black vapor which at stated intervals roll up from the Thames and make London like the cities one sees in dreams, vague and terrible, would have been but silvery mists, compared with the thick curtain that wrapped us and crept as we crept onward.

I was startled out of my dismal reveries by a horrible sense of falling, a sickening crash as if the world had been shattered; then came insensibility. When my jarred senses returned, I realized that I was lying among dead and wounded at the bottom of a rocky gorge, amid and under the ruins of the cars. I could not move, I was so bruised and crushed. I could not tell if my limbs were broken, but I felt the blood trickling over my cold face from a wound in the head.

Half the night passed while we lay there before help came. I was silent, listening to the moans of the wounded and dying. The weather changed; a cold wind blew up and lifted the fog; the clouds parted, and I saw a star looking down upon me. It made me think of Janet—my Old Janet—and I called her name aloud. The star changed; it was Janet's face that bent over me, her hands wiped the blood from my face, her voice sounded in my ear.

"Ted, my darling! O, my darling—my own love! He is not dead! O, thank God, he is not dead!"

She stood up and beckoned to one of the men who were helping to draw out from under the wrecked timbers the crushed human beings about us. He came with a light, looked, and then turned away.

"There's others that's hurt far worse than him, Miss. We must look to them first."

Janet caught hold of his arm, and snatching her purse from her pocket thrust it into his hand.

"For God's sake, help me!" she cried. "O, you must help me get him away from here. Take that—there is money in it—and do as I bid you."

The man yielded. Janet took off her large thick shawl, and spread it on the ground. They loosened me as tenderly as possible from the wreck, and placed me on the shawl. Next Janet took off some other portion of her dress and covered me—I felt her lips touch my cheek as she did it; then she took two corners of the shawl in her small fair hands, the man took the other two, and so, step by step, tenderly, not to jar my bruised body, slowly and laboriously, the delicate girl and the strong man carried me up the rocky, ice-bound side of the ravine. O, my Old Janet—my lost darling! More than the bleeding of my wounds was the bleeding of my heart, and more than the pain of my hurts was the pain of my penitent love for you during that desolate journey!

Through the days of unavoidable sickness which followed that night's wounds and exposure, through my convalescence, and as long as I needed a nurse, Janet staid with me. Every morning she received a letter from our grandfather, couched in affectionate terms and expressing great anxiety for her, but not once alluding to me. He never came near me, never asked after my welfare; I was dead to the old granite heart. I felt bitterly indignant, but was too proud to complain.

At length the time arrived when Janet said that she must go; and then came a battle of wills. I begged her to stay with me. I entreated, implored, using all my noted powers of eloquence, which were now the more effective that I was in deadly earnest. But all in vain. Terrible power, used terribly in vain. It was a novel experience to me to fail.

"Stop, Teddy!" said Janet, crying; "You must not speak of this again. I promised grandpapa if he would let me come to you, that no word of love should be spoken between us. He trusts in my honor. Let me go!"

I burst out in a fierce rage.

"Why should we wreck our lives in humoring the whims of a spiteful old man? O, Janet! my love, my darling! do not leave me."

But she would not listen. "I promised him to come back," she said, "and I will keep my word."

"But you love me! you love me, Janet!" I cried.

"I love you, Teddy. I have always loved you, and I always will. Now let me go!"

I held her hands in mine. I would not release her.

"But if you love me, why do you leave me, Janet? Why are you so cold and hard—why is it so impossible to move you?"

Then for the first time she broke down.

"Cold to you? Ah, Teddy, don't you see how I am suffering? I love you—I love you! O, why can not we be as we were once, when we were children together. We were so happy then. Why did you slight me, and hurt me, and make grandpapa angry? It is all your fault—yours."

She was crying, and calling my name, with her face hidden in her arms. I thought I had gained the victory; I took her to my breast, and kissed and soothed her with an exultant heart. Let the old man vent his spite now where he

could. Janet was mine—mine! But all at once she stood up, pale, and calm, and held out her hands:

"Good-by, Teddy! I am going now. We must not see each other again. Forget me! I hope you will be happy; I hope you will find some one to love, and to love you: and—and—say good-by to me, Teddy."

"I will not say it!" I burst out, furiously. "I will marry you yet, in spite of that old tyrant. I will wait for you till he is dead, and then I will come to you, even if it be from the other side of the world." I thrust her hands from me, and turned my face to the wall.

That was our parting, and for over three long years that was the last I saw or heard of Janet Fentonsleigh. "A man's courage, a man's will, and a man's sense of honor, added to a woman's tenderness."

I was in the south of Italy when her summons to me came: "Come home, Teddy!" Only these three words, but never did homesick wanderer cross the seas with lighter heart than mine, in answer to that sweet command.

Janet met me in the familiar doorway. Janet in mourning, but always my bright, my beautiful, my Old Janet. Our meeting was silent, but full of such sweet joy!

She took me, later, to our grandfather's grave. "He forgave you at the last," she said, softly. "He spoke of you tenderly—and he bade me send for you."

"But if he had not?" I asked, eagerly. "If he had not forgiven me, Janet, what then? Would you have sent for me just the same?"

She hung her head, while her sweet face flushed and paled by turns. But the answer came, brave and true:

"I am afraid not," she said. "O, Teddy, I am glad grandpapa forgave you, for I am afraid I could never have broken my promise to him."

But I choose to think that she could.

THE MYTHICAL ZOOLOGY OF JAPAN.

IT is well known that the fauna of Japan, in comparison with that of the near Asiatic or the remote American continent, is a very meagre one. The number of species of quadrupeds found in the island empire is probably less than twenty. It is a remarkable fact that, so far as studied, they bear a closer resemblance to the types of the American than to those of the Asiatic continent.

As if to make amends for the poverty of the actual fauna, the number and variety of imaginary creatures in animal form is remarkably great. Man is not satisfied with what the heavens above and the waters under the earth show him. Seeing that every effect must have a cause, and ignorant of the revelations of modern science, the natural man sees in cloud, tempest, lightning, thunder, earthquake, and biting wind, the moving spirits of the air. According to the primal mold of the particular human mind will the bodying of these things unseen be lovely or hideous, sublime or trivial. Only one born among the triumphs of modern discovery, who lives a few years in an Asiatic country, can realize in its most perfect vividness the definition of science given by the master seer—"The art of seeing the invisible."

The aspects of nature in Japan are such as to influence the minds of its mainly agricultural inhabitants to an extent but faintly realized by one born in the United States. In the first place, the foundations of the land are shaky. There can be no *real* estate in Japan, for one knows not but the whole country may be engulfed in the waters out of which it once emerged. Earthquakes average over two a month, and a hun-

dred in one revolution of the moon have been known. The annals of Japan tell of many a town and village engulfed, and of cities and proud castles leveled. Floods of rain, causing dreadful landslides and inundations, are by no means rare. Even the ocean has, to the Japanese coast-dweller, an added terror. Not only do the wind and tempest arise to wreck and drown, but the tidal wave is ever a possible visitor. Once or twice a year the typhoons, sometimes the most dreadful in the dreadful catalogue of destructive agencies, must be looked for. Two-thirds of the entire surface of the empire is covered with mountains—not always superb models of form like Fuji, but often with jagged peaks and cloven crests, among which are grim precipices, frightful gulches, and gloomy defiles. With no religion but that of paganism and fetichism, armed without by no weapons of science, strengthened within by no knowledge of the Creator-father, the Japanese peasant is appalled at his own insignificance in the midst of the sublime mysteries and immensities of nature. The creatures of his own imagination, by which he explains the phenomena of nature, and soothes his terror, though seeming frightful to us, are necessities to him; since the awful suspense of uncertainty and ignorance is to him more terrible than the creatures whose existence he imagines. Though modern science will confer an ineffable good upon Japan by enlightening the darkened intellect of its inhabitants, yet the continual liability to the recurrence of destructive natural phenomena will long retard the march of mind, and keep alive superstitions that now block like bowlders the path of civilization.

Chief among ideal creatures in Japan is the dragon. The word dragon stands for a genus of which there are several species and varieties. To describe them in full, and to recount minutely the ideas held by the Japanese rustics concerning them, would be to compile an octavo work on dragonology. The merest tyro in Japanese art—indeed, anyone who has seen the cheap *curios* of the country—must have been impressed with the great number of these colossal wrigglers on everything Japanese. In the country itself, the monster is well-nigh omnipresent. In the carvings on tombs, temples, dwellings, and shops—on the government documents—printed on the old and the new paper money, and stamped on the new coins—in pictures and books, on musical instruments, in high relief on bronzes, and cut in stone, metal, and wood—the dragon (*tatsu*), everywhere “swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail,” whisks his long mustaches, or glares with his terrible eyes.

We shall attempt no detailed description of the Japanese dragon, presuming that most of our readers are already familiar with its appearance on works of art. The creature looks like a winged crocodile, except as to the snout, which is tufted with hair, and the claws, which are very sharp. A celebrated Japanese author, in his masterpiece of *Hak-kenden*, describes the monster with dogmatic accuracy. He says: “The dragon is a creature of a very superior order of being. It has a deer’s horns, a horse’s head, eyes like those of a devil, a neck like that of a snake, a belly like that of a red worm, scales like those of a fish, claws like a hawk’s, paws like a tiger’s, and ears like a cow’s. In the spring, the dragon lives in heaven; in the autumn in the water; in the summer, it travels in the clouds and takes its pleasure; in winter, it lives in the earth dormant. It always dwells alone, and never in herds. There are many kinds of

dragons, such as the violet, the yellow, the green, the red, the white, the black, and the flying dragon. Some are scaly, some horned, some without horns. When the white dragon breathes, the breath of his lungs goes into the earth and turns to gold. When the violet dragon spits, the spittle becomes balls of pure crystal, of which gems and caskets are made. One kind of dragon has nine colors on his body, and another can see everything within a hundred *ri*;* another has immense treasures of every sort; another delights to kill human beings. The water-dragon causes floods of rain; when he is sick, the rain has a fishy smell. The fire-dragon is only seven feet long, but his body is of flame. The dragons are all very lustful, and approach beasts of every sort. The fruit of a union of one of these monsters with a cow is the *kirin*; with a swine, an elephant; and with a horse, a steed of the finest breed. The female dragon produces at every parturition nine young. The first young dragon sings, and likes all harmonious sounds, hence the tops of Japanese bells are cast in the form of this dragon; the second delights in the sounds of musical instruments, hence the *koto* or horizontal harp, and *suzumi*, a girl’s drum struck by the fingers, are ornamented with the figure of this dragon; the third is fond of drinking, and likes all stimulating liquors, therefore goblets and drinking-cups are adorned with representations of this creature; the fourth likes steep and dangerous places, hence gables, towers, the projecting beams of temples and pagodas, have carved images of this dragon upon them; the fifth is a great destroyer of living things, fond of killing and bloodshed; therefore swords are decorated with golden figures of this dragon; the sixth loves learning and delights in literature, hence on the covers and title-pages of books and literary works are

*A *ri* is equal to two miles and two-fifths.

pictures of this creature; the seventh is renowned for its power of hearing; the eighth enjoys sitting, hence the easy-chairs are carved in its image; the ninth loves to bear weight, therefore the feet of tables and of *hibachi*—braziers to hold fire, usually made of brass or bronze—are shaped like this creature's feet. As the dragon is the most powerful animal in existence, so the garments of the emperor or *mikado* are called the 'dragon robes,' his face the 'dragon countenance,' his body the 'dragon body,' and his anger the 'dragon wrath.'"

The *kirin*, referred to above, is an animal having the head of a dragon, the body of a deer, and the legs and feet of a horse, with tail and streaming hair peculiar to itself; on its forehead is a single horn. It is found carved on the wood-work of the tombs of the *tai-kuns* and other defunct worthies in Japan. It is said that the *kirin* appears on the earth once in a thousand years, or only when some transcendently great man or sage like Confucius is born. It never treads on a live insect, nor eats growing grass. The *kirin* is of less importance in Japan than in China, whence its origin. There is another creature whose visits are rarer than those of angels, since it appears on the earth only at millennial intervals, or at the birth of some very great man. This fabulous bird is called the *howo*. The tombs of the *tai-kuns* at Shiba and Nikko have most elaborate representations of the *howo*, and the new and old paper currency of the country likewise bears its image. It seems to be a combination of the pheasant and peacock. Some of the ultra-conservatives who cherish the old superstitions, and who look with distrust and contempt on the present *régime* in Japan, await the coming of the *kirin* and the *howo* with eagerness, as the announcement of the birth of the great leader who is by his pre-eminent abilities to dwarf into insignificance all the pigmy politi-

cians of the present day. This superstition in Japan takes the place of those long in vogue in Europe, where it was supposed that such leaders as Charlemagne, Alfred, and Barbarossa were sleeping, but would come forth again at the propitious moment to lead, conquer, and reign.

The *kappa* is a creature with the body and head of a monkey, and the claws of a tortoise. There are various representations of him gravely figured in native works on reptilology. In some of these the monkey type seems to prevail; in others, the tortoise. There is a peculiar species of tortoise in the waters of Japan, called by the natives *suppon*. Its shell is cartilaginous, its head triangular, and its proboscis elongated and tapering. Imagine this greenish creature rising up, shedding its shell, and evolving into a monkey-like animal about the size of a big boy, but retaining its web-footed claws, and you have the *kappa*. He is supposed to live in the water, and to seize people, especially boys, who invade his dominions. He delights in catching well-favored urchins and feasting upon choice tid-bits torn out of certain parts of their bodies.

The *kappa*, fortunately, is very fond of cucumbers, and parents having promising sons throw the first cucumbers of the season into the water he is supposed to haunt, to propitiate him and save their children. When living in the city of Fukui, I was warned not to bathe in a certain part of the river, as the *kappa* would infallibly catch me by the feet and devour me, and more than one head was shaken when it became known that I had defied their warnings. Only a few days ago, I heard from my old place of residence that the *kappa* had been playing his pranks again. A coolie was pulling one of those vehicles invented by an American, but now almost universal throughout Japan, called a *jin-riki-sha*, or "man-power carriage." It is an

arm-chair on wheels, drawn by a man, who runs in the shafts. In this case, a woman was riding in the *jin-riki-sha*, and the coolie was running at full speed on the road at the side of the castle-moat, where the water is four feet deep. Suddenly, and, to the coolie, unaccountably, he and his vehicle were upset, and the precious freight was thrown into the moat. She was fished out in a condition that might have helped even a passing foreigner to believe in the existence of the mermaid. The coolie was puzzled to account for the capsizing of his machine, and immediately attributed it to the agency of the *kappa*. By venturing insultingly near the domain of this local Neptune, he had been punished by his muddy majesty. Though the woman had no mark of claw or teeth, she doubtless congratulated herself on her lucky escape from the claws of the monster.

I have heard, on several occasions, of people in Tokei (Yedo) seeing a *kappa* in the Sumida-gawa, the river that flows by the capital. Numerous instances of harm done by them are known to the orthodox believers, to whom these creations of diseased imagination are embodied verities. The native newspapers occasionally announce reported cases of *kappa* mischief, using the incidents as texts to ridicule the superstition, hoping to uproot it from the minds of the people.

Among the many ideal creatures with which the native imagination has populated earth and air, is the *kama-itachi*, believed to be a kind of weasel, that, in the most wanton sport, or out of mere delight in malignity, cuts or tears the faces of people with the sickle which it is supposed to carry. This creature is not known to trouble any animals except man. Everyone knows that at times, in moments of excitement, cuts or scratches are received which are discovered only by the appearance of blood.

In Japan, where the people universally wear clogs—often high, heavy blocks of wood, the thong of which is liable to break—and the ground is covered with loose pebbles or sharp stones, falls and cuts are very frequent. The one thought, to the exclusion of every other, in an instance of this kind, is about the failing thong or the outslipping support. The pedestrian, picking himself up, with probably a malediction on the thong or the clog-maker, finds, on cooling off, that his face is cut. Presto! "*Kama-itachi ni kirareta*"—"cut by the sickle-weasel." The invisible brute has passed and cut his victim on the cheek with his blade. I have myself known cases where no cut appeared and no blood flowed, yet the stumbler who broke his clog-string fell to cursing the *kama-itachi* for tripping him. This creature is also said to be present in whirlwinds. It is a most convenient scape-goat for people who go out at night when they ought to stay at home, and who get cuts and scratches which they do not care to account for truly. A case recently occurred in the port of Niigata, which illustrates both the mythical and scape-goat phases of this belief. A European doctor was called to see a native woman who was said to be suffering from the *kama-itachi*. The patient was found lying down, with a severe clean cut such as might have been caused by falling on some sharp substance, but to all questions as to how she got the wound the only answer was, "*Kama-itachi*." By dint of questioning the servants, it appeared that there was more in the facts than had met the doctor's ears. It seemed that during the night she had risen and passed out of the house, and had been absent for a considerable time. Whether there was a "love-lorn swain in lady's bower" awaiting her coming, was not developed during the pumping process she was subjected to by the student of imaginary zoölogy who was

the catechist of the occasion. On examining the garden in the rear of the house, it was found paved with smooth but sharp-edged stones, that might easily have inflicted just such a wound in case of a fall on their slippery surfaces, especially if the fall occurred in the darkness. For reasons of her own, most probably, the blame was laid on the *kama-itachi*.

I have heard of other cases of such supposed impish tricks, and many a rustic boor bears the scars of what he asserts, and his friends believe, to be the wounds inflicted by the *kama-itachi*. Could he quote Shakspeare, he would, doubtless, reply to all sneering skeptics, "They jest at scars who never felt a wound." It would not be difficult, however, to refer him to Æsop's fable of the dog who wore the ornament of a heavy clog around his neck. • The "fable of Jenkins' ears," as Burke called the story which roused the English masses to a pitch of frenzy and England to war with Spain in 1739, will also be recalled by the reader.

The wind and the thunder, to a Japanese child or peasant, are something more than moving air and sound. Before many of the temples are figures, often colossal, of the gods of the wind and of thunder. The former is represented as a monstrous semi-feline creature, holding an enormous bag of compressed air over his shoulders. When he loosens his hold on one of the closed ends, the breezes blow; when he partly opens it, a gale arises; when he removes his hand, the tornado devastates the earth. At times, this imp, as the fancy seizes him, sallies forth from his lair away in the mountains, and chases terrified travelers or grass-cutters; often scratching their faces dreadfully with his claws. Sometimes, invisibly passing, he bites or tears the countenance of the traveler, who, bearing the brunt of the blast, feels the wound but sees

not the assailant. There are not wanting pictures and images representing the deliverance of pious men, who, trusting in the goddess Kuanon, have, by dint of nimbleness and prayer, escaped, as by a hair's breadth, the steel-like claws of Futen, the wind-imp.

The "thunder-god" is represented as a creature that looks like a human dwarf changed into a sort of tailless cat. His name is Raiden. He carries over his head a semicircle of five drums joined together. By striking or rattling these drums, he makes thunder. With us it is not the thunder that strikes; but in Japanese popular language, the thunder not only strikes, but kills. According to Russian superstition, thunder kills with a stone arrow. Among the Japanese, when the lightning strikes, it is the thunder-cat that leaps upon, or is hurled at, the victim. Often it escapes out of the cloud to the ground. A young student told me that in his native district the paw of a thunder-imp that fell out of the clouds several centuries ago is still kept, and triumphantly exhibited as a silencing proof to all skeptics of the actual occurrence of the event asserted to have taken place. Tradition relates that a sudden storm once arose in the district, and that, during a terrific peal of thunder, this monster leaped in a flash of lightning down a well. Instead, however, of falling directly into the water, its hind paw happened to get caught in a crack of the split timber of the wooden well-curb, and was torn off by the momentum of the descent. This paw was found after the storm, fresh and bloody, and was immediately taken to be preserved for the edification of future generations. It is not known whether any of the neighbors missed a cat at that time; but any suggestions of such an irreverent theory of explanation would doubtless be met by the keepers of the relic with lofty scorn and pitying contempt.

Near the great temple of Asakusa in Tokei, probably the most famous Buddhist temple in all Japan, is a series of remarkably life-like tableaux, which surpass in expression and naturalness even Madam Tussaud's famous collection of wax figures. They are thirty-three in number, and are intended to portray the miracles wrought by Kuanon, the goddess of mercy. One of them represents a *kuge* or noble of the mikado's court at Kioto, with his hand on the throat and his knee planted on the back of the thunder-imp, which lies sprawling and apparently howling on the ground, with his drums broken and scattered about him. One hairy paw is stretched out impotently before him, and with the other he vainly tries to make his conqueror release his hold. The expression of the starting eyes of the beast shows that the vice-like grip of the man is choking him; his nostrils gape, and from his mouth extrude sharp teeth. His short ears are cocked, and his body is hairy like a cat. On each of his paws are several triangular, bayonet-shaped claws. The human figure is life-size; the thunder-cat is about three feet from crown to claws. The creature does not appear to have any tail. This, however, is no curtailment of his feline dignity, since most of the Japanese pussies have caudal appendages of but one or two inches in length, and many are as tailless as the Darwinian descendants of the monkey. This tableau is explained as follows by the guide-book to the exhibition: "In the province of Yamato, in the reign of Yuriyako Tenno (*mikado*), when he was leaving his palace a sudden thunder-storm of terrific violence arose. The *mikado* ordered Sugaru, his courtier, to catch the thunder-imp. Sugaru spurred his horse forward and drove the thunder-god to the side of Mount Abè, where the creature, leaping high into the air, defied the attempts of his pursuer. Sugaru, gazing at the

sky, cried out to the imp: 'Obey the emperor!' But the roll of the thunder ceased not for a moment. Then Sugaru, turning his face to the temple, prayed earnestly to Kuanon, and cried out: 'Dost thou not hear and protect thy faithful ones when they cry unto thee?' Immediately, as the prayer ended, a splendor of radiant light shot out from the temple, and the thunder-imp fell to the earth. Sugaru seized him in a trice, bound him securely, and took him to the emperor's palace. Then all men called him the 'god-catcher.'"

Decidedly, the animal of greatest dimensions in the mythical menagerie or aquarium of Japan is the *jishin-uwo*, or "earthquake fish." Concerning the whereabouts and haunts of this monster, there are two separate opinions or theories, held respectively by the dwellers on the coast and those inland. The former believe that the *jishin-uwo* is a submarine monster, the length of whose body is from half a *ri* to one *ri* in length. This fish strikes the shore or ocean-bottom in his gambols or in his wrath, and makes the ground rock and tremble. In times of great anger he not only causes the solid earth to quiver and crack, leveling houses in ruin and engulfing mountains, but, arching his back, piles the waters of the ocean into that sum of terror and calamity—a tidal wave. Among the people in the interior, however, the theory obtains that there exists a subterranean cat-like fish of prodigious length. According to some, his head is in the northern part of the main island, the place of fewest and lightest earthquakes, and his tail beneath the ground that lies between Yedo and Kioto. Others assert that the true position is the reverse of this. The motions of the monster are known by the tremors of the earth. A gentle thrill means that he is merely bristling his spines. When shocks of extraordinary violence are felt, the brute is on a ramp-

age, and is flapping his flukes like a wounded whale.

The limits of this article forbid any long description of the less important members of the ideal menagerie to which we have played the showman. Not a few instances have fallen under my own immediate notice of the pranks of two varieties of the genus *tengu*. These are in the one case long-nosed, and in the other long-billed, goblins that haunt mountain places and kidnap children. Their faces are found in street shows, in picture-books, on works of art, and even in temples, all over the country. We might tell of cats, which do not exist in the world of actual observation, that have nine tails and torment people, and of those other double-tailed felines which appear in the form of old women. A tortoise with a wide-fringed tail, which lives ten thousand years, is found portrayed on miscellaneous works of art, in bronze, lacquer-ware, carved work, and in silver, and especially represented as the emblem of longevity at marriage ceremonies. The mermaid is not only an article of manufacture by nimble-fingered native taxidermists, but exists in the belief of the Japanese fishermen as certainly as it does not exist in the ocean.

Among the miracle-figures or tableaux at Asakusa, to which we have already referred, is one representing a merman begging the prayers of a pious devotee. The Japanese guide-book says: "One day when a certain Jogutaishi was passing the village of Ishidera, a creature

with a head like a human being and a body like a fish appeared to him out of the rushes, and told him that in his previous state of existence, he had been very fond of fishing. Now being born into the world as a merman, he eagerly desired Jogutaishi to erect a shrine to the honor of Kuanon, that by the great favor and mercy of the goddess he might be re-born into a higher form of life. Accordingly, Jogutaishi erected a shrine, and carved with his own hands a thousand images of Kuanon. On the day on which he finished the carving of the last image, a *ten-jin*. [angel] appeared to him and said, 'By your benevolence and piety I have been born into the regions of heaven.'"

Little boys, tempted to devour too much candy, are frightened, not with prophecies of pain or threats of nauseous medicines, but by the fear of a hideous huge worm that will surely be produced by indulgence in sweets. So goes through all ages and ranks of life a more or less deep-rooted terror of non-existent monstrosities; and although many Japanese people in the cities and towns laugh at these superstitions, yet among the *inaka*, or country people, they are living realities, not to be trifled with or defied. In company, round the hearth, one fellow may be bold enough to challenge their existence, but at night on the lonely road, or in the mountain solitudes, or in the presence of nature's more awful phenomena, the boor, the child, and even the grown men who reason, are awed into belief and fear.

FROM COLCHIS BACK TO ARGOS.

NO. V.—THE BUCCANEERS' ISLAND.

NEXT morning the boats were sent again to the wreck, reaching it just before sundown. The vessel had changed her position so that it was impossible for the boats to reach her, and the men were compelled to come off with the aid of a line. Twenty-one of them were taken off and stowed flat in the bottom of the long-boat. It is an awful thing to be out on the sea in an open boat at night, without a beacon to guide you through the darkness and the depths. I sympathized warmly with the men in the boats that night, and as soon as it grew dark I ignited a preparation of tar and saltpetre on the top-gallant fore-castle, which gleamed like a lighthouse over the sea, and enabled them to direct their course without a compass and arrive safe by ten o'clock. An attempt was made to reach the wreck at an earlier hour by starting before day, but the sea was so rough that they were compelled to return. The breeze continued for several days so fresh that it was not thought possible to reach the scene of the wreck. In the meantime, our stores were nearly gone. Four barrels of bread, wormy, mouldy, and loathsome, were all that remained; the last barrels of beef, pork, and flour were broached, and this comprised all the food on board, except two live hogs, for 160 men. All who had been taken from the wreck, except the captain and his mate, were put on the shortest allowance of food and water, and were crowded on the main-deck or into the damp and filthy hold. Poor Wheelock when first taken on board was delirious, but with a little attention he revived. One day he sent for me, and told me that he should never see land again; desiring me to see his friends, tell them his fate, and deliver to them whatever I should find in his pockets—the address of his brother in New York he said was there. On the following day, word came to me that he was dead. I went to take charge of the trust, but the mate had already taken possession of his gold-dust. The address of his brother I could not find, and his friends will never know his fate—there was some consolation in that! There was little room on board for the living, and none for the dead; his body was sewed up in some old canvas for burial. Thinking that some ceremony was necessary in committing the body to the deep, the captain obtained a prayer-book and attempted to read the burial service, but it was too much for him; after blundering through one sentence he closed the book with an air of disgust, and told the men to throw him overboard. The plank on which the body was placed went with it, and the mate, fearing it would be lost, bawled out, "Haul in that plank, G-d d-n it!" This concluded the ceremony as far as we were concerned. I looked over the side and down upon the coral sands where the corpse lay in its winding-sheet, while round it gray finny phantoms were hovering and hiding it forever.

All the rescued men who had money or gold-dust were compelled to surrender it, and as much of it was taken by the captain and mate as suited their purposes. From one man alone the sum of \$1,450 dollars was extracted as salvage. It would seem that this should have entitled them to some consideration and kindness, but their treatment after this

was more brutal than before. The poor men had not been permitted to take their blankets with them from the wreck, and were not allowed to lie upon the quarter-deck, but were confined to the filthy main-deck with the hogs, although most of them were sick and some were dying of fever and exposure.

The nearest land was Old Providence, a small island sixty miles distant but directly to leeward, and as we could run there in twelve hours, and all hope of reaching any port to windward was gone, we still hoped that one more effort would be made to rescue the remaining men; but to our great disappointment the order was given to get under way, and with heavy hearts we watched the unfortunate men as our sails filled in the wind and we vanished from their sight.

Before noon the lofty summit of Old Providence loomed up from the sea like a distant thunder-cloud. The mountains and promontories became more distinguishable, and about sundown we took a pilot, entered the barrier reef, and having passed the bold headland known as Morgan's Head, we dropped our anchor in a most picturesque lagoon-like harbor, protected on all sides but the west by high mountains, and as smooth as a mill-pond. No boats were allowed to come along-side, lest some man would escape with his gold-dust who had not divided it with our piratical officers. Soon after our anchor was down another poor fellow was found dead; he was at once brought up on deck to be thrown overboard, when the pilot, who was also harbor-master, forbade it, and told the mate he would show him a proper place for burial, upon which the brutal mate burst into a rage and ordered him off the vessel. The pilot left, but the corpse was not thrown overboard. Among the sick men from the wreck was one who had attracted my attention from his youth, the gentleness of his manner, his delicately out-

lined features, and light-brown ringlets. He had been well bred, and for his years well educated. He was lying in the shade of the bulwarks abaft, when the mate drove him off. I represented to the mate that he was very ill, and begged that he might be permitted to lie during the heat of the day on the sail in the shade. The request was refused, and a place was secured in the folds of the mainsail on the main-deck.

The island of Old Providence is rarely visited by a trading vessel, but fortunately the schooner *Polly Hinds*, Captain Price, of Baltimore, had stopped to pick up what turtle-shell the natives had collected, and complete her cargo with oranges and cocoa-nuts. She immediately discharged a part of her cargo, and taking Captain Robinson of the *Martha Sanger* and a couple of reef-pilots, he was ready to undertake the rescue of the passengers remaining on the wreck. I had just time to pencil a line to my friends at home to tell them that I was still living, and could be found were I sought somewhere about this latitude, when she sailed out by moonlight, with three cheers from the passengers on our deck. A committee now waited upon Captain Lawrence to inquire what his intentions were in respect to further prosecution of the voyage. He said that he had no objection to telling *us*, but did not wish it mentioned to the other passengers. We told him that the passengers considered they had a right to know. He said he should go to Serrana to wreck the *Union*, if God spared his life and he had the vessel under him. We represented to him that no proper stores could be obtained here, that the vessel was not seaworthy, and we demanded to be taken to the nearest port. Our demand met only with insolence.

The rescued men were put on shore, destitute as they were. Captains Cathcart of Washington, Titcomb of Boston,

Sisson and Wolf of Mystic, Ct., all former ship-masters, and others of us, nine in number, had our baggage put into canoes and paddled ashore, determined to trust ourselves to the uncertainties of the climate and the chance of an opportunity to get home, rather than be witnesses of such barbarity any longer, or trust our lives in the keeping of such drunken pirates.

As I passed over the deck I saw the sick boy still lying in the folds of the sail, but when I stooped to speak to him his voice was incoherent, and his eyes were staring away into that far-off world he was fast going to.

After getting on shore, a remonstrance was drawn up and attested by the chief magistrate of the island. The captain came on shore with the supercargo the next day, armed to the teeth, when the protest was served upon him. He was very indignant at first, but as the formidable character of our proceedings began to grow upon his consideration, he became respectful and then cringing, as these sea-tyrants always are on land. Having taken a few hundred pounds of yams, squashes, and some fresh meat, the *Mechanic* went to sea, carrying our unfortunate fellow-travelers, who would have been glad to stay with us had circumstances permitted them to leave the brig.

We were now alone on this unfrequented and almost unknown little island, only 200 miles from the port from which we had sailed about a month before, with a remote and uncertain prospect of being taken off. Old Providence, or, as it was known in the days of the buccaneers, Catalina, lies in latitude $13^{\circ} 23'$ north, longitude $81^{\circ} 22'$ west. It is about twelve miles in circumference, 1,100 feet high, and surrounded by a coral reef from one-half mile distant on the west to ten miles on the windward side. This reef forms a perfect protection to the shores of the island from the

action of the waves, and nearly as good a one from every other enemy, there being but one entrance, narrow and difficult to find without a pilot, and altogether impassable, except for vessels of light draught. This is close under a bluff rock, known as Morgan's Head, so named from the celebrated buccaneer in the seventeenth century, who made this island his head-quarters. It has been the scene of violent conflicts in the times of the pirates, but for the last hundred years it has entirely escaped notice.

This island was the scene of the shipwreck of Sir Edward Seward, whose narrative was written by Jane Porter. Since that time many other ships have been wrecked there, including two English men-of-war. It is divided by a channel about thirty feet wide. The northern division is still called Catalina, and the bay on the west in which we anchored is named Catalina Harbor. The bottom is of coral sand, and covered by a minute algæ that gives to the water a remarkably green color. The shore is semicircular, and near the centre is a cluster of cottages which represents what was a considerable town in the days of the buccaneers. The hill that rises near the centre of the island seems to be of granite, and is split, as if by an earthquake, half-way down. The two parts have separated, so as to leave a gap fifty feet wide; and the whole surface of the island, as seen from the anchorage, is delightfully diversified by bold rocky precipices, and mantled with forests where it has not been cleared for cultivation. Groves of plantains, mangoes, and cocoanut-trees are interspersed with the thatched cottages of the natives in every direction, and often to the bases of the cliffs. Cotton was once cultivated on the island by slave labor, but, as slavery became obsolete, the cotton-fields fell into neglect, and a coarse species of grass about three feet

high waves in unprofitable luxury over almost the entire east side.

We thought we had seen worse places to spend an indefinite term in exile. We were soon scattered about the island in small parties wherever quarters could be found. The chief magistrate, Mr. Taylor, who is of English descent, had in his youth spent some time in a Boston school, and retained well the impress of American character received there. Captain Titcomb and myself made arrangements with him to become inmates of his house during our stay on the island. His residence was on the east side, at a distance of several miles. One of his nephews was sent off to procure some horses, and in the meantime we strolled along the shore to see the village. The houses and inhabitants are much like those of St. Andrews; but here the climate is more healthful, and, from its having been formerly an island of more consequence and more frequented by traders, a class of its population is more intelligent. There is a community of interest between the two, and the distance between them is only forty-seven miles.

As soon as it was known that a physician had taken up his residence on the island, I was at no loss to find friends. The lame, the halt, and the blind came from all parts with as great faith in my power to restore them as was ever known in Israel. While we were waiting for horses, I mounted one that had been sent to me to visit a sick man at some distance. Half an hour brought me to his house on the crest of a hill overlooking the sea to the eastward. The invalid was an old man who had been bed-ridden for twenty years from softening of the bones. The fingers and arms below the elbows were without true bones, and, from the greater strength of one set of muscles than the other, the limbs were rolled up in the direction of the stronger muscles. His legs

were much in the same condition. His health otherwise seemed to be good; but he was perfectly helpless, unable to stand or feed himself.

When I returned, the horses were waiting, and we set out for home, leaving our baggage to go round with a boat. Mr. Taylor and his nephew took the lead; then the old captain, with his gray locks streaming in the wind; Mr. William Dill, of Orange County, N. Y.—who had been my traveling companion on our long and eventful voyage around Cape Horn, and thus far on this one—and myself brought up the rear. The road was a mere trail and in the most wretched state, difficult for walking and worse for riding; but the horses had never known a better, and we, after a little practice, concluded to give them their way and bestow our whole attention to keeping the saddle, while they labored up the rocks or slumped through the mud up to their knees, dragging us through thorny bushes or under low-hanging limbs of trees. After a ride of about four miles, we arrived at Mr. Taylor's plantation. His house was built of pine boards obtained from a vessel wrecked on a reef in the vicinity. It was on a rise of ground affording an extensive view of the sea to windward, and not so much elevated as to make access to the shore a fatiguing effort. At the foot of this hill was a forest of mangroves extending out some distance into the water, and under the shelter of these was his landing, for he had a number of boats beautifully wrought from mahogany.

We were met by a woman as black as the ace of spades, whom Mr. Taylor introduced to us as his wife; she proved to be a good cook, and the other matter was no business of ours. Hammocks were stretched across the first floor, which was surrendered to us as a place to lounge by day when weary, and sleep by night. Cigars had long since failed

us, but we were furnished here with a native leaf of mild and aromatic tobacco, which we rolled into rude cheroots, and threw ourselves into the hammocks. The trade-winds blow here constantly, but with varying force and direction. They are lightest in the forenoon, but at all times soft and agreeable, though surcharged with moisture from their long voyage across the Atlantic.

Lying in our hammocks, our sight could range along the reefs that encircle the island, against which the surf was breaking in an uninterrupted line of foam, whose murmur was just audible in the distance, and beyond which the sea was of that deep blue which is only seen off soundings, roughened by white-capped waves, over whose surface shadows of trade-clouds slowly passed. Within the reef the water was, in contrast with the sea outside, of a bright green, variegated by differing depths and beds of coral or algæ that were interspersed, but nowhere breaking the smooth surface of this garden of the sea.

That we were here was no fault of ours; we had done our best to reach a port in our native country, and had sent by two independent carriers letters to inform our friends of our situation, and our hope was that the steamer from Chagres to New York would be instructed to stop and take us off. This would require at least a month. In the meantime, we laid out plans for excursions for shells and fish among the reefs, and pigeon-shooting in the mountain.

The season for fruit was over, but there can scarcely be want of food on this productive island. Yams and cassava—a root something like a parsnip in form, but in taste and consistence more resembling the common potato, though somewhat harder—pork, beef, and chickens are plentiful. Fish are very abundant, and a canoe could be loaded with them in a few hours. Or-

anges and cocoa-nuts are always in season, and the latter are becoming an article of importance to the inhabitants. They are valued at \$10 a thousand, and are produced without labor, which is a matter of some consideration with these people.

Two young men were sent off to shoot some pigeons for our dinner. Mr. Taylor admired my pistols—a pair of single-barreled ten-inch rifled ones—with which I had won distinction as a dead-shot on several memorable but peaceful fields. I gave them to him for the use of his canoe while I staid on the island, on a guarantee from him that the descendants of the buccaneers on the place would do me no harm. The pigeons are delicious. They are of a dark-blue plumage, with white feathers on the head. Formerly they were very abundant, but the island was overrun with rats, and, in order to exterminate them, a large but not poisonous snake was introduced from the continent, which has multiplied until rats and pigeons have become scarce, and even poultry are difficult to preserve from their rapacity.

The next day, soon after sunrise, we were thrown into commotion by the prolonged sound of the conch-shell that is blown by the lookout on the hill whenever a vessel is in sight. By this means it becomes known over the whole island at once. Here was hope of deliverance sooner than looked for. A messenger was posted off to the harbor, but returned in an hour or two to dispel our hopes. The vessel passed a long way off; and we settled down with the population into their accustomed tranquillity. They are a peaceable, happy people, so kind and generous that I wonder they are so unknown. Though they esteem it a blessing to be whitish, and it would be a violent presumption on our part to assume to ourselves anything more than that, they do not seem to feel it a degradation to be darker skinned.

I thought if I were a free Black man in the United States I would go to this island and make it my home.

The chief source of wealth is in the turtle fisheries, which, during the spring months, employ nearly all the male inhabitants. Turtles frequent all the keys and reefs in these seas, and feed on the algæ growing among the coral. They are decoyed into nets by an imitation turtle of wood. Each turtle furnishes nearly eight pounds of shell, which is sold at \$4 per pound. The flesh is not used for food, being regarded by the natives as poisonous.

Old Providence Island was well fortified by the buccaneers, and the batteries near the entrance of the bay still remain, though most of the guns were thrown into the water. On Catalina Island I was told that there was a considerable fortress that would repay a visit. I procured a boat at the village, and landed at the foot of a very steep crag of trap rock, at the top of which the fort was said to be. After reconnoitering the place as well as the thickets would allow, I determined to scale the wall in front, as presenting the least difficulty. The last part of the feat was performed with fingers and toes, untested except by the lizards, which are as numerous in these warm countries as spiders are with us at home. Many heavy guns were scattered about the place, and it is a wonder how they were raised to their present position. The rock is about 100 feet high, and is such a place as none but pirates or men equally desperate would think of fortifying. It was exposed to shells, and had no way of escape except over the precipitous rocks, but it effectually commands the entrance to the bay, and any vessel attempting to pass was exposed to a plunging fire from this rock fortress. Its summit is now overgrown with a species of acacia-like shrub very abundant on the island, and known as the

cockspur, from the peculiar shape and size of its thorn. This thorn is hollow, and inhabited by a venomous little insect, known as the cockspur ant, which is sure to resent the slightest assault upon its dwelling. I recognized it as the same insect whose sting poisoned me severely while rummaging about the ruins of the castle at San Carlos. This is said to be the only thing on the island whose sting or bite is poisonous.

It was nearly night when I reached home. During my absence, Mr. Dill had been out in the canoe on the east side of the island fishing, and had caught a large "Jew-fish" that nearly filled the bottom of our canoe; it was like an immense chub. He was not very successful in finding shells; a few specimens of the common *Cypria* of the West Indies and rock-shells were all the deep-water shells he had to show. That night we made our arrangements to visit the chasm that separated the island into two parts, and near which Sir Edward Seward was wrecked. Here were said to be the caves where they found the pirates' treasures. I have never read the story, and doubt the authenticity of it; but Mr. Taylor says he was told by a British officer that this was the scene of Seward's adventures.

On Sunday, January 18th, 1851, while enjoying our morning lounge before starting on our excursion, a messenger arrived from the west side with the intelligence that the schooner had arrived with the men from the wreck. We at once mounted our horses and rode down to the bay. There we found the *Polly Hinds* at anchor, and the men that I saw last on the wreck were rejoicing at the privilege of once more treading the solid ground. Under the skillful guidance of the Negro reef-pilots, to whom all the reefs and islands on the Mosquito shore are as well known as their own island, the schooner made its way up to the wreck of the *Martha Sanger* and

rescued the men we had left in her, burned the wreck, and returned to the island—not being able to carry so large a number to Baltimore without discharging more of her cargo. We made a bargain with Captain Price for the cabin for our party of eight. Orange bins were emptied into the sea, bags of cocoa were landed until she could carry her passengers safely, and more water was taken in. While this was going on, I hurried along the beach to find some shells as mementoes of the island. I wandered along the shore until I had reached the rocky point that partly incloses the bay, when I sat down under the shade of a tree to sketch an outline of the scenery, which was as beautiful as scenery could be. The shore-line extended in a regular curve to the bold headland of Morgan's Head and the castle on Catalina, which seemed continuous with the main island. The smooth, green waters of the bay were spread before me, with the *Polly Hinds* anchored abreast the cluster of thatched cottages, overhung with the rich green foliage of the bananas, the darker green of the forests mantling the hill-sides and glowing in sunlight, while rising above these were the rough, gray, precipitous rocks in deep shadow.

Near me, scattered upon the ground, I noticed a small yellow fruit in form like a small apple. I had heard of a wild plum growing upon the island, and tasted of it, but its taste was insipid, and, perceiving nothing disagreeable, I ate the most of it and thought no more of it for half an hour; when a sensation of heat in the throat began to be felt, not unlike that of pepper. This became so insufferable that I several times rinsed my mouth and throat with sea-water to relieve it, and then returned to see some natives and learn what it was that I had eaten, taking a specimen with me. I entered a hut where a dozen natives were; they seemed greatly alarmed, as I had eaten the manchineel, the deadly

upas of the West Indies, whose juice they said would blister the skin, while to sleep under the tree often caused death. One ran for oil, another for sea-water, another brought me some milk, and I concluded to submit to their treatment, as it was a poison they were best acquainted with. I had indeed heard of the manchineel as a deadly poison, and was not a little alarmed to think that this, which should have been the last, should unfortunately be the first thing that I had ventured to taste without knowing its properties. Everyone of my medical attendants returned unsuccessful except the one that ran for sea-water, and that I had used freely to allay the burning. I went on board the schooner and "turned in." The burning of the throat continued all night, and toward morning I was seized with cholera symptoms; my mouth and throat were excoriated, and swollen, and the act of swallowing was attended with excruciating pain. I went on deck; the schooner with a fresh breeze was keeping her scuppers under water, and the fire-wood was floating about the deck on which I lay. The water washed over me, and its coolness was grateful. The natives said I would die, and I believed them. Let the breeze blow ever so high, it could not blow hard enough to take me to land. All that day and the following night my condition was much the same, unable to speak and indifferent to all that was passing. About the third day I was able to drink gruel, and then recovered rapidly. My being alive at this time and able to give an account of the effects of the manchineel is sufficient evidence that all who have written on its effects have greatly exaggerated them.

On the fourth day from hoisting sail at Old Providence we were off Cape San Antonio, the western extremity of Cuba. We coasted along the north shore with light winds, until near Havana, when we crossed over for Key West, passed the

reef without knowing it, without a pilot, and entered the harbor by a new route on the 31st of January. One of the men who came from the wreck died on the morning that we arrived. He was one of those that came off in the last trip of the boats from the *Mechanic*, and was compelled, by being fired upon by Mr. Sutter, to return to the wreck, in the effort to do which he was swamped, and was with difficulty rescued by the survivors on the wreck. He was taken down that night from the effects of fright and cold, and was now dead. I made an effort to have the body taken into port, but it was thrown overboard without ceremony, with a grindstone tied to its feet. At Key West, the wrecked

men were put on shore, and we continued our course to Baltimore, where we arrived on the 10th of February, 113 days from San Francisco.

The captain of the *Mechanic* reconsidered his determination to go to Serana, and made all haste for New Orleans, where he arrived in time to escape the justice that was trying to overtake him. Of the fate of the passengers of the *Martha Sanger* left at Old Providence I never heard, though we informed the collector of the port at Key West of their situation. If this narrative should meet the eyes of any one of them, it would afford the writer no small satisfaction to hear from him, and learn something of his subsequent history.

SYMPATHY.

A cloud upon a summer sky,
 A stain on heaven's gala dress;
 It seemed a pariah on high,
 And wept in utter loneliness;
 But, sweeping o'er the sunlit plain,
 A shadow followed in its train.
 I said: "The cloud is not alone;
 Earth grieves where sorrow's shade is thrown."

A breeze upon a quiet lake
 Wailed, low-toned, to the heartless tide;
 It sighed for the dead summer's sake,
 But e'en the rushes turned aside.
 When, sorrow-wearied, it grew still,
 A moaning voice crept down the hill.
 I said: "The breeze is not alone,
 For echo whispers back its moan."

A young wife stood beside a bier,
 Pale as a lily in her weeds,
 And prayed for death with every tear,
 As nuns drop *aves* with their beads.
 A tiny hand stole into hers,
 A childish whisper checked her tears.
 I said: "She is not all alone;
 The infant's grief will heal her own."

LEGISLATION ON RAILWAY FREIGHT CHARGES.

EXPERIENCE justifies us in saying that there is no subject of general concern upon which misapprehension is more likely to exist than that of railway tariffs, arising from the fact that the principles involved are to the inexperienced apparently so conflicting and really so intricate and abstruse. It is not surprising, therefore, if a great deal of honest misconception prevails. This postulate received a most striking illustration, last winter, in the case of the "Freeman bill." After years of earnest discussion, through the press and in popular assemblies—after earnest examination and inquiry into what were called abuses, extortions, and oppressions, in regard to railway tariffs—the Freeman bill was brought before the legislature as the embodiment of the aggregate thought and final judgment of those who had been most active and earnest in the contest. The time for practical action had come. The energetic author of the bill had in that measure concentrated all the product of his thought, all the results of his industry, supplemented by the aid of the large body of intelligent citizens who were in sympathy with him. The press of the State which opposed the railroads and espoused his cause, comprising a large amount of ability, at once accepted his bill as representing and embodying their views, and by extraordinary efforts it was pushed through the lower house of the legislature with a near approximation to unanimity. So earnest was the zeal in its behalf, that opposition was regarded as little less than odious. It is fair to infer, therefore, that there must be some fatal error in the cause, if this bill failed to answer the end proposed.

It was not until the bill was referred to the Committee on Corporations of the Senate that the railroad companies of the State deemed it best to represent their view of the case. This committee was composed of thoughtful, prudent men, of high character, who resolved to institute a thorough investigation into the merits of the case, with a view to an intelligent judgment; for which purpose they invited the attendance, at their patient and laborious sittings, of all who felt an interest and desired to impart information, whether friends or opponents of the Freeman bill. The more certainly to inspire caution and secure accuracy of statement, the persons who testified before the committee were sworn. And now let us see what is the sum total of the testimony thus obtained.

Ex-Governor Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and connected in an official capacity with several other railroads in the State, in reply to a question put by the committee as to what would be the effect of the passage of the Freeman bill upon all the side roads of the State, says: "They would stop, sir. They could not maintain themselves at all. I do not think," he says, "there is a road in the State that would operate under the Freeman bill, excepting the Central Pacific. It would stop all roads." The reason why the Central Pacific is made an exception is, that its construction was authorized by a law of Congress, it is operated under the laws of Congress, and is therefore not subject, it is thought, to the jurisdiction of State legislation. In this connection it should be noted, also, that the Central Pacific never reached a dividend-paying basis until

last year, when, for the first time, it declared a dividend; but even then only three per cent. No other road in the State has ever reached a dividend-paying basis, while some of them are operated at an actual loss, struggling along for the present as best they may, living on the hopes of the future, waiting until the country shall be further developed and its carrying trade consequently increased.

The testimony of Colonel W. B. Hyde, a railroad expert, is to the same effect as that of Governor Stanford.

Colonel Stevenson, of Vacaville, also appeared before the committee, expressing a wish to make a statement. He said: "We have a little branch road that Freeman's bill would kill. It commences at Vaca Station and runs to Vacaville, five miles." The road was built especially for carrying fruit, which is shipped to San Francisco, sixty-five miles. The present freight charge is six dollars per ton, and Colonel Stevenson says it can not be done for less. The Freeman bill would allow them to charge only seventeen cents per ton; while it costs twenty-five cents per ton to load a car with grain, which is also shipped by this road, and still more to load with fruit. The present charge for a passage is fifty cents; Freeman's bill would allow them to charge only twenty cents.

Mr. Josiah Johnson, who is the superintendent of what was originally called the "Sacramento Valley and Placerville Railroad," but now generally known as the "Placerville Road," running from Folsom to Shingle Springs, testified before the committee in regard to the effect of the Freeman bill upon his road. He says, in reply to a question as to what would be the effect of the Freeman bill, should it become a law, upon the road which he operates: "It would not pay running expenses within \$25,000 or \$30,000, aside from interest."

Mr. Peter Donahue, who has been engaged in the railroad business for a number of years, and who is an engineer, also appeared before the committee to submit his testimony. He is largely interested in the North Pacific and San Francisco Road. This road runs from Donahue to Cloverdale by rail, and is connected with the water route from San Francisco to Donahue. He says in his testimony that, after an examination, he is satisfied "that it was perfectly impracticable for Mr. Freeman, or any other person, to run that road under the Freeman bill and make it pay." The testimony of P. E. Dougherty, freight auditor of this road, is to the same effect. In the course of the examination of these two gentlemen, a very peculiar feature was evolved. It was shown that on the water route from San Francisco to the point where the service of the rail begins, the fare allowed by the Freeman bill was greater than that now charged by the railroad company; but as the distance increased, the rate was cut down by the Freeman bill far below the present charges. The explanation of this apparent inconsistency was very simple. The most of the *up* freight reached the rail by water, from San Francisco; and as there is a great deal of competition on the water route, the railroad company put the charges down very low, in order to secure its transportation by their boat for the road. But while the Freeman bill allowed an increase of charges by the water route, where it could be of no avail to the railroad company, it cut down the charges by rail so that the road could not be operated except at a loss. In this particular the Freeman bill was deceptive and calculated to lead the mind astray.

Mr. A. J. Binney, who operates the railroad running from Marysville to Oroville—twenty-eight miles—also testified before the committee. He says: "I could not pay the expenses of the

road if I adopted the rates allowed by the Freeman bill."

Here we have the testimony of seven men, all persons of practical experience in the business of railroad transportation, who unite in saying that the Freeman bill, if enacted into a law, would prove fatal to the railroads of the State; that, in other words, the railroads could not live under the provisions of such a law. These witnesses state reasons why such a result would follow; but we reserve the discussion of this branch of the subject for another part of this paper. It has been stated in some quarters, however, that the fact that these witnesses are all railroad experts, and most of them *employés* of the railroad companies, impairs the value of their testimony and throws doubt upon its credibility. This is a most extraordinary position. It is equivalent to saying that, because a witness knows all about the facts appertaining to a case in hand, he should not be allowed to testify; though if he does testify, the fact of such knowledge should destroy the value of his testimony. Nay, it is worse than that; it is equivalent to saying that a witness who knows little or nothing about the real facts of the case, but who is full of prejudice and preconceived opinions, is for that very reason the best qualified to enlighten the body whose duty it is to render a decision in the case!

But, as we shall proceed to show, in the case of the Freeman bill we are not dependent upon the testimony of railroad experts alone to prove its utter impracticability. We have the testimony of men of practical sense, who, from the great interests at stake, were led to examine the question with care, though they were not practical railroad men. Among these was Mr. Gilmore, a member of the Assembly from El Dorado County. This gentleman testified before the Senate committee that, when this Freeman bill was introduced into the

Assembly, he and others who live in his county, who are necessarily compelled to do business over the railroad in that section, "were satisfied that that road could not be operated at the rates that they proposed to charge in that bill." He "went before the committee of the Assembly and endeavored to get an exception made of that road. The Assembly committee, however, thought "that it would be making a discrimination in their general principle as laid down, and they could not entertain the proposition." And yet, when the bill came up in the Assembly, such was the temper of the house that he voted for it under protest, intending to come before the Senate committee to get more favorable action in reference to the road in which his constituents were immediately interested.

Mr. Klotz, a member of the Assembly from Shasta County, testified before the committee that he voted for the Freeman bill, but subsequently became satisfied, from his own reflections and from representations made by his constituents, that he did wrong. He says that, under the Freeman bill, "the freight from San Francisco to Redding would be \$9 a ton." The railroad now charges \$18. If the railroad stops running, he says, they would have to get their freight by steamer to Red Bluff, and from there to Redding by wagon. He says that he used to raft lumber on the river, and knows something about steamboating on that river; that no steamer could afford to take freight at less than \$15 to \$17 per ton, and live; that from Red Bluff to Redding, by wagon, would cost \$15 more, making from \$30 to \$32 per ton, against \$18 which the railroad now charges. He says that his constituents were of the opinion that, if the Freeman bill passed, the railroad could not operate under it and pay expenses.

Mr. Tuttle, who represents Sonoma County in the Senate, stated before the

committee, that he had examined the Freeman bill to some extent, and that his impression was that the road running through Sonoma County would have to run at a loss under the operation of that bill.

In this connection, we should say that the railroad managers, in fixing the tariff of freights, have always been careful to discriminate in favor of the products of the farmers—grain and other produce—for the reason that these articles can bear only very light charges and at the same time yield a reasonable return to the farmers. But discriminating rates constitute one of the complaints made against the railroads; hence, Mr. Freeman and those who acted with him thought it necessary to strike at this principle. Indeed, in adopting his “cast-iron maximum,” he could do nothing else; he found it necessary to legislate upon general principles, because laws can not be framed to meet exceptions. It is not surprising, therefore, that senators Hendricks and Perkins, during the pendency of the Freeman bill, received from their constituents a communication from which we make the following extract: “That the present legislature having been elected on the one issue—that freights should be reduced—the bill (Freeman’s) instead of giving the relief asked, imposes an additional burden upon the farming community, outside of the eighty-mile limit. The fact of a reduction of freight *up* the valley is not of the slightest interest to us, as our whole welfare depends on the price of produce; and if that is loaded with an additional tax—in an increase of freight—the farmers of this section will be ruined, the value of their lands materially lessened, and the taxable property of the whole county reduced. . . . We therefore ask that you oppose the Freeman bill.” This bill increased the rates on the produce of the farm going *to* market, over the rates

uniformly charged by the railroads, in order to make up for the reduction on other kinds of freight taken from San Francisco up the country. In other words, the Freeman bill was opposed to discrimination.

It is not necessary that we should spin out this article to greater length, and fatigue the reader, in order to prove that, alike by the testimony of both railroad experts and of men of practical sense engaged in other business pursuits, the Freeman bill, had it become a law, would have been absolutely fatal to the great railroad interests of California. Suffice it to say, that, after patient and laborious inquiry, thought, and research, the committee arrived at the same conclusion—a conclusion which was confirmed by the Senate itself, by subsequent action, after protracted consideration and debate; so that both the committee itself and the Senate added their testimony to that of the sworn witnesses, as to the unwisdom and impracticability of the Freeman bill. It is proper to state, also, that Mr. Freeman himself came before the committee and was heard at length in vindication of his own measure; but even the weight of his character, his shrewdness and capacity, were unable to rescue the bill from the fate to which the testimony of so many experienced and able men consigned it. Indeed, Mr. Irwin, an able and thoughtful member of the committee, convinced, after hearing all the facts and carefully studying the whole case, that the Freeman bill was a failure, undertook to meet what seemed to be a popular demand; and, avoiding Freeman’s mistakes, as he believed, submitted to the Senate what is known as the “Irwin bill.” But his measure, after thorough consideration by the Senate, like Freeman’s was defeated, thus going to prove that fixed rates are impracticable.

We have been thus particular in treating of Mr. Freeman’s bill and of Irwin’s

cognate measure, for the purpose of drawing therefrom a lesson which may be useful in considering a subject of much intricacy and importance. What is the cause of this double failure? Was it that the measures themselves were unskillfully framed, though each was an earnest effort to respond to what seemed to be a popular demand? Or does the cause of failure lie deeper, in a fundamental mistake or misconception of a great principle? Let us inquire.

It is not alone in California that this question of railroad tariffs has for years been the subject of debate and legislation. The question has agitated other States and communities; has been discussed in Europe, particularly in England, where popular thought, more than in any other country of the Old World, finds its way into legislation. What is the result? Is it satisfaction, quietude, and peace? Not at all. Quite the opposite. The more legislation the more trouble; this is particularly the case in Illinois, in Wisconsin, and other States, where legislative interference has been the most active. It seems strange, but it is true. What is the cause, we repeat, of such signal failure? We answer, that such results must ever follow every attempt of one man to regulate another man's affairs. There is profound wisdom in the proverb which enjoins upon every man to attend to his own proper business, and not intermeddle with the business of his neighbor. It proceeds upon the idea, which underlies the whole social fabric, that each man knows best how to manage his own affairs; and that the unauthorized interference of his neighbor, so far from aiding, can only introduce confusion. This, in our judgment, goes far to solve the problem. "A railroad corporation is an artificial person, composed of natural persons, acting by a single will. It is presumed to be competent, like a natural person, to manage its own affairs

intelligently; hence, any improper interference with that management creates disturbance, and results in mutual dissatisfaction. At any rate, such is the history of these attempts; and such a history must have a philosophy. Every result must have an adequate cause. One mischievous error, the cause of much of this disturbance, proceeds upon the idea that a railroad, or the corporation which manages it, is necessarily the enemy of the public and should therefore be fought, instead of being the public's friend and therefore entitled to respect. The fact is, the railroad corporation is just as much a part of the public as each artisan, farmer, or other citizen is a part of the public. It does a necessary part of the work of society just as much as a carpenter, a blacksmith, a farmer, or other industrious citizen does a part of the like work. It *is*, practically, a citizen, engaged in a civic industry; and it would be just as competent for the legislature to interpose and say at what price a carpenter shall build my stable, how much a blacksmith shall charge for shoeing my horse, or at what price a farmer shall sell his wheat, as to prescribe the price at which a railroad shall transport the lumber of the carpenter, the iron of the smith, or the wheat of the farmer, one mile, ten miles, or 500 miles. The fact is, if I want the railroad to transport my freight, I am competent to make my own bargain with the railroad. It would be an outrage upon my rights for the law to say to me, "You shall pay this railroad so many dollars for carrying your freight." It would, in all cases, arm the railroad with despotic power; and because the law would make of the railroad a despot, it would make me its slave. All the law can rightfully do is to say to the railroad, as it says to every other citizen, "You shall not practice extortion; if you do, you shall be punished." In the absence of arbitrary law on either side, and

in the presence of perfect freedom to contract, I go to the railroad and say, "I want you to carry my freight; how much will you charge?" Now observe, I know that carrying freight is the railroad's business; it wants all it can get; it advertises for it, solicits it; it is bound by law, as a public carrier, to take what is offered; it is bound to carry at reasonable rates—such is the law and has been the law for ages—and if it charges unreasonable rates, I can bring it into court and compel it to accept what is reasonable and disgorge the overplus. And the railroad knows this as well as I do. Now, I ask, what need of a "cast-iron maximum" that says to me, "You shall pay such-and-such a price?" Is the legislature more competent to make a contract for me than I am to make one for myself? Or has the legislature authority to take from me the natural right to make my own contracts, by clothing the railroad with the arbitrary power to demand a certain fixed sum for a particular service? And if the legislature should interfere in such contracts and fix arbitrary prices, why should it not interfere in all contracts and make prices? Why are railroad corporations singled out as fit subjects for this kind of legislation, while all other corporations are allowed to fix their own rates, and to manage their own business in their own way? Would it not be just as proper for the legislature to establish rates of insurance for insurance corporations, as to fix the rates for railroads? It is seen at once that no insurance company could do business if hemmed in by such arbitrary rules; no sane man would invest his money in such an institution, under such circumstances. The rates of insurance are subject to so many varying circumstances, that the company must be allowed to vary its rates to suit those circumstances; the law, therefore, wisely leaves the rates to the discretion of the contracting parties. But the rates

of insurance are not subject to more varying circumstances than are the rates of freight transportation, nor, in fact, to so many. Flexibility, the capacity of change to meet ever-varying circumstances and conditions, is far more necessary to the railroad than to the insurance company; and yet the idea of attempting to fix by law the rates of insurance is manifestly so preposterous that no one has ever had the folly to propose it. The true reason why the law-making power abstains from interference in the case of insurance is, that long experience proves that such interference is impracticable. Experience would teach society the like lesson in the case of railroads, if time had allowed such experience. The comparatively few who have had a practical experience in railroad management know full well that legislative interference would be as fatal in the latter case as in the former. The whole theory is based upon the false idea that the ownership of property does not necessarily include the right of its control; that one man may own property, but that another man may be allowed to control it; whereas the entire value of property consists in the right, coupled with the capacity, to exercise control over it. The law supposes, and the entire structure of civil society and property rights is built upon that supposition, that each man is the best judge as to what use he will make of his own property; hence, each one is left free to choose his own methods: and the law supposes further, that each man's interest is so completely identical with the interests of society, that the good of the whole will necessarily result from this freedom of choice. This is the substratum of our American civil communities. Now, why should railroad property be made an exception to this rule? It is the unwise attempt to break down this rule and make an invidious distinction in the case of rail-

roads that creates the trouble. The very attempt is at war with a supreme social law, inseparably interwoven with the structure of society, and can not be carried into permanent activity without doing violence to society itself. Herein lies the reason why the Freeman bill was found to be impracticable, why the Irwin bill would not do; and such are the reasons why the legislation of Illinois and that of Wisconsin are introducing strife and confusion, rather than producing quietude and peace. Restrictions upon this branch of commercial life and activity are necessarily found to work mischief instead of producing benefits. We repeat, that all this hostile legislation proceeds upon the false notion that the railroads are the enemies of the people rather than their friends; that they are a sort of monsters which live upon prey instead of industry; that they are an exception to the rule that makes freedom of choice in the use of property by each man consistent with the welfare of the whole. Far better to take all restrictions off than to put more on, as we shall now proceed to show. Freedom in commerce is just as great a blessing as it is in political rights.

The railroad managers of California, like those of other States, have found it necessary to make certain discriminations in freight charges—that is to say, experience has proved that some kinds of freight will bear higher charges than others—and by making such discriminations they can do much toward favoring the productive industry of the State, while promoting the welfare of the railroad companies themselves. Thus the self-interest of each is conducive to the welfare of the other. We are aware that discrimination has been the subject of great complaint; but that very complaint furnishes indubitable proof that it is easy for well-meaning men to be sadly mistaken in reference to a subject of which they have no practical knowledge.

For example, grain is a commodity that can not bear heavy freight charges, consistent with a reasonable rate of profit to the farmer. The whole margin of a ton of wheat might soon be swallowed up in paying the transportation charges for any considerable distance, at anything more than the lowest possible rates. But as it is better for the railroad to carry the grain at very low rates than not to carry it at all, the managers have put the rate down to an average, if the writer is not mistaken, of less than two cents per ton per mile, while the law expressly allows a charge of fifteen cents per ton per mile on all freights. And this rule holds good with the produce of the State generally. There is not business enough to keep the rolling-stock of the roads employed, unless they take everything that is offered; and, as most of the products of our rural industry can bear only very light transportation charges, the railroad managers have found it necessary, in view of their own interest, as well as that of others concerned, to put the tariff of charges on such commodities at very low figures. Here certainly is evidence of considerate goodwill. But the roads could not live, could not pay even running expenses—to say nothing of interest on their outstanding bonds and on capital invested—if they carried all commodities at these rates. And as experience has proved that sundry other articles can bear heavier charges without detriment to the interests involved, the managers have accordingly selected such articles for higher rates. Take, for example, a box of hats, or a ton of boots and shoes; the maximum rates on these would make no appreciable difference in the cost of each hat or each pair of boots and shoes. And what is true of these articles is true of dry goods generally; their price per yard would be so slightly affected by maximum rates, that it would scarcely be reckoned into the cost. The same rule holds

good again with a great variety of other articles, such as drugs, acids, liquors, and the endless variety of small articles which make up a hardware establishment. And so, by these discriminations, the railroads are able to keep alive at an average of three cents and sixty-six hundredths per ton per mile, on all commodities carried, while the law allows them to charge fifteen cents. Is not here evidence again of practical sense and good-will? The importance of this principle of discrimination, its value both to the railroads and to the general community, is here, we think, fully demonstrated; while the necessity for that flexibility in fixing rates which freedom from legal restraint can alone give, is quite as thoroughly proven. It must be clear, by this time, that a rigid "cast-iron maximum" may work mischief, and mischief only, to all the interests involved. Not to leave any branch of this subject incomplete, however, we proceed with its discussion in another aspect.

Experience has proved that it is impossible to make rates of transportation permanent as to time; for the elements that go to make up the amount and kinds of tonnage are subject to so many variations, that a rate which would be fair to all parties, for any one year, would most likely be found to operate very unfairly the next year. Accordingly, the railroad managers of California find it absolutely necessary to revise and remodel their rates at least once every year, in order to meet ever-varying conditions; and this rule prevails generally, from like imperious necessities, in other States. There can be, from the very nature of the case, no such thing as unchangeable rates. One might as well talk of an unvarying uniformity of seasons as of unchangeable railroad rates. The rates must change with the seasons, as well as with a multiplicity of other changes, always in active operation.

The more a community produces, in

excess of its own immediate consumption, the more it will have to export; hence, the greater the tonnage it will afford for transportation. But it is not alone by the additional amount of export tonnage that the railroad, as well as the community, will profit; for, as a rule, the greater the surplus exported, the more will be the returning imports: so that the business of the road is thus largely increased both ways. The cars that take the surplus to market need not return empty in such a case, at a dead loss to the railroad owners. Nor is this all. The freight imported by the return cars is almost invariably of a kind that will bear heavier charges than the produce exported; hence, the railroad finds its interest in taking the export at very low rates, in order to get the return freight, which will bear the increased rates. Indeed, as already suggested, the export article, in our State consisting generally of farm products, can bear only a very small freight charge and still leave a reasonable margin to the farmer; hence, it is seen that the railroad has a double interest in carrying the exported article cheap, in order to get the return freight, which will bear without detriment the heavier rates. A prosperous year, too, will not only give more freight, but will add also to the volume of travel by rail, both from the necessities of business and the solicitations of curiosity and pleasure.

Thus we see how closely identified are the interests of the railroad and the people. The prosperity of the one is equivalent to the prosperity of the other. Clearly there should be mutual confidence and respect here. Now, suppose an unpropitious year; suppose the elements of nature deny their usual sustenance, and the products of the country are cut short; or suppose while the products are still in surplus there is no foreign demand, or foreign prices are so low that our products will not bear ex-

port: is it not clear that the railroad, in either case, must adjust its rates to the altered state of things? Not only justice and common humanity will demand a change, but the very necessities of the case will coerce it; the managers will see that their own present and future interests demand a change. Perhaps both the community and the railroad must suffer. Then be it so. But if they do, it is only a new illustration of the identity of their interests—a new proof that each should enjoy the confidence and respect of the other. But after a time, Nature, beneficent parent, is kind, and prosperity returns. Shall not the railroad be allowed to change its rates again, to meet the new and more propitious conditions? The condition of the community is changed; and shall not the railroad, as a part of the community—as a citizen, so to speak—be allowed to participate in the propitious change?

These instances are produced for the purpose of illustrating the necessity of change to meet ever-varying circumstances. They prove, also, the necessity for making discriminations in freight charges, and that such discriminations result to the advantage of the productive industry of the State, as well as to the railroad itself. But, we ask, how can the railroad managers make these needed changes, if they are bound down by a rigid law, which takes from them all discretionary power? It may be said that the contemplated law does not take from the railroad managers the power to cut down rates to meet calamities. Very true; but it does deny them the free use of their faculties, vouchsafed to all other citizens, to repair their losses. They are secured in the glorious liberty to suffer loss, but denied the poor freedom to repair losses.

Complaints have been made that our railroads do not establish *pro rata* rates. To illustrate: it is assumed, that if a

railroad can afford to carry ten tons of freight, in a single car, 400 miles, at a profit of one-fourth of a cent per ton per mile, it can carry the same freight ten miles at the same rates. The statement thus made, without careful reflection, would seem to contain a truism; and it is accordingly complained, that the roads do not adopt this principle in their freight charges, but do, in fact, charge more for short distances than for long. The answer is that, if the roads adopted the *pro rata* rates, as indicated, they would very soon ruin themselves. For example: it costs at least twenty cents per ton—\$2—to load a car. To carry the ten tons, at the rate designated, ten miles, would yield the road twenty-five cents, or \$1.75 less than it costs to load the car; but the same load, carried 400 miles, would yield a profit of \$10; if carried 200 miles, which may be easily accomplished in a day, the profit would be \$5. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that a road must charge higher proportionate rates for short than for long distances; as otherwise, short distances will consume all the profits realized from long distances. Besides, it will occupy the car a day to load and carry its burden the ten miles; it will take no more than a day to travel 200 miles. In this connection we have said nothing about the expense of unloading. That, too, if done at the expense of the road, must be deducted from the earnings of the car. And besides, as most way stations furnish but little freight as compared to the whole business done, the car may have to be hauled away empty, an indefinite distance, before it can again be in position to earn another dollar.

This example serves to show, that long freights may yield a fair profit at a given rate, while short freights at the same rate would result in loss. But the same example serves another purpose; it serves to show that a legislative act

prescribing rates which might operate well enough on through freights on a long road, would be destructive of a short road. And not only so, but a rate that might be applicable to one road would operate fatally on another, because the cost of constructing different roads, for like distances, varies from a variety of causes; and as one road costs more than another, each road must fix its rates to meet the interest on its cost. This proves the necessity of absolute freedom in fixing rates; while it demonstrates the impossibility of legislating on a subject so intricate, complicated, and conflicting. Laws must be based upon general principles; it is impossible to legislate for exceptions.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the Freeman bill failed, and that the Irwin bill also failed, when subjected to the alembic of scrutinizing and searching discussion. The wonder would be, to construct a law which should work smoothly and fairly in a business so peculiar and involved that it seems to be made up of complicated exceptions rather than general rules. The attempt, we infer, in the present state of knowledge, will always be unsuccessful.

It is a very easy matter to hunt out exceptional cases of apparent hardship, and upon the stump declaim about ruthless oppression; but it is quite a different matter to act under the solemn responsibilities of legislation, where great and controlling interests are at stake, and the welfare of large communities is involved. The boldest man, who hears the admonitions of an educated conscience, hesitates when it comes to decisive action under such circumstances. It is therefore probable that, while party politics is allowed to intermeddle in this purely business affair, the people will always find a wide difference between promises, made upon the stump, and their crystallization into laws.

Considering all the circumstances and conditions, it would seem that the only safe depository of the power to regulate rates is in the railroad managers themselves. It is very desirable that the railroad companies of California should have the confidence and good-will of the public, because the relations of the railroads and the people, in business matters, are so intimate and so mutually dependent, that ill-will by either toward the other is productive of disadvantage, embarrassment, discomfort, and loss. But, however desirable friendly relations may be, the railroad managers ought to be aware that they can not expect such relations, unless by upright and fair dealing they deserve them. It is possible, indeed, to deserve the public good-will without obtaining it; but it is scarcely possible to obtain and enjoy it in the absence of desert.

It seems hardly probable, whatever temporary mistakes or misunderstandings may arise, that railroad managers can long fail to see that their interests and those of the public are mutual; and it is equally improbable that the people will long insist upon arbitrary and unreasonable restrictions. That they have had no cause of complaint as to some features of railroad management—no cause to suspect undue assertion of railroad influence in political or legislative affairs—we shall not undertake to say; any more than we shall undertake to weigh the value of the railroad managers' reply, that unjust hostility forced them to do certain things in self-defense which otherwise would not have been done. The object of this paper was not to discuss heated partisan questions, but to review candidly and dispassionately a purely business phase of the relations of the railroads to the State; satisfied that a proper understanding of this would conduce to the common harmony and welfare.

THE PLATINUM FILLING.

I.

LITTLE Thady O'Flynn, aged ten, shock-headed and dirty, after seeing his birthplace razed to the ground by the workmen who were opening up Montgomery Avenue, had taken his revenge on the city by stoning the windows of the old International Hotel until every pane of glass was as cracked as the head of a Stockton lunatic. Then, with a company of kindred spirits, he began an exploring expedition through the ruins of the rookeries in the odor and filth of which he had been born and bred. Queer places, indeed! Every plank in the ramshackle hovels a blackened memento of dark scenes, and every shingle as grimy and repulsive as Thady's own roofing. In fact, O'Flynn, Jr., was unmistakably typical of his surroundings, and they were of that roughest and most detestable slovenliness out of which is born the "hoodlum" of the lowest type.

Two habits in common Thady and his companions possessed. All the bad brood used oaths of the vilest description and in the freest manner, and all these poor little weeds of society used *the weed* of the vilest description and in the freest manner. Thady chewed, but most of his fellow-heathen preferred smoking, and passed about the rank and ancient stump of a cigar with an appreciation of the virtues of equality and fraternity that furnished another evidence as to the materials out of which the swaddling-clothes of Communism are fashioned.

Scuttling into the deeper depths of cellar-puddles like so many rats, and clambering recklessly over every hanging beam and rickety post like so many

cats, Thady and friends passed all that murky January afternoon, worrying and pelting a poor Chinese scavenger, like so many little devils, by way of change. It was soon after this latter incident that Thady's quick eyes were the first to see the workmen rigging half-a-dozen ropes for pulling down a high brick wall that had been standing, ugly and alone, all during the winter rains. Such a treat as the rush of falling bricks with the accompaniments of a crash and much dust was not to be lost.

"See here, fellahs," shrieked Thady, "they're a-going to pull down this blank dash wall!"

Instantly cellar-puddle and hanging beam were deserted, and a little yelling crowd began tugging at the end of each rope. The wall bent and swayed, and Thady and friends pulled and yelled the harder. The wall swayed and tottered, shivered and fell with a noise and dust-cloud that still further increased Thady's communistic leanings — leanings which are simply to pull down and destroy what others have put up. When the flying lime had but half subsided, Thady and friends were in the midst of it.

The wall had not fallen flush to the ground, and there were some ragged fragments still standing. One of these was part of the chimney, and, to peep down into it and up through it, Thady and friends went as fast as their unwashed legs, urged on by curiosity, could carry them. It was Thady who, imp-like, rammed that shock head of his down the broken chimney, and it was Thady who drew back with a cry and a long tress of brown hair in his paw.

"Golly! what's that?" cried one.

"Them's woman's hairs," cried another.

"Thady's found a sheenyon," shrieked a third.

The workmen gathered around the *gamin* and examined his find. True enough, it was a long lock of soft brown hair, burnt and singed at the ends, but otherwise very pliant and glossy.

"Perhaps there's more where that cum from," suggested one of the workmen, and a search was made in the old chimney, resulting in the discovery of at least what the hair had grown on. The suggestive workman threw a brick down the flue-hole, and out from where the grate had once been there rolled something hard and round—something hard, and round, and white—that struck on a lump of plaster and bounced clear to Thady's feet; a *memento mori* of an unmistakable nature—a human skull.

Thady, who was too intimately acquainted with his own bones to feel particularly delicate about handling those of other people, stooped and picked up the skull. It was very white, and, as if the grinning piece of mortality were not sufficiently horrible *per se*, there was a deep gash all down one side of the fleshless face, crushing in the bone from forehead to jaw. A blow so smashing must have been given with prodigious force. The front teeth were very small and even, as also were those of the right jaw, but the disfiguring blow had scarcely left one in its socket on the other side. It was at this moment that the writer and Doctor Andros were passing. The doctor saw what Thady held, and being—as will be more clearly seen as the story advances—of an exceptionally curious and investigating nature, he clambered down the *débris* and joined the group.

"Here's a find, Doctor," said one of the workmen.

"Woman's skull," said Doctor Andros, taking it from Thady's hand.

"Buried in quick-lime," said one of the workmen, taking a lump of the burning mineral.

"Thady's got sum of the har," shrieked one of the boys.

"Nothing else about, is there?" asked the doctor, after completing a transaction in human hair with Thady.

Boys and men sought diligently, but nothing could be found. Doctor Andros was leaving with the skull in his hand and an assurance that no further trouble need be taken about the matter, and had reached the sidewalk, when he heard a panting behind him, and there was Thady with something held out in his paw.

"What's that?" said Andros.

"One of the woman's teeth, I guess," said Thady.

Sure enough, it was—a hollow molar, that had been filled, and with the filling still in it. Another transaction with Thady—this time in ivory—and the tooth was slipped into the doctor's vest-pocket. There was a two-line paragraph in the daily papers, and there the matter was supposed to end.

II.

"That's a queer-looking thing, Doctor," said the clerk of the O—Hotel to Doctor Andros, some half-hour after the occurrence of the facts given above.

The "queer thing" referred to was the skull, which the man of bones still held in his hand. The incidents connected with its discovery were related, and a conversation began between the two, and shortly after among a small group that gathered about the office, having for subject the hundred-and-one violent deaths that yearly occur throughout the country, of whose why, or who, or when, nothing is known. The skull in the hand of Doctor Andros was a good text.

"How old should you say the person

was to whom it belonged?" inquired S——, who was standing by, putting his finger on the death's-head.

"Well, that's a difficult thing to say," answered Andros. "The quick-lime in which it was buried has attacked the sutures, and whether they were thoroughly knit or not I can not at present tell. But the teeth are those of a girl; at least, I should suppose so. Most probably, could we build the face up with its original living flesh, and crown the head with its 'woman's glory,' we should have before us a fair, young face, that with every smile would show a row of pretty teeth, and an abundance of bright-brown, almost golden, hair. Perhaps, most likely, her eyes were blue, and they certainly were large"—here the doctor thrust his thumb into one of the empty sockets—"while her other features were small and delicate. And to complete a picture which is, of course, almost purely one of fancy, I should say that she was in figure *petite* and graceful. Do you see her, gentlemen?"

"Tell you what, Doctor," said the clerk to Doctor Andros, "you have sketched almost to the life a young lady who staid here about three months ago, and about whom there were one or two circumstances of rather strange interest. I think I spoke to you about her; Mrs. Duplessis, I mean."

"O, the little dumb girl, you mean. I think I do remember your saying something to me about her," said Doctor Andros.

"Tell us about it," said S——.

"Well, as a coincidence, it's perhaps worth hearing," said the clerk. "Three months ago, a tall gentleman, named Duplessis, who spoke in almost unintelligible English, took No. — for himself and wife. I remember his appearance distinctly. He had a full black—very black—beard, black eyes, and particularly arched eyebrows. He wore an overcoat that was of precisely the same

material as his other clothes, and in his cravat a pin with the head made after the fashion of a serpent biting a file. He was absent during the whole of the first day, and three times during the afternoon and evening Madame Duplessis sent down messages to know if her husband had returned. These messages were written in the best and correctest of English. He came home, I heard, just in time to catch the last elevator. The second day he was absent again, and the same anxious messages reached me. About six, I happened to get into the elevator as he and she were coming down, and so had a full opportunity of seeing the lady closely. Upon my word, Doctor, she *was* just such a pretty little creature as you have described, except that her eyes were brown. I asked her if she liked what she had seen of California, and the girl—Lord! she couldn't have been more than sixteen or seventeen—looked up timidly into her husband's face and made some fluttering motion with her hands.

"'My wife is one dumb sare,' he said, and she nodded her head and smiled. I saw then that she had as pretty and perfect a set of teeth as I had ever seen. Well, they went out together, but he came back about twelve, alone. Next morning, when he paid his bill, I incidentally mentioned his wife. He said something about 'friends in town,' but what I could not distinctly hear. But, of course, it was no business of mine; and that's the last I ever saw or heard of either."

The clerk finished his story, most of the listeners went "sampling," and Doctor Andros, with the skull still in his hand, and the tooth and hair still in his pocket, went to his room.

III.

I transcribe here a few leaves from the note-book of Doctor Andros:

"Brought home a skull and tooth

found in a broken chimney by the workmen employed in removing the old houses between Jackson and Pacific streets, in the course of clearing the line for Montgomery Avenue. No other bones found. The face during life must have been horribly mutilated, or rather disfigured, for from the frontal to the maxillary bones extends a regular line of fracture, splintering the bone on each side. Such a blow was, in all probability, almost immediately fatal; for, supposing the murderous instrument to have been, as it most likely was, an axe, then, judging from the width of the fracture in the frontal bone, the blade must have penetrated the brain to some depth. I have said 'murderous instrument;' but, of course, that the subject was murdered is only a matter of supposition, although I do not see how such a wound could well have been received accidentally. It must have been a cruel, cruel blow, at any rate.

"I forgot to mention a tress of hair, found at the same time and place, of the finest quality and exceptionally long. It seems so strange that this single lock should have been saved from the burning action of the quick-lime in which the body was most probably buried, or possibly from the shears of those who saw her die. Heigh-ho! how fancy does run loose. Still, the hair *is* long and silken, and if the poor dead girl had that as her sole ornament, she possessed a glorious gift. It is an extraordinary fact that the pulp of the filament . . .

"Have just been examining the tooth, and am more than ever convinced that the poor girl—I have thoroughly embodied her now—occupied a position above the ordinary. The fact that its fellows are small and that the enamel is beautifully white, proves nothing at all, except that their owner took care of them. But this tooth, which that hideous boy gave me, is filled in a manner and with a substance both unusual.

The filling is of platinum-foil, put in with a vast amount of dental care and skill. Its companion molar must also have been hollow, for a spike, so to speak, of platinum projects from it, and is, in fact, a sort of continuation of the filling of the first tooth. This second tooth, of which the centre was hollow, must have been filled through the first. Now, there are only some three or four dentists, that I know of, who use platinum as a filling, and one of them, and, I believe, the inventor of the process, is M. Lemer cier, of Paris. 'Happy thought,' as *Punch* says; be sure to call on him when there, to inquire as to his success with chloral-hydrate as an anæsthetic. By the by, why not take the tooth with me; it will very possibly interest Lemer cier to see a specimen of the handiwork of a rival or disciple. Yes, and I'll take the skull, too, and present it to Guy's; it will, at any rate, show them I haven't forgotten the old hospital. How well I remember, etc.

"Find I shall be able to get away for my run across the continent much sooner than I expected. Doctor Baylis has consented to take charge of my patients during my absence. I feel almost as jolly as a school-boy at the prospect of a holiday."

IV.

"Among those who left in the overland train yesterday morning, was Dr. William Andros. We understand that our old friend and respected fellow-citizen intends making a lengthened tour through Europe. We wish him all imaginable pleasure during this holiday, which he has so long needed."—*San Francisco Paper*.

V.

From William Andros, M.D., to the Chief of Police, San Francisco.

"29 RUE CAUMARTIN, PARIS.

"MY DEAR C—:—I am almost tempted to turn detective, and, if my patients fail me, shall look to you for a position in the force, although I dare say should require in such a profession more

patience than ever. See the joke? But *au sérieux*. I have been in Paris nearly a month. I have something to tell you of a rather extraordinary nature, and it *may* happen that I shall need your co-operation, as I now ask your attention.

“Possibly, were you to make a trip to Paris, you would never think of visiting the Jardin Mabille. I did, however, on Sunday evening last, and it may be that this breaking of the Christian Sabbath will prove the means of making you a moving power in a story which is, at all events, growing hourly more interesting to me. I was sitting at one of the many little tables set everywhere throughout the garden, drinking a cup of coffee and smoking a cigar, when there sat down at the opposite side a gentleman whose face seemed so familiar to me that my first impulse was to offer him my hand. But a moment’s reflection convinced me that he was a stranger, although there remained the idea that I had seen the face somewhere before. I have no doubt that while hesitating about the matter, I was at the same time staring rudely, for the gentleman, I found, was glancing somewhat savagely at me over the top of his newspaper. There was something more than displeasure, though, I thought, in the quick, shifting glances of his bright, black eyes. There was suspicion, if not fear! But fear of what? I was now sure that we had never met before. Handsome eyes they were, too, with magnificently curved eyebrows; but with a very perceptible devil peeping out of them. The stranger drank his absinthe, laid down his paper with a scowl in those same black eyes, and left; not, however, before I had seen that in his cravat he wore a pin of odd make—a serpent in writhing convolutions, it seemed. My eyes are none of the best, and yet I knew perfectly that it was an adder biting a file; although, as I say, I did not see this,

and although I am sure I had never set eyes on the pin before. You must frequently have been aware of such psychological phenomena yourself. I puzzled over the matter some little time, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

“Do you remember my calling on you one afternoon, before I left San Francisco, with a skull, tooth, and tress of hair, found by some workmen near the old International Hotel, while clearing the route of Montgomery Avenue? The hair is still at the O—— Hotel, but the skull and tooth I have with me. The skull I intended for Guy’s Hospital, London, and the tooth for M. Lemer cier, the famous French dentist, of whom, very possibly, you have never heard. I came direct to Havre by the *Ville de Paris*, thence to Paris—chiefly to see my little niece Lu, who is here at school—leaving my London visit for a future time. The reason of my taking all this trouble about a tooth is that Lemer cier—who, by the by, is an old chum of mine—boasts about his being the only dentist living who successfully fills teeth with platinum, and yet here was one picked up in San Francisco, filled with this material, and in a good state of preservation, although most likely it had been subjected to much hard usage. The chances were ten thousand to one against its being a specimen of his handiwork. And now read what my quizzing him on the fact of having a rival has led to.

“With the tooth in my waistcoat pocket, I called on Lemer cier last evening, and, after he had got over his surprise at seeing me, and the conversation had settled down into something like freedom, I brought up the subject of the tooth.

“‘For all I know,’ said I, ‘there may be a score, but, at any rate, here is the evidence that there is *one* other dentist than yourself who uses platinum as a filling.’ With this I produced the tooth;

and here I should tell you that it is not only filled with platinum, but its immediate neighbor must have been filled through the one found, for from the side there projects a spur or spike of platinum that must have been driven into the second tooth through the first.

"Lemercier took the tooth, turned it over in his fingers, and then examined it with a powerful magnifying-glass. 'Yes,' said he, quietly, 'I thought so. I fill this one little tooth—these two little tooth, *en effet*—mine one self.'

"'Good God!' cried I, starting up. 'Are you sure of that? That tooth was found in California.'

"'I care not,' said Lemercier, 'if the tooth were found in the Red Sea. *I fill it.*'

"For the moment I could hardly speak. Then I told him the story of its discovery and that of the skull. Lemercier looked grave. 'I did not sink she would become an *émigrée*,' said he. 'You may be surprise how I should remember the filling of a certain tooth,' he continued; 'but you will see I fill at the same time one other tooth through thees. Now, *that* I remember distinctly to do, and remember do I, too, that it was in the head of a fair English mees, who, though I must have pained her much, said no one word.'

"'Very different from the ordinary run of women,' I could not help remarking.

"'She was,' said Lemercier. 'She had that great blessing of being born dumb.'

"Lord! how the whole thing flashed across my mind. Just call at the O—— Hotel and ask B——, the clerk, to tell you the story he told me about a Mr. and Mrs. Duplessis, who staid there in September or October last. As there is a heaven above us, I believe the little dumb girl who was a guest there, who did *not* come back with her husband the second night, and the little dumb English 'mees' who was a patient of Le-

mercier's, are one and the same, and that Mr. Duplessis and the stranger I saw in the Jardin Mabille, on Sunday, are one and the same, too. The question was, what had become of her? You will, of course, say that I am rashly jumping at conclusions, but to me it is only another evidence that Providence and not chance rules the world.

"'With whom do you remember this little girl came?' I asked. 'I am somewhat interested in this matter.'

"'She came with one of the ladies of Madame Ganil's *pension*. Wait a moment, and I will give you the address and date.' He left the room, and returned in a few minutes with a slip of paper on which was written:

"'M^{LE}. IDA GILMORE,

"' 'Chez Madame Ganil,

"' '3 Boulevard Sevastopol.'

"And here I find I must conclude this lengthy scrawl; but by the next mail I will send you the result of my visit to Madame Ganil. Wishing you, etc., I remain, etc.,

"WM. ANDROS."

VI.

From William Andros, M. D., to the Chief of Police, San Francisco.

"29 RUE CAUMARTIN, PARIS.

MY DEAR C——:—As I promised in my last, of the 20th, I am going to trouble you with an account of my call on Madame Ganil. Its result, I am sorry to say, has not surprised me. I had my little niece Lucy for an interpreter, as I am rather shaky in what was once almost a mother-tongue to me. I rang the bell of the gloomy-looking house, where a great deal of *politesse* and a very little of anything else is taught, and was admitted by a grim-looking man, and shown into a grim-looking room adorned with specimens of the pupils' handiwork in the way of hideous and grim-looking crayon sketches.

"Madame Ganil, a pleasant-looking little woman of any age from thirty to fifty, soon made her appearance, holding my card in her small bony hand.

"Ah, I have the honor of addressing Dr. Andros, the famous American physician of whom I have heard so much? What an angelic child!"

"This last sentence cleared away my bewilderment. She evidently thought Lu to be a prospective pupil, and hence the pleasant fiction of my fame. I did not at that moment attempt to undeceive her on either point, but with Lu's help managed to let her know that I had come principally to inquire for a certain Miss Ida Gilmore who had been a pupil there.

"Monsieur is some relation of the *pauvre enfant*?" said Madame Ganil, with an odd look at me.

"I kicked Lu's trim little *bottine* under the chair, and answered, 'Yes, I—I am her uncle.'

"Indeed,' said Madame Ganil, 'I had no idea she had an uncle. She never spoke of one.'

"For the simple reason that she never knew she had one—living,' said Dr. Andros the liar, bold as brass. 'I have been so long in America that I question whether any relative of mine except this child—'

"Her cousin?' interjected the Ganil, quick as lightning.

"Her cousin,' assented Dr. Andros just as quickly—'was aware of my being alive.'

"*Dans ce cas*,' said Madame Ganil, 'I regret to inform you that your niece is dead.'

"Her loving uncle put his pocket-handkerchief to his eyes, while little Lu looked sufficiently startled at the inexplicable style of the conversation, to aid the deception wonderfully.

"Of course,' said Madame Ganil the artful, 'you know that the *chère petite* Ida was hopelessly *deaf*!'

"Pardon, Madame, dumb, you mean,' said Dr. Andros the sly.

"Dumb, of course, I mean,' cried the Ganil. 'What an old piece of forgetfulness I am. Well, her friends in England—she was brought here by a lady, a Madame Geelmore—'

"My only sister,' said I, desperately.

"Ah!' said Madame Ganil, 'she did not resemble you. As I remarked, Madame Geelmore did not wish her to go to an asylum, however good, and so brought her to me, hoping that the gentle discipline and tender surveillance for which this establishment has a humble reputation, would do somewhat toward lightening the toil of her studies in the French language, for which she had a particular predilection. But doubtless Monsieur has heard all this before.'

"Partly,' said I; 'but will Madame charm me by proceeding?'

"Madame bowed, and went on: 'When she had been a loved and loving inmate of this quiet establishment for two years, and was then seventeen years of age, her father and mother both died—'

"That was last summer,' I interrupted. (You see I was guessing with a vengeance. This time again, fortune, or Providence rather, favored me.)

"Yes, late in the summer,' said Madame—'died, as I said, leaving her as we supposed' (with an apologetic duck toward me), 'entirely friendless and unprotected. At that time, August, the Vicomte Montmarte, a well-known and most estimable *gentilhomme*, who had met her at the house of Madame Lefevre, mother of one of my dearest pupils, honored her with the offer of his hand and title.'

"He did not marry a penniless wife,' I said, still following up my desperate plan. 'Ida *must* have had some money of her own.'

"Madame gave me another queer look, but hiding it with a polite smile, almost instantly added:

“Monsieur, as one of the family, must certainly be aware that the *dot* of Made-moiselle Geelmore was by no means of the largest. Monsieur assuredly would not impute motives of a mercenary character to the Vicomte Montmarte?”

“Most assuredly not,” said I; “the vicomte has my most profound consideration. Will Madame tell me: Is not the vicomte a tall, handsome man, with a full black beard, black eyes, and particularly arched eyebrows?”

“Talk about the queer look in Madame Ganil’s eyes at first!—that was nothing to the anxious and, it seemed to me, frightened face she turned to me to ask, ‘Have you seen my—the vicomte here—in Paris?’

“Diamond cut diamond, eh! ‘No, Madame,’ I replied.

“And yet you have described him?”

“Madame forgets that so “estimable and well-known a *gentilhomme*” as the Vicomte de Montmarte is possibly known outside of Paris.’

“Madame put her nervous hand to her heart, and continued hesitatingly: ‘Well, they were married on the 5th, at the church of St. Joseph, and went to England for their wedding trip. Five months ago, the vicomte called here in deep mourning. I divined the frightful truth. The dear, dear vicomtesse was dead. Yes, she had died in England, and was buried somewhere out of London—Westmoreland, I think.’

“I could no longer restrain myself, but started up and shouted, ‘That’s an infernal lie!’

“Madame Ganil evidently understood enough of what I said, to be aware that it was something very dreadful. Lu shrieked a little shriek, and Dr. Andros sat down with the consciousness that he had made an ass of himself.

“A little oil was thrown on the troubled waters by my asking for one of the school circulars. Madame left the room to fetch one, and at the same time brought

back the portrait of one of the dearest, prettiest girls I ever saw. It was Ida Gilmore taken in her bridal dress, and any greater prize for a man to clasp in his arms and call his own, I could not imagine. Madame Ganil would not part with it, however. I promised—lie again—to call with Lucy on the next day, and left.

“And now, C——, I’m going to ferret this thing out and find that villain, Montmarte, if it takes my whole life. I look for your assistance when the time comes, and remain, yours, etc.

“WM. ANDROS.

“P. S.—Lu tells me that so suspicious and strict are the schoolmistresses in Paris, that to get any information from them or free access to the pupils is a matter of difficulty, usually great and sometimes extreme. So my suspicions, due to Madame Ganil’s queer conduct, have possibly no foundation. But, *nous verrons*.
W. A.”

VII.

From William Andros, M. D., to the Chief of Police, San Francisco.

“52 AVENUE JOSEPHINE, PARIS.

“My dear C——:—It is as much as I can do to write what I have to, ‘decently and in order,’ but I will sink my natural excitement and tell my story as quietly as possible.

“So convinced was I when I left Madame Ganil’s that the man whom I had met in the Jardin Mabilie was none other than the Vicomte Montmarte, that I felt myself perfectly justified in calling the aid of the police. For this purpose I visited the Rue Jerusalem, and obtained the assistance of as quiet and meek-looking a little man as was ever made a nonentity of at home. To him I simply confided the fact that I wished the address of the Vicomte Montmarte.

“‘Never heard of him,’ said the little man. ‘What is his description?’

“I drew his portrait as fully as I could,

and the little man departed. By nine the next morning I had the address: '52 Avenue Josephine.'

"I took a carriage and drove there instantly. No. 52 is a large boarding-house and certainly not the place that a vicomte would live in, and seeing a bill of *appartements meublés*, I at once took a couple of rooms that were vacant. That very evening I saw Montmartre going down the stairs. I followed him until he went into a *café*. One minute afterward I entered too. I can not weary you with the account of how our intimacy grew. 'Suffice it to say,' that the elderly American gentleman of particularly simple and lamb-like demeanor, by reason of this said demeanor, coupled with his very apparent ignorance of all things Parisian, was most politely assisted out of a muddle which he had purposely got into with the *garçon*, by him of the black eyes and hair. The acquaintance thus commenced was not allowed to drop. To our mutual surprise we found we were both staying at the same house. We exchanged cards, mine having the address, New York; his the name of *Victor Ganil*! This name staggered me for the moment, as you may well suppose. So there was something in Madame Ganil's reticence after all. *Le beau Vicomte Montmartre was the schoolmistress' son!*

"Circumstances make the man. I did not know before what an actor I could be; I read the name without betraying the slightest surprise. Madame evidently did not know of her son's being in Paris, or she certainly would have warned him that some one wanted him.

"That evening I sent for M. Renard, the mild little detective, and gave him job No. 2. On the 5th of August, 1873, the Vicomte Montmartre and a Made-moiselle Ida Gilmore were married in the church of St. Joseph. I wanted a copy of the record. If not at St. Joseph, search every Catholic church in Paris.

"Next afternoon I met Victor Ganil at the *café*, and, as if things were hastening rapidly to an end, the villain wore not only the strange pin, but the suit, overcoat and all alike, of which B—— had spoken. I invited him to come to my room in the evening for a game of casino. To this he almost eagerly consented.

"(My hand trembles so that I can hardly write.)

"I left Ganil at four, with the understanding that he should meet me at half-past seven. I had not been sitting in my room ten minutes, when Renard brought me the intelligence that no entry, either civil or religious, had been made of such a marriage as I had spoken of to him! I determined to *act* instantly, and begged Renard—who did not betray the slightest notice of my excitement—to take me before the Chief Commissioner of Police. To him and Renard I told the whole story as clearly and minutely as possible, also stating my plan of action for the evening. The two conversed apart for a moment, and then M. le Commissionnaire, turning to me, said:

"'Renard shall be at your apartments at seven, and shall act as the event requires.'

"Punctually to the minute the mild little man made his appearance, and after a short consultation took his place in the bed-room, the transom over the connecting door being left open. Ganil was a little late. I was afraid he would notice my agitation, and so busied myself at once with getting out the cards. There was a drawer in the table on my side, and in it I had placed the skull and tooth, only wishing I had the hair, too. Ganil I managed to seat with his back to the bed-room door. After some time I succeeded in screwing my courage to the sticking-point, and began:

"'Do you know, Monsieur Ganil,' said I, 'you remind me uncommonly of a

gentleman—a countryman of yours, by the by—whom I once met in America?’

“‘Indeed!’ said he. ‘Tens—was that in New York?’

“‘No,’ I answered. ‘Little casino—it was in San Francisco.’

“‘Try as he would, he could not keep his mouth from twitching and his face from growing pale.

“‘I was never there,’ he answered, but so hoarsely that I scarcely caught what he said.

“‘No, I did not expect you had been,’ I said, smiling a rather sickly smile. ‘But if you have no objections—fours—I will tell you a queer little story about your compatriot. One day in the middle of last October, a lady and gentleman named Mr. and Mrs. Duplessis (French, as you perceive by the name)—your play—staid for a couple of days at the O—— Hotel, San Francisco. She was a pretty little child, with brown hair and brown eyes, and he, as I have said, a gentleman who somewhat resembled you. You are taking an eight with a nine, Monsieur Ganil.’

“‘*Pardon,*’ said he, ‘so I am.’

“‘There was something in his eye that told me I had better waste no time, but there was something in his eye, too, that told me I had not much to fear; the man was a coward. I continued:

“‘This little Madame Duplessis was left behind in San Francisco by her husband, although it’s a very strange thing that nobody afterward heard of or saw any such little lady. I should tell you—you’ve dropped a card, *mon ami*—that she was *dumb*.’

“‘Your horrible story discomposes me—hadn’t we better change the subject?’ murmured he.

“‘You have rightly *guessed*,’ said I; ‘the story *is* a horrible one. Nothing more was heard of either husband or wife, until some four months ago, when an old Frenchwoman, who was dying, confessed to the police that Madame

Duplessis had been barbarously murdered with an axe, in her house, on the very night her husband left the city. No wonder you start, Monsieur; it was a cold-blooded, devilish murder. The old woman described the deed most fully, and told how the husband had struck the poor girl as she lay senseless from a first blow—struck her with the axe so savagely that the once pretty face was almost hacked in two. The body was dismembered and buried in quick-lime, the old woman said; but the skull, unconsumed, was discovered by the police.’

“(I did not know, C——, that I had such inventive powers until then.)

“Ganil was shuffling the cards nervously, but without saying a word, and I braced myself up for the final scene.

“‘Since I have been in Paris,’ I continued, ‘I have discovered—it will not interest you to know how—that Monsieur Duplessis had an assumed name, this time one of a higher grade; that of the Vicomte Montmartre. I have discovered, too, that under this title he seduced the poor English girl, Ida Gilmore—I can call it nothing else, for the marriage by which he entrapped her was a false one—and then, knowing her to be friendless and alone, and knowing, too, that he would enjoy her little fortune were she dead, and tiring of the affection of the poor little dumb creature, took her to the other end of the world to get her out of the way, and then returned to Paris with the trumped-up lie that the murdered girl had died, and was buried in England.’

“‘We had both laid our cards down, and were looking fixedly at each other, Ganil’s face white and working convulsively; mine, I have no doubt, just as pale, but set, for God knows I felt hard and stern enough.

“‘There is a proverb in English, Monsieur,’ I continued, ‘that says, “murder *will* out,” and there never was a truer one. I have now simply to tell you that

I have discovered that Mademoiselle Ida Gilmore was an inmate of the *pen-sion* of a Madame Ganil, and that you' (here I put my hand in the drawer and grasped the skull)—'and that *you*, her most miserable son, are the sham vicomte and sham Duplessis that you are Miss Gilmore's MURDERER, and that this is the skull of your victim!'

"I dashed the white thing down in front of him, and leaped up. He eyed it for a moment as if fascinated, then, with a shudder and a howl, he too leaped to his feet, seized a chair and swung it aloft.

"'Curse you, American devil!' he yelled, 'you shall never live to say you have caught me!'

"At me he leaped, and that so suddenly that I should not now be writing this, but that in the same moment the chair was seized from behind, and a quiet voice said, '*Doucement, doucement, mon cher.*' In that same moment M. Renard had slipped a pair of steel bracelets on the trembling wrists of the

white-faced wretch. In that same moment, too, the door was burst, open and a distracted, weeping little woman rushed in. It was Madame Ganil! She comprehended the scene in a moment, and flinging herself at her son's feet she moaned out, '*Oh, mon fils! mon fils!* why did you not tell me you were here? I then might have saved you, might have saved you, *mon fils!*'"

Let the doctor's letter end here; there is little more to say. Mother and son were torn apart, for the mother's guilt ended with connivance at the false marriage. The son confessed his greater crime—not differing after all, except in details, from the semi-fictional description given him by Dr. Andros. The tooth of the platinum filling had found a mighty tongue to cry aloud for vengeance; and the slow, terrible sword of Justice is at last laid bare—let us hope, never to find its scabbard till judgment to the last awful jot and tittle be executed on the murderer of Ida Gilmore.

Vivian

STUDIES IN THE SIERRA.

NO. IV.—GLACIAL DENUDATION.

GLACIAL denudation is one of the noblest and simplest manifestations of sun-power. Ocean water is lifted into vapor, crystallized into snow, and sown broadcast upon the mountains. Thaw and frost, combined with the pressure of its own weight, changes it to ice, which, although in appearance about as hard and inflexible as glass, immediately begins to flow back toward the sea whence it came, and at a rate of motion about equal to that of the hour-hand of a watch.

This arrangement is illustrated in Fig. 1, wherein a wheel constructed of

water, vapor, snow, and ice, and as irregular in shape as in motion, is being sun-whirled against a mountain-side with a mechanical wearing action like that of an ordinary grindstone.

In north Greenland the snow supply and general climatic conditions are such that its glaciers discharge directly into the sea, and so perhaps did all first-class glaciers when in their prime; but now the world is so warm, and the snow-crop so scanty, most glaciers melt long before reaching the ocean. Schlaggenweit tells us those of Switzerland melt on the average at an elevation of about

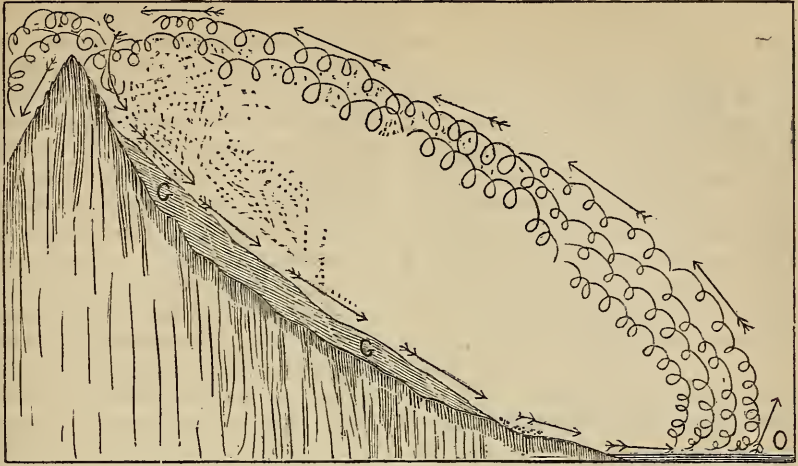


FIG. 1.

7,400 feet above sea-level; the Himalaya glacier, in which the Ganges takes its rise, does not descend below 12,914 feet;* while those of our Sierra melt at an average elevation of about 11,000 feet. In its progress down a mountain-side a glacier follows the directions of greatest declivity, a law subject to very important modifications in its general application. Subordinate ranges many hundred feet in height are frequently overswept smoothly and gracefully without any visible manifestation of power. Thus, the Tenaya outlet of the ancient Tuolumne *mer de glace* glided over the Merced divide, which is more than 500 feet high, impelled by the force of that portion of the glacier which was descending the higher slopes of mounts Dana, Gibbs, and others, at a distance of ten miles.

The deeper and broader the glacier, the greater the horizontal distance over which the impelling force may be transmitted. No matter how much the courses of glaciers are obstructed by inequalities of surface such as ridges and cañons, if they are deep enough and wide enough, and the *general declivity* be

sufficient, they will flow smoothly over them all just as calm water-streams flow over the stones and wrinkles of their channels.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SIERRA CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO GLACIAL ACTION.

The most important glacial phenomena presented in the Sierra are: First, polished, striated, scratched, and grooved surfaces, produced by the glaciers slipping over and past hard rocks in their pathways. Secondly, moraines, or accumulations of mud, dust, sand, gravel, and blocks of various dimensions, deposited by the glaciers in their progress, in certain specific methods. Thirdly, sculpture in general, chiefly as seen in cañons, lake-basins, hills, ridges, and separate rocks, whose forms, trends, distribution, etc., are the peculiar offspring of glaciers.

In order that my readers may have clear conceptions of the distribution and comparative abundance of the above phenomena, I will give here a section of the west flank from summit to base between the Tuolumne and Merced rivers, which, though only a rough approxima-

* According to Captain Hodgson.



FIG. 2.

tion, is sufficiently accurate for our purpose. The summit region from D to C (Fig. 2) is composed of highly metamorphic slates, so also is most of the lower region, B to A. The middle region is granite, with the exception of a few small slate-cappings upon summits of the Merced and Hoffmann spurs. With regard to the general topography of the section, which may be taken as fairly characteristic of the greater portion of the range, the summit forms are *sharp and angular*, because they have been *down-flowed*; all the middle and lower regions comprising the bulk of the range have *rounded forms*, because they have been *overflowed*. In the summit region all the glacial phenomena mentioned above are found in a fresh condition, simply on account of their youthfulness. Scores of small glaciers still exist here where we can watch their actions. But the middle region is the most interesting, because, though older, it contains all the phenomena, and on a far grander scale, on account of the superior physical structure of granite for the reception of glacial history.

Notwithstanding the grandeur of cañons and moraines, with their glorious adornments, stretching in sublime simplicity delicately compliant to glacial law, and the endless variety of picturesque rocks rising in beautiful groups out of the dark forests, by far the most

striking of all the ice phenomena are the polished surfaces, the beauty and mechanical excellence of which no words will describe. They occur in large irregular patches many acres in extent in the summit and upper half of the middle region, bright and stainless as the untrodden sky. They reflect the sunbeams like glass, and though they have been subjected to the corroding influences of the storms of ten thousands of years, to frosts, rains, dews, yet are they in many places unblurred, undimmed, as if finished but yesterday. The attention of the mountaineer is seldom arrested by moraines however conspicuously regular and artificial in form, or by cañons however deep, or rocks however noble, but he stoops and rubs his hands admiringly on these shining surfaces, and tries hard to account for their mysterious smoothness. He has beheld the summit snows descending in booming avalanches, but he concludes that it can not be the work of snow, because he finds them far beyond the reach of avalanches; neither can water be the agent, he says, for he finds them on the tops of the loftiest domes. Only the winds seem capable of following and flowing in the paths indicated by their scratches and grooves, and some observers have actually ascribed the phenomenon to this cause. Even horses and dogs gaze wonderingly at the strange brightness of the ground, and smell it, and place their feet upon it cautiously; only the wild mountain sheep seems to move wholly at ease upon these glistening pavements.

This polish is produced by glaciers slipping with enormous pressure over hard, close-grained slates or granite. The fine striations, so small as to be scarcely visible, are evidently caused by grains of sand imbedded in the bottom of the ice; the scratches and smaller grooves, by stones with sharp graving edges. Scratches are therefore most abundant and roughest in the region of

metamorphic slates, which break up by the force of the overflowing currents into blocks with hard cutting angles, and gradually disappear where these graving tools, having been pushed so far, have had their edges worn off.

The most extensive areas of polished surfaces are found in the upper half of the middle region, *where the granite is most solid in structure and contains the greatest quantity of silex*. They are always brighter, and extend farther down from the axis of the range, on the *north sides* of cañons that trend in a westerly direction, than on the south sides; because, when wetted by corroding rains and snows, they are much sooner dried again, the north sides receiving direct sunshine, while the south walls are mostly in shadow and remain longest wet, and of course their glaciated surfaces become corroded sooner. The lowest patches are found at elevations of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea, and thirty to forty miles below the summits, on the sunniest and most enduring portions of vertical walls, protected from the drip and friction of water and snow by the form of the wall above them, and on hard swelling bosses on the bottom of wide cañons, protected and kept dry by broad bowlders of the proper shape.

MORAINES.

In the summit region we may watch the process of the formation of moraines of every kind among the living glaciers. The material of which they are composed has been so recently quarried from the adjacent mountains, that they are still plantless, and have a raw unsettled appearance, as if newly dumped from cars like the stone and gravel of railroad embankments. The moraines belonging to the ancient glaciers are covered with forests, and extend with a greater or less degree of regularity down across the middle zone, as we have seen in study No. 3. Glacial rock

forms occur throughout this region also, in marvelous richness, variety, and magnitude, composing all that is most special in Sierra scenery. So also do cañons, ridges, and sculpture phenomena in general, descriptions of whose scenic beauties and separate points of scientific interest would require volumes. In the lower regions, the polished surfaces, as far as my observations have reached, are wholly wanting. So also are moraines, though the material which once composed them is found scattered, washed, crumbled, and reformed, over and over again, along river-sides and over every flat, and filled-up lake-basin. So radically altered is the position, form of deposit, and mechanical condition of this ancient moraine matter, that unless we begin with the undisturbed moraines of the summit region, and following them down, note carefully the gradual methods by which their characters are changed, we will be inclined to question their glacial origin.

The most unalterable and indestructible glacial phenomena under consideration are the cañons, valleys, ridges, and large rock masses; *the general forms, trends, and geographical position of which are specifically glacial*. Yet even these are considerably obscured by post-glacial erosion, and by a growth of forests, underbrush, and weeds, and only the patient and educated eye will be able to recognize them beneath so many veils.

As regards the limited vision of man, the ice-sheet of the glacial period, like an immense sponge, wiped the Sierra bare of all previous surface inscriptions, and wrote its own history upon the ample page. We may read the letter-pages of friends when written over and over, if we are intimately acquainted with their handwriting, and under the same conditions we may read the written compositions of nature upon the stone pages of the mountains. Glacial history upon the

summit of the Sierra page is clear; the farther we descend, the more its inscriptions are crossed and recrossed. Dews have dimmed it, torrents have scrawled it, and the earthquake and avalanche have erased many a delicate line. Groves and meadows, forests and fields, darken and confuse its more enduring characters along the bottom, until only the laborious student can decipher even the most emphasized passages of the original manuscript.

METHODS OF GLACIAL DENUDATION.

All geologists recognize the fact that glaciers wear away the rocks over which they move, but great vagueness prevails as to the size of the fragments, their abundance, and the way in which the glacial energy expends itself in detaching and carrying them away. And, if possible, still greater vagueness prevails as to the forms of the rocks and valleys resulting from this erosion. This is not to be wondered at, when we consider how recently glacial history has been studied, and how profound the silence and darkness under which glaciers prosecute their works.

In this article, I can do little more for my readers than indicate methods of study, and results which may be obtained by those who desire to study the phenomena for themselves. In the first place, we may go to the living glaciers and learn what we can of their weight, motions, and general habits*—how they detach, transport, and accumulate rocks from various sources. Secondly, we may follow in the tracks of the ancient glaciers, and study their denuding power from the forms of their channels, and from the fragments composing the moraines, and the condition of the surfaces from which they were derived, and whether these fragments were rubbed, split, or broken off.

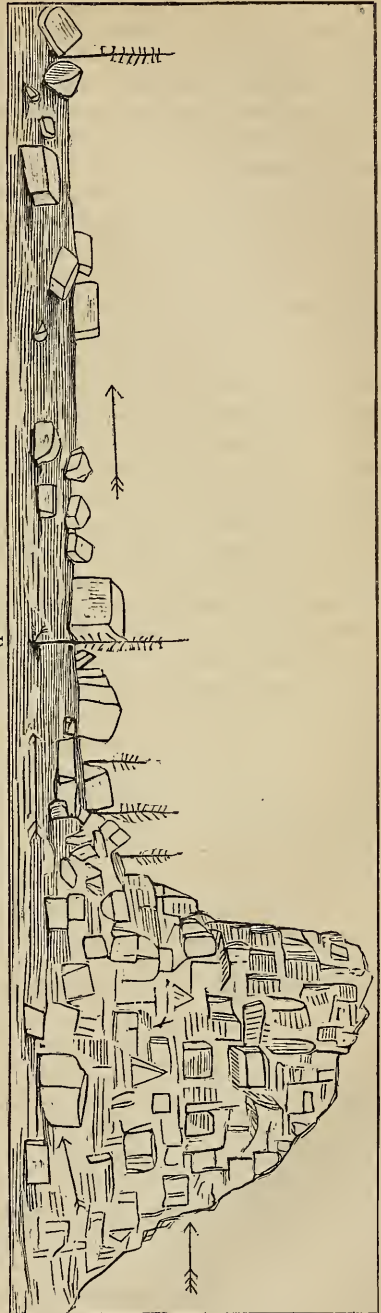
* Here I would refer my readers to the excellent elementary works of Agassiz, Tyndall, and Forbes.

The waters which rush out from beneath all living glaciers are turbid, and if we follow them to their resting-places in pools we shall find them depositing fine mud, which when rubbed between the thumb and finger is smooth as flour. This mud is ground off from the bed of the glacier by a smooth, slipping motion accompanied with immense pressure, giving rise to the polished surfaces we have already noticed. These mud particles are the smallest chips which glaciers make in the degradation of mountains.

Toward the end of the summer, when the winter snows are melted, particles of dust and sand are seen scattered over the surfaces of the Sierra glaciers in considerable quantities, together with angular masses of rock derived from the shattered storm-beaten cliffs that tower above their heads. The separation of these masses, which vary greatly in size, is due only in part to the action of the glacier, although they all are borne down like drift on the surface of a river and deposited together in moraines. The winds scatter down most of the sand and dust. Some of the larger fragments are set free by the action of frost, rains, and general weathering agencies; while considerable quantities are borne down in avalanches of snow, and hurled down by the shocks of earthquakes. Yet the glacier performs an important part in the production of these superficial effects, by undermining the cliffs whence the fragments fall. During my Sierra explorations in the summers of 1872 and 1873, almost every glacier I visited offered illustrations of the special action of earthquakes in this connection, the earthquake of March, 1872, having just finished shaking the region with considerable violence, leaving the rocks which it hurled upon the ice fresh and nearly unchanged in position.

In all moraines we find stones, which, from their shape and composition, and

the finish of their surfaces, we know were not thus derived from the summit peaks overtopping the glaciers, but from the rocks *past* which and *over* which they flowed. I have seen the north Mount Ritter glacier in the act of grinding the side of its channel, and breaking off fragments and rounding their angles, by crushing and rolling them between the wall and ice. In all the pathways of the ancient glaciers, also, there remain noble illustrations of the power of ice, not only in wearing away the sides of their channels in the form of mud, but in breaking them up into huge blocks. Explorers into the upper portion of the middle granite region will frequently come upon blocks of great size and regularity of form, possessing some character of color or composition which enables them to follow back on their trail and discover the rock or mountain-side from whence they were torn. The size of the blocks, their abundance along the line of dispersal, and the probable rate of motion of the glacier which quarried and transported them, form data by which a slight approximation to the rate of block denudation may be reached. Fig. 3 is a rock about two miles west of Lake Tenaya, with a train of boulders derived from it. The boulders are scattered along a level ridge, where they have not been disturbed in any appreciable degree since they came to rest toward the close of the glacial period. An examination of the rock proves conclusively that not only were these blocks—many of which are twelve feet in diameter—derived from it, but that they were *torn off its side* by the direct mechanical action of the glacier. For had they simply fallen upon the surface of the glacier from above, then the rock would present a crumbling, ruinous condition—which it does not—and a talus of similar blocks would have accumulated at its base after there was no glacier to remove them as they fell; but no such talus exists,



the rock remaining compact, as if it had scarcely felt the touch of a single storm. Yet, what countless seasons of weathering, combined with earthquake violence, could not accomplish, was done by the Tenaya Glacier, as it swept *past* on its way to Yosemite.

A still more striking and instructive example of side-rock erosion may be found about a mile north of Lake Tenaya. Here the glaciated pavements are more perfectly preserved than elsewhere in the Merced basin. Upon them I found a train of solid granite blocks, which attracted my attention from their isolated position, and the uniformity of their mechanical characters. I determined to seek their fountain quarry, knowing it must be near, because their angles were unworn. Their source proved to be the *side* of one of the lofty elongated ridges stretching toward the Big Tuolumne Meadows. They had been quarried from the *base* of the ridge, which is ice-polished and undecayed to the summit. The reason that only this particular portion of the ridge afforded blocks of this kind, and so abundantly as to be traceable, is that the cleavage planes here separated the rock into parallelopipeds which sloped forward obliquely into the side of the glacier, which was thus enabled to grasp them firmly and strip them off, just as the spikelets of an ear of wheat are stripped off by

the structure has an exactly opposite effect upon the erodibility of the side of a rock is given in Fig. 4, where the cleavage planes separate it into immense slabs which overlap each other with reference to the direction of the glacier's motion, like the shingles of a roof. Portions of the sides of rocks or cañon walls whose structure is of the latter character always project, because of the greater resistance they have been able to offer to the action of the past-flowing glacier, while those portions whose structure is similar to that of the former example always recede.

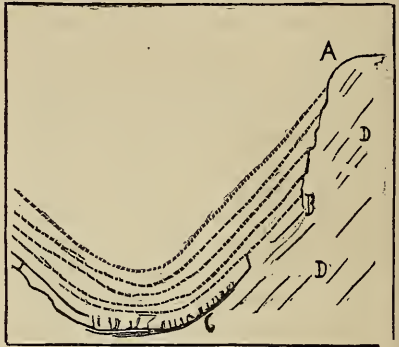


FIG. 5.

Fig. 5 is a profile view of a past-flowing glacier rock, about 1,500 feet high, forming part of the north wall of Little Yosemite Valley near the head. Its grooved, polished, and fractured surface bears witness in unmistakable terms to the enormous pressure it has sustained from that portion of the great South Lyell Glacier which forced its way down through the valley, and to the quantity, and size, and kind of fragments which have been removed from it, as a necessary result of this glacial action. The dotted lines give an approximate reconstruction of the rock as far as to the outside layer at A. Between A and B the broken ends of concentric layers, of which the whole rock seems to be built, give some idea of the immense size of some of the chips. The reason for the

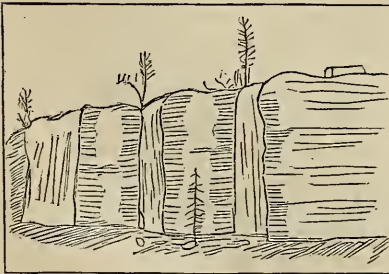


FIG. 4.

running the fingers down from the top toward the base. An instance where

greater steepness of the front from A to B than from B to C will be perceived at a glance; and, since the cleavage planes and other controlling elements in its structure are evidently the same throughout the greater portion of its mass as those which determined its present condition, if the glacial winter had continued longer its more characteristic features would probably have remained essentially the same until the rock was nearly destroyed.

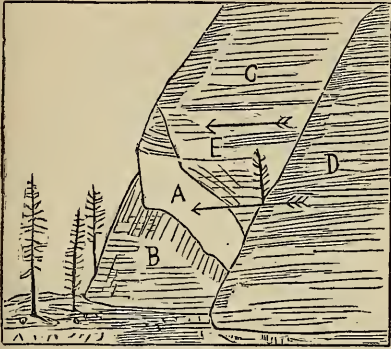


FIG. 6.

The section given in Fig. 6 is also taken from the north side of the same valley. It is inclined at an angle of about twenty-two degrees, and therefore has been more flowed *over* than flowed *past*. The whole surface, excepting the vertical portion at A, which is forty feet high, is polished and striated. The arrows indicate the direction of the striæ. At A a few incipient cleavage planes are beginning to appear, which show the sizes of some of the chips which the glacier would have broken or split off had it continued longer at work. The whole of the missing layer which covered the rock at B, was evidently detached and carried off in this way. The abrupt transition from the polished surface to the split angular front at A, shows in a most unequivocal manner that glaciers erode rocks in at least two very different modes—first, by grinding them into

mud; second, by breaking and splitting them into blocks, whose sizes are measured by the divisional planes they possess and the intensity and direction of application of the force brought to bear upon them. That these methods prevail in the denudation of *overflowed* as well as *past-flowed* rocks, is shown by the condition of every cañon of the region. For if mud particles only were detached, then all the bottoms would be smooth grooves, interrupted only by flowing undulations; but, instead of this condition, we find that every cañon bottom abounds in steps sheer-fronted and angular, and some of them hundreds of feet in height, though ordinarily from one to ten or twelve feet. These step-fronts in most cases measure the size of the chips of erosion in one direction. Many of these interesting ice-chips may be seen in their tracks removed to great distances or only a few feet, when the melting of the glaciers at the close of the period put a stop to their farther progress, leaving them as lessons of the simplest kind.



FIG. 7.

Fig. 7, taken from the Hoffmann fork of Yosemite Creek basin, shows the character of some of these steps. This one is fifteen feet high at the highest place, and the surface, both at top and bottom, is ice-polished, indicating that no disturbing force has interfered with the phenomena since the termination of the glacial period.

Fig. 8 is a dome on the upper San



FIG. 8.

naya, above Mirror Lake. The edges of unremoved layers are visible at B and C. This rock is an admirable illustration of the manner in which a broad deep glacier *clasps* and denudes a dome. When we narrowly inspect it, and trace the *striae*, we perceive that it has been eroded at once in front, back, and sides, and none of the fragments thus removed

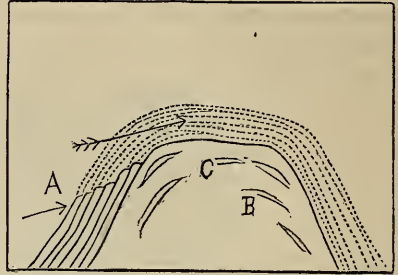


FIG. 9.

Joaquin, the top of which is about 7,700 feet above sea-level. The arrow indicates the direction of application of the ice-force, which is seen to coincide with the position of remaining fragments of layers, the complements of which have been eroded away. Similar fragments occur on the *stricken side of all domes whose structure and position were favorable for their formation and preservation.*

Fig. 9 is a fragmentary dome, situated on the south side of the Mono trail, near the base of Mount Hoffmann. Remnants of concentric shells of granite from five to ten feet thick are seen on the up-stream side at A, where it received the thrust of the Hoffmann Glacier, when on its way to join the Te-

are to be found around its base. Here I would direct special attention to the fact that it is on the upper side of this rock at A, *just where the pressure was greatest, that the erosion has been least;* because there the layers were pressed against one another, instead of away from one another, as on the sides and back, and could not, therefore, be so easily broken up.

QUANTITY OF GLACIAL DENUDATION.

These simple observations we have been making plainly indicate that the Sierra, from summit to base, was covered by a sheet of crawling ice, as it is now covered by the atmosphere. Its crushing currents slid over the highest domes, as well as along the deepest cañons, wearing, breaking, and degrading every portion of the surface, however resisting. The question, therefore, arises, What is the quantity of this degradation? As far as its limit is concerned, it is clear that, inasmuch as glaciers can not move without in some way and at some rate lowering the surfaces they are in contact with, a mountain range

may be denuded until the declivity becomes so slight that the glaciers come to rest; or are melted, as was the case with those concerned in the degradation of the Sierra. However slow the rate of wear, given a sufficient length of time, and any thickness of rock, whether a foot or hundreds of thousands of feet, will be removed. No student pretends to give an arithmetical expression to the glacial epoch, though it is universally admitted that it extended through thousands or millions of years. Nevertheless, geologists are found who can neither give Nature time enough for her larger operations, or for the erosion of a mere cañon furrow, without resorting to sensational cataclysms for an explanation of the phenomena.

If the Sierra were built of one kind of rock, homogeneous in structure throughout its sections, then perhaps we would be unable to produce any plain, printable evidence relative to the amount of denudation effected; but, fortunately for the geologist, this is not the case. The summits of the range in the section under special consideration are capped with slates; so are several peaks of outlying spurs, as those of the Merced and Hoffmann; and all the base is slate-covered. The circumstances connected with their occurrence in these localities and absence in others, furnish proof little short of demonstration that they once covered all the range, and, from their known thickness in the places where they occur, we may approximate to the quantity removed where they are less abundant or wanting. Moreover, we have seen in study No. 3 that the physical structure of granite is such that we may know whether or not its forms are broken. The opposite sides of valley walls exhibiting similar fragmentary sections often demonstrate that the valleys, were formed by the removal of an amount of rock equal in depth to that of the valleys.

FIG. 10.

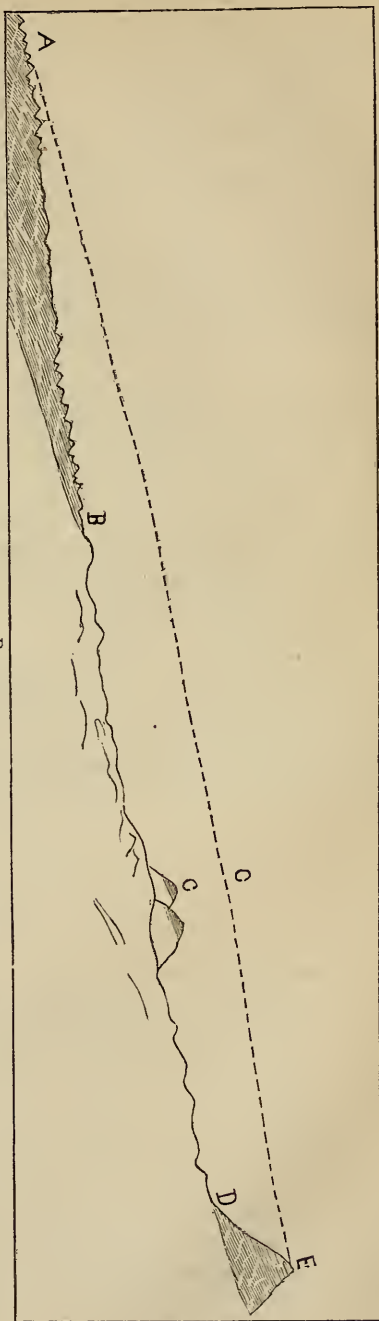


Fig. 10 is an ideal section across the range from base to summit. That slates covered the whole granitic region between B and D, is shown by the fact that slates cap the summits of spurs in the denuded gap where they are sufficiently high, as at C. Also, where the granite comes in contact with the slates, and for a considerable depth beneath the line of contact, it partakes, in a greater or less degree, of the physical structure of slates, enabling us to determine the fact that in many places slates *have* covered the granite where none are now visible for miles, and also furnishing data by which to approximate the depth at which these surfaces lie beneath the original summit of the granite. Phenomena relating to this portion of the argument abound in the upper basins of the tributary streams of the Tuolumne and Merced; for their presentation, however, in detail, we have no space in these brief outlines.

If, therefore, we would restore this section of the range to its unglaciated condition, we would have, first, to fill up all the valleys and cañons. Secondly, all the granite domes and peaks would have to be buried until the surface

reached the level of the line of contact with the slates. Thirdly, in the yet grander restoration of the missing portions of both granite and slates up to the line between the summit slates and those of the base, as indicated in Fig. 10 by the dotted line, the maximum thickness of the restored rocks in the middle region would not be less than a mile and a half, and average a mile. But, because the summit peaks are only *sharp residual fragments*, and the foot-hills *rounded residual fragments*, when all the intervening region is restored up to the dotted line in the figure, we still have only partially reconstructed the range, for the unglaciated summits may have towered many thousands of feet above their present heights. And when we consider that living glaciers are still engaged in lowering the summits which are already worn to mere blades and pinnacles, it will not seem improbable that the whole quantity of glacial denudation in the middle region of the western flank of the Sierra considerably *exceeds* a mile in average depth. So great was the amount of chipping required to bring out the present architecture of the Sierra.

CAMMA.*

Here again? Then let him enter; long enough have I denied him
 Who hath sought me late and early; truly, grief must have an end.
 I have sorrowed long and deeply; he is worthy, I have tried him;
 Tell him Camma weeps no longer, that she waits to greet her friend.

Chaste Diana, look and listen. Low I bow before thine altar;
 Only thou art left to help me, all my strength must come from thee:
 Thou art pure, and strong, and holy,—do not blame me if I falter:
 Give me strength to smile and slay him—let thy spirit enter me.

*Camma, a Gaulish lady, was much persecuted by the advances of a powerful Roman noble. As, in spite of all his entreaties, however, she remained faithful to her marriage vow, he caused her husband to be assassinated. She then took refuge in the temple of Diana, and enrolled herself among the priestesses. Her lover sent noble after noble to beg an interview, and was at last admitted. The Lady Camma professed to be favorable to his wishes, but insisted on first pouring out a libation to the goddess. Having drank, she handed him the cup, which was poisoned, and both died in the temple.—PLUTARCH, *De Mul. Virt.*

Thou art vengeful: dost thou never in thy dreams see young Actæon,
 With his hounds upon his haunches, dashing madly through the wood?
 Or Niobe the mother, spouse of musical Amphion,
 Bending, white-faced and all bloody, down to tend her murdered brood?

Give *me* vengeance, holy goddess. Lo! they draw aside the curtain,
 And he enters, all exultant, to have won at last the bliss.
 Thor and Odin! he smiles softly; he has triumphed, he is certain
 That I, because a Gaul, am fain of his sweet Roman kiss.

My lord, thou art most welcome; Camma greets thee; thou art weary,
 Be rested—nay, such haste, my lord, and in this holy place
 Were unbecoming! True, thy patience has been tried, but through the dreary
 Widowed hours *I* was patient. I have seen my husband's face—

Nay, start not; it was only in a dream, my lord, I saw him—
 And he seemed to whisper, "Camma, thou must grieve for me no more."
 His wish is mine; I love thee now with all the love I bore him:
 I am thine till death doth part us; yet there needs one act before

I may break the vows that bind me. Let us pour out a libation
 To the goddess whom I outrage when I leave this fane with thee.
 Sweet Diana! look and listen. Dost thou hear my declaration?
 This wine shall link my fate to his—this wine shall set me free!

* * * * *

The hand of the death-god is heavy,
 His fingers are chill;
 The darkness of night is about me,
 The temple is still;
 Yet, goddess, the steps of thine altar
 Are pleasant and sweet,
 For did not his countenance falter
 As down at my feet
 He fell, crying out I had killed him,
 While many a groan
 Told the terrible anguish that filled him?—
 I am not alone.

The kiss of the Gaul he has tasted;
 It lay in the bowl
 Where the hand of his lover had placed it
 To kiss out his soul.

ETC.

California in the Eastern and Foreign Magazines.

We had occasion some time since to notice the large proportion of articles relating to the Pacific Coast that appeared in a single issue of *Harper's Monthly*. Having taken up the subject, examples multiply before us of the high place we and our sons hold in the world's literature; three writers, not Californians only, but Californians who made or established their fame in the columns of the *OVERLAND*, appearing in the July number of the *Atlantic*, a monthly admitted, almost without protest, as second to none published either in America or in Europe. Bret Harte, who was the first editor of the *OVERLAND*, and translations of whose works, in French, German, and Swedish, have made his name as familiar in Paris, Berlin, and Stockholm, as in San Francisco, New York, or London, contributes a poem which, despite the unfairly petty criticism of the *New York Tribune* and of scores of obscure critics somewhat jealous of his rapid advance to fame, is really an original production, displaying in every line the firm, slow hand of a master. Charles Warren Stoddard, a young writer of whom the *OVERLAND*, the first to recognize and give an issue to his genius, is justly proud, also appears with one of those brilliant little pieces of prose in which he is almost unrivalled. Joaquin Miller, the *bête noire* of critics, supplies "The Ship in the Desert," a poem whose wonderful fidelity of local coloring we have taken some trouble to establish, and whose strength and conciseness of diction and imagery should make us pardon the little faults that can not eclipse the light of an original genius born and nurtured among the pines and snows of our own Sierra. Time fails us to speak of the well-earned laurels that Ina D. Coolbrith begins to win abroad—the sweetest and saddest singer now left to us—a queen of poetry, if

"They shall be accounted poet-kings

Who simply tell the most heart-easing things."

We may also tell our readers that Stephen

Powers' Indian papers in the *OVERLAND* are exciting much attention, and that Hubert H. Bancroft is giving the fullest recognition to their value in his elaborate work, *History of the Native Races of the Pacific States*.

We are sorry that so much pleasant praise must be closed by a few words of unpleasant reproof and remonstrance. The *Globus* is probably on the whole the first scientific magazine published in Germany, but that is hardly a sufficient excuse for its republishing and synopsising without credit an original and very valuable article on "Aboriginal Shell-money," by R. E. C. Stearns, that appeared in the *OVERLAND* for October, 1873. In the editorial department of the *Globus*, of which Doctor Andree takes the credit—No. I., band xxv, Braunschweig, January, 1874—there appears an article headed, "*Das Muschelgeld an der Nordwestkuste Amerikas*." After a few general remarks on the origin of money, similar in style and purport to those of Stearns, Doctor Andree speaks of the shell-money in Oregon and northern California, bringing in here and there a few sentences of Stearns' relating to the quahog shell-money of the Atlantic States. The description of the *Dentalia* shells is a literal translation, but the doctor forgets to credit it to Mr. Lord as Stearns has done. Whympers' remarks he translates, too, but places them in such a light that they would seem to have appeared in some previous number of the *Globus*. The remarks of Powers on the northern California Indians, quoted in the *OVERLAND* article, Doctor Andree reproduces almost bodily and literally; and all this without making the slightest sign that would show him to be aware of the existence of a Stearns, of a Powers, or of an *OVERLAND*. The statement of these facts is surely sufficient for all purposes of correction and reproof. Willing to believe the best things of all men, we hope that our faith in the literary honesty of the *Globus* may never again be subjected to so severe a strain.

The Harvard Club.

AT the recent dinner of the Harvard Club, in this city, in reply to a toast—"The Odist"—a member of the class of '59 recited the following

AFTER-DINNER LINES.

I thought just now I heard a voice some distance
from my ears—
Somehow across a continent, and down a length of
years.

Across a long abyss of time, amid one's daily toil,
There come some memories bedimmed with smoke
of midnight oil.

A scene where youth looked upward with an eagle-
reaching eye—
A very world of hope wherein such darling dreams
did lie.

I seem to see some ancient men, most wonderfully
wise,
Almost as far above me as the cloudlets in the skies.

But stooping down and lifting up, as if they all would
try
To raise from out his ignorance a lad so small as I.

I see pale tutors, far too grave to e'er indulge in
sport;
I see a learned professor making gas in a retort;

I think I hear strange-sounding tongues, too strange
for men to speak,
From playful Anglo-Saxon to the latest modern
Greek.

But now, methinks, the books are closed, the figures
move along;
I see a Bacchus sometimes wreathed, and hear a
merry song;

And I hear sounds of music come from instruments
of brass,
And to its strains a hundred maids flit o'er the tender
grass:

O, fluttering heart, in cloister's gloom,
Then glows the sunshine in thy room!

* * * * *

And what is that procession long that moves across
the way,
Upon that day, the end of all, they call Commence-
ment Day?

And who is he that feels so queer, in borrowed par-
son's gown,
When some one says, "*Expectatur disquisitio*"—
Brown?

And there's a tree with garlands hung, that partings
may be gay;
And, hark! 'tis "Auld Lang Syne" they sing—then
fade these scenes away.

* * * * *

There is a word whose utterance bids the tenderest
feelings mount;
It brings back youth more sure than e'er could Ponce
de Leon's fount.

'Twas real, brothers, all I saw; 'twas real all I heard;
And I'm not old, and you are young, whene'er we
hear that word.

We look for other faces, and their loss alone can
bring
A sadness with the smile that greets the songs we
used to sing.

Am I not right?—you know it, too. Life has not all
been vain;
And "Harvard" is the dear old word that brings
youth back again.

The Paris Exhibition of Pictures and Statues
for 1874.

M. Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne furnishes to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June 1st, 1874, a powerful and thoroughly studied article on this subject, under the title of "*Le Salon de 1874*." The *Revue*, which has reproduced from us some of Bret Harte's best stories, will pardon us if we now, on the other hand, translate for the benefit of our students and lovers of art a portion of M. de Hauranne's essay:

"If by chance our civilization should disappear in some great cataclysm, leaving behind it neither written documents nor verbal traditions, and if by a miracle that destruction should be arrested at the door of the fine arts exhibition, the historians and archaeologists who might explore the ruins would need no other testimony to resuscitate the contemporary society and to trace a faithful portrait of it for the generations to come after. Modern criticism, so ingenious in the reconstruction of dead civilizations, would find this task comparatively easy, might indeed disdain to occupy itself therewith. Not on simple indices and obscure hints would it have to form hypotheses, more or less adventurous; for under its eyes it would have the reality itself, and, so to speak, the living representation of the ideas of our time. Now, it is often much easier to have to divine than to comprehend, and it might well happen that in presence of so many minute and irrefragable testimonies of our sentiments and ideas; of our tastes and manners, of our vices and virtues, of our fashions and ridiculousnesses—

that at the sight of that art, eclectic, exotic, and cosmopolitan, which the need of novelty, or pleasure, or scandal, draws so often beyond its natural limits—the critics of the future would feel some embarrassment in determining the veritable tendencies of that art, and in distinguishing the artificial from the sincere in the ideas of which it is the expression.

“Such, at any rate for us, is what is embarrassing as we pass through the *salon*. We recognize there the image of contemporary society; it seems to us that we there review all the ideas of our time. Only, when we there seek to sum up our diverse impressions, to extract a precise opinion on the character of contemporary art, or a fixed judgment on its future, we fall into uncertainty and confusion. In the midst of so many opposing systems, of so many differing schools, in that chaos of pretentious vulgarities and estimable commonplaces, where hardly, even at long intervals, a truly original talent shoots up, one asks in whom one ought to believe? The good and the evil are so strangely mixed, traditions live so short a time, the new schools flourish so quickly and are so quickly stricken with sterility, that at times it is difficult to say on what side the decadence is and in what direction is progress. Mobility, incoherence, indiscipline, charlatanism, want of fixity in traditions and doctrines, appear to be the sole characteristics of contemporary art, as they are affirmed to be that of contemporary society.

“We must not stop, however, at these discouraging appearances; for at bottom the criticism of art has never been more interesting than at this critical moment, in which art itself is dispersed in every direction in search of a progress hitherto unknown. Even its most fruitless and reckless enterprises, its most unfortunate attempts at renewal or resurrection, its exaggerated affectations of independence, with its servile imitations, its attempts at a revolutionary brutality, and its coldly dogmatic reactions—all its disorderly efforts to open new horizons—all this agitation, somewhat anarchic and up to the present somewhat sterile—all these things only add to it an interest the more; they awaken curiosity; they open the door to hope; they show in every case the unrest that works

upon our artists, the desire of the best that torments them and sometimes leads them astray. We shall succeed, perhaps, in discovering, by an attentive observation of facts, which branch of the arts best resists the bad influence of the morals of the day, and to which we must attach our last hopes for the future.

“We must not dissimulate the fact that modern civilization is not a favorable ‘*milieu*’ for the unfolding of high art. For a long time the question of the cause of its decadence has been asked, and pedantical opinions have been given as to means whereby it may be again made to flourish. People have private specifics, processes of infallible culture, and they blame the administration as if it could work miracles. If high art decays, it is because there exist no great ideas to nourish it; because the vulgar exterior, the frivolous or the mercantile habits, the skeptical and positivist turn of mind of our *bourgeoise* society, have nothing to heat the poetic imagination, nothing that can inspire artists with ambition for great undertakings, or with the devotion and the conviction necessary to carry them to a good end.

“This reflection is forced upon the mind, when, in traversing our annual exhibitions, we seek by preference the more serious and severe works. The pictures of style (*tableaux de style*), or those so called, are numerous enough this year, and it is not impossible that official encouragement may have some share in this apparent abundance. There is in art as in politics a kind of legitimist party that invokes the principle of traditional authority, and piously preserves the trust so committed to its charge. These obstinate *classiques* remain valiantly in the breach, a thing all the more meritorious in that they have so little to expect from the public favor. Orders on the part of the state are habitually their only reward, and the hope of finding a refuge in the Institute remains their sole consolation. Some years ago the two greatest masters of this school, Ingres and Flandrin, were still alive, and the lustre of their vigorous old age hid the mediocrity of their successors. Where are their descendants today? We have some trouble in recognizing them, for we hardly find anything in the place left vacant by these two great names,

but certain correct manufacturers like M. Bin, certain dexterous figure-makers like M. Lazerges, certain negligent decorators like M. Puvis de Chavannes, and certain infatuated mythologists like M. Picou.

“Is it, then, M. Bin who is to-day their chief? One would be almost tempted to believe it, seeing his fecundity full of assurance, and his ways of procedure so imperturbably academic. Certainly, if he is not the chief of the *classique* school, he is one of those that guard its traditions the best, and for whom it has the least to blush. M. Bin can not, in fact, be reproached for not having studied grand painting. Grandeur is precisely his *forte*; we mean that kind of grandness that exists principally in dimensions. He delights in colossal pictures, in immense canvases, and yet canvases hardly vast enough to contain the one or two gigantic personages that he baptizes haphazard with some name taken from Homer or Æschylus. M. Bin is not a *classique* only; he belongs, one might say, to the Cyclopean school. He views the genius of Greece—the most human, the best balanced, the best proportioned that ever existed—through the monstrous fantasies of Indian mythology, or through the infantile exaggerations of the stories of Perrault. In his *naïve* desire of doing greatly, he delivers himself up to unmeasured amplifications, effected oftenest by mechanical means; for the rest, he draws well, is thoroughly grounded in the principles of his art, and has at his finger-ends the regulated proportions of the human figure, applying his science almost without effort to all attitudes and to all subjects. This year, without altogether descending from Olympus, he deigns to return to more moderate dimensions. The ‘Venus Astarté’—walking on the waves, and wreathing her reddish tresses over her head with academically bended arms—lacks elegance and *finesse* as much as true firmness; though she does not want for a certain heavy majesty, which she owes to her very correctness and coldness.

“Is it, then, M. Puvis de Chavannes that we are to salute as chief of the school. We have already said what we think of this master. In point of grandeur, he does not yield to M. Bin; in point of drawing, he is far from

equaling him; in point of invention and composition, he is contented with very little, and he takes too willingly his scarcely sketched-out intentions for achieved realities. He has neither the conscientious exactness of the honest and laborious manufacturer, nor the genius and conviction that delight in conquering obstacles. He seems to have given himself to the grand allegorical style of painting only that he might escape from the exigencies of a faithful imitation of nature. To dispense with giving a body to the scant shadows that he leads across his canvases, he waters them down with wan neutral tints until the forms vanish and become extinct. He wants, furthermore, the sentiment of action as well as precision of form; the only subjects that suit him are those where movement languishes, where thought sleeps, and where decorative imagination takes the precedence of dramatic action.

“‘Charles Martel saves Christendom at the Battle of Poitiers.’ Judging by the title, one would expect to see here some magnificent *mêlée*, like the ‘Battle of Constantine against Maxentius,’ or some majestic triumphal procession, like that admirable design by Decamps, representing the ‘Taking of Jericho.’ Vain hope! It is nothing but a big canvas, dull and jumbled, in the middle of which the hero, incased in cottony armor, and seated on a pasteboard horse that seems to be crushed under its own weight, lifts his mace toward heaven with a gesture that recalls some Masonic ceremony; behind him, his knights, confusedly pressed together, form a heavy and pasty mass that seems to dissolve as one looks at it; in front, a narrow group of prelates and churchmen lengthens out, like a slice, to the edge of the frame, too small to contain it; in the foreground, another group, confused, stiff, and ungraceful, represents a number of squatting prisoners, to whom some lean and charitable women are piously offering drink. No, truly, it is not M. de Chavannes, either, who is to raise up grand painting in France.”

So goes M. de Hauranne along the walls of the exhibition, finding little encouraging or hopeful. He reaches the religious pictures. “As might be expected,” he says, “devotional pictures are tolerably numerous; but there is little of religion in these

pictures, and the little that they do contain is entirely after the fashion of the day. They breathe for the most part a vapid and *bourgeoise* piety or a venal devotion that disgusts more than it moves. Despite the miracles and the pilgrimages in vogue, it is plain that the religious sentiment of the day lacks depth; it no longer has that austere energy which begets great sacrifices, nor that poetic and *naive* greatness which produces masterpieces. Religion, let it be said to our shame, is for most of our contemporaries an official accommodation and a means of getting along. The more it fritters itself away in insignificant rites and theatrical displays, the more it savors of a prosaic and utilitarian phariseism. Most men who to-day make a display of their beliefs do so through interested motives, or by system; the better convinced do it for the example, and for sake of the effect they hope to produce. All this applies with tolerable accuracy to those of our contemporary artists who are particularly given to the religious style. We do not accuse them of hypocrisy—faith of the spirit is not needed where faith of the imagination suffices—but they have breathed the air of the incredulous society in which they live. Some of them are but simple artisans that ply a trade, others are mediocrities affecting solemnity and speculators in pharisaic gravity; the best give themselves up to learned resurrections, to composite imitations from the ancient models. Some painters, having gained a certain height in their profession, believe themselves bound to undertake religious subjects, in order to sustain their rank, just as village functionaries and lords believe themselves obliged for the honor of their name to march at the head of the processions of their parish.”

... “We have passed,” our critic moves on, “from the academic style into what has been called, for some years, the *romantique* style, and at this contact with modern thought we have suddenly felt art warm and blossom. For all that, *romantism* itself, which has exercised formerly such a great influence on French taste, is now in its decadence. At bottom, *romantique* art has never been able to become very popular, except among artists and men of letters; even during the time of its highest prosperity many of those that admired it with their lips had some difficulty

in understanding it, and secretly preferred the academic commonplaces, which had at least the merit of being clear. *Romantism* has been the instrument of a revolution in the public taste; it was not able, however, to be the end and aim: it was but an effort to rejuvenate a petrified art and to introduce into its domain modern history and modern poetry. As great poetry declined, *romantism* has grown feeble. Where are now the descendants of Delacroix and of Decamps? There hardly remains of the traditions of these great painters anything but their way of handling materials and their style of ornamentation—what may be called their pictorial mantle; the body itself has disappeared, or at least singularly wasted away. Precisely as in literature, the colorists, the chisellers of words—the *parnassiens*, as they call themselves—have succeeded to our grand poets, so also our little *romantiques*, *poète mineurs*, have transported to little canvases and specially applied to little ideas the processes and the imagination of their masters. It is thus that have come into the world all these blustering, pretentious, careless works, these extravagant phantasmagorias, these laborious allegories, these declamatory vulgarities, which have long been a reproach to the *romantique* school, and with which the public good sense begins happily to be disgusted.

“Look, for example, at M. Gustave Doré. He is the most thorough type of the decadent *romantique*; he is the absinthe drinker’s painter. While illustrating Dante and the Bible, he should have been making vignettes for the tales of Edgar A. Poe. A deplorable facility placed at the disposal of an imagination coldly delirious, no conscience, no respect for nature, no care for logic, no other pre-occupation but that of effect. In seeing the pictures of M. Doré, one thinks involuntarily of certain theatre decorations under the lime-light. The ‘Christian Martyrs,’ which he exhibits this year, represents, in the starlight, a circus emptied of its spectators and strewn with corpses, across which the lions wander, doubtless already satiated, for they do not even deign to devour their prey. A symmetrically arranged triangle of angels descends from the starry heaven. These enchantments of the Porte-Saint-Martin have little success now in France, though

it appears that a traffic in them still goes on in England."

From all this gloomy sensationalism a praiseworthy effort has been made to escape, and to enter again into the domain of high or grand art "by the door of realism. Under the influence of the masterpieces of the Spanish school, a certain number of painters have undertaken, in their turn, to rejuvenate grand painting in France, clearing it at once of the staleness of academic conventionalism and of the faded tinsel of *romantism*, in order to demand inspiration only from nature, and to force themselves to produce healthy works copied from healthy realities. Some of them have gone to an extreme in this path; throwing brutally overboard all the ideas that had nourished the art of their predecessors, they have formulated to themselves a new theory of æsthetics, a theory that has only served to corrupt taste. Others, more prudent and perhaps wiser, have contented themselves with adapting the realistic sentiment to the old historical and religious subjects. Of these latter, the only one that has succeeded and that has made for himself an incontestable place among the masters, is an artist well known to our readers, M. Léon Bonnat.

"The great fault of the realistic school—a fault from which M. Bonnat himself is not entirely exempt—is that of painting uniformly all the parts of a subject, and of giving the same importance to everything that falls under the observation of their senses. As they attach themselves particularly to the material side of things, as they affect to make no difference among all the objects that strike equally their view, they take special care to render every fragment with power, and do not trouble themselves enough to subordinate the one to the other. They are unwilling to see nature, save with their bodily eyes; they systematically refuse to use the eyes of the spirit—eyes that alone, nevertheless, are able to set each thing in its rank, and give to each detail its veritable value. The realists forget, or rather they seem to ignore, the fact that painting is not an exact science, that it is the art of relations, and that this art consists above all in disposing the various parts of a subject with an eye to the effect of the whole; they vainly exhaust themselves to

equal Nature, while they should be modestly content with reproducing her in another garb, with interpreting her in another tongue. Assuredly this breast-to-breast combat with nature has produced more than one happy result, and formed more than one vigorous talent; it is a necessary gymnastic that aids to the acquirement of the instruments of art, but which is not art itself and should not be allowed to distract the mind from art. When it becomes the principal thought of the painter, there results a want of equilibrium and of harmony, an exaggerated predominance of certain details, and the human figure, which is the natural centre of every work of art, ends by succumbing to the competition of the lesser objects that surround it; it falls to the second rank when it should remain in the first. These are the faults natural to painters of this school, or rather—for one can no longer, with propriety, speak of schools—of this species of pictorial temperament. All realists, great and small, from M. Courbet to M. Pille, from M. Duran to M. Manet, make pictures that fail more or less in harmony."

In relation to landscape painting, our critic has a favorable word to say. "The landscape is the natural refuge of idealists and dreamers disgusted with the artificial vulgarities of contemporary art; it is the resource of honest talent that refuses to lend itself to charlatanism and to the fashion of the day. To escape the ugliness and mediocrity that inundate him on all sides, the true artist willingly throws himself upon the breast of inanimate Nature; he takes her for the confidant of his secret emotions and of his ultimate thoughts; to her he betakes himself to flee the commerce of a civilization that understands him not.

"But here, too, our painters find it difficult to overpass the cramped horizons of a vulgar life. In our days, Nature herself becomes transformed after the image of man. Everywhere vast solitudes, wide horizons, savage scenes, tend to give place before a smaller and more modest nature, embellished and parceled out by the hand of man. In art an analogous phenomenon is produced: there is a tendency, every day more visible, to abandon grand natural scenes or great skillfully composed landscapes, to seek out details, little familiar nooks, intimate beauties, a

moss-grown hut, a bush, a quickset hedge, a pool, an orchard, a deep road, a narrow glade at the bottom of a forest, a plot of lucerne, or a field of ripe corn. Such are the subjects that our modern landscape artists prefer, according in that with the realistic tastes and the positive spirit of their age.

"Landscape painting is a lovely oasis where we may agreeably repose from the mediocrities of *la peinture de style* and from the vulgarities of *la peinture de genre*. It is not, for all that, on this side that we are to seek the future of the modern school. If there must be a reform in art, it is not in this direction that it can have place. Landscape art is to high art what instrumentation is to music; it is an art of the second order, which can not flourish alone. The true foundation of the art of drawing is in the study of animated nature, and particularly in that of the human figure. Contemporary painting interests us especially for the sake of the ideas and the morals that it expresses; but, from the stand-point of art, what should interest us most of all is sculpture.

"Sculpture is at once the most real of arts and the most ideal: the most real, because it embraces a limited subject, a positive reality, and is forced to go wholly round it to possess it entirely; the most ideal, because, in its struggle with reality, it sees itself obliged to penetrate more profoundly into and to express more faithfully the ideal sense. In sculpture there are no negligences possible, no almosts, no fantasies permissible; feebleness of thought and languor of execution can not be redeemed by decorative effects or by the magic of color. A severe discipline weighs here upon the artist. He must be at once very positive and very abstract, very exact, and very disdainful of purely pictorial details and *minutiae* of execution. Sculptors who love to perform feats, and who wish to force the marble or the bronze to produce effects strange to the genius of sculpture, clash with the natural laws that preside over this severe art. The result of all is a certain restraint, a certain seriousness in the studies, a certain dignity of style, that make of the sculptor's work-room the last but the most inexpugnable refuge of healthy tradition and of high art.

"It is with true pleasure that we affirm once

more the flourishing condition of French sculpture. It is assuredly not irreproachable; it lives on the same basis of ideas as its sister, *la peinture de style*; it has, therefore, many of the same tendencies and imperfections. It allows itself to fall too much into commonplace emphasis, into *bourgeoises* platitudes, into popular vulgarities; it seeks too often after false elevation, sentimental expression, morbidness, elegant sensuality; it even takes pleasure sometimes in pictorial niceties and trinkeries, entirely outside its domain, which recall the exaggerated embellishments of *la peinture de genre*. Nevertheless, it extenuates these faults, it idealizes, almost ennobles them. In it just ideas are expressed in a more sober and uneffeminate way; while false ideas, translated into its language, become so shocking that it may be said they do justice upon themselves."

Having passed, then, in elaborate review various pictures and statues of the *salon*, M. de Hauranne would wish "to point out the moral of it all, if indeed it has a moral. *La peinture de style* grows worse from year to year; *la peinture de genre* is superabundant and exhausting itself by its very abundance. Landscape painting is the most flourishing of all, but, wholly absorbed in details, it has lost the secret of grand harmonies; sculpture alone maintains and regenerates itself. In either branch of the French school a salutary reaction is working against *bourgeoises* mannerisms and against the spurious elegancies of fashionable artists; but this reaction, on which depends the future of our school, has not given the results one ought to expect, and has only led, up to the present, to a rather trivial realism.

"The fact is, that it is with art as with literature and with society as a whole: disorder reigns, discouragement, demoralization. It is not talent nor mind that is wanting, it is ideas: not new but sincere and serious ideas, which would be original for that very reason; ideas heated by true passion, and thought out by him that expresses them. We have little of that *naïve* elevation which reposes on the disinterestedness of the thought, little of that communicative heat which is born of a sincere enthusiasm and a complete forgetfulness of one's self. We work in art as in journalism and in politics—work without fixed aims,

without strong beliefs, half for interest, half for amusement, sometimes for a wager or for vanity. We seek before all things that which succeeds; and think that, with a certain hocus-pocus, there is nothing that can not be made to succeed. Now we explore new ways, we engage in eccentric enterprises, we pursue them to their absurd consequences with the adventurous coolness of worn-out minds; now we turn back, undertake artificial resurrections, flatly superannuated imitations, and rely for justification on that pitiful argument of scepticism—'one must always prove.'

"Vocations become rarer and rarer; it is not nature which produces and decides them, it is fancy. People prove and try everything without being borne to anything by natural preference or passionate attraction. It is an adventure they try, an enterprise they engage in, sometimes a role that they sustain; it is not a conviction to which they yield. Religious pictures, historical pictures, exotic pictures, archæological pictures, familiar pictures, are improvised in haste and manufactured indifferently by the same processes. One style is abandoned for another, following the fashion, till a work being produced that succeeds, it is repeated to profusion. Industrial pre-occupations take the precedence over the natural tastes of the artists; art is made to serve the individual, while it is the individual who should devote himself to the service of art. The modern artist, like the modern writer, when he is not a mere workman or a coarse charlatan speculating in the bad taste of the public, is in most cases a kind of half-amateur, somewhat sceptical and *blase*, who feels himself superior to his work and for whom art is but a career or a means of getting along."

"To this what remedy is there? . . . To regenerate the modern school it would be necessary to be able to change the course of the ideas of the age. French art is the necessary outgrowth of the society in which it develops itself. When this society shall be less frivolous, less sceptical, less ignorant, then French art will be able to recover something of its ancient grandeur."

Our American artists can, we think, peruse and take to themselves, with profit, M. de Hauranne's criticisms and warnings.

Scientific Notes.

—At a recent meeting of the San Francisco Microscopical Society, Doctor Blake exhibited some extraordinary specimens of gold-bearing mica, from a mine near Colusa, which appeared to be a source of much interest to the members, gold being so rarely found in this association. Some admirable slides of the granite of the Yosemite Valley were also shown by Mr. Attwood, who has made some beautiful sections of the various minerals composing these rocks. This society, though little more than a year old, is doing good work, and promises soon to be one of the most useful scientific associations on the continent, as one of the principles of its members is to make their knowledge available and to apply it to the wants of life.

—A very fine specimen of the snow plant of the Sierra—the *Sarcodes sanguinea* of Torrey—has recently been photographed by Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson, of this city. It was twenty-nine inches in length, inclusive of the root-stem; the spike of flowers measuring over sixteen inches, and containing ninety-eight blooms. This lovely plant is one of the ornaments of our Sierra, being found only at an elevation of about 4,000 feet; and it is a matter of regret that, owing to the fact of its being parasitic in its habits, all attempts to cultivate it have hitherto failed. It is much sought after by the deer, its succulent stem being a favorite article of food with these animals.

—Entomological science has recently sustained a very severe loss in the death of George Robert Crotch, a young Englishman who about a year and a half ago paid a visit to this coast for the purpose of investigating the insects of this interesting region. Mr. Crotch traveled extensively through this and the neighboring States, and added over 400 species to our list of known *Coleoptera*, to which order he was chiefly devoted. A severe cold, contracted during a tour through British Columbia in the spring of last year, terminated in consumption, and to the great grief of his many friends this excellent naturalist and amiable man passed away on the sixteenth of June, at the house of Professor Lesley, in Philadelphia. Mr. Crotch was well known to the entomological world, and his various papers on his favorite science

evinced a very high order of ability, while his early death, in the thirty-second year of his age, will be a subject of sorrow to the many who knew his worth. An affectionate tribute to his memory, by Mr. Henry Edwards, was read at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences in this city.

— In the fearful plague of grasshoppers now devastating Minnesota and adjacent districts, we are reminded of a passage in a venerable book: "And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt, and rested in all the country of Egypt; very grievous were they: before them there were no such locusts as they, for they covered the face of the

whole earth, and there remained not a green thing on the trees, or on the herbs of the field." Perhaps there is no plague so much to be dreaded from the lower orders of creation as the visitation of these pests, and though in California we have up to this time been comparatively free from their attacks, it is not improbable that a few years may bring them across the Sierra in countless swarms. Prevention is always better than cure, and a law protecting our insectivorous birds from predatory pot-hunters will be of immense value to our farmers and those who have reason to dread the approach of the locust plague.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD, ADVOCATE OF HOLLAND; with a view of the primary causes and movements of the Thirty Years' War. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., LL. D. In two volumes, with illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"These volumes," says Mr. Motley in his preface, "make a separate work in themselves. They form, also, the natural sequel to the other histories already published by the author, as well as the necessary introduction to that concluding portion of his labors which he has always desired to lay before the public—a History of the Thirty Years' War." The period the work covers is brief but eventful. For forty years past the Netherlands have been struggling against fearful odds to free their country from the yoke of Spain. For forty years the Low Countries have been one immense fighting-ground, red with slaughter. Strange fighting it was, and bloody even beyond the bloodiness of an age when men and women were burned or buried alive if suspected of heresy, and strangled if under the straining of the rack they confessed to it. Strange fighting—at midnight, in water chin-deep, where it was thrust and no parry, where the weapons were not seen nor their clashing heard, where the heads grew fewer and the water bloodier, and the death-

cry was only a bubble or two. Strange fighting—in the bowels of the earth, where mine and counter-mine met under the ramparts, where men fought like devils in the torch-glare, or grappled and slew each other in the thick darkness. Quarter was seldom given or taken; all the rules of civilized warfare were disregarded; prisoners of war were butchered in cold blood; atrocities were committed upon defenseless women and children which will not bear description; a war for possession and a war of religion raged at the same time.

At length, however, after fighting as men have seldom fought for forty years, the Provinces have wrung from Spain an agreement to treat with her old dependencies as with states over which she has no pretensions. Thus, says Mr. Motley, "the honor of Spain was saved by a conjunction." In 1609, a truce is made with Spain, commonly known as the Twelve Years' Truce, by which the Provinces secure the conservation of their ancient laws, privileges, and charters, their independence, and included therein the freedom to establish the reformed religion. It is at this point that what Mr. Motley calls *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld* really commences, though a few pages are devoted to a slight retrospective sketch of the early

life of the great statesman. From this it is evident to all who have ever heard the name of Barneveld that the title of the book is a misnomer, that it promises more than is fulfilled. The work is not a biography. It is true that the great Advocate of Holland is the central figure, as he must be in a history of the Netherlands at that time; but only that portion of his life is narrated in detail which was subsequent to the conclusion of the Twelve Years' Truce. At that time, Barneveld was sixty-two; and for the third of a century he had been the foremost statesman in the province of Holland, which, being richer and more powerful than all its six sisters combined, made him in reality the first man in the commonwealth. To these years, however, Mr. Motley devotes less than fifty pages, and it is to the *History of the United Netherlands* that the reader must go for an adequate account of the services of Barneveld during this important period.

The field of action covers the greater part of western Europe, and although the United Provinces are, of course, made to occupy the most prominent position in the work, yet we are by no means confined to them for historical details. Through the crooked paths of European politics, among the negotiations; treaties, and wars of the greater powers, Mr. Motley leads us with great care and elaborate detail, backing his assertions with copious notes and citations, and frequently—too frequently, perhaps—quoting at length from the manuscripts from which he draws his information. Much space is devoted to the romantic episode of the extraordinary passion of Henry IV. for Margaret de Montmorency, afterward Princess of Condé; the events which followed the death of the Duke of Cleves; the military movements and the negotiations for the occupation of the territory and the settlement of the succession are also treated of at great length. On the other hand, little is said about the Synod of Dortrecht; at least, from a doctrinal point of view. Mr. Motley writes: "I have avoided as much as possible, any dealings with the theological controversies so closely connected with the events which I have attempted to describe. . . . Those who look in this work for a history of the Synod of Dortrecht will look in vain. The author has neither

wish nor power to grapple with the mysteries and passions which at that period possessed so many souls. The assembly marks a political period. Its political aspects have been anxiously examined, but beyond the ecclesiastical threshold no attempt has been made to penetrate." And this, we think, is as well, notwithstanding some have blamed Mr. Motley for it. Theological discussion would, it seems to us, be both out of place and in bad taste in a work purely historical and biographical. Among the many subjects occurring in the direct line of the narrative or incidental to it, which Mr. Motley has treated in a particularly brilliant and effective manner, we may mention the residence of the Pilgrims in Holland, and the early life of Hugo Grotius; but it is in the second volume, during the thrilling narrative of the trial, or rather the condemnation, and execution of Barneveld, that we have Mr. Motley at his best. Here the writer seems to be entirely carried away by his interest in the fate of his hero, to the exclusion, comparatively, of everything else; and he carries his reader with him. Here the biographical element is as prominent as the historical has been hitherto. Kings and emperors play a minor part now; all eyes are bent upon the gray-haired statesman, defending his life vainly against charges which have no foundation and judges who have no true jurisdiction. The whole picture is real and imposing, and in its delineation the author excels himself.

In *John of Barneveld* we miss many of the faults which defaced Mr. Motley's previous works. There is less of the literary clap-trap—the tricks of style—than formerly, and the salt of sarcasm, rather flavorless sometimes, is not scattered so freely over events and persons that happen to be distasteful to the writer. Mr. Motley, as usual, takes his side and adheres to it, but, in most cases, not unreasonably or unfairly. It is difficult, we imagine, for a historian to be quite impartial, to look with an equal eye upon his hero and his hero's adversaries; in this, however, Mr. Motley has succeeded. Maurice of Nassau is not robbed of his due because he encompasses the death of his best friend, Barneveld. At the same time, he is far from being free from prejudice, and per-

haps this is best shown, in his present work, in his description of James of England, to whom he has taken an unconquerable and, to some extent unfounded, aversion. No opportunity is lost of showing the character of "James the ex-Calvinist, crypto-Arminian, pseudo-Papist, and avowed Puritan-hater," in unfavorable contrast to Henry IV. of France, who surely was no phoenix of a king. England, God wot, has no cause to be proud of "Steenie;" but it seems that among the crowned heads of the Europe of his time he might take a better place than Mr. Motley allots him. King James was, at least, clear-sighted; and if he had not always strength to do the right, yet, knowing it, he was surely more fitted for a king than the Emperor Rudolph, of whom Mr. Motley writes: "He collected works of art of many kinds—pictures, statues, gems. He passed his days in his galleries, contemplating in solitary grandeur these treasures, or in his stables, admiring a numerous stud of horses which he never drove or rode. Ambassadors and ministers of state disguised themselves as stable-boys to obtain accidental glimpses of a sovereign who rarely granted audiences. His nights were passed in star-gazing with Tycho de Brahe, or with that illustrious Arabian whose name is one of the great lights and treasures of the world. But it was not to study the laws of planetary motion nor to fathom the mysteries of divine harmony that the monarch stood with Kepler in the observatory. The influence of countless worlds upon the destiny of one who, by capricious accident, if accident ever exists in history, had been entrusted with the destiny of so large a portion of one little world; the horoscope, not of the universe, but of himself. Such were the limited purposes with which the kaiser looked upon the constellations."

The name of John of Barneveld, or, more properly, Oldenbarneveld, is doubtless familiar to almost every reader, but the part which Barneveld played in European affairs may not be clearly known to all. This is accounted for by the fact that the singular constitution and historical position of the republic whose destinies he guided, and the peculiar office which he held, combined to cast a veil over his individuality. His hand, his pen, and his tongue, were felt, and seen,

and heard throughout Europe, but to the world it was not John of Barneveld who spoke; those "high and puissant lords my masters the States-General," of whom he was hand and brain, were listened to and wondered at. "The republic was like a raft loosely strung together, floating almost on a level of the ocean, and often half submerged, but freighted with inestimable treasures for itself and the world. It needed an un-sleeping eye and a powerful brain to conduct her over the quicksands and through the whirlpools of an unmapped and intricate course," and the needed eye and brain the republic had in Barneveld. It will be necessary, before glancing at that fragment of this extraordinary man's life of which Mr. Motley's latest work avowedly treats, to briefly retrace the earlier episodes of his eventful career.

He was born at Amersfoort, in the province of Utrecht, in 1547, of "an ancient and noble stock," as he was stung by the vilest slander to state in his *Apologia*, although, as Mr. Motley says, "without an ancestor at his back he might have valued himself still more highly on the commanding place he held in the world by right divine of intellect; but as the father of lies seemed to have kept his creatures so busy with the Barneveld genealogy, it was not amiss for the statesman once for all to make the truth known." In 1564, he went to the Hague to prosecute the studies of an advocate. After spending five years in the study of the law, and, according to the fashion of the times, of divinity, at the Hague and in Heidelberg, he settled in the former place as an advocate in 1569. At an early age, he was one of the first civilians of the time, and was especially noted for his avowed hatred of the Spanish yoke. In 1575, Barneveld married honorably and well. His talents being of the highest order, his practice and reputation soon became considerable; and, having for some time pursued his profession successfully before the tribunals of Holland, he was, in 1576, at the age of twenty-nine, called to the important post of Chief Pensionary of Rotterdam. During these years, Barneveld had not shielded himself with his advocate's gown from the arduous duties of a soldier. In 1573, he served as a volunteer, and at his own expense,

through several campaigns. In the disastrous attempt to relieve the memorable siege of Haarlem he nearly lost his life, and was only prevented by sickness contracted in the camp of Leyden from being present at the triumphant conclusion of that siege.

During the life of William the Silent, Barneveld continued one of his most trusted counselors, and when, in 1584, that prince fell by the hand of an assassin, he was foremost among the statesmen of Holland to spring forward and help to inspire the paralyzed republic with renewed energy. In 1585, the prospects of the United Provinces were most disheartening. In William of Orange they had lost a leader to whose firmness, sagacity, and unconquerable zeal for his country's welfare they were mainly indebted for their honorable position in the eyes of Europe. The Spanish arms, directed by the Prince of Parma, were everywhere triumphant, and it appeared hopeless to continue the struggle without the aid of foreign powers. To make matters worse, the States were now without a declared leader. Had not the consummation of the almost completed negotiations for conferring the sovereignty of the province of Holland upon William of Orange been prevented by the untimely death of that prince, he would have been, in fact, the leading man of all the Provinces. As it was, to confer the sovereign countship at so important a crisis on his son Maurice, then a lad of eighteen, was opposed by many as an act of madness, although Barneveld had shown himself ready to promote such a scheme. In this extremity, the confederates offered the sovereignty or at least the protectorship of all the Provinces first to England and then to France, Barneveld being at the head of both embassies. The sovereigns of both these countries refused to risk drawing themselves into war with Spain by openly espousing the desperate cause of the Provinces. Elizabeth, however, entered into a treaty, by which she bound herself to aid them with 5,000 foot and 1,000 horse, advancing at the same time, a considerable sum of money, to be repaid at the end of the war.

This force was entrusted to Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Barneveld saw from the beginning that Leicester was totally unworthy

of the important trusts confided to him, and promptly used his influence with the States to limit his real powers. By his advice, and to counterbalance the military authority of Leicester, Maurice of Nassau was raised to the dignity of Stadholder of Holland and Friesland. This was done against great opposition and amid fierce debate. Soon afterward, in 1586, Barneveld was urged by the nobles and regents of the cities of Holland to accept the post of Advocate of that province. He accepted this high and responsible office with great reluctance, and even when induced to accept it he did so under the remarkable condition that in case any negotiation should be undertaken for the purpose of bringing back the province of Holland under the dominion of the King of Spain, he should be considered as from that moment relieved from the service. As we have before mentioned, the province of Holland being richer and more powerful than all the other Provinces together, was not unwilling to impose a supremacy which on the whole was practically conceded by the rest. The advocate and seal-keeper of that province was therefore virtually prime minister, president, attorney-general, finance minister, and minister of foreign affairs of the whole republic. This was Barneveld's position at the age of forty. "Gradually, without intrigue or inordinate ambition, but from force of circumstances and the commanding power of the man, the native authority stamped upon his forehead, he became the political head of the confederacy."

And as Barneveld became the political head, so did Maurice of Nassau, through the instrumentality of the great statesman, become the military head. When the stadholderate of the provinces of Gelderland, Utrecht, and Overijssel became vacant, it was again Barneveld's potent influence and sincere attachment to the House of Nassau that procured the election of Maurice to those posts. Thus, within six years after his father's death, the youthful soldier, who had already given proof of his surpassing military genius, had become governor, commander-in-chief, and high admiral of five of the seven provinces constituting the confederacy.

For the next few years Barneveld was severely perplexed with questions of Church

and State. In 1590, however, with his infinite tact, he succeeded in effecting a compromise. Toward the end of the century, Henry IV. made peace with Spain. An alliance between these two powers would be the instantaneous ruin of the republic. Barneveld again set forth on an embassy to the French court, and succeeded in getting a characteristic assurance from Henry that although he had just bound himself to Spain to give no assistance to the Provinces, open or secret, he would furnish them with 1,300,000 crowns, payable at intervals during four years. From France the advocate, accompanied by his colleague, Justinus de Nassau, proceeded to England, and after many wordy interviews with the Maiden Queen, who claimed immediate payment of £1,000,000 by the States in satisfaction of their old debt to her, he succeeded in getting the debt reduced to £800,000—on condition, however, that the cautionary towns should be held by English troops—and in winning a promise of assistance in case of need. Five years later, Barneveld, for the fifth time at the head of a great embassy, was sent to England to congratulate James on his accession.

In 1609, after two years' negotiation, the Provinces concluded a truce with Spain. This delay was partly caused by Maurice of Nassau, who, knowing that he could not shine in peace as in war, was strongly opposed to the truce. Another cause helped to widen the breach which already existed between the prince and his benefactor, for such Barneveld certainly was and always had been. Maurice ever had a hankering after the sovereignty of Holland, which had been offered to his father. At his instigation the princess-dowager, Louise de Coligny, sounded Barneveld as to the feasibility of obtaining the sovereignty for her step-son. Barneveld, however, set his face against the scheme, and succeeded in convincing the princess that its consummation would benefit neither the States nor Maurice. She subsequently besought her step-son to give up a project sure to be fatal to his welfare, his peace of mind, and the good of the country. Maurice listened to her coldly, gave little heed to the advocate's logic, and hated him in his heart from that day forth.

Thus we find these two men, the states-

man and the soldier, opposed to each other at a time when their country most needed their unison. Barneveld was blameless, he acted only on the defensive; while Maurice did his utmost to overthrow by fair means or foul his ancient friend, and succeeded at last in doing so.

At the time of the signing of the peace with Spain, Barneveld was sixty-two years old; "tall and majestic of presence, with large, quadrangular face, austere blue eyes looking authority and command, a vast forehead, and a grizzled beard. . . . With great love of power, which he was conscious of exerting with ease to himself and for the good of the public, he had little personal vanity. Maurice of Nassau presents a different picture:

"He had no small love for the pleasures of the table, but was promiscuous and unlicensed in his amours. He was methodical in his household arrangements, and rather stingy than liberal in money matters. . . . He was plain, but not shabby in his attire, and was always dressed in exactly the same style. . . . He was now in the full flower of his strength and fame, in his forty-second year, and of a noble and martial presence. The face, though unquestionably handsome, offered a sharp contrast within itself; the upper half all intellect, the lower quite sensual. Fair hair growing thin, but hardly tinged with gray; a bright, cheerful, and thoughtful forehead; large hazel eyes, within a singularly large orbit of brow; a straight, thin, slightly aquiline, well-cut nose—such features were at variance with the broad, thick-lipped, sensual mouth, the heavy pendant jowl, the sparse beard on the glistening cheek, and the moleskin-like *moustachio* and chin-tuft. Still, upon the whole, it was a face and figure which gave the world assurance of a man and a commander of men. Power and intelligence were stamped upon him from his birth."

Such were the two men who guided the destinies of the Netherlands in the year 1609. Together they might have given their country continued peace and a foremost place among the nations. But they were not fated to work together. The results of their disunion, with the mock trial and tragic end of Barneveld, we are constrained to leave until our next number.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, OREGON, AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. By Charles Nordhoff. New York: Harper Brothers.

Charles Nordhoff, of New York, who printed two years ago an enthusiastic description of California, and especially of the southern

portions of the State, has now issued a second volume, in which he particularly discusses his observations in the northern counties, together with those in the Sandwich Islands and in Oregon. He is one of the most discriminating and appreciative of the travelers who have written about "the new world beyond the New World," as Charles Kingsley calls it; and yet at the same time he is so hearty in his praise, so healthy in his love of nature, so strong in his faith of the future of this State, that his chapters seem exaggerated to some readers, and especially to such Californians as have worn off the freshness of their first impressions. He loves enterprise, does not shrink from adventure, relishes a good story, appreciates the quaint vigor of pioneer life, and repeats his experience with all the emphasis of a believer and all the literary skill of an accomplished editor. None who know Nordhoff can doubt his honesty or his realism, and yet it is sometimes said by Californians that only one phase of the landscape is given in his pages, and that is the sunny aspect. He could not possibly see any aspect but sunshine under the sky of California. He describes his own impressions, not those of somebody else; and the consequence is, that by these glowing pages he has done more than almost any writer to interest Eastern people in the actual and possible conditions of the State, to stimulate the desire to come here, and to quicken thought in respect to our resources and prospects. Certainly, such a writer is deserving of very high appreciation.

The present volume is really two books in one. First, we have the Sandwich Island story—a twice-told tale it is true, but a tale always romantic and redolent with tropical fragrance. We have all of us visited the islands, either with the missionaries of our Sunday-school days, or with the literary tourists—Dana, Melville, Jarvis, Bliss, Stoddard, and the rest—or with the sea-captains and merchants who have made their trading stations there; but the islands do not lose their charms as fast as they do their inhabitants. They are the "Paradise of the Pacific" still, from which new tidings are always welcome. Nordhoff's story is not only the latest, but it is most satisfactory to those who wish for a photographic picture of the islands and their

inhabitants. The writer quickly comprehended the characteristics of the country, and vividly described them; while the wood-cuts, which are as clear and sharp as photographs, and are of admirably chosen subjects, well illustrate his narrative. To those who wish in the course of a hundred pages to obtain an exhibit of the character of the Hawaiian kingdom, and of the ways of the people, there is nothing so good as Nordhoff's book.

The Californian half of this volume begins with a description of the Sacramento Valley, especially the northern part of it—Redding, Fry's, and Yreka. Then comes a chapter on the culture of the grape, and another on the redemption of the tule lands. Sheep-grazing is the next subject. After a brief discussion of the Chinese question, the Mendocino coast and Clear Lake with the Indian reservation in Round Valley and the Redwood saw-mills are described. A chapter is given to dairy farming, as illustrated on the Howard ranch in Marin County. General Bidwell's farm and his neighbors furnish material for another chapter. Tobacco culture is next discussed, and the California narrative is closed with a visit to the Farallone Islands. A visit to Oregon concludes the volume.

The reader who turns to these pages expecting a systematic statistical account of the State, such as Cronise's, will be out-and-out disappointed. The annual issue of the *Commercial Herald*, of this city, will give him more of this kind of information. But those who wish to know what impression has been made upon the mind of an intelligent observer, well informed, quick-sighted, frank, and practiced in writing, will surely be entertained and gratified in a high degree by the perusal of this volume. Good sense and good-humor sparkle on every page. Facts abundant are narrated, but they are given in the style of a good talker, and not of a census marshal. Anecdotes of a characteristic sort are interspersed, to illustrate and confirm the statements. California in 1874 is well introduced to her sisters beyond the Sierra.

In the mechanical execution of the book there is one defect. The wood-cuts are often widely separated from the text to which they

relate—Cape Horn, and Puget Sound, for example, being inserted in the middle of the Chinese chapter. Even at the risk of an unequal distribution of the pictorial embellishments, it would have been better to have kept to the text.

STATISTICS OF THE MINES AND MINING IN THE STATES AND TERRITORIES WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By Rossiter W. Raymond, United States Commissioner of Mining Statistics. Washington: Government Printing Office.

In this we have the fifth volume of Mr. Raymond's mining statistics, gathered from the States and Territories of the extreme West. The book contains 550 pages, printed and bound after the usual style of public documents. Besides a general review of recent mining operations and improvements, various topics intimately connected with the production of the precious metals are discussed in a thoroughly practical way, illustrated wherever required with numerous cuts and diagrams, executed with apparent fidelity, and not deficient in artistic skill. This, considered in a purely utilitarian light, is the most valuable of all the volumes yet issued in this series of reports. How so much original matter of a useful and instructive kind could have been prepared with the limited means at the disposal of the commissioner is explained by him in his preface to the present volume. Only in small part was this work accomplished through the aid of money appropriated by Congress, the sum thence derived having scarcely more than sufficed to defray the commissioner's individual expenses. A large proportion of the matter contained in this book was furnished gratuitously or for a very inadequate compensation; and yet some of the papers so contributed handle the subjects of which they respectively treat with rare ability, the authors bringing to their work the results of a long experience in the most difficult departments of metallurgy and mining.

Thus, we have from Mr. Dutken, of Grass Valley, an elaborate treatise on the gold-bearing ores of California; a matter of personal interest to mine-owners and millmen,

and of serious import even to the political economist, inasmuch as the writer clearly establishes the wastefulness of the methods of reduction at present in general use, while pointing out feasible means whereby the most of this loss may be obviated. Mr. Dutken is not a mere theorist, but a working metallurgist of long practice in his profession, and in discussing this topic he is able to substantiate his positions by well-attested facts. In this very able paper the subjects of ore-crushing, concentration, amalgamation, and treatment by the chlorine process are considered at length, the most approved means for accomplishing these several ends being designated, and the advantages peculiar to each explained. As is well known, it has been in this province of the mining art that the greatest difficulties have been encountered; and if Mr. Raymond had done no more than bring about the preparation and publication of this paper he would have well earned all the money Congress has ever appropriated for his use.

Following this chapter is one by Mr. Eilers, devoted to a consideration of lead-smelting in blast-furnaces, and another, prepared by Mr. Ellsworth Daggett, on the economical results of ore-smelting in Utah, both abounding with suggestions and data of value. Charles Waldeyer furnishes a capital article on hydraulic washing, and Amos Bowman an exhaustive essay on the pliocene rivers of California, wherein he advances many novel but well-sustained views at variance with the generally received opinions as to the origin and character of these singular deposits.

Among our leading mining experts and writers to whom Mr. Raymond acknowledges his indebtedness for services rendered in the preparation of matter for this volume, we observe the names of Messrs. Clayton, Hague, Degroot, Goodyear, and Hendel; while the book throughout shows abundant evidence of the industry and careful discrimination of Mr. Skidmore, Commissioner Raymond's permanent assistant in California. It is to be hoped that the printing of a large edition of this book has been ordered by Congress, as many copies will be wanted on this coast, without much regard to price.

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GLIMPSES OF THE COURT OF CHINA.*

No. II.

THE emperor, before Brother Pansi put his hand to the work, caused him to approach very near him, so that the painter could study him at his ease, and, having made him remark some features of which he desired the brother to take particular notice, he charged me to draw his attention to them. Brother Pansi, after having considered at his ease the features of his majesty, himself placed the easel at seven or eight feet distant from him. I stationed myself by his side, and he began penciling out the first sketch.

While he was marking it out, the emperor put to me many questions on the names and difference of our churches; why we called them the Church of the East, the Church of the West, etc.; what we did in Europe before we came to China; whether all the Europeans who

were at Pekin were members of religious fraternities; why scarcely any came there but the members; at what age they took their vows; whether it was since we became members that we cultivated the sciences and arts which we exercised there? I endeavored to satisfy him on all these points. I told him that the names which our churches bore, of south, east, and west, were titles they received with reference to the palace itself, having been given them in consequence of their situation with respect to it; that our church, for example, being at the west of the palace, they named it the Church of the West, although in the city they often called it the North Church, because it is situated in the northern part of Pekin. I added, afterward, that in Europe, before we came here, we were members of the religious fraternity; that usually at sixteen or eighteen years of age they took these vows, and sometimes even at a much more advanced

*The following pages conclude our translation of the letters of Father Benoit, Missionary at Pekin, under date of November 4, 1773.

age; that the object of this state, which they call *si-on-tuo* (it is thus that they designate those under religious vows), properly is to labor to improve ourselves and to improve others. To effect this, while in Europe, we taught the young grammar, eloquence, philosophy, and mathematics. "But," I continued, "all these sciences, sire, as has been often said to your majesty, are nothing but our secondary object. Our first and principal object is to teach religion, to correct the vices, and to reform the morals. As to painting, clock-making, and the other arts of this kind, when any persons were acquainted with them before they took the vows, they sometimes continued to exercise them as a mere amusement, but they do not acquire these things except when they think of coming to Peking. As we know that your majesty has a taste for these different arts, those who design coming here cultivate them, and even begin learning them, if they have a peculiar talent for them."

"Pan-ting-chang," said the emperor, "has he acquired the art of painting since he took the vows?"

"It is only a short time," I replied, "that Pan-ting-chang has been a member of the order. He was a secular painter, and had already acquired a reputation in his profession. As he did not wish to marry, and was living in the world almost as one under vows, those who in Europe were interested for us, and whom we had informed that we wished one or two good painters, proposed to him to become a member of the order, that he might be able to labor with us in the service of your majesty, and he consented."

"Is it the case," said the emperor, "that if he had not become a member, he could not have come here?"

"He could have done so, sire; but, not being a brother of our order, we should have been able to interest our-

selves for him only to a certain extent: perhaps by aiding him in his voyage hither; perhaps in presenting him to your majesty; or, it may be, in having care of him while here."

"But," said his majesty, "if you know him to be an honest man, why should there be any difficulty in your interesting yourself for him?"

"Sire," I said, "in the reign of Cang-hi, we wished to have a painter here, and not having one of our order, we invited a layman skilled in his art, who really had the good fortune to please your august grandfather during the many years that he worked in his service. Finally, notwithstanding all the favors which his majesty heaped upon him, and notwithstanding all the efforts we made to retain him, he positively determined to return to the bosom of his family. As we had known him to be an honest man and incapable of acting in any way which would disgrace the Europeans, and besides we ourselves had brought him here, we lodged him in our church. But if, unhappily, he had behaved badly, as he was not a member of our order, and he had neither here nor in Europe any superior to whom he looked for the regulation of his morals and conduct, we would have had no power to reclaim him to the requirements of reason or to keep him in the bounds of duty. This, then, is the reason why we do not again propose to your majesty any but those who are members of our order."

"It was again for this cause that the *Tsong-ton* of Canton having sent here a layman to work at glass-making, your august grandfather, on account of these inconveniences, of which he was himself aware, did not propose to us to lodge him in our church, but allotted him his own private residence and an income sufficient to support it. But the glass-manufacturer, after having worked for some years in the service of his majesty,

acted like the painter, and returned to Europe."

The emperor had frequently spoken to encourage Brother Pansi, for fear he should be too timid in his presence, "in which case," said he, "the fear of not succeeding will of itself prevent his success. Let him paint me," he added, "with the same confidence with which he paints an ordinary person; let him adopt the position which is most convenient, and let him notify me, without any reserve, of anything which would prejudice or contribute to the perfection of his work."

This attention which his majesty condescended to exhibit with regard to everything which could impede or obstruct Brother Pansi, induced him again to fear that, if he continued to talk, the brother might have his attention distracted by it. "In chattering as we are now doing," he said to me, familiarly, "I fear lest the painter may be troubled by it. Will he not get on better if I keep myself quiet?" I answered his majesty, "that, as long as he was speaking, his face had an air of kindness and serenity which was exceedingly becoming in a portrait, but which would not be so plainly marked if he were applying himself to any work. The application, besides, rendered the expression of the face less open, the features less marked, and consequently more difficult to paint."

"Since this is so," said the emperor, placing upon the table the manuscript which he held in his hand, "let us then talk;" and, actually, for nearly seven hours that Brother Pansi, in different sittings, was employed in painting his majesty, during the whole time he put to me a continual series of questions on all sorts of matters, telling me frequently to be seated, as, in view of my feeble health and advanced age, he feared lest I should be incommoded by remaining so long standing; and he lowered him-

self to speak to me with all the kindness and familiarity which a father would use toward one of his children.

Toward noon the emperor sent us to dine, and directed us to return at half-past twelve. We went to *Ki-siang-kong* (the Place of Painting), where our dinner awaited us. Before half-past twelve, having returned to the side-chamber where Brother Pansi had painted in the morning, his majesty sent to Brother Pansi and myself each a large piece of silk similar to those which we had received on the occasion of the presentation of the telescope, and to each one also three pairs of purses, causing us to be told, at the same time, to return immediately to him, that Brother Pansi might continue his painting. As soon as we were in his presence, we commenced going through the ceremony of returning thanks, but, causing us immediately to rise, he said to us, with kindness, that he was entirely satisfied. The brother placed himself again at his easel and I at his side. The emperor resumed his conversation, interrupting it, from time to time, by causing the picture to be brought to him, that he might see in what state it was.

The left eyebrow of the emperor is a little broken off by an interval of about the twelfth of an inch in breadth, the hair which should fill it growing on the border of the eyebrow, below the vacant space. As, however, the hair of the eyebrow conceals this deformity, it can scarcely be noticed; but the emperor, causing us to come near him, pointed out to us this separation, and told me to recommend to Brother Pansi to copy it exactly. I said to him, "If your majesty had not drawn our attention to it, we should not have perceived it."

"Well," said the emperor, smiling, "notify him to paint this defect in such a way that one will not perceive it unless he has been warned, but when his attention has been drawn to it, he will

see it. It is my portrait he is to paint; it is not right that he should flatter me. If I have defects, he ought to represent them, otherwise it will not be my likeness. It is the same with the wrinkles on my face. It is necessary to give the painter notice of them, to make it more life-like."

I said that "really they were so little apparent that the painter would have difficulty in perceiving them."

"They do appear but little," said the emperor. "They are not as evident as yours, though I am much older than you."

Immediately he made us come near him, and, having had a small mirror brought, he held it with one hand and with the other he pointed out each of the wrinkles. "What are those, if they are not wrinkles? He must represent all of them, and not make me appear younger than I am. After having passed sixty years, would it not be extraordinary if I should be without wrinkles?" He caused them several times afterward to bring him the portrait, and he was so well satisfied that he supposed it to be finished. When he was told that it was only the first sketch, and that, after some days, when the colors had dried, it would be necessary to have a second sitting—"If," said he, "I have now found the portrait so well executed, what will it be when you have again worked on it?"

Several days passed, during which Brother Pansi retouched his work at our residence. When we returned to the palace, we were conducted to the side of the apartment of the emperor. His majesty was not in his ordinary room, but in another palace where he took part in the customary spectacles at the time of the New Year. They carried to him the portrait, and told him it was considered finished for the present. He answered us, "that his first intention had been to have only a half-length portrait, but that it was necessary to enlarge

it, by adding to it at the top, the bottom, and the two sides, with prepared paper, and he would himself settle the dimensions of the picture." It is well for me to state that here pictures are not painted on canvas, but on the paper of *Corèe*, which is very strong and smoother than canvas. They prepare this paper in the same way that our painters prepare the canvas on which they wish to paint. In increasing the size of this paper intended for a picture, they are able to do so as much as they wish, without it appearing that anything had been added to it.

The 30th of January, the last day of the first month, was the day fixed for Brother Pansi to go on with the portrait of the emperor, and he added to it the bonnet and drapery. It was necessary first that Brother Pansi should begin the portrait of another young man, and that the picture should be of the size of the former. They immediately conducted us to the neighborhood of the apartment of the emperor, who was not then in his ordinary room, but in *Thay-kong*. A young man of twenty-four or twenty-five years of age then presented himself, and the artist immediately sketched the portrait. The page himself carried it to the emperor, who was entirely satisfied, and he, as well as the eunuchs, said that nothing was wanting to the portrait but the power of speech. It was, however, nothing but the first sketch.

It was at the *Thay-kong*, where the emperor passes three days in solitude,* that he caused us to be brought to him, that Brother Pansi might continue the portrait of his majesty. At eight o'clock in the morning, we returned to *Ki-siang-kong* (the Place of Painting), during a severe snow-storm which did not cease until evening. They told us that the

*This is an annual fast with the Chinese, a period of retreat from the world, and abstinence, when the emperor thus prepares himself to offer sacrifices in the temples.—TRANS.

emperor was occupied with some unexpected business, and in consequence could not admit us before noon. But at eleven o'clock they came to seek us, from his majesty. It was necessary for us to go at once, notwithstanding the snow which fell in large flakes. We traversed the courts, the terraces, and the galleries, conducted by the eunuchs, who, whenever we passed any opening, from which we could look into the apartment where it was possible any princess or other person of the sex might be, made a signal, as much to give notice to the eunuchs who were on duty as sentinels to shut the open doors or windows through which one might be able to look, as to learn whether any princess might not be on her way to visit another princess, or for some other reason. For, although in the interior of the palace itself, neither the princesses nor any other females can go from one apartment to the other, however near they may be, but in closed carriages, carried by the eunuchs, and differing according to the different degrees of dignity of the ladies whom they bear. Nevertheless, no person whatever except the eunuchs, even though he might be a son or a brother of the emperor, is allowed to meet them on their way. The eunuchs having given the signal, he turns back immediately, or, if circumstances prevent his turning back, it is necessary to turn to him the hinder part of the carriage when he passes.

Brother Pansi was much surprised at all these ceremonies, so foreign to the customs of Europe. But what embarrassed him most was the melting snow, which rendered the pavement so slippery, that, being little accustomed to all the attire of Chinese dresses which the season obliged him to wear, he was near falling every moment.

After a walk of a quarter of an hour, entirely within the interior of the palace, we arrived at a court which is immedi-

ately in front of the *Thay-kong*. This court is shut in by three grand main buildings, that inclose it on three sides. The fourth side fronts the north and separates it from the *Thay-kong*. It is surrounded by an open gallery or terrace of eight or nine feet in height, ornamented in its entire length, at regular distances, with bronze vases, and statues, and different designs in stone. Above this terrace is situated the *Thay-kong*, or Palace of Retirement, the taste of which is precisely the same as that of the apartment of the emperor which I have already described. The divisions of the chambers there are also almost the same; nevertheless, the structure of the roofs, the ornaments of the ceilings, and all the other accompaniments, are of a taste so varied, so noble, and so magnificent, that each time we have seen them it has always been with new admiration.

Since it was still the festival of the New Year, the ceremonial did not permit that during these three days of retirement the emperor should wear his robes of state. It was necessary for him to wear the dress of partial mourning—that is to say, the ordinary habit of only one color, such as he used every day which was not one of ceremony—and a robe above it of black.

As soon as we had entered his majesty's apartment, Brother Pansi went on with his picture. Toward two o'clock, when they were ready to serve his supper, he sent us to rest, and ordered the eunuchs to provide a collation for us in an adjoining chamber. During his supper he sent us tea and milk from his own table. At a quarter past two we were recalled.

I have already stated that the taste of the Chinese, and particularly that of the emperor, led them to desire in their pictures only so much shade as was absolutely necessary. His majesty wished also that the hairs of his beard and

of his eyebrows should be separately so distinctly marked that when near the portrait one could distinguish them. I recalled to mind, on this occasion, that one day the Brother Attiret, whose eminent talent for painting is well known, during the first years of his residence here had painted a flower, upon which Brother Castiglioni, who had been here for some years, having by chance cast his eye, he said to Brother Attiret, "There are one or two leaves too many in the contour of that flower." "But," said Attiret, "as to the number of leaves which form the whole flower, who would think it necessary to count them?" "A good painter in Europe," replied Castiglioni, "would pronounce your flower to be perfect, but here there is not an apprentice painter, who, at the first glance, will not tell you at once that your flower has not, in its contour, the number of leaves which it should have." And Brother Attiret immediately convinced himself, by showing the flower to Chinese painters. I had seen the same thing done with reference to the number of scales which ought to be in each row on the body of a fish. Although the emperor did not enter into this kind of *minutia*, he nevertheless wished, following the taste of his country, that his beard and eyebrows should be painted in such a way that at least a large number of hairs could be distinguished, the one from the other, by a stroke of the brush made for each. But as this labor consumed considerable time, I said to him that Brother Pansi could do this at his leisure in private, and that it would not be necessary for him to be in the presence of his majesty.

Some days afterward, all the court removed to the House of Pleasure—*Yuen-ming-guen*. I accompanied Brother Pansi thither to act as interpreter. I had received orders to go thither as soon as the cold should be a little mod-

erated, to instruct the four eunuchs in the manner of using the air-pump, and to explain to the emperor the different experiments. The scene was, therefore, transferred to the House of Pleasure.

During the whole course of the year, the emperor only resides about three months at Peking. He ordinarily returns there some time before the winter solstice, which always occurs in the eleventh month of the Chinese year; and before the 15th of the first month of the following year, the emperor, with all his suite, goes to reside at the House of Pleasure, which is situated two leagues north-west from Peking. During these three months of the year that he passes at Peking, he is occupied with a multitude of ceremonies which require his presence. All the rest of the year, except the time when he is engaged in the chase in Tartary, is passed at *Yuen-ming-guen*, whence he repairs to Peking as often as any ceremony obliges him. The ceremony finished, he returns at once. This is the House of Pleasure to which they have now added the embellishments which are found in the ancient palace and in a great number of other palaces, each one more magnificent than the other, which his majesty has caused to be built, and the precincts of which he has enlarged so that to-day the circumference is not less than two leagues.

We can say of this House of Pleasure that it is a town, or rather a collection of towns, within which it is situated, and which contains more than a million of souls. It has different names. The part of this town in which our French fraternity has a small residence wherein to lodge those of us who are occupied in working in the palace of his majesty, they name *Hai-tien*. The House of Pleasure of the emperor they call "the garden of perfect brightness." The House of Pleasure of the emperor's mother, very near that of his majesty,

is "the garden where reigns a pleasant spring." One other House of Pleasure, a short distance from it, is called "the mountain of the extensive view." Another at some distance from it is named "the garden of brilliant tranquillity." In the midst of the palace of the emperor is a mountain called "the mountain of the precious fountain." This fountain, indeed, furnished water for all the palaces which I have mentioned, and the water afterward formed a canal that extended as far as Peking. But since the reigning emperor has covered this mountain with magnificent edifices, this spring, although still abundant, does not furnish half the water which it formerly did.*

In this House of Pleasure, at the entrance of the gardens, is situated the *Fou-y-koan*, which is the place where the Chinese and European painters, the European clock-makers, those who are employed in making different kinds of machinery, and the workmen in precious stones and ivory are engaged in their business. Beyond this inner laboratory, where the emperor comes from time to time to see the works which are going on, there are around the palace a great number of workshops of all kinds, for many artisans are continually occupied in every variety of labor to ornament the palace of his majesty.

The 8th of February, being the 17th of the first month, was the day on which the different workmen who were there employed returned to the *Fou-y-koan*. Brother Pansi went thither, and, by order of the emperor, he was conducted to one of the palaces, that he might retouch there the portrait of the second young man which he had painted. Father Vantavon acted as his interpreter, while awaiting my arrival (which was not long delayed), by an express order

of his majesty. I did not, however, remain there long, as it was necessary to return to Peking.

Toward the beginning of the second month, the emperor was obliged to go and offer a great sacrifice in the Temple of Heaven. As soon as the ceremony was finished, he returned to the House of Pleasure, and I also went in his suite.

The four eunuchs whom the emperor had appointed to learn the use of the air-pump had now become somewhat acquainted with the manner of its working. The three missionaries whose department was clock-making—Father Archange (Barefoot Carmelite, Missionary of the Sacred Congregation), and Fathers Vantavon and Mericourt (the Jesuits)—had exhibited all the different pieces of the machine. The eunuchs who attended me, with some others whom they had brought to aid them, told me that the emperor, being very anxious to see the different experiments, would come on the 10th of March to *Fou-y-koan* (the Place of Workshops). I repaired there early in the morning, and made the eunuchs go through the different experiments on the compression, the expansion, and other properties of air. His majesty came there after midday, and asked me the explanation of each. He wished to know the interior working of the instrument. I endeavored to explain it to him by means of the drawings which I had caused to be executed, to represent those parts which one could not see when the machine was not taken to pieces. He directed me to prepare the experiments for the next day, and to observe the same order I had used in the description I had given him. As soon as the emperor had returned to his apartment, he sent an order to the eunuchs to bring the air-pump and to repeat all the experiments which had been made before him at the workshops.

The next day, March 11th, when I

*In another letter one of the other missionaries refers to this House of Pleasure, and calls it "the Versailles of China."—TRANS.

arrived at the workshops, the eunuchs informed me of everything which had taken place the day before in the emperor's apartment, and told me of many questions which his majesty had asked on the subject, to which they had not been able to give any answers. As his majesty had given orders to prepare some new experiments, I thought it proper, for good reasons, to make them take the machine to pieces; after which, having again put it together and tried it, I saw that it was in good condition. When therefore his majesty came, after midday, I explained to him the different valves, pistons, cocks, etc.

The emperor then caused them again to carry the instrument to his apartment, and afterward to one of the European palaces, to keep it there with a quantity of European curiosities which they had collected. The next day, his majesty, to show his satisfaction with the air-pump, which was the first he had seen, gave again three large pieces of silk; for Father Mericourt and Brother Pansi, in whose names it had been presented, one to each of them, and the third for myself.

I perceive, monsieur, that I have said nothing again about the meals of the emperor, as I promised to do. His majesty always eats alone, and no one assists at his repast but the eunuchs who wait on him. The hour of his dinner is regularly fixed at eight o'clock in the morning, and that of his supper at two o'clock in the afternoon. Besides these two meals he takes nothing during the day, except some drink to which he is accustomed, and toward night some light refreshment. He has never used wine or any other liquor that could intoxicate. But, for some years past, by advice of his physicians, he uses a kind of very old wine, or rather beer, as are all the Chinese wines, of which he takes a glass hot in the middle of the day, and another toward evening. His ordinary drink,

during his meals, is tea, either simply steeped in water, or well mixed with milk, or composed of different kinds of tea pounded together, worked and prepared in different fashions. These drinks of prepared tea are generally very agreeable to the taste, and many of them very nourishing, without loading the stomach.

Notwithstanding the quantity and the magnificence of the dishes which are served to his majesty, he never spends more than a quarter of an hour at each meal. I should have found difficulty in believing this, if I had not myself very often had proof of it, when I was in the antechamber of the apartment where he was taking his meal, or in other passages where I have been taken to see all that was served to him carried in or brought out. The dishes which should be eaten hot are in vessels of gold or silver, of such construction that they will serve at the same time for plates or for chafing-dishes. These vessels have almost the form of our large silver dishes, arranged with two movable rings, taking the place of what we call the ears of the dish. The bottom of these dishes is double, and about the base of the higher one is soldered a pipe of two inches in diameter and raised about an inch above the edge of the dish. It is by this pipe that they introduce between the two bottoms lighted charcoal, for which the pipe serves as an air-hole. The whole has a cover of proper size, around which passes the pipe, and the dishes are thus kept hot for a long time; so that when his majesty is walking in the palace or in the gardens, he takes his meal in the place where it finds him when the hour for it has come. All the different dishes which should be served to him are carried by the eunuchs in large varnished boxes, some of which are of several stories. By this means they have nothing to fear from the wind or the rain, or any other injuries from the weather.

The great officers of the palace are not employed more than a quarter of an hour at each meal. The dishes which they serve at table are already cut up into small pieces. It is not the custom there to serve many courses or any dessert. The fruits, pastry, and other dishes of dessert they eat either in the evening before they go to sleep or at some time during the day, by way of refreshment. They never use wines at meals which

are taken at the palace. Those who find it necessary take it in the evening, after they have left the palace and there is no probability that they will have to appear again that day before the emperor.

NOTE.—It may interest our readers to learn, what we find in a letter from one of the other Jesuits at Pekin, that Father Benoit died there, October 23d, 1774, less than a year after he had written this letter. He was born at Autun, France, October 8th, 1715.—TRANS.

THE ISLAND OF SANTA ROSA.

A FEW weeks ago, while on a visit to Santa Barbara, it was my good fortune to meet one of the owners of Santa Rosa Island, Mr. H. H. More, who cordially invited me to make a voyage with him to that romantic retreat, of which so little is known even on this coast. There, he promised, I should find rest for the wearied spirit, and if disposed to indulge in archæological researches, ample material for the gratification of my proclivities in that direction. The visions conjured up by my excellent friend were too attractive to be resisted. Without a word of objection, I shouldered my knapsack and embarked with him on board the good schooner *Star of Freedom*, then lying at the Santa Barbara wharf. An extra supply of provisions having been secured by Captain Chase, that thoughtful mariner shook loose his sails, hoisted them up by the aid of his chief mate and cook, and in a few minutes was steering through the kelp that lies in vast fields over the bright blue waters of the bay. The delicious atmosphere of the south never seemed more balmy. A gentle breeze wafted us out into the channel. A few miles from the wharf the whole magnificent panorama of Santa Barbara, with its background of mountain ranges,

loomed up to the north—as fair a scene as human eye could rest upon. The green pepper-tree hedges and groves of almonds and olives; the dome of the city hall; the spires of the churches, and the vine-embowered villas of the town with their peaked gables and brilliant colors, gave evidence of the spirit of improvement; while on the warm slope of the *mesa* the old Spanish mission slumbered peacefully in the haze—a soothing note from its ancient bells, wafted across the water, furnishing the only sign of its waning life. Still farther back lay that formidable and picturesque barrier of mountains forming the outer Coast Range, the crossing of which by Fremont at Santa Inez has been compared to the crossing of the Alps by Bonaparte. Yet delicate ladies and children now cross it in commodious stages!

Captain Chase promised us that we would reach Santa Rosa in four hours—if the breeze held out. He had crossed the channel in three and a half. The *Star of Freedom* was capable of doing it in three and a quarter; but she was a little peculiar, and required plenty of wind to develop her best sailing qualities. Despite his constant efforts to draw a few squalls out of the elements by whistling and flourishing his hat, and

various other fetich performances, the breeze deserted us long before we reached the northern point of Santa Cruz; and we had the pleasure of partaking of his good cheer and sleeping that night on board his wayward little craft, lulled by the song of the gulls and the drowsy swell of the sea. It was not until the next day at noon that we were enabled to make a landing at the wharf in More's harbor.

According to Doctor Alexander S. Taylor, Don Juan Cabrillo, the Spanish pilot, who made a voyage of discovery as far north as Cape Mendocino, in 1542, was the first European to visit the islands of the California coast. The Santa Barbara group is referred to in the narrative of his explorations, a translation of which was made by Doctor Taylor a few years since, and published in pamphlet form. The island of Santa Rosa is the largest in the group, and lies about forty miles south-west of Santa Barbara. It consists mainly of rolling hills, *mesa* or table lands, and small valleys running up to the central ridges. The greatest elevation is 1,300 feet. Numerous springs, having their source in the principal ridge, furnish a sufficient supply of water at convenient intervals either for stock or agricultural purposes. A large proportion of the soil is adobe, packed hard by the rains of by-gone centuries; giving, in the absence of timber, rather a bleak appearance to the island. All it requires, however, is cultivation to make it productive. The valleys consist of alluvium and sedimentary deposits washed down from the adjacent hills, intermixed with shells and *débris* originally deposited by the ocean, forming a succession of strata extending to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet. The natural fertility of this soil is remarkable. Each valley is filled with an almost impenetrable growth of alfileria, wild oats, bur-clover, native grasses, weeds, and various nutritious herbs, suitable for

pasturage. The hills are gently rounded, with spacious *mesas* on the tops, destitute of trees, and extending in broad easy slopes and with a slight declivity toward the ocean. No part of the island is unavailable for grazing purposes with the exception of a few narrow belts of sand-drifts near the beach. The aggregate of these drifts is probably 500 acres. The highest points can be reached on horseback, and it would require but a small amount of grading to make them accessible by wheeled vehicles. Roads for wagons and carriages now traverse the most important divisions of the island. Estimates made of the arable land show that not less than 30,000 acres may be regarded as susceptible of cultivation. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, oats, and other cereals. It is easily worked, after the first rains, and so far as tests have been made has proved prolific. Being a virgin soil, it may be relied upon for heavy crops during the next twenty years. With proper rotation of crops, it would probably be inexhaustible. Barley has already been successfully cultivated, with a yield of sixty or seventy bushels to the acre. In the sheltered valleys most of the fruits known to temperate climes would flourish. Apples, peaches, pears, plums, apricots, cherries, quinces, etc., would seem to be well adapted to this region. There are many sheltered nooks and valleys where figs, olives, almonds, and walnuts would probably attain perfection. Grape-vines might also yield good crops where they are not too much exposed to the cool sea-breezes, which generally prevail during the summer months.

Divided up into farms of 200 or 300 acres each, it occurred to me that Santa Rosa presents an excellent field for a grand colonization enterprise. There is no place in California where a more equable and healthful climate is com-

bined with so large an area of available land, subject to individual control.

The property is owned exclusively by two brothers, Messrs. A. P. and H. H. More, and is held by Spanish grant and patent from the United States.

Its special advantages for sheep-raising and the production of wool, for which purposes it is now used, may be briefly summed up:

The vast extent of the range, comprising 63,000 acres, and affording an unusual diversity of soils and grasses, adapted to the seasons and the various conditions and grades of sheep.

Absolute isolation from all sources of annoyance and loss; exemption from the encroachments of undesirable neighbors, and from intermixture with migratory bands of sheep and contact with extraneous epidemics or sources of disease. Also, gain in economy of management. Less fencing is required than on the main; the sheep can range at will and feed night and day, without care or the expense of supervision.

There are no wolves, coyotes, snakes, toads, centipedes, tarantulas, or other wild animals or reptiles to harass the sheep or destroy the lambs. The small red fox is the only carnivorous animal to be seen on the island, and there are no squirrels or gophers to injure the crops. Losses from extraneous sources can scarcely occur.

It is a well-known fact that sheep do better, and consequently produce more wool, when they are unmolested by roaming bands of cattle or droves of sheep from adjacent ranches. Driving to and from the corrals injures the wool, and to a greater or less extent promotes lung diseases by increasing the amount of dust breathed. When free to find their own feed, they range at will and find such grasses and herbage as may be most nutritious at different seasons of the year; always selecting the highest points first, where the grasses are

driest, and gradually working their way down the cañons into the valleys.

From these causes their fecundity is greatly increased, and the mutton and wool are of a superior quality.

The wool being less subject to dust and burs than on the main, brings a good price. The sheep are very little troubled with disease; improvements in the breed can be effected without danger of intermixture with lower grades, and thus a constant advance is obtained in breeding up to the highest points. The stock of sheep now on the island could be gradually supplanted by Cotswold and merino, and the number probably increased to 100,000. Every convenience exists for gathering up the stock, shearing, steeping, and shipping. Large and commodious store-houses, barns, and boarding-houses for the employés are situated near the place of shipment. A wharf, constructed at a cost of \$15,000, extends well out into the harbor, where vessels of large capacity can receive and deliver freight. The products of the island, whether wool, sheep, or grain, can be shipped direct to San Francisco, Santa Barbara, or any part of the world. The usual time to San Francisco is thirty-six hours, though a steamer of fair speed can make the trip in less than thirty hours. This is a great convenience in the transportation of sheep for mutton, which can be put in market direct from the pastures in the best possible condition. Freight on wool costs less than from some of the interior ranches on the main to the sea-board—an important item in the account of profit.

The climate is genial; very little difference is perceptible in the temperature, winter or summer. The air is cool, though never cold. The north-west winds sweeping down from the Aleutian Islands in summer are rather bracing, but the thermometer seldom ranges below 60° or above 70°. Frost is un-

known. Experience shows that nearly all kinds of stock thrive best in a cool, bracing climate, where they enjoy exemption from venomous insects and reptiles.

Though the general appearance of the island, looking from the ocean, is unattractive, many parts of it are conspicuous for their picturesque beauty. The views from the highest points in the interior are on a scale of grandeur rarely equaled by the best Pacific Coast scenery. Broad stretches of *mesa*, intersected by deep cañons and gorges, roll away down to the rock-bound shores, beyond which lie in full view the adjacent islands of Santa Cruz, San Miguel, and Santa Barbara; while to the west stretches the grand old Pacific, the monarch of all the oceans. Steam and sailing vessels are almost constantly passing up and down the channel, giving animation to the scene and some assurance to the traveler that he is not altogether beyond the pale of civilization.

In answer to my inquiries as to the yield of wool and productive capacity of the island, I gleaned from the superintendent that there are now on Santa Rosa 60,000 head of sheep, of the ordinary California breeds. The actual sales of wool and sheep will probably amount this year to \$100,000. Expenses are about \$10,000 per annum, not including cost of transportation. Yield of wool, about 300,000 pounds. The net result of sales for the entire year, after paying interest on cash outlay, taxes, and expenses of every kind, is say \$80,000. This pays very handsome dividends to the owners, but it is far below the capacity of the grant. By the introduction of improved breeds of sheep and the cultivation of the arable lands, it would not be difficult, with an expenditure of \$100,000 in working capital, to increase the dividends three or four fold.

In my rambles about the island, I was impressed with its capabilities for

many novel and interesting experiments in addition to the homely though profitable pursuit of sheep-raising. The immense extent of the range and its insular position, surrounded as it is by the deep blue waters of the Pacific, give it a rare and exceptional advantages for a variety of enterprisés that could not be attempted with any assurance of success on the main-land. A suggestion casually thrown out by Mr. More was especially fascinating to my imagination. I absolve him from the responsibility of anything more than a jocular hint; but I could not help picturing to my mind what a magnificent park this would make as a preserve for the wild game of the continent! Here is something in which tourists from the Atlantic States and foreign countries could not fail to take a peculiar interest. It would be easy to divide the elevated portions of the island into sections of 10,000 or 15,000 acres, and to stock such subdivisions with buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, and other graminivorous animals common to the remote and thinly settled parts of our continent. These animals would find congenial ranges in the hills and cañons of the island. Isolated from the intrusion of man, they would, in a short time, largely increase in numbers. Chinese cattle and Mongolian sheep, Japanese pheasants, the Australian kangaroo, the English lop-eared rabbit, the llama of Chile and Peru, and various other rare and curious animals from foreign countries, might also be introduced; so that in the course of a few years an area of 15,000 or 20,000 acres would be stocked with an abundance of game. Such an enterprise as this would be impracticable on the main-land. Santa Rosa is probably the most favored spot on the Pacific Coast for the experiment. Once carried into effect, there is no reason to doubt that it would not only pay in the shipment of game to San Francisco, but would render Santa

Rosa a place of popular resort for travelers from all parts of the world. When the English, Russian, or German tourist can, in thirty hours, be landed on a beautiful island, where he can chase the buffalo, the elk, and the deer, and always be sure of some trophy of his skill, few would pass over this coast without spending a day or two at Santa Rosa. For this class of visitors and for invalids, and all seeking health and recreation, suitable accommodations could be provided. People who imagine they possess a monopoly of common sense, will doubtless regard all this as visionary and impracticable. But why should it be? The climate is suitable in all respects, the grazing is abundant, and the range is ample. Where cattle and sheep have enjoyed perfect health and multiplied beyond precedent, it is not unreasonable to assume that other animals, whose subsistence is derived from similar sources elsewhere, will here find an equally congenial home. It is too common an error in California to disparage all novel conceptions, and throw discredit upon new enterprises. This is unworthy the progressive spirit of the age. Of all countries in the world, California offers the best field for the introduction of novelties in agriculture, stock-raising, and kindred subjects. Where is the limit, and who knows so much that he can not know more, save the bigot or the charlatan? Woodward was not discouraged by predictions of failure when he established his zoölogical gardens. The island of Santa Rosa could be made a grand zoölogical range, where the rarest and most interesting of our wild ruminating animals—now rapidly passing away—might be preserved in their natural state. It is not far-fetched to anticipate that it would ultimately become the grand zoölogical garden of the

world. Carnivorous animals would, of course, have to be excluded, or, if introduced, placed under certain limits or restraints. This, however, does not form a part of the grand design. The idea is to gather together from every available source curious and interesting animals of different species, whose habits of life are not antagonistic, and so regulate their range, intercourse, and numbers as to derive the largest annual supply, without diminution of the capital stock. Nor is it intended that the execution of this project should curtail or interfere with the present business of sheep-raising. The introduction of better breeds of sheep within the reserved limits would increase the quantity and improve the quality of the wool. There would be a gradual increase of the revenue from this source; and it will be time enough to determine the ultimate policy of increasing or diminishing the stock of wild animals, after a few years' experience in the practical working of the scheme.

An additional interest attaches to the island from the vast quantity of seals and otters, and the prolific fisheries abounding along its shores. These, also, might be made a source of income, while furnishing a rare field for the sportsman and the fisherman.

I regret that neither time nor space will permit me to enlarge upon the varied resources of this interesting domain. My visit was necessarily brief. I enjoyed it exceedingly, and all I can add is, that should any of the readers of the *OVERLAND* wish to see for themselves what I have so hurriedly attempted to describe, they will, doubtless, find no difficulty in making the trip from Santa Barbara. If nothing else should be gained, a renewed stock of health and vigor will certainly be the result.

SPINOZA.

THE comfort of studying history is to find that the judgments of one age are reversed by those of another; that the man entirely sincere and upright, however he may be abused, is ultimately apprehended and esteemed at his true worth. A remarkable example of this was Benedict Spinoza, during the greater part of his life, and long after his death, misunderstood and traduced as severely as any character of the seventeenth century. Having the audacity to think differently from the great mass of his fellows, he paid for his audacity by becoming the object of monstrous calumny and bitter detestation.

Even his personal appearance was vilified. Those who had as well as those who had never seen him, represented him as a man of deformed features and distorted expression. Pretended likenesses portrayed him as a ghastly, bleary-eyed, monstrous-nosed, coarse-mouthed, hideous creature; and cheap pictures—a favorite device of the seventeenth century—showed him writhing in the bottomless pit, with Satan and his attendant imps grinning delightedly as they thrust red-hot pitchforks into him, and literally hauled him over the blazing coals. Spinoza was not Harmodius in beauty; but he had an amiable and very intellectual face, which steadily won upon the seer. He was of medium height, his head very long, extremely broad between the brows and receding toward the chin. His eyes were dark and brilliant, his hair black and thick, his eyebrows shaggy, his nose prominent, with facial furrows traced by profound thought and physical suffering. His manners were quiet, his ways gentle to a feminine degree, and his entire nature suffused with benignity and tender-

ness. So much for truth in the front of defamation. A simpler, purer, sweeter, finer soul never descended upon this planet; and when we think how he was persecuted and reviled, we can not help feeling thankful for the advance and expansion of two hundred years. Very justly did Novalis call him "God-intoxicated;" and yet he was constantly denounced for an atheist, as a man is apt to be by others, when he dissents from them in his conception of the Deity. No human being ever lived more conscientiously, or labored more zealously for the truth, as it was revealed to him, than the gifted philosopher, born in Amsterdam in 1632, and who died at the Hague in 1677.

Of Hebrew descent, he Latinized his baptismal name Baruch into Benedictus, and very early evinced a passionate fondness for study. His father had fled from persecution in Portugal, and being a prosperous merchant, would have trained the boy to the same calling but for his delicate health and unmistakable aversion to commercial pursuits. He was accordingly educated to be a rabbi, and his thorough devotion to the Jewish theology, with the extraordinary ability he displayed, excited the enthusiasm of his masters. In his first teens he not only penetrated the mysteries of the Talmud and Cabala, but went beyond them, and was suspected, not unjustly, of heresy. Some of his fellow-pupils having reported that he rejected the law of Moses and the doctrine of immortality of the soul, he was threatened with excommunication, which he then avoided by withdrawal from the synagogue. The Jews, not willing to lose so promising a student, sought to retain him by offering him an annual sum for his neg-

ative adhesion to their faith. All they asked was that he should reserve his opinions, and occasionally attend their worship. Formerly they had threatened him, and they now found their bribes as vain as their threats. His sole answer was: "I want truth, not money; where truth is, there shall I go, careless of consequences."

A few weeks later, an attempt was made to assassinate him, while he was going to his lodgings at night. He struck aside the blow aimed at his breast, and exhibited such coolness that the would-be murderer fled. The synagogue summoned him again and again to trial, and as he refused to appear, he was formally excommunicated in his twenty-third year, with terrible oaths, and in the presence of a numerous assembly.

Spinoza paid no attention to all this; and it was evident he cared no more for the awful anathemas of the illustrious doctors than for a puff of wind. His associations became Christian; he addressed himself more earnestly than ever to his studies. He had already conquered the difficulties of Portuguese, Spanish, German, Flemish, Italian, and Latin; the last language introducing him to the ancient authors and to the works of Descartes.

Professor Van den Ende was his instructor, and while in his house, he fell in love with the professor's daughter, Clara, who, unable to sympathize with so lofty a mind as his, and moreover preferring florins to philosophy, declined his suit in order to accept a well-to-do merchant of Hamburg. In obedience to the Talmud, he had learned a mechanical industry—the art of polishing glass for optical instruments—and by this he earned a meagre subsistence during his entire life; giving his leisure hours to intellectual research and the preparation of his famous works.

The authorities of Amsterdam, influenced by the angry rabbis, expelled him

from the city, and, after residing in several towns of Holland, he settled permanently at the Hague. Nothing so dear to him as his unfettered thought; he pursued it ceaselessly and religiously, without fear or favor. A genuine martyr to his convictions, he had renounced his parents, the friends of his youth, his inherited faith, all hope of domestic happiness, to dwell with what he conceived to be the truth. Poverty, denunciation, and loneliness were his lot; but he bore these cheerfully; his mind intent only on philosophy, which was to him father, mother, friend, wife, children, past, present, and future. So far from coveting, he despised money. All he wanted was the plainest food and the simplest pallet; communication with books and his own mind furnished all the rest.

An illustrious instance was he of self-abnegation. He peremptorily refused to be made the heir of a handsome property, which his friend, Simon de Vries, desired to leave him; he transferred to his sisters his share of the parental estate; he declined a chair in the University of Heidelberg, as well as an earnest invitation to dedicate a book to Louis XIV. in consideration of a generous pension—all the while toiling indefatigably and enduring great privations. He was in the habit of working, independent of his trade, eight hours a day; continuing his studies to the dawn, and living on four or five florins a week.

Spinoza's first work, published in Latin, was an exposition of the Cartesian philosophy, which fixed his reputation, and brought him into contact, either personally or by letter, with the ablest and most learned men of his time. His second work, on politico-theology, discussed the question of Church and State; maintaining that religion is neither doctrine nor cultivation, but the pure love of God, to be expressed in obedience, piety, and worship. Doctrine, he contended, is the province of philosophy;

action, of the state ; feeling, of religion. The first and last should be entirely free; the second should be made to conserve law and order. Above all, he insisted that the fullest freedom of thought should be permitted, and that only by such permission could just and wise government be sustained. Manifestly equitable and altogether reasonable as such teaching is, it awoke the greatest hostility in the seventeenth century. It was condemned alike by church, synagogue, and state, and a great number of theologians essayed to refute it. At the same time, it was translated into several modern languages, widely read, and privately approved by liberal and thinking minds.

Spinoza was too deeply interested in speculative philosophy to waste his time in controversy, to which, indeed, he had a repugnance. He resolved, in consequence, to publish no more books during his lifetime, though he toiled unremittingly on works of still greater importance than those he had issued. His constitution, never strong, steadily gave way before his exhausting labors, and ere long consumption set in, as well it might, since he frequently remained within doors for a week, allowing himself no recreation whatever. Though he felt his end to be approaching, he did not relax his efforts in the cause of truth, but calmly and unregretfully awaited the final hour. When some one asked him if he were prepared for death, he answered: "I have been preparing for it all my life; God knows best. I shall be resolved into the Infinite at the fittest moment."

That moment came on Sunday. Being unusually feeble, the good man and woman under whose roof he dwelt were anxious to remain with him. He objected, however, urging them to attend church, and reminding them of the obligation of religious duties. (He had oft-

en said to persons seeking his counsel: "Your creed is, doubtless, good; you should hold to it, if it keep you in the path of duty and virtue. You should have no misgivings that it will secure your salvation, while you perform your obligations as a citizen and Christian.") He serenely breathed his last in his little chamber, the only person with him being his physician, and the last word he uttered was "Truth."

A year after his death, his remaining works were published, the chief of which was entitled *Ethics*. A treatise on the correction of the intellect, and a political thesis, both incomplete, with a collection of his letters, were also printed. For a long while his memory was abused. Massillon pronounced him a monster; Malebranche declared his system a ridiculous yet terrible fantasm of a diseased brain; Bayle termed him a deliberate atheist; Leibnitz, the profane author of an ingenious though destructive doctrine. Since then, thinkers and scholars have done him justice, and Germany has assigned him the highest place in her Valhalla of intellectual heroes. His works have, unquestionably, exercised an immense influence, many of the later philosophers and poets being deeply indebted to him.

The leading idea of his system is, that substance is necessary and infinite, one and indivisible, the sole self-existent, all-perfect, absolute Being. There is no such thing as creation, neither beginning nor end. All things have necessarily flowed from, and will forever continue to flow from God, the inherent cause of everything, who does not exist apart from, but is expressed in, and diffused through, the universe. Schleiermacher fitly said of Spinoza, "The Divine Spirit permeated and penetrated him; the Infinite was his beginning and end; the universe was his only and everlasting love."

THE LOST BRIDE.

Was it the gold of the dead leaves falling?
 Was it the sheen of the sunset sea?
 Was it the voice of the night-bird calling,
 Low, through the dim, sweet meadows to me?

Was it the spray from the bright waves blowing?
 Was it a sail on the flashing tide?
 Was it a star through the zenith going?
 Was it the soul of my fair dead bride?

Linger with me, O calm of the gloaming,
 Lull me with voices so sweet and far;
 Waft her white robes, O light breezes roaming;
 Tint her long tresses, O moonbeam and star.

Was it a dream of the sunset glory?
 Was it the flutter of dead leaves near?
 Only a fancy, the old, sweet story?
 Fancy, the voices so tender and clear?

Only the mist of the blank sky falling;
 Only the flash of the wild, white sea;
 Only the sob of the night-wind calling;
 Never my lost bride coming to me.

"DON'T TELL KATE!"

OR, THE NUN OF ST. AGNES.

ABOUT four miles from the old city of Nimegue, near the line which separates Guelder from the Prussian dominion, lies the hamlet of St. Anna; it is not a village, only here and there a few farm-houses. The convent which gave origin to the small gathering of humanity is gone; for, when the Netherlands through war and bloodshed won their liberty from the Spaniards, Romanism was banished; the churches were converted to Protestant worship, the

convents crumbled to dust. But the highway inn remained, the farm-houses remained, and where once monks or nuns marched in solemn procession, the teamster now went his way, the drover led his cattle, the *douanier* made his nightly rounds.

For St. Anna was a few miles from Groesbeek, a village on the very frontier, whose inhabitants were notorious for their smuggling capacities. They made it a business. They considered it a

privilege inherited from their forefathers. They thought it no wrong, but waged unceasing war with the ever-vigilant *douaniers*. Divided into regular squads of fifty, they followed their leader. He gave the signal where and when to gather. Each took his bundle, and through brush and under-wood bore it by different paths over the line. Once there, it was safe; no *douanier* could protest. But on the road they had to struggle. Now and then they were overtaken, and then the knife, their only but efficient weapon, had to work its way, and it was deadly.

"When we go on our errand," said Hagerman once to my father, "*we are shrouded*, and woe to the man who meddles with our right!"

And who was Hagerman? A man of square build, past middle age, whose stern features gave little hope to the "interloper," as he called the *douanier*. I see him yet, when, talking with my father, he explained to him how it happened that the night before they had failed, and lost a precious load of merchandise. For, strange to say, they made no secret of their "business"—none whatsoever. It was their right. Their fathers had done the same. "*Ieder zyn beurt*," said he, with a cold, ominous grin, "their time will come, and next time we shall see! Good-by, Mynheer," he added, lifting his broad-rimmed hat. "When next you see my Kate, tell her how foolish it is to swim against the stream!"

And who was Kate? The only child of the smuggler; a sweet and handsome maiden, who had often said a friendly word to the little boy, when passing the inn on her way to the city market. For I was a little boy then, and used to roam about the stables, and ask to be lifted on a horse, and made friends among the trusty *douaniers*. There were eight, with a brigadier. Among them Beyma was my favorite. Young and handsome,

he had that winning fondness for children which is not often found among even those who think of marriage.

Of Frisian parentage, Beyma had that child-like, loving manner which children appreciate so easily. He would take Leno in his arms and put him on his horse, and walk him carefully about, and take him down and praise his "horsemanship," and give him prospects of a "pony." Only twice did he ever leave me in the midst of my enjoyment. Kate came, and had a long talk with him. They spoke long and low; almost in a whisper. Then she put out her little hand—it seemed little to me—and he grasped it, and she went her way, not without a friendly word and nod to me; even the last time she patted my cheeks and looked kindly in my eyes!

And how did I come there? It is nearly sixty years ago. But old age remembers the past better than the present! A wanderer from his home, my father had found a refuge in the way-side inn kept by Father Teunis, who, for kind protection received in happier times, seemed glad to give him hospitality in a small upper room. There I studied; there I learned many a lesson—among others that "Brutus and Cassius were the last of the Romans."

Father Teunis, though kind and hospitable, had some of the Groesbeek spirit in him. To him the smugglers came, when some important "business" had to be transacted; to him they went for information concerning the nightly watches of the *douaniers*; and as he was himself a partner in the "business," they were sure of his not unselfish zeal.

The *douaniers* knew all this. They had to be quartered somewhere; Groesbeek would have been dangerous; so they sat in cheerful mood at the well-furnished table of the innkeeper, where he presided, openly discussing matters, now and then succeeding in putting him on the wrong track, and now and then

being worsted by the jolly but wily host. But not so were they the night before! I remember that evening. The *douaniers* were late. The supper was late. Although a strict disciplinarian where health was concerned, my father allowed me to wait one hour, two hours; until at length the *douaniers* came in. Two or three heavy cart-loads they had brought. Confiscated, and no small profit to them. Many had wives and children. Down they sat at the supper-table, the host at the head, my father next to him, and I, poor little fellow, under father's protection.

The *douaniers* were jolly. "Come, Father Teunis," said one of them, "let us have a few bottles of wine. We had such good luck. We got them, Father Teunis—we got them this once. Three heavy loads, just as they were beginning to distribute. They showed some fight; but we were *all* there, Father Teunis! only think!"

Father Teunis smiled. But it was very faintly.

"I hope you did not lose much?" said the brigadier, a little sarcastically.

"Of course not!" said my favorite Beyma, in a conciliatory tone. "Teunis has to be on good terms with all, we know that; and those Groesbeekers can not be trifled with, I tell you!"

"No, they can not," said another. "I was very near getting a rip in my waistcoat; they are quick with their knives, those fellows."

And so, bantering and jesting, they teased the poor landlord, until one of them said:

"Well, Beyma, I think Hagerman will make a pretty hard step-father for you, if ever you get Kate. He had you pretty tight there; how in the world did you manage to get away?"

There was at least a minute's silence. A tender point had been touched. Kate was known and highly esteemed by all. Her love for Beyma was known. If the

speaker said thus much, it was probably the wine which did it.

Beyma was pale. Little boys know more than is often thought. I knew why he was pale. I had seen him press Kate's hand.

Beyma remained silent. The jest was lost. The brigadier lifted his glass full of Bordeaux, and said: "Come, gentlemen, to our good luck for the next time! Don't you join us, Father Teunis?"

The innkeeper made the best of it, and with a hollow laugh, lifting his glass, said: "Your good health, gentlemen."

Soon there was silence in the way-side inn. *Douaniers*, waiters, all had gone to rest. My father had tucked me in, as was his wont. I was sound asleep.

But my father was not. Accustomed to very late hours, wherein he studied and commented upon classical authors, which even now are a sacred heir-loom to me, he was awake when the midnight cock crew. What he then heard he told me long thereafter.

He had left the only window in his small room open, and hearing voices speaking in subdued tones, he listened. The speakers were under the window, near the entrance in the rear of the house. He recognized the innkeeper's voice.

"I say it was foolish, Hagerman, *bliksems gek*, to let that fellow go. We lost thousands, and what have you gained, you fool? Do you want to give him your girl?"

"Not I," said the other ominously; "but then, you see, he is a brave fellow, though an interloper. I had him down, and the knife was ready, when he said, in a whisper almost, '*Don't tell Kate!*' I tell you, Teunis, it kind of paralyzed me. I jumped up and ran. It was as if Kate stood just behind him. I was scared. You know how I think about Kate; since her mother died, she has been all to me."

"Very well," answered the innkeeper,

"I know that. She is a splendid girl; but you would not give her to an interloper—to a thief who robs us of our just dues?"

"No, by heavens, I would not!" said Hagerman, in an excited tone. "There are plenty of our own boys, stanch and daring, who want her. But then you must forgive me, Father Teunis; I'll keep out of his way another time."

"Forgive you!" said the innkeeper, with a sneer—"that is hard. You know I am a great loser, and if you don't take better care, you will ruin me. Then what will become of Koenig's partnership with me? You know he likes Kate, and he is just the man to keep things going. He doesn't like to *shroud* himself, we know that; but he is cunning, and a good fellow with friend and foe. That is the kind of man we want here. Now, another time, don't listen to whispers and such things. Think of the money at stake, and of Kate's dowry. Give me your hand as a man."

The hand was given, and there was a moment's silence. Then, as if aware of the importance of secrecy, Hagerman asked in a very low voice: "When must we be on the look-out?"

"To-day I got information," answered Teunis, "that on Wednesday night there will be a big load near the mill, and another some three miles farther up, near the dam. So the interlopers, if they know at all of it, will be divided. Now you look out at the mill, and Koenig can be at the dam. Have plenty of men with you, for there is much to carry. Remember, Wednesday night."

They separated—Hagerman on his way to Groesbeek, the innkeeper to his comfortable feather-bed.

How far my father mentioned what he unwillingly overheard, I do not know. But he was an honorable man, perfectly acquainted with the interests of both parties, and I might say neutral. For he knew too well the damage done to

trade by overtaxation, and could not but admire the hereditary pluck of the Groesbeekers. I well remember having seen him in long conversation with Beyma on the morning of Wednesday. I suppose he gave him some hints of prudence. I heard several times the name of Kate. As if wishing to draw no attention, Beyma, while talking and answering, curried his horse, and now and then smiled to me, and promised me a ride.

But all at once he stood still, gazing steadily into the distance, and forgetting to answer my father's questions. Then he began nervously to curry again, then stopped and looked.

We followed his look, and saw Kate approaching in the distance, her market-basket held on her head with her right arm, the left gracefully resting on her side. She was a picture of rustic beauty. Her eyes dark, her somewhat sunburned face oval, her lips slightly curved but firmly set, her arms bare; her dress light brown, without ornament save a small golden cross resting on her full bosom. Her whole appearance had in it much of the Walloons, who, as we know, descended from the Roman colonists once settled along the Waal, and with whom the Groesbeekers frequently intermarried.

She stopped, and put her basket down. Beyma gave me the halter of his horse. I felt proud to hold him, but with childish curiosity looked at the two, as they stood together talking in an under-tone. My father walked away.

Young ears are sharper than people often think. Now and then I heard an exclamation, a sort of beseeching word from Kate, interrupted by a stern answer from Beyma. I once saw Kate joining her hands, and heard her say: "Do, Beyma, try to be removed." Then he shrugged his shoulders, and said: "Kate, I can not."

Kate had tears in her eyes, I could

see that; but with the back of her hand she wiped them off, then looked toward me, and smiling, said: "Want a peach, *lieve jongske*? there is one," taking one from the basket. Beyma had already taken the halter out of my hand, and I went up to her. She patted my cheeks and gave me the fruit; I almost think that I enjoyed the patting more than the peach!

I heard her sigh. The basket was on her handsome head once more. She waved a good-by to Beyma, gave me a smile, and left.

I nibbled at the peach, looking after her. She turned once more, and with her hand sent back a kiss. I knew it was not for me, and turning saw Beyma returning the token of love.

"Want a ride?" said Beyma in a voice which seemed strange to me; I remember it well! He lifted me on the horse, and led me two or three times around the court-yard. He did not talk, as usual, but took me down, and said nothing. I was sorry. I felt there was something wrong. He was going to saddle his horse; I used to watch him, and try to make myself useful, some way or other; this time I went away to my father, and asked: "Papa, what is the matter with Beyma?"

That afternoon it was quiet in the way-side inn. The horses and their riders were gone; not all at once, but one by one they had disappeared, unperceived, and seemingly in various directions. Some even had said they had to go to town.

At eight o'clock in the evening, as usual, the table was spread for supper. But no one had returned.

"An expedition?" asked my father, with a sort of indifference.

The host grinned. "You know something, sir?"

"Well, no, nothing particular; only they are all away, and that is not often the case."

Then turning to me: "Come, Leno, eat your supper, and go to bed!"

Like all children, I remonstrated, and wanted to wait a little longer; they would soon come.

It had struck nine, the host went outside, came back, and sat down in a fidgety way; it was nearly ten when I had dropped asleep. Surely my father must have been very preoccupied to take so little notice of me!

A rumbling noise woke me. It was a wagon. Then I heard horses neighing and men talking; but when fully conscious, I was alone in the room. I jumped from the chair, ran out, and in my dreamy confusion stumbled against something which had been carried into the hall. This woke me fully. By the dim light of two lanterns I saw Beyma apparently lifeless on a stretcher. His eyes were closed as in sleep, and blood trickled from his side through gore-stained bandages.

This is all I remember of that night. My father took me up-stairs in his arms, undressed me, put me to bed, and left. I know I sobbed, but how long it was before I slept I can not remember.

Of what took place that night I was of course no witness. I shall relate what my father told me afterward.

Shortly after the wounded man was brought into a side-room, the physician came; for one of Beyma's comrades had immediately after the assault galloped to the city. It was Dr. Overbeek, an aged man, who had been always our physician. Having examined the wound, he said to my father: "Before daybreak he will be gone; he may become conscious for a short time, and we must try our best to have his testimony, and may be he has something to say to his old mother in Harlingen. Poor fellow! so young and good! But he can not live: the smuggler's knife is sharp and long, and he knows how to handle it!"

It was long past midnight, when Bey-

ma seemed to become conscious. He opened his eyes and gazed earnestly at those standing round. My father took his hand, and bending down to him said: "Anything to tell, Beyma?"

He looked long at my father, then said, in a scarcely audible whisper: "*Don't tell Kate!*"

My father, who had overheard Hagerman's talk with Teunis, was startled. He knew at once what the noble fellow meant. He said nothing, but pressed his hand, then drew back to hide his emotion.

The old doctor now took a seat near the dying man, and, while wiping his face with some reviving spirits, asked him many questions.

"Dost know him, Beyma?"

No answer.

"Wast alone, when he struck thee?"

"Yes."

"Now tell, Beyma—was it not Hagerman?"

He stared long, then closed his eyes; then became restless, worrying with his hands in his breast, as if seeking something. The doctor opened his waistcoat; the feeble hands soon found their way—they grasped a ribbon to which was hanging a small golden cross.

He held the cross with a feverish grasp, looking long at my father as if calling him. He came, and bending to the dying man's face, he asked softly: "What is it, Beyma?"

Looking steadily in my father's eyes, he put the cross in his hand, and whispered again, "*Don't tell Kate!*"

"For whom?" asked my father.

There was a faint smile all over his handsome face, then he looked once more earnestly at my father, and began to repeat the same words, but it was his last breath, and the spirit was gone.

The following day has left a confused remembrance in my mind. Men coming and going, sometimes a throng, then a deadly stillness pervading the house.

At last in the afternoon there was a great gathering; the body was coffined and carried to a neighboring chapel, where the Roman Catholics used to worship. There it was to remain until the third day—the day of the funeral.

Meantime, I heard people talk about the murder. The name of Hagerman was often mumbled. But of the *douaniers* I saw no one. They were all gone, probably in search of the supposed murderer. But when they returned at night, it was with the tidings that Hagerman was not to be found in Groesbeek nor in the surrounding country. Both Hagerman and Kate had disappeared, and the dangerous Groesbeekers would or could not give any clue.

"Served him right, anyhow!" was their jeering taunt to his sorrowing and wrathful comrades.

A week had passed. "Teunis is not as kind as usual," I remember saying once to my father.

No, he was not. The sort of deferential respect wherewith he treated one from whom in times past he rented his extensive farm, the anxious care for the safety of one for whom the way-side inn had become a place of refuge, gave place to a fidgety ill-humor, now and then assuming a threatening tone.

The so-called "restoration" had become a settled thing, not answering however the views of many with whom my father was in secret understanding. Friends, among whom was the old physician, advised a more safe retreat, and Haret Castle, in a secluded spot of Limburg, quite near the frontier, was suggested. Captain S——, an old friend of his, was ready to receive him.

The few books wherein for the next two years I had to get my learning, and of which many are yet before me, dear remembrance of by-gone times, were soon packed; the valise containing our *garde robe* was buckled; I sat, in high expectation, watching for the time of

our departure. Children like a change, and St. Anna had lost its attraction since Beyma was gone. Children are selfish.

So I sat in the little upper room, sometimes listening to the voices of passing teamsters, sometimes to the subdued talk of the old doctor and my father, when the name of Beyma at once arrested my attention.

"You know Beyma gave me that cross," said my father, holding a small paper package in his hand, "and you know whom it is for. I don't know where she is, nor do I know where I shall be. You may find her out."

With this he handed the cross to the doctor, who took it, and held it some time; then, after thinking for some moments—it seemed a long time to me—he said:

"I think you had better keep it. He gave it to *you*. He said those words to *you*. It seems to me that you ought to keep it. I will endeavor to find out, and, if successful, will tell you. Yes, that seems the right thing."

And with this he handed the package back to my father, who took it, and put it carefully away. At last we went, and walked many miles, until a wagon took us up; that night we arrived at Haret Castle.

Thirteen years thereafter I was a soldier in the army during the Belgian war. We were quartered round St. Anna, and warned never to eat or drink anything of which our hosts had not tasted before. I remembered Groesbeek and the *douaniers*, and Hagerman and Kate!

Two years we passed at Haret Castle—years of study and reading, years wherein I enjoyed the love of none but my father. Many were the letters received, many those which I carried to the village post-office.

"I know it now," said my father once, having perused one from Doctor Overbeek—"I know it now."

"What do you know, father?" I asked, with some curiosity.

"You remember Kate? She is a nun at St. Agnes. You remember St. Agnes?"

Well did I remember. "But what about Kate?" I asked.

"Well, she is a nun; that is all." More he would or could not say.

Not many weeks thereafter, we left Haret Castle in the early morning. What caused this sudden change in our life has nothing to do with the nun at St. Agnes. We walked fast, through by-ways and pine forests, until we reached the Maas, crossed in the ferry-boat, and walked on, following its shores, until we reached the village of Mook, and were safely lodged.

Sometimes—not often—we used to cross the broad and stately river in the ferry-boat, and take a walk to Cuyck, the chief place of the province of which my mother's grandfather had been the *stadhouder*. There I had passed many days of my early childhood. Along the edge of the spacious dike we went, the banks of which were high enough to look far above the roofs of the many farm-houses, although not always high enough to protect the inhabitants from the roaring ice-fields which in winter-time would sometimes bring death and ruin to many a household, now in seeming rest and peace.

About two miles from Cuyck, quite near the dike, but built with prudent care on more elevated ground, was the cloister of St. Agnes. I see it yet! A not large but neat and rather cheerful-looking building, with sharp, slanting roof of tiles, a small tower with cross above the chapel, the windows long and narrow, the surrounding garden laid out with taste, a low wall just high enough to prevent intrusion, and a trellised gate, where the old gray-haired gardener habitually kept watch.

A pleasant residence this, and built

in times when, as I have said, convents were abolished; built, under special privilege, by gentlemen of the Roman persuasion who wished to live in partial seclusion, without assuming the outward appearance of monks. They were known as the "*kloosterheeren*," were considered wealthy, and did many acts of benevolence; their number was limited, I believe, to twelve. In outward appearance they dressed like others, and visited their friends, among whom my father was one in former times. With one of them he was very intimate, and had many theological discussions. Unbelieving then, he often expressed his astonishment how his friend, a man of learning, could submit to what he called "superstition." My father often told me the answer of the *kloosterheer*. "I have given up my reasoning," he used to say, "and taken faith instead." My father told me this often with a sort of amazement. Many years thereafter he did as the *kloosterheer*!

But when the revolution and the French invasion came, the *kloosterheeren* disappeared. For a long time the cloister was empty, until after the restoration, when religious freedom prevailed, and St. Agnes became a convent for nuns.

I knew very well why my father stopped at the gate, but, contrary to habit, I did not ask any questions. Many things affected me at the same time. The whole neighborhood recalled pleasant scenes of early childhood. The last time I had been there, it was with my mother and sister, whom I knew to be living not far off. Now it was all a seeming confusion to me. Some things I knew, some I guessed. My father, who used to talk much with me, had been very silent. It was noon, when the fields are deserted; we met no one, and all around the convent was utter silence. He lifted the heavy knocker. It sounded gloomily, and I remember I

held my father's hand more tightly. The gray-haired gardener soon appeared. I knew him well, and his friendly nod to my father and smiling recognition of the little boy relieved me.

"Can I see Sister Catherine?" asked my father.

"She seldom—hardly ever—receives any visitors," said the gardener, looking at my father's unclerical dress, "except those of St. Martin's. You could not give me your message?"

"I can not, and I *must* see her."

"Well, then," said the gardener, opening the gate, "please come in. I'll show you the parlor. Her reverence, the prioress, is in the chapel; when she comes out, I'll tell her. I know your name, sir." This he said with a meaning smile; then went before us through the garden path, and showed us into the parlor.

There we sat in utter silence. I knew all the time I was to see Kate—Kate, the *beau ideal* of my boyish fancy; Kate, whom I had last seen carrying her market-basket, and sending a kiss of love to Beyma. The whole of that morning, the whole of that night, passed and passed and passed again through my feverish memory, when I heard a rustling in the hall, light footsteps, the door which stood ajar was slowly opened, and a sister entered, all in black, with a long dark veil covering her face.

She approached slowly. My father had risen and made a few steps to meet her. She stood still, seemed to gaze at her visitor, then at me, uttered a low moan, covered her face with both hands, and, when my father came still nearer, motioned him back, and sunk as if exhausted on the nearest seat. There she remained, her head bent down on her hands, breathing hard, and now and then giving vent to a sob. At last she joined her hands, and said, in a low, half whisper:

"Do you know *all*?"

My father bethought himself some time; then he said:

"I do not know what you mean by *all*, dear sister; but I was with him to the very last, and he charged me with an errand."

Then he took the little package from his breast-pocket, and handed it to Sister Catherine, saying:

"This he took from his breast and gave to me for you; that much I know."

The sister took the package with trembling hand, unfolded it, and, beholding the cross, brought it to her lips. Then she remained quiet, as if in silent prayer; then replaced the cross in the paper, arose, placed it at the foot of a large crucifix, crossed herself, remained some time as if again in prayer, and then sat down.

"Do you know all?" she repeated, this time with a stronger voice; "did he not leave a message?"

"I think I know all," said my father, with some hesitation.

"He did not tell you?" she answered, somewhat excitedly.

"No; he told me *not* to tell you," said my father, almost surprised into a mistake.

The sister looked eagerly at him. I thought I could see her large eyes through the veil, fixed on my father's. There was a long silence. How he did it I do not remember; but, in some way, my father mentioned Kate's father—I suppose as if asking after him. The sister was silent for a long time, then she said, in a steady yet moved voice:

"I am dead to the world, so is Beyma, so is my father. I know of none who is nearer to me than you, and even this dear little boy." Saying this, she took my hand. "Yes; this dear little boy saw him last with me, and you received his last words; to you he gave the pledge I once gave him of my love. I think you have a right to know all, and I shall tell you all. Then the past

will not rest with me alone, and I shall keep silence until the end."

Then she told the following, much of which I remember as well as if told me to-day, and perhaps better; while the whole connecting link is owing to my father's often and often repeating it to my inquiries.

"Yes; I shall keep silence unto the end," she said, after a pause—"to the end; when I hope to see him again." Here she broke out in tears. For the first time she, as it were, broke through the rules, and gave way to her first, her enduring love. I remember those moments: my father keeping silence, but visibly affected; the nun sobbing and moaning. At last she recovered, and began, in a voice which was deep and hoarse:

"You knew Beyma, but you never could know the tender heart of that man. He would not crush a worm, he would not say an unkind word, even when they were hard on him. He was all in all to his mother, and it was youthful ambition that made him leave her and take service among the *douaniers*. He thought he might soon be promoted, and then lay by to help his mother. He found it a hard life, and one wherein only those whose conscience was roomy could make any money. He would long ago have given it up, but for me. For on my almost daily trips to the market, I met him often. We talked and talked, and, as he showed me his affection, I could not help showing him mine. I could not help it, sir."

The poor nun gave way to another outburst of grief. At last she seemed to master her emotion, and continued in a more steady voice:

"We understood each other very soon, and we were, as the world calls it, engaged. He gave me a cross, and I gave him one which had belonged to my mother. When my father saw that cross he looked vexed. He had always spoken

against Beyma; but when I confessed that I had given him my love, he was angry. I bore his reproaches patiently; but Beyma's love was too dear to me, sir, to be given up. I could not. But then I told Beyma, and begged him often to be removed, for I knew my father in his anger would do anything; and as for giving up his trade, you know, sir, the Groesbeekers won't think of it.

"Beyma said he would not be removed, for then he could see me no more; and the more we saw and knew one another, the more we loved. The last time I saw him, I knew there was danger brewing, and I begged him once more, but he said he could not. That night I could not sleep. My father was out, all the neighbors were out. The moon shone bright, and I sat a little outdoors. Some one I heard approaching with hurried steps. It was my father. He was almost breathless. 'Come in, Kate,' he said; 'come in, quick.' Then he locked the door, and began to pack a valise. I was frightened, and asked what was the matter, but his only answer was, 'Pack up your things, quick.' I did so, trembling with fear. Then he took his valise, and, unbolting the door, told me to follow him.

"We walked to the house of a neighbor. There he knocked at the door, said something in a low voice, and waited. When I asked him what was the matter, he never answered. Then there came a wagon; the neighbor drove, but never spoke a word. Off we went at full speed, and drove the whole night, until before dawn we reached Venlo. We did not enter the town, but stopped at a small farm. The owner came out, and my father spoke in a low voice with him; then, turning to me, he said, in a whisper: 'Kate, I am no more Hagerman; I am Vlieter, a cousin of Biels, the man whom you see. Remember it; my life depends upon it.'

"I must not detain you too long, sir;

but you can imagine my feelings. We were kindly treated by Biels, whom I had sometimes seen at Groesbeek. During a fortnight my father remained in his room, mostly in bed. He was ill; a congestive fever had set in. I always attended him, but to all my questions he remained silent. The physician who attended him said: 'Your father is very, very low. He is recovering from this first attack, but it will return, and I have little hope.' Yet, when he seemed calm and restful, I could not help asking him, but he remained silent. Only once I mentioned the name of Beyma. I shall never forget the look of agony, sir—never, to my life's end! He trembled all over, and gasped, '*Don't, Kate, don't!*'

"That night the fever returned. We all thought the end had come; but the doctor said he might yet recover once more, but then it would be the last, and we had better send for the priest. He carefully attended him, and in the morning left him exhausted and weary, silent as ever, gazing at me with a kind of glassy look, then suddenly closing his eyes, as if afraid to have an answer to his look. I felt horribly, sir, for somehow I guessed there was blood on his hands—and what blood: the blood of the man I loved so dearly! What had happened that night I did not know. I never left the house, seldom the room, and saw no one except the doctor. So I sat, not far from the bedside, thinking of other times, when all at once my father arose in bed, and, wringing his hands, exclaimed, 'I can not—I can not, Kate, I can not!' Then he fell back on the pillow, and looked at me with a frightened gaze, and when I came to him and took his hand, he withdrew it hastily, saying, 'Not that one, Kate—no, not that one; blood, blood!'

"I shrunk back, trembling all over. I knew it then—yes, I knew it! My first impulse was to run away, no more

to see him, but at last a better spirit came over me, when I saw my father looking at me so despairingly.

"What can I do, father?" I said.

"Sit down and listen," he answered.

Then, after a long silence, he continued, in a hoarse whisper: "I promised him, Kate, but I can not do it. The doctor says I have not much chance, if any, and I feel I shall go."

"Let me go for the priest," I said, rising from the chair.

"Sit down," he answered, in his usual commanding tone, "sit down, and listen. You have been always good to me—always a dear child—and I can not die without telling you, and having you forgive me. You know that night we went on an expedition? I had all my men at the mill, while Koenig waited at the dam. I got all my fellows off in good time—some of the interlopers got frightened; some knew all about it, you know—I got the whole wagon-load over the line. Then I went to the dam to see how Koenig got along. When I came near I heard loud words and cursing. It was Koenig's voice. I saw him struggling with Beyma, who held a pistol in his hand, and wanted to arrest him. You know Koenig is a weakish fellow—cunning, but weakish. Why he didn't use his knife, I don't know; perhaps he had lost it. Beyma was dragging him along, when I ran up to him, tore Koenig out of his grasp—who took to running fast enough—and wanted to go on."

"Here my father stopped for some minutes; then he said: 'You see, I did not wish to harm Beyma. I had taken the mill because I knew he would be at the dam. No, I did not want to harm Beyma. But when he held me by the arm I got angry. "Let me go," I cried, "or you are a dead man." "I won't let you go, Hagerman," he said; "I want to talk with you." I was excited, Kate,' said my father, after a moment's

silence—"I was very excited; he held a pistol in his hand...and then with my left hand I quickly drew my knife and stabbed him."

"My father kept silence for a long time, sir. You see, it all came back to him, and he *liked* Beyma. Then he went on:

"He fell back and said: "*Heere Jesus!* what have you done? *Don't tell Kate!*" When he said that, I felt like a crazy man. He had said that once before, Kate. I bent over him, and said, "I am sorry, Beyma." Then he answered: "I hear them come; run. But *don't tell Kate!*" I heard the gallop of a horse, and crept through the brushwood until I reached home that night, you know, Kate."

"Here he kept silence. You can never imagine how I felt, sir. Before I had forebodings; now it was clear and certain. My father was a murderer, and the blood of my dear Beyma was on his hands.

"Won't you forgive me, Kate?" he said, holding out his right hand. "I'll soon be gone. Forgive me, Kate; for heaven's sake, forgive me!"

"I could not take his hand, sir—I could not. It seemed all blood to me. For a long time I could not say a word.

"Must I go without your forgiveness?" he said.

"I did not answer. At last I rose and said: 'I can not forgive you, father; I can not take your hand—I can not. But I will go for the priest. Confess to him. Your forgiveness must come from God; it will help you more than mine.' I did not wait for his answer. I went to the nearest priest, and told him a man on the point of death wanted to make confession. I returned with him, showed him into my father's room, and then gave way to my sorrow and grief. How long the priest remained I do not remember, but it was late in the afternoon when he came out, and asked after me.

'Daughter,' he said, 'thou must go and give thy father rest. Absolved by the Almighty God, he is washed from his sin. Go, child, go before I administer to him the extreme unction. After that thou mayst no more disturb him.' I went in, sir, and shall never forget my father's look when he saw me. Instead of that dark and gloomy face, it seemed all light and bright to me.

"'I am forgiven,' he said; 'the blood-stain is gone. I have sinned, but I am forgiven, Kate; I know I am forgiven. And I know Beyma forgave me. O, Kate, do not be hard to me. He loved you to the last. He was sorry for you and for me, Kate. Don't let me go without your forgiveness.'

"I knelt down and wept. I never said a word; I could not. Then he placed his hand in mine; it felt cold and icy. I got up and said, 'Father, I shall pray and try.' I left the room, and the priest came in to administer the extreme unction. After that my father spoke no more, and when darkness came he was gone."

The poor nun was by this time very weary. Her voice was husky. She covered her face with her hands, and wept

some time in silence. At last she said:

"The priest was kind to me. After the funeral, he asked: 'Daughter, what art thou going to do?'

"'I don't know,' said I, 'except to pray and try to forgive.'

"'Where wilt thou do it?' he asked.

"Then I felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken, that when he said 'Thou knowest St. Agnes' Convent?' it seemed like a beam of light to me, and I begged him to take me there.

"So he did, and so I am here, praying and trying to forgive. But O, sir, it is difficult! We must become more Godlike to do as He does. I have told you all; henceforth my lips will speak of it no more. The vesper bell rings; I must go."

She arose, and gave her hand to my father, who reverently bent over it. She took my hand, and, stooping down, removed a little her veil; then kissing me on my forehead, said, "God bless you, child!"

Her face was pale and thin, unlike the blooming one I saw two years before. The next moment she had left, and we walked back to Mook. It was a very silent walk.

THE FIRST CALIFORNIA AQUARIUM CAR.

IN the beginning of 1873, the California Commissioners of Fisheries had a conversation with the writer at San Francisco, with reference to increasing the variety of food-fishes of the State of California. The wonderful fruitfulness of the Golden State is well known. It is a paradise of flowers. Its wheat harvests are a marvel. Its vineyards rival those of France. Its vegetable and fruit gardens eclipse the world. But in its food-fishes California is deficient. With the exception of salmon and trout, and

a very few salt-water fish, it furnishes no desirable food-fishes in any abundance. There are no striped bass in California, no eels, no lobsters, no Ohio River salmon (*Lucioperca*), no cat-fish, and, with the exception of those that have been introduced into the State by recent efforts, there are no Eastern trout, no shad, no white-fish, no black bass, no good oysters. Some idea of the California fish-markets can be formed by imagining what our Eastern markets would be with these fish withdrawn

from them. The result of the conversation just mentioned was that the California commissioners engaged the writer to go to the Eastern coast and make the attempt to bring over a car-load of desirable Eastern fishes not inhabiting California waters.

With instructions to act at discretion in collecting the fishes, I left San Francisco on the 17th of March, 1873, and arrived in Boston the following week. After setting on foot a series of experiments with lobsters, to see whether they could be made to live out of salt-water long enough to make the overland journey, I proceeded to Charlestown, N. H., and made arrangements at the Cold Spring Trout Ponds for the reception of the various kinds of fish, and for the care of them, until the time of their final departure. I then went to the mouth of the Missisquoi River, in the north-western corner of Vermont, to begin making the collection of fishes which it was thought desirable to transport to California. These fishes included

Black bass (*Guptes fasciatus*).

Eastern trout (*Salmo fontinalis*).

Glass-eyed pike, or perch—(*Lucio-perca*).

Yellow perch (*Perca flavescens*).

Eels (*Anguilla*).

Hornpouts (*Pimelodus*).

Cat-fish (*Pimelodus*).

Lobsters and oysters.

My plan of operations for the whole undertaking was as follows: First, to rendezvous all the fish from the various points of capture at Charlestown, N. H., where facilities for keeping them alive were afforded at the Cold Spring Trout Ponds. Secondly, to fit up a car at Charlestown with special reference to the transportation of live fish, providing the car with everything that would contribute to the success of the undertaking. And thirdly, to take the car, when loaded, through to California with passenger trains, without transshipment.

Although this plan proved to be the best in practice, it was attended with great difficulties and hazards. They may be enumerated as follows: In the first place, no journey of a similar distance had ever been made with a large variety of live fish, and there was, therefore, no adequate precedent to be guided by in this instance. Secondly, it was doubtful whether fish, even under the most favorable circumstances, could be kept alive seven or eight days, so closely confined as they must be on this journey; and it seemed more than doubtful whether they could live that length of time in the very unfavorable condition of traveling in a railway car. In the third place, a portion of the journey extended through 2,000 miles of country where most of the water, owing to the presence of lime or other alkali, would unquestionably be fatal to the fish, should they be changed into it; and, to add to this difficulty, it was not known, to any considerable extent, which waters on the road were good, and which were bad. Then it might be necessary to use fresh supplies of water oftener than they could possibly be obtained. In the next place, many of the fish had to be transported over long distances before arriving at the rendezvous at Charlestown, and they at least would be compelled to enter on their California journey in the weakened condition consequent upon their preliminary journey to Charlestown. And, finally, no car suitable for our purpose could be procured which was provided with the Miller platform and Westinghouse air-brake required by law on cars attached to passenger trains; while several railroad companies absolutely refused to take the car along with their passenger trains.

These difficulties and risks amounted to so much in the aggregate, that before entering upon any engagement with the California commissioners, I wrote to

them that I thought the chances against success were three to one. The manner in which these difficulties were overcome will appear in the course of this article.

Having arrived at the mouth of the Missisquoi River, I found that, owing to the unusual lateness of the season, the ice had not gone out of the river, and that it would be necessary to lose some days before commencing to fish. I improved the time, however, in the best way I could, by making arrangements for collecting and confining the fish when caught, and for taking the eggs of one or two varieties.

On the 11th and 12th of April the ice moved out of the river, and on Sunday, the 13th of April, the river was free, but the current too strong to permit fishing. On the 16th the current subsided, so that we were able to draw the seine, though we soon found that there were few fish running. The fishing improved every day after this, and, having with some difficulty, owing to the constant rising and falling of the river, provided suitable places for keeping the captured fish alive and secure, and having left the collecting of the fish at the river in charge of Mr. Myron Green—afterward my assistant on the aquarium car—I left the Missisquoi and proceeded south, to find a supply of cat-fish and eels, and to make the final arrangements for procuring and moving the lobsters and other salt-water fish, several varieties of which it was thought desirable to take besides the lobsters and oysters, as an experiment to ascertain with what success salt-water fish would bear transportation over long distances.

Having accomplished the objects of my southern journey, I returned to the Missisquoi about the first of May, and remained there collecting fish and taking the spawn of the *Perca flavescens* and *Lucioperca* until the 6th of May, on which day, at noon, I commenced

moving the live fish that had been collected from the fishing-ground to the railroad station at Swanton, on the Vermont Central Railroad. Those unaccustomed to the transportation of live fish probably do not realize how much work it takes to transport a large number of living full-grown fish even a short distance. To estimate approximately what the amount of this work is, let us suppose that each fish requires one cubic foot of water only to live in. Then, 200 fish would require 200 cubic feet, or something over 12,000 pounds of water. To carry this amount of water in small boats or wagons is quite an undertaking; and to add to the labor, a medium-sized fish will very soon exhaust the air in a cubic foot of water, and then will die, unless the air is renewed. This involves the necessity of incessant labor in aerating or changing the water, which with 12,000 pounds of water is no trifling matter. It is also necessary to keep the temperature of the water at a salutary point for the fish. This involves a constant watching and regulating of the temperature, which is of itself a great care and labor with a large lot of living fish. Any neglect of the last two precautions is attended with fatal results.

In the case of the fish in question, it took five large boats loaded to the water's edge, and ten men—one in each boat to row, and one to aerate the water—to carry the fish up the river (five miles) to Swanton Village. At the village the tanks were hoisted out of the boats by a derrick into wagons, in which they were taken to the railroad station, where they were stowed in a car provided for the purpose by the Vermont Central Railroad Company.

There were in all eighty-two large black bass, and several hundred other fish, large and small, including yellow perch, glass-eyed pike, and hornpouts (bull-heads), besides several hundred thousand eggs of the *Lucioperca* and

Perca flavescens. The car was taken along with the 3.40 P.M. freight train, and reached Charlestown, N. H., in the afternoon of the next day; Mr. Myron Green and myself, who had charge of the fish, having worked over them for thirty consecutive hours, without rest. We would have considered the transportation of this car-load of fish an effort of very considerable magnitude in that line, if it had not been overshadowed by the greater journey in prospect. Indeed, I am inclined to think that it was the largest successful undertaking of the sort in this country up to that time. Our care and caution during the trip were well rewarded, for not one of the eighty-two bass died on the journey; only one yellow perch, one bull-head, and seven glass-eyed pike.

Meanwhile, the Central Pacific car, which was to take the fish to California, had arrived at Charlestown. It was one of the fruit-cars of that company, intended for rapid transit. It had during the past month been provided with a Miller platform and patent air-brake, which fitted it for traveling with passenger trains, and thus was overcome one of the most serious difficulties of the undertaking.

Immediately proceeding to fit up the car for its journey, I had the fruit-ventilators cut away, and everything removed from the car that took up any unnecessary room, and then went to work upon the tanks for carrying the fish. My first plan was to use only portable tanks, the advantage of this plan being, that, in the event of any delay of the car, or of anything happening to require a change of cars, the fish could be all transferred without difficulty. As the furnishing of the car progressed, however, the advantages of having one large stationary tank became more and more obvious, and I decided, at last, to build at one end of the car a large covered tank, occupying the whole width of the car, and eight feet of the length of it.

This tank was made of two-inch plank, and lined with zinc. It was also strongly bound with iron rods, and fastened very firmly in its place. It was two feet and eight inches high, and held when full 10,000 pounds of water. The cover was provided with two large doors, which could be opened and shut at pleasure. Just over the tank a circular hole eight inches in diameter was cut through the end of the car, and into this hole a tin pipe was inserted, extending horizontally from the doors in the top of the tank to the outside of the car, and connecting there by an elbow with a vertical, funnel-shaped pipe, made large enough, and reaching high enough, to receive the hose used to fill the engine-tanks. This last arrangement for filling the tank proved to be a vast convenience in practice, as it enabled us, whenever we struck good water at a water-station on the railroad, to take on more water in two minutes than all three of us could on the average load into the car by hand in an hour. It should also be said here that the tank was provided with a large aperture passing through the bottom of the car, for the purpose of letting off the water when a new supply was to be taken on.

Besides the stationary tank provided, there were nearly twenty portable tanks of various sizes, a list of which will be given farther on, in the enumeration of the contents of the car. At the other end of the car, and reaching entirely across it, was placed a large box intended for an ice-box.* Shelves, cupboards, and hooks were fastened to the sides of the car wherever an available place presented itself. Movable steps of iron were made for hooking on to the door-sill of the car at a moment's notice,

* The consumption of ice on the trip, for keeping down the temperature of the water, was so rapid—averaging over a ton and a half a day—that often, after taking on ice, the ice-box would be not only filled, but hidden from sight, and every available space in the car occupied with ice.

to facilitate our getting in and out. A simple set of carpenter's tools were taken along to fall back upon in case of emergency, and were found to be very useful on the road, as also were several hand-nets of various sizes, for handling the fish when necessary, and for removing the dead ones.

The aerating apparatus constructed for the water-tanks was quite unique. It consisted of ten funnel-shaped tins partly filled with sand to make them sink in the water, and about six inches in diameter at the base, with a cover perforated like the rose of a watering-pot. These ten aerators were connected at the smaller extremity of the funnel with ten pieces of rubber tubing, which in turn were gathered together and connected at their opposite ends with the nose of a large bellows, so that by placing the ten aerators in the tanks and forcing the air through the tubing by means of the bellows, all the ten tanks could be aerated at once. We used this contrivance once or twice, but I ought to state that, well as the description of it sounds, we did not like it sufficiently to use it much.

Among other articles of furniture, I took along two hammocks, intending to use them the following summer at the United States Salmon-breeding Works in California; but we found they could not be made available in the car, and they were never swung up at all. A small alcohol-stove which I put in the car we found very convenient for heating water, making coffee, and like purposes, and I would recommend it strongly for similar expeditions.*

It appeared to me that we should be much better able to bear our long and wearisome journey if the interior of the car were made in some degree attractive. I therefore covered the walls with pict-

ures and other little devices with a view to this end. This had such a gratifying effect, that, with the brightly painted tanks and the beds with their white sheets and pillow-cases, the inside of the car became quite an inviting apartment, and I can truly say that I think there was no time on the trip when the showy palace-cars behind us created in any of us the least feeling of envy.

The carpenter's work on the car was done by Mr. Simeon Ellinwood, and the plumber's work by Mr. George S. Bond, both of Charlestown, N. H. Their work was very thoroughly and creditably performed, and the success of the trip as far as it went was very much due to their careful efforts.

While the car was being fitted up, I was corresponding with the Hon. Spencer F. Baird, head of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, in relation to procuring some young fish of the following varieties, namely: yellow perch, shad, eels, cat-fish, and lobsters. At Professor Baird's suggestion, Mr. Monroe Green, of the New York Shad-hatching Works on the Hudson, undertook to provide the eels and shad, and Captain Vinal Edwards, of Wood's Hole, Mass., to furnish the young lobsters and salt-water eels. Professor Baird thought that young cat-fish and perch might be obtained from the Potomac.

It was then the middle of May, and the car being nearly finished, and the fish either on hand or provided for, as was supposed, we might have started on our journey had the shad been sufficiently advanced to take with us. It had been thought best to wait for the shad, because in connection with the other fish they could be carried at a comparatively small expense; while a separate trip to California with them alive would cost a large sum of money. The time set for our departure was therefore put off until the 27th day of May, by which time Mr. Monroe Green thought there

* On our subsequent trip across the continent with shad, we had the greatest difficulty, while crossing the Rocky Mountains, in getting hot water to keep up the temperature of the shad-cans.

would be plenty of shad at the Hudson River hatching-boxes ready to take away. Just about this date, however, I received a communication from Professor Baird, saying that, owing to the unusually high water on the Potomac, the young perch and cat-fish could not be obtained in time to start on that day. I received the letter at ten o'clock in the evening, and at three o'clock the next morning had dispatched Mr. Myron Green to the Raritan River, New Jersey, to procure a supply of cat-fish. The perch we already had on hand in considerable quantities; but I had no cat-fish, and I did not like to go without them, as very many Californians who had formerly been familiar with this fish at the East, and among others, Hon. B. B. Redding, of Sacramento, Secretary of the Board of California Commissioners, had particularly requested me to bring out a stock of this variety of fish. This change in the programme necessitated a delay of several days, and the departure of the car was postponed for another week. During the week, Mr. Myron Green returned from the Raritan River with a large supply of cat-fish in good order. Mr. Monroe Green had notified me from Castleton, on the Hudson, that an abundance of shad and eels would

be ready at any time; Captain Vinal Edwards sent word from Wood's Hole that his salt-water fish for California were ready; and Mr. W. T. Perrin wrote from Boston that he would start with his charge as soon as notified. Nothing therefore remained to prevent our speedy departure, and accordingly the next Tuesday, June 3d, 1873, was set for leaving Charlestown, N. H., with the California Aquarium Car. Our preparations began on Monday at midnight, when Mr. Perrin arrived from Boston with a special car containing lobsters, oysters, tautogs, salt-water eels, and reserves of ocean water.

At daylight on Tuesday morning we began filling the large stationary tank in the car with water from the railroad water-works. As our car now stood on a side-track, this was obliged to be done with hose, and was slow work. As soon as breakfast was over we began to move the tanks, fish, and other articles intended for the journey, from the Cold Spring Trout Ponds to the car. This occupied three teams and eight or ten men the whole forenoon, working very actively; but by one o'clock P.M. everything was in the car and ready to start. Of this start, with the events following, we shall speak in the OVERLAND for October.

TRUST AND MISTRUST.

“DO you think, Mabel, that you can reconcile yourself to the rugged surroundings of our mountain home, after the luxury and ease to which you have always been accustomed? I almost fear that I have transplanted you, my tender flower, into too rude a clime.”

These words had Robert Leslie spoken to his young bride, when, freshly arrived from her home in one of the Atlantic States, he had introduced her to the

little cottage prepared for her reception. And Mabel, clinging to his protecting arm, had answered, with a bright, trusting glance:

“I can be happy anywhere in the world, Robert, with *you*.”

Six months had passed since then. Under Mabel's supervision, their unpretending abode had become invested with an air of grace and comfort both without and within. A pretty garden,

the fence whereof had been staked by her husband's own hands, bloomed in front; no unsightly growth of weed or brier offended the eye within the limits of their inclosure, bounded as it was on the north and east by almost perpendicular crags, over which hardy vines flung their tendrils, enriching their support with a gay tapestry-work of mixed and brilliant colors. Where the ground stretched away level to the westward they had planted a hedge, leaving here and there an opening to afford a view of some picturesque point beyond; and in front a bit of smooth turf sloped down to the edge of a brawling stream, whose silvery prattle was audible to Mabel's ears, when, on a clear, mild day, she sat near the open window with her work.

In-doors the prospect was no less cheerful; the pictures on the walls, the dainty snow-white curtains, the flowers disposed through the rooms, the various pretty feminine devices which supplied the lack of more expensive and less attainable adornments, diffused throughout the modest dwelling an atmosphere of refinement, and even elegance, well suited to the presiding genius of the place.

Mabel was happy in the various domestic occupations which now fell, for the first time, to her lot; the very novelty of housekeeping, especially housekeeping in a primitive style, amused and interested her, and she found her time so fully taken up as to admit of no leisure for *ennui*, or the indulgence of any regrets for the more luxurious life which she had exchanged for this. Such regrets indeed never occurred to her, for she had a healthy mind, prompt to adapt itself to exigencies and to discover the bright side of everything. No wonder Robert Leslie called her his good fairy, creating sunshine wherever she moved; no wonder that the friends who had known him in his bachelor days, and had at first commiserated him for re-

nouncing his freedom, were now ready to congratulate him on the step he had taken, and to contemplate his good fortune with mingled admiration and envy. Mabel's ready kindness and courtesy soon made her a favorite with them all, and it was pleasant to see how the roughness engendered by habit softened down in her presence, and how quickly the careless manners and unpolished speech of some of these sturdy seekers after wealth yielded to the gentle influence of feminine refinement and grace. For they were comparatively early days of which I write, and though these western regions were no longer regarded only as a refuge for the outcasts of civilization, yet the influx of the gentler sex within their borders was still scanty, and the majority of the male population still of the rudest sort.

Mabel's friends had thought her very rash, when she quitted the shelter of a rich uncle's roof in a populous eastern city to brave the hardships and dangers of the far West, under the protection of one whom she had married upon so brief an acquaintance as to scandalize lovers of decorum and shock all prudent and well-regulated minds. In defiance of the old proverb, however, though she had married in haste, she had not yet begun to repent at leisure; nor had the slightest doubt of the wisdom of her conduct ever intruded itself into her mind, until the very day on which my story commences.

On this day her wonted lightness of spirit had fled, and given place to a gloom and depression quite foreign to her nature. For the first time since their marriage, Robert and herself had parted inharmoniously when he left home in the morning to see after his affairs as usual. Mabel had spoken hard, bitter words, the memory of which rankled in her heart all day, yet not more than the fancied injustice and wrong which had called them forth.

It certainly *was* hard that Robert should persist in keeping anything secret from her, when she always confided so entirely in him, laying bare her whole heart without reserve to his ken. Some days before a letter had come to him—a mysterious letter, the contents of which had wrought a startling change in his demeanor. His usual cheerfulness vanished; his manner grew reserved and moody, and almost savage, Mabel thought, when she tried to coax him into good humor again. Poor little Mabel! her life, which had seemed all *couleur de rose* hitherto, suddenly assumed a very sombre aspect indeed. She asked humbly if *she* had displeased him in any way? No, certainly not; the idea was absurd. Something was worrying him, and she must not mind if he was cross, for he could not help it. But she *did* mind very much, and tried all the persuasive arts in her power to draw the secret of his trouble from him. Why could she not share all his burdens; were they not hers as well?

“No, Mabel, they are not,” he answered, very decidedly. “There are some which I must bear alone, and this is one of them. I thought I had laid it down for good and all,” he added, sighing bitterly, “but it has come upon me again, and it is harder to endure now than ever.”

Then Mabel pleaded with him as she had never pleaded before, as she had never thought to plead in vain; argued, coaxed, wept, and finally broke out into passionate reproaches for his want of confidence and faith in her.

“It is no want of confidence in you, love. If you could only know how gladly I would unburden myself to you, were it possible!” he said. “You add to my trouble by your reproaches, Mabel; can you not trust me?—can you not give me this one great proof of your love?”

“No,” she replied, “I can not. You refuse the only proof I ask of you, and

expect a blind, unreasoning confidence from me in return. I am not a child; I am a woman, and your wife, and I have a right to know your secrets.”

“Mine you shall always know,” he said, “when they concern me alone; but another person is implicated in this. One of these days, perhaps, when I need no longer fear to break the seal of silence, you shall know all.”

“Now, or not at all,” she burst forth vehemently. “I will not be put off with such vague promises. O, if I had only known that you were ever going to behave to me in this way, I would never have married you, Robert—never!”

“Mabel, have a care!” said her husband, sternly. “Those are words not easy to be unsaid.”

“And I don’t mean to unsay them. Do you think I would have left my home and come all the way here, to be treated unjustly and made miserable? Everyone said I was foolish to do it, and I believe now that I was.” And without waiting for an answer to this speech, uttered in the heat of passion and without thought of its consequences, she ran out of the room, leaving Robert standing there with a look on his face it had never worn yet since his marriage. A moment he waited, to see if she would return—heard her footsteps on the stairs and in her chamber overhead, and the sound of a door violently closed and locked; then he slowly went out of the house, mounted his horse, and rode away, leaving her to solitude and her own wretched thoughts.

Wretched indeed they were, and self-reproach was largely mingled with them; for the words she had spoken in her blind anger rose hauntingly to her mind, and she felt that she would give worlds, if she had them, to blot them from her memory and from his. How dearly she loved Robert, none but herself could know; but that only made his conduct harder to bear. When she married him

she had expected that there would be entire confidence between them, for she felt that perfect affection could not exist without it; and how often had he said the same thing, and begged her never, never to keep one secret thought from him! From these premises she was ready now to deduce the conclusion that she had been mistaken in her estimation of her husband's love for her; not reflecting that there might exist a love so unselfish as to choose to bear sorrow alone, rather than seek relief by clouding another's spirit with the knowledge of it.

Robert would have done wisely to take her into his counsels; but he did not yet fully know her nature, or comprehend the depth of self-abnegation which would enable her to bear cheerfully the heaviest cross for his sake.

Mabel rose at length from the couch upon which she had thrown herself, and wearily set about performing her usual household tasks. Everything went wrong; her energy had fled; all incentive to exertion seemed gone, and the melancholy feelings that oppressed her cast their tinge over every occupation to which she turned. No singing over her work to-day; no running lightly hither and thither; her step was as heavy as her heart, and the very sunshine that streamed in at the windows was an unwelcome visitant, mocking with its brightness the gloom that hung upon her. So unendurable did this state of affairs at last become, that she felt thankful when the entrance of Tony, the red-headed man of all work and sole domestic about the place, interrupted her reflections.

"Mis' Leslie, there's a message come to you from Hoskins' wife, down to Rocky Run; her child's mighty bad off, and she'd be thankful if you was to run down there and see what you could do for her."

Rocky Run was a small mining set-

tlement about a mile off, and Hoskins, one of the miners—the steadiest and most trustworthy workman there—was an especial favorite with both Robert Leslie and his wife. So she rose with alacrity at the summons, and, almost forgetting her own troubles in her anxiety to assist the distressed mother, set out at once on her errand of mercy. She was never backward in performing a charitable deed, and the poor people who came to her for aid loved and revered her for the tenderness and sympathy with which she ministered to their wants.

The mother of the sick child welcomed her with gratitude and tears, and led her at once to the bedside of the little sufferer, whose condition indeed appeared very critical, though Mabel thought there might still be hope. She had brought some restoratives with her, which she hastened to apply, and after a time had the satisfaction of perceiving that their effect seemed to be beneficial. She remained several hours in the little shanty, and did not prepare to leave until the gathering twilight warned her that it would not be expedient for her to remain out much longer. Some threatening clouds had come up, foreboding a storm, and the wind blew raw and cold, making her congratulate herself on her precaution in having brought some warm wraps with her.

"I'm real sorry you should have such an ugly walk home," said Mrs. Hoskins, as she stood with Mabel at the door. "I ought to ha' sent you off sooner, but I was so taken up with thinking of poor little Bess, in there, that I forgot everything else."

"O, I shall do very well," said Mabel, cheerfully. "I'm not afraid of the walk; you know I am used to being out in all sorts of weather. I think Bessie is really better now; just keep on with that medicine, and in the morning I'll run down again and see how she gets on."

"Bless your kind heart!" said the woman fervently, as she wrung Mabel's soft hand in her hard, rugged palm. "You're just an angel of goodness, Mis' Leslie, and the Lord will recompense you for what you've done for me this day, and many a day before, too."

These words echoed pleasantly in Mabel's ears, as she climbed the steep mountain path; she was filled with the sweet consciousness of having given aid and comfort to a fellow-creature, and in the pure satisfaction which this afforded her she almost lost the memory of the bitter and sorrowful thoughts with which her heart had that morning been filled. Her anger toward Robert melted away, and a tender charity prompted her to forgive all wrongs, if wrongs there were, and seek forgiveness for her own faults in return.

"I know I have been hasty," she soliloquized; "it's always my way. I will not rest until I set matters right again between us."

Filled with this determination, she arrived at her own house. A miserable-looking, half-starved dog was crouching outside the door, and whined entreatingly at her approach.

"What wretched creature is this?" she exclaimed, stopping to look at it. At this moment Tony came hastening round the corner of the house.

"Mis' Leslie," he said, with a perplexed look on his honest, freckled face, "wait a minute, please! I want to tell you something before you go in."

"Well, Tony?" she responded, a little surprised at his manner, as he paused.

"You see, ma'am, 'twant no fault of mine, and I hope you won't blame me," he continued, apologetically. "There's a woman—and a queer one, too, she seems—inside there; but she got in unbeknownst to me, and I couldn't get her out no way at all."

"A woman! inside the house! What

is she doing there, and what does she want?"

"I can't say, ma'am, I'm sure. She said she had a better right there than anybody else, and that she wanted to see the master, and——"

Mabel waited to hear no more. Quivering all over with a sort of indefinable dread, she entered the little front parlor. There by the fire sat, or rather crouched, the woman—and such a looking woman! Gaudy finery, tattered and soiled, draped her attenuated form, and black elf-locks hung about a face that bore the traces of former beauty, now marred and defaced by the lines of want, and care, and something worse than either—something that made Mabel shrink back, as the face was defiantly turned toward her, and the bold black eyes were raised to hers.

"Who are you," she demanded, "and what are you doing here?"

Had the woman been an ordinary beggar, no matter how repulsive, Mabel would not have addressed her thus; but the account Tony had given of her, coupled with the sudden conviction that flashed over her that this unlooked-for visit was in some way linked with the secret her husband had so jealously guarded, banished every feeling of compassion from her heart.

"No matter who I am!" was the sullen reply. "I've a right here, and that's enough."

"You have no right here," said Mabel, trying to speak calmly, though she felt sick and faint. "I am the mistress of this house, and I have authority to refuse admission to all vagrants like yourself."

"Refuse and welcome," said the woman. "I'm here and I'm going to stay, vagrant or no vagrant; so turn me out if you can!"

"Will you tell me," said Mabel, with a shudder of disgust, "what your business is here?"

"My business is with Robert Leslie," was the rejoinder, "and not with you. He appointed to meet me, and I'm not going until I see him."

Here Tony, who had lingered near the door to keep guard, gave his mistress an admonitory touch.

"Mis' Leslie," he whispered, "you jest come away and leave her alone. She's drunk, in my opinion, and when the master comes he'll manage her better than you or me. Don't let her sass you no more."

"Hush!" said Mabel, whose face was very white, though she spoke calmly. "Did you say," she continued, turning again to the woman, "that my husband had appointed to meet you?"

"Yes, I did say so, and I say so again. And if you want to know any more about me, you'd better ask *him*. May be you won't be so glad to find out my name as you think."

"What do you know of my husband?" asked Mabel.

"More than you do, I expect," was the reply. "There, does that satisfy you? Now, leave me alone, and don't plague me with any more talk. I'm tired, and I want to rest." So saying, she turned away, clasped her knees with her hands, leaned her head against the side of the fire-place, and closed her eyes, as if preparing to sleep.

Mabel stood irresolute for a minute; then she moved toward the door, beckoning Tony to follow.

"Tony," she whispered, "please keep watch, so as to prevent her going upstairs, or doing any harm. It's no use for me to stay here any longer."

"Certainly not, ma'am," said Tony, approvingly. "You can't do no good. I'll keep an eye on her, never fear. And don't you worry yourself, Mis' Leslie," he added, with solicitude, as he marked the expression of Mabel's face. "The master'll set everything right when he comes."

"The master'll set everything right!"

How mockingly the words sounded to Mabel, as she fled up to her own room, and shut herself in, to try and stem the torrent of chaotic thought that swept through her mind. That unexplained letter; Robert's altered behavior; his declaration that another person was implicated in his secret; the arrival, so soon after, of this mysterious visitor, and her hints in regard to Robert's knowledge of her—nay, her express assertion that she came to him by his own appointment—all seemed connecting links in a strong chain of evidence against him. What she suspected him of she scarcely knew—to analyze her feelings at that moment was impossible; she only felt that there was some disgraceful mystery, in which he was some way concerned, and felt herself deceived and wronged, her love and confidence cruelly betrayed. The stormy tide of passion, which had been calmed and laid to rest by the gentle influences of the afternoon, swelled up and beat over her now with resistless force, deafening her to the voice of reason, to the pleading of every softer emotion, and filling her only with one wild idea—to seek refuge somewhere, away from her home and from him who had made it hateful to her, and hide herself out of his sight. Ever impulsive and prompt in action, with her to plan was to perform. A few minutes later, Tony, had he been in his accustomed place, would have seen her steal softly down the stairs, through the kitchen, and out into the yard; but he was keeping guard at the parlor door, only thinking how unusually late the master was in coming home, and speculating on the curious occurrence which had disturbed the tranquillity of their quiet household. So he was quite unconscious of Mabel's exit, and did not discover her absence until an hour afterward, when she was struggling blindly on over the darkened mountain road,

drenched by the rain which had commenced to pour down almost before she was out of sight of her own inclosure. Her destination was the house of a friend some four miles distant, the only person in that part of the world to whom she felt that she could go for refuge. The way was toilsome at best, but doubly hard to travel under such circumstances as the present. Nothing but a spirit braced by a strong will to the utmost pitch of endurance could have sustained her on her fearful walk through the lonely passes of the Sierra, away from every human habitation, in the gloom and peril of that stormy night.

Little Mrs. Etheridge, ever brisk, busy, and cheerful, was just putting the last stitches to a pair of mud-colored inexpressibles she was finishing for her husband to put on the next morning, and Mr. Etheridge, laying down a book he had been reading aloud, was just declaring, with a long yawn, that it was high time for working-folks to be in bed, when a loud, hurried knocking at the front door startled them both.

"Bless me!" said the little lady, pausing in the act of winding the thread round the last button, "who on earth can it be? Not a visitor, surely, at this late hour."

"Some benighted wanderer seeking a shelter, I suppose," said her husband, as he moved toward the door. "Push up the fire, Kitty, and chuck those elegant pants out of sight."

"Pooh! what signifies anybody seeing them?" said Mrs. Kitty, who, being a novice at such work, was quite proud of her performance in the tailoring line, and rather anxious than otherwise for an opportunity of displaying it. She was obediently rolling it up, however, when an exclamation of astonishment from Mr. Etheridge brought her speedily to his side.

A trembling, dripping figure stepped

across the threshold, and a voice that sounded familiar, although hoarse and feeble from exhaustion, uttered their names.

"Mabel Leslie!" cried Mrs. Etheridge, almost breathless with amazement. "Alone, and out in this storm so late at night!"

"Take me in, Kate," said Mabel. "Keep me here with you, and—don't—tell—him——"

And here the words trailed brokenly off into an inarticulate whisper, and Mabel, weakened as she was by long-fasting and fatigue, and overpowered by the excitement she had undergone, and the sudden transition from the cold without to the heated atmosphere of the little parlor, was lying, quite insensible, in John Etheridge's arms. His wife was dreadfully frightened, and they were both puzzled enough to account for this catastrophe; but no time was to be lost in useless conjecture, and soon they had Mabel laid on a couch in the next room, and were busy applying the various restoratives they had on hand. They recovered her from her faint at last; but when they questioned her, she answered so incoherently that they thought her brain was disordered, and decided that the only thing to be done was to keep her quiet and try to induce her to sleep.

"Something dreadful has happened, I'm sure," whispered Mrs. Etheridge. "Where can Robert Leslie be, I wonder?"

"Hush! I'll ride over as soon as it's daylight and find out. I'm afraid she's very ill, Kitty; shouldn't wonder if she was going to have brain-fever."

His surmise was not far from correct. By morning their guest was in a high fever, alternated with cold shivering fits, and the few words she spoke were so rambling and wild that it was evident she was unconscious of their import. The anxiety of her kind nurse may be imagined, as she counted the hours

which must elapse before her husband's return from his errand of friendship, on which he set out as soon as it was light enough for him to pick his way over the slippery, uncertain road, rendered perilous by the recent rain. At last the welcome clatter of horses' feet was heard, and, running out to the door, she thankfully welcomed Robert Leslie, who, looking as pale and haggard as a ghost, had accompanied his friend home.

"I can't tell you how relieved I am to see you!" she cried. "I feared you had fallen down one of the shafts, or something, Mabel seemed so distracted, and I could find out nothing from her at all." But she was astonished enough to find that he either could not or would not give any explanation of the cause of Mabel's expedition. Solicitude for the latter, however, overpowered all minor considerations for the present; while the only available physician, who was summoned from his residence twenty-five miles off, and arrived at night-fall, looked so owlishly solemn over the case, and spoke so ominously of the necessity for extreme care, that he succeeded in rousing their liveliest apprehensions, and duly impressing them with the conviction that only wisdom as profound as his own could avail to bring the patient safely through.

Whether her convalescence was owing to the skill of the learned Æsculapius, or to kind and judicious nursing, or to the advantages offered by a naturally strong constitution, or to all of these combined, must remain a matter of doubt; but, at all events, the fever left Mabel after awhile, and she was pronounced in a fair way to recover. No word relative to what had happened had yet passed between her husband and herself; but she would watch him with wistful eyes as he moved about the room, as if longing, yet afraid, to speak. At last, one evening, when they were alone, as twilight was closing round them, and

he could just discern the outlines of her pale face against the background of the huge stuffed chair—John Etheridge's great achievement, which had been moved in here out of the parlor for her use—he broke the silence which seemed to be cast over them like a spell, and said, tenderly but very decidedly:

"Now, Mabel, I must know *all*, from the very beginning. Tell me why you left home."

Mabel looked up with a quickly beating heart. Surely, she thought, he must know; yet his tone did not betray the self-condemnation she thought he must feel. She was silent, scarcely knowing how to answer him.

"Tell me, Mabel," he insisted. "After treating me as you have done, the least reparation you can make is to let me hear your justification, if you have any to offer."

"I should ask *you* for *your* justification," she replied, and then all the pent-up torrent burst forth. Robert Leslie listened to her half-incoherent reproaches and broken accusations with feelings of surprise and dismay, generous indignation and wounded pride; but he heard her patiently through, and when she ceased and waited breathlessly for his answer, he carefully steadied his voice and nerves before speaking.

"And so, Mabel," he said at last, in a low tone, "you really believed that I was guilty of some great offense toward you? Was this your love, your faith?"

"Then was it not true?" she whispered faintly, for the sudden revulsion from suspense to hope was almost overpowering in her weakened state.

"I could almost find it in my heart not to satisfy you," he rejoined, "only that I blame myself as well as you for this unhappy misunderstanding, which might have been averted by a confession on my part, the pain of which I was anxious to spare both of us."

Then he went on to tell her a story of his past life; of a young, beautiful, giddy sister, who had been left in his care by dying parents, but who had repaid his devotion with careless ingratitude and a willful disregard of his authority. He told of the earnestness with which he had striven to overcome her evil propensities; of his bitter sorrow and disappointment at the failure of his efforts, and the discovery of an ever-widening breach between them which he vainly tried to bridge over; of her rapid advance from one error to another, until people shunned her society, and her name became a by-word among their acquaintances; how he had taken her away from their old home, trusting to new scenes and new influences to aid him in turning her mind to better thoughts, and giving her incentives to begin a more worthy life; how she had secretly escaped from him, and pursued her way unchecked for a time, until at last he heard that she was married, and found himself absolved from his painful responsibility. Then he had heard no more of her for three long years, during which he lived a solitary, hard-working life, trying to live down the memory of his great sorrow and bind his thoughts wholly to the occupations of the present. He went East, saw Mabel, and, in the love and admiration with which she inspired him, he forgot his dreary past and saw a new and bright future opening before him. After he married and took her to his home, he enjoyed a few months of unalloyed happiness, until suddenly there came upon him, like a thunderbolt, the intelligence that the wretched sister—once beautiful and beloved, now sunk into the depths of degradation—having been cast off by her husband, and leading a miserable and vicious life, was coming to throw herself on his bounty and seek a refuge under his roof. The thought of her being brought into contact with his spotless

Mabel, and contaminating with her presence the hallowed purity of their home, almost crazed him, and he felt that such an evil must be averted at almost any cost. He had kept his wife from all knowledge of her, trusting never to be forced to reveal the existence of so unworthy a relative; and he now wrote to his sister, forbidding her, on pain of his severest displeasure, to come to his house or make herself known to his wife, and appointing a place of meeting, where he could see her privately and enter into an agreement with her respecting some future provision for her maintenance, conditionally on her complying with his demands. The first part of his letter she had chosen to disregard, and, on going to the appointed place, the very day of his stormy parting with Mabel, he found no trace of her, and returned home at night-fall only to discover her presence under his roof, and Mabel's mysterious disappearance.

"What I suffered for your sake that night may you never know," he added, in a tone of deep emotion, as she drew his hand to her lips, covering it with kisses and repentant tears. "In my anxiety about you, even the trouble and disgrace that wretched woman had brought upon me were forgotten. Tony went to Rocky Run, and together we searched the rocks and paths around, fearing you had met with some injury; then I fancied some wandering Indians might have carried you off; in short, there was no wild or impossible conjecture that did not torture my brain. Fancy my intense relief and gratitude when John Etheridge came over in the morning, and told me you had sought shelter here. And now, Mabel, what have you to say in extenuation of your madcap flight?"

"Only this," said Mabel, speaking with difficulty through the mingled emotions of shame, self-reproach, penitence, and gratitude which agitated her heart,

“that if you had formed a truer estimate of woman’s nature, you would never have feared to tell me your worst troubles; for you ought to have known that the cruelest privation you could make me endure was that of being excluded from sharing your grief.”

“And those cruel words you had spoken to me that morning, Mabel—do you think the recollection of them counted for nothing?”

“I was insane when I spoke them, Robert; surely you could not have believed what I said! And, besides, if you had not given me great provocation I would not have been so angry as to talk in that foolish way.”

“Be it so,” said her husband. “I am willing to take my share of the blame. You have taught me a lesson for the future, at any rate. But your willingness to help me shall not be too severely tried. Before I take you home, that wretched intruder on our peace shall be removed, and then——”

“Stay, Robert,” said Mabel, softly. “Have you a *right* to cast her off? Was it not such as she that our Saviour came

to seek and to save? Who knows but that under a purer influence she may learn better and holier lessons, and God may make us the instruments of leading her to Him?”

“Mabel—Mabel! you know not what you propose. Have I not tried every means in my power to reform her, and do you not see how signal my failure has been?”

But the counsels of Mabel prevailed. She consecrated herself to her new task with a fervent prayer that her efforts might be crowned with success; and in the weary season of painful, hourly trial and self-sacrifice which followed, she never once shrunk from its fulfillment. The cross thus taken up was not without its blessings; for, in bearing it together, she and Robert learned a new lesson of mutual reliance, faith, and love: and when in later years the shadow was lifted from their home, and sunshine, pure and unclouded, illumined it once more, their hearts expanded all the more gratefully to its rays, for the happy consciousness they felt of a Christian duty faithfully performed.

TIMBER BELTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

COMMENCING at the southern boundary of California, we find the great coast counties of San Diego and Los Angeles almost destitute of timber of any description, except the planted orchards. The few scattered oaks in some of the valleys are not sufficient to supply even the immediate neighborhood with fuel, which is, therefore, brought from Santa Barbara and other points to the northward, the oak commanding as high as \$16 per cord in the city of Los Angeles. On the island of Santa Catalina grows a stunted tree, called the “sour-wood.” This timber, soft when cut, rap-

idly hardens by exposure, and at last attains the firmness of iron-wood. It is often used for such portions of the small vessels plying along the coast as require durability, such as tiller-heads, blocks, etc. Once properly introduced, this wood might supply the place of some imported varieties.

There is said to be a growth of pine and fir in the mountains back of Los Angeles, but at such a great distance and so inaccessible that it will probably never be utilized. Going northward, we find back of Santa Barbara a few scattered groves of live-oak, but of so

inconsiderable an extent as not to merit the name of a timber belt. Such as they are, however, they furnish fuel sufficient for the uses of the inhabitants, and even for export to Los Angeles. It is a pity that the groves should be cut, as, besides adding to the beauty of the landscape, they no doubt make the difference in rain-fall between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, which is in favor of Santa Barbara. These scattered oak-groves are found in the valleys until we reach Point Concepcion, when they cease. From thence to Point Cypress, the north point of Carmel Bay, the coastline is destitute of timber, if we except a few scattered redwood-trees on the crest and flanks of the high hills behind San Simeon, marking the southern limit of the redwood belt. At Point Cypress is found the beautiful tree known as the Monterey cypress. This, although a great ornament to a garden, is not extensively used at present for lumber. Point Piños, the next point northward, is heavily wooded with a species of pine; valueless, however, on account of its limited extent and inaccessibility. Passing the scattered oak-groves of Monterey, we come next to the fair beginning of the great redwood belt of the coast, extending northward from the vicinity of Santa Cruz to Crescent City in Del Norte County. The California redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*) has been the principal tree used for lumber purposes for many years. Great inroads have already been made in the forests of the coast, and at many points, especially within easy sailing distance of San Francisco, the available timber has been destroyed. There is, however, an immense belt yet extending from Russian River northward. Mills are located at every available point; and at the present moment in Humboldt Bay, the great lumber port of the redwood belt, even the trees growing close to the little creeks and sloughs running into the bay

have been cut: thus logging becomes each year more expensive and difficult. The supply is, however, so extensive, and the opportunities for opening new districts so great, when the demand for lumber will justify increased expense, that it is not probable our supply will diminish for many years. There are immense forests of redwood on both the Eel and Mad rivers, in this section, yet untouched. There is an immense belt, also, back of Trinidad. Thence northward the redwood becomes scattered until we reach the vicinity of Crescent City. Back of this place, and covering the low land, once evidently overflowed by the sea, between Pelican Bay on the north and Crescent Bay on the south, is an exceedingly heavy body of this timber. It extends up the flanks of the lower spurs of the Siskiyou mountains, which here put down to the sea, and ceases at an elevation of about 1,200 feet above tide. Many of the trees have a diameter at their base of thirteen and fourteen feet, and the average run of saw-logs would be from six to eight feet.

This redwood belt abruptly ceases in the valley of Smith's River, a few miles south of the Oregon boundary, and from there northward it is unknown as a forest tree, though a few clumps are found over the Oregon line. Although to a casual observer the redwood appears the same wherever grown, yet there is a marked difference in the quality of that from different sections. Even in the same district some groves are valueless, while others, not a mile distant, yield clear lumber. The tree, for instance, that grows in low or swampy ground is apt, from excess of moisture, to be swelled or hollow-butted, and to have more or less of rottenness and defect; while that on the rising or rolling land and the slopes of the mountains will be solid and free from blemish. Again, the timber cut from the lower end of the belt contains a greater percentage of ref-

use and less clear lumber than that from Humboldt, Trinidad, or Crescent City. There is a variety of the *Sequoia sempervirens* back of Crescent City that is quite peculiar. The tree is of the ordinary size and leaf of the common redwood, but the wood itself is white and remarkably free from knots and imperfections.

Where the redwood grows in swamps and other moist places, there sometimes forms on its outside a remarkable excrescence called "redwood fungus." This appears in the shape of a huge knot or wart on the tree. It is a growth of the bark, not having any distinct grain. When cut into slabs this knot shows a mottled and deep-red color, filled with little "bird's-eyes," remarkably beautiful, and bearing a high polish. When cut into veneers, it is used for panel-work on billiard-tables, etc., and commands a good price. In the northern redwoods one frequently sees bunches of fern and trailing plants growing on these knots, the fallen leaves lodging on the protuberance having in time created a soil. These little air-gardens are very pretty.

Sometimes a redwood-tree will take a twist or curl when young, from some accidental cause. This continues as it grows older, and in time forms "curly redwood," exhibiting when sawed a succession of spiral whorls in the grain. This variety is very ornamental, and is sought after for fancy-work. It is claimed that this timber when buried possesses great durability. Exposed to the air, however, it is not as lasting as some other varieties. Redwood will not bear a very heavy strain, and is not suitable for ship-building or any purpose where lightness and ability to support a weight are qualities desired. It has been exported with profit for some years past to South America, the Pacific islands, and Australia.

We have next to consider the differ-

ent trees that, commencing with the redwood belt, grow in the same climate and soil, and in some instances, as with the red and yellow firs, the laurel, and oak, extend beyond it. Of these the two which extend the farthest south are the laurel (*Oreodaphne Californica*) and madroña (*Arbutus Menziesii*). The laurel is found in the sheltered valleys as far down as Santa Barbara, but on the lower coast rarely attains any size. As we go northward, the trees increase in diameter and the wood in beauty. The laurel requires a rich soil and moisture for its proper development, and we accordingly find it growing on the river bottoms in groves and patches—never in forests, like the *coniferæ*. The gnarled and twisted trunks, and the glossy deep-green leaves of this beautiful tree make it very ornamental, and were it not for the great length of time required for its growth, it could be introduced advantageously in the southern and south-eastern part of our country as a garden shrub. It bears a small oily nut, of a strong aromatic flavor, which is sometimes used as food in times of great scarcity by the northern Indians. The laurel is an evergreen, but has an annual flow of sap. This is quite an important fact in connection with the proper preparation of the timber for ship-building. The right time for cutting is during the months of September, October, and November. If cut before or after these months, the wood is liable to decay, and also to be attacked by a small worm; but in the proper time, and when water or dock seasoned, it is fully equal to Eastern oak. The United States steamer *Saginaw*, so often cited as an instance of the unreliable character of the wood, is really no criterion. Her timbers were of laurel, but only a portion of that used was seasoned; the others were put in nearly green. When she was dismantled, it was found that while many of her timbers were perfectly sound,

others had entirely decayed. Now, however, as knowledge of the qualities and proper treatment of the wood has become more general, it is rapidly growing in favor as a substitute for Eastern oak, and will eventually supplant it in our markets.

The beauty of laurel as a fine wood for cabinet purposes has been demonstrated in San Francisco by the elegant finish of several buildings fitted up with it. Its infinite variety of figure and shade, from the fine bird's-eye obtained from the knots and corrugations to the clear yellow of the straight tree, make it particularly pleasing. The dark figures in the wood are obtained by subjecting it to the action of salt-water. The tannic acid then in combination with the salt produces the wavy spiral lines and stains. Some of the most beautiful figures are obtained from the roots, and the feather-like figure from the "crotches"—that is, where the limbs join the main tree. Laurel bears a very high polish, but it has to be carefully treated and well seasoned to prevent its warping. It is, therefore, generally veneered on some light wood. When well seasoned it forms a very good material for wood-carving, having no decided grain, and being tough in texture. Should the wood ever become as fashionable as black walnut for furniture, it will prove a valuable article of export. At present there is but a limited demand at nominal prices, although choice lots will command as high as ten cents per foot.

Some of the largest laurel-trees on the coast grow on the rich bottoms of the Klamath River, in Del Norte County. It is also found on all the small streams north of this, and in great quantities on the Coquille, in Oregon. The local name, or rather misnomer, for the wood by the Oregonians is "myrtle." The northern limit of the laurel belt seems to be Coos Bay, although it is

found in small quantities on the Umpqua.

Growing in the same belt with the laurel, but usually preferring the hill-sides and tops to the more fertile valleys, is found the madroña (*Arbutus Menziesii*). This tree, so aptly named by Bret Harte, "Harlequin of the woods," is one of the most striking objects of our forests. It is rarely found growing straight; the trunks are usually twisted in every conceivable shape. The peculiarity of the bark, which peels off in thin strips and seems to consist of several layers, attracts the eye at once. It is smooth and yellow in the young trees, but changes in the old to a deep madder red. This is the outside thin layer. When that scales off, the inside layer appears green on the tender shoots and yellow on the older wood. The tree bears a small red berry, which is a favorite food for the wild pigeon. The leaves are large, and a deep glossy green. On the lower coast the madroña rarely attains a diameter of more than two feet; but on the Rogue River of Oregon there are several extensive belts in which some of the trees attain great size. The wood is not extensively used at present for any purpose. It is fine in grain and of a similar color to the maple, though darker, but does not bear the high polish of laurel. The objection to its use by cabinet-makers seems to be that it checks very easily and is hard to season.

Growing in the same belt with the laurel and madroña, but extending beyond them, being found in large groves on the rich bottoms of the Columbia, is the soft or Oregon maple. The first trees of any size are on the Klamath River; from there northward, the alluvial bottoms of all the streams emptying on the coast contain groves of maple. The tree is identical in appearance with the soft maple of the East, and the foliage in autumn assumes the

same gorgeous tints so often admired by travelers. The wood is white; while it takes a high polish, it does not equal the laurel in this respect. It is soft and easily worked, but not especially beautiful, excepting when the wood of a tree has taken a wavy or spiral form. It is then called "curly maple," and is much prized for choice furniture. The maple growing in damp spots frequently has the *fungi*, or excrescences of the bark and wood, mentioned as occurring on the laurel and redwood. When a perfect piece of this can be secured it is quite valuable, being curiously marked with little bird's-eyes, or lighter and darker spots. Oregon maple is worth about ten cents per foot in the plank, when plain; but a choice piece of curly or bird's-eye will bring more than that in veneer.

Growing on the bottoms of the Klamath and Smith's rivers in California, the Chetko, Rogue, and Umpqua rivers in Oregon, is found a fine variety of white-ash. The uses to which this valuable wood is applied are well known, yet very little effort has been made to utilize our own timber, although we import large quantities from the East. The few who have tried the native wood say that it is "brash"—that is, not tough like the Eastern variety. The reason for this judgment probably lies in the fact that the timber used came from the upper Willamette Valley, where it was grown removed from the influence of sea-air. It is a well-known fact that timber used in ship-building—oak, for instance—is of far greater value when grown on the sea-coast. Whether the sea-air acts on the growth of the wood found on the coast streams to retard it and thereby increase the pliability and toughness, or whether the superior richness of soil producing the interior variety inclines it to rank growth, is a question; but the fact is conceded. It is, then, to this cause that the comparative disfavor of

the native ash is due. But very little of that grown on the Klamath, Smith's, Chetko, or Rogue rivers has ever found its way into market. Some is cut for local consumption, and is considered by the country wagon-makers as fully equal, if not superior, to the imported article. Although the supply is limited, yet enough could be produced to meet the demand in San Francisco without recourse to the markets of the East.

Growing in the redwood belt, but extending far beyond it, being found as high as Alaska, is another valuable hard wood—the northern yew (*Taxus brevifolia*). This is the slowest-growing tree of the coast, and the trunks rarely attain a large size, a diameter of fifteen inches at the base being very rare. The tree is identical with the English yew, planted principally in old grave-yards. It has a gnarled and twisted trunk, foliage and bark not unlike redwood, and bears a red berry. The wood is very close and compact, and of a dark red color. Its qualities are great toughness and elasticity, with ability to bear a high polish. The Indians of the northern coast use it exclusively for their bows, and those of Alaska for their clubs and carved ornaments. It darkens with age and use, some of the carved sticks from Alaska seen by the writer being as dark as ebony. It was quite fashionable for furniture a few hundred years back in England, and some of this furniture still remaining is very sombre in effect.

This wood has never been introduced in the San Francisco market, and could only be obtained in small quantities; yet it is believed that it would supply the place of some of the more costly imported varieties, for small objects of use and ornament.

But leaving the consideration of the other woods growing in the great timber belts, we will next refer to the *coniferae* in order, proceeding north from the redwood belt. The white and black spruce

is first found in quantities back of Crescent City, in Del Norte County, California. It grows in low swampy spots, and has a sparse foliage and thin bark. It is especially remarkable for its spreading roots, which, when properly hewn out, form excellent ship's-knees. The lumber obtained from the spruce is tough, white, and inodorous. It forms a good substitute for the more costly cedar and sugar-pine; but, owing to the fact that it is not easily worked, can never supplant them. Spruce is found growing in low places from Crescent City to the Columbia River, and the principal supply of the San Francisco market comes from the latter place. Of the two, the yellow or white variety affords the finest lumber.

The next timber of importance south of the Oregon line is the fir. Of this family there are three varieties: the white (*Picea grandis*), red (*Abies Douglasii*), and yellow (*Abies Williamsonii*), the last named being the most valuable, and the first nearly worthless. The red-fir has perhaps the widest geographical distribution of any of the *Coniferae* of the coast. It is found as low down as Russian River, and forms the great forests of Puget Sound, whence it is exported under the name of "Oregon pine." It makes an inferior quality of lumber, and is used for all rough purposes; but can be produced in such quantities that it occupies a prominent place in the market. The red-fir is a stately tree, with foliage of dark green and small cones. It grows to a great height in favorite localities, but its diameter is never as great as that of the redwood. It prefers the slopes and ridges of the mountains to the low land, and is found in the lower coast counties of Oregon growing well up toward the summit of the Siskiyou mountains. The bark of the red-fir is rough, but close and compact; and it is chiefly by this sign distinguished from that of its con-

gener, the yellow-fir; the bark of the latter being loose and scaling off when rubbed.

The yellow-fir is the best of the species, and affords a fine clear lumber, close-grained, and dressing remarkably well. It is rarely brought into the San Francisco market, and when by accident a tree of this variety is cut on Puget Sound, it is confounded with the common or red fir. It is found in small quantities above Mendocino, but not in groves until latitude 42° is reached. There are fine groves of it back of Crescent City, on the Rogue River in Oregon, and back of Port Orford in the same State. The red-fir, as before remarked, extends far northward, and is especially abundant on Puget Sound. This great forest belt, however, has suffered from the fires which every season sweep over it. There is a district of coast from the Umpqua River northward nearly to the Columbia, where the mountains are covered with bare trunks and stumps of a heavy growth of timber. From the sea these mountains present a curious appearance, the bleached tree-trunks showing white, and producing the effect of a mist or cloud hanging over them.

We have next to remark on the most valuable belt of timber on the coast-line proper, namely: the white or Port Orford cedar. This tree is exceedingly handsome in appearance. Usually thick at the base, it tapers gradually upward. The foliage is a bright lively green; yellowish toward the tips of the slender sprouts, flat in shape, and drooping from the top downward. The seed-pod is very small, and has a winged barb not unlike the maple. The bark is in color a light brown, resembling redwood, but does not attain nearly its thickness. The wood is white, soft, of even grain, and very odorous. It is rarely if ever affected by rot, seasons quickly, and when seasoned never warps. It is used

extensively for inside finishing and for boat-building, and is especially valuable for linen-closets, the resinous odor being a sure preventive against moths. White-cedar commands the highest price of any of the soft woods grown on the coast, and ranks in the market next to sugar-pine, which latter, being a tree grown in the interior, does not come under the head of the timber belts of the coast. White-cedar does not grow in a compact body, like redwood, but in clumps or patches interspersed with the firs. Its geographical range is the most limited of all the *coniferae* of the coast. It is first found in scattered clumps and widely apart, on the Klamath and Smith rivers in California; next in a small body on Rogue River, Oregon; and only assumes the character of a timber belt back of Port Orford. It is then found on the plateaus back of the coast-line, and on the head-waters of the streams, until we reach Coos Bay, its northern limit. The Alaska cedar, some specimens of which have reached our market, is a different tree, the lumber being denser, of a yellow cast, and possessing more of the working qualities of the fir than of the Orford cedar.

The inflammable character of the bark and wood of the cedar render the timber particularly liable to the ravages of the fires which sweep annually over Oregon. Many thousands of acres of this valuable timber have been thus destroyed. The principal supply now comes from Coos Bay, where, however, from fire and cutting, the quantity of available cedar is being rapidly diminished. There is a fine body on the Coquille River; but owing to the difficulty of passing the bar at the mouth, which is shallow and unsafe, very little has ever been shipped from that place. This cedar will, however, as the demand increases, find an outlet through Coos Bay by means of a canal and railway, or by the way of Port Orford by means of a tram-road or rail-

way. The cedar is a tree of comparatively rapid growth, and as the fires do not seem to have destroyed the seed buried beneath the light soil, it is probable that a new growth will in time replace the old, to be utilized by the next generation, if not by this. In some of the districts back of Port Orford the writer has seen acres and acres thickly covered with young cedars from one to five feet high, all sprouted since the fire of 1865.

In view of the immense destruction of this as well as the less valuable timber belts by annual fires, it seems to be the duty of the General and State governments to devise some method of preventing them. Were they started from accidental causes or from spontaneous combustion, this would be impossible; but too often they proceed from willful carelessness on the part of the settlers. A man wishes to clear a potato-patch of a few acres, whose total yield would not equal in value a single cedar-tree. He cuts off the brush, piles it up, and waits for the dry season to burn. The fire gets into the woods, and may extend hundreds of miles and burn on until checked by the fall rains. Often the careless hunter leaves his camp-fire burning; it spreads among the dry leaves, catches the bark of some resinous tree, and soon the whole forest is on fire, the flames leaping from tree to tree, and the strong north-west winds spreading the flame far and wide. In some instances the woods are actually set on fire. The writer was once told by a settler, who was fond of hunting, that a great fire then raging was his work. He found the undergrowth too thick to hunt, and set the woods on fire that he might have less trouble in walking!

There is, we believe, a law in existence in reference to this subject, but it is practically inoperative and very mild in its punishment. Neighbors will nev-

er inform on each other, even if they know that a fire originated from design, and it would be very difficult to secure a conviction for the offense. This law should be amended, the provisions made very stringent, and a person appointed by the government to ferret out and make a prompt example of these incendiaries.

In the enumeration of the more important timber belts, mention was omitted of several varieties, which, although valuable in themselves, yet are not extensively utilized. Of these the principal are: the coast oak (*Q. densiflora*), the poplar, alder, chittim-wood, bear-berry, dogwood, crab-apple, etc. *Quercus densiflora* (the white or chestnut oak), has a wide range and is usually found growing in company with the *coniferae*. On the northern coast it is frequently found in large groves on the mountain slopes; it has quite a stately growth in Oregon, frequently attaining a height of 100 feet and a diameter of two or three. The bark is extensively used near Santa Cruz for tanning. There is a prejudice against the wood—it is said to rot easily and to be brittle. That this is the fact in regard to the trees grown in the hot interior valleys is undoubted. Further experiments with timber grown near the coast may demonstrate that, like the ash, it attains a denser fibre and is less liable to decay when exposed to the sea-air. The writer has seen oak timber cut in latitude 42° 30', grown within a mile of the coast, that was close-grained, white, and tough. It had then been in use four years, and showed no signs of decay.

The poplar and alder are found on the banks of all the streams north of latitude 41°, and in great quantities on the Columbia River. The wood of the former is light and tough, and is both scentless and contains no resinous matter. It is much used for staves, being especially adapted to sugar-barrels.

The alder has some of the same qualities, but decays quickly. The chittim-wood is a small tree, with foliage unlike the dogwood. It grows from latitude 40° to 43°. The wood is a bright yellow, is very tough and light, and is the favorite among the farmers for stirrups. The bear-berry grows quite large in the same latitude, but is only valuable for the medicinal qualities of the bark. The dogwood and crab-apple are found on the banks of the streams in the same localities as the former.

The red-cedar, a variety of the *cupressus* family, is found growing in the same latitudes as the white, but extends farther northward. It is usually found scattered or in small clumps, and is valueless for lumber purposes, owing to the numerous limbs. The sugar-pine, the most valuable soft wood of the Pacific, is sometimes found in scattered groups on the summits of the mountains near the coast, but rarely grows in any quantity until a distance of at least fifty miles from the sea is reached. The main forest bodies of the coast-line are comprised under the redwood, cedar, and fir families, and these timber belts will play a very important part in our commercial prosperity during the ensuing decade. There will come a time, however, sooner perhaps than even mill-owners will allow, when our supply must seriously diminish. No one who has not witnessed the immense destruction of timber in cutting for a mill can have any idea of it. This is especially true in the case of the redwood. Towering to such an immense height, and having a large diameter, when this tree is felled it not unfrequently crushes others, and on striking the earth shivers into waste wood. The fires alluded to before are also a potent agent of destruction, and we may almost venture the prediction that twenty years from the present date much of our lumber will be brought from the distant shores of Alaska.

MOLOKAI.*

An island at anchor in blue-bosomed seas
 Is evermore haunting my soul like a dream,
 And the mystical grace of the slender palm-trees,
 That lift their light plumes in the indolent breeze,
 Recurs in my thought, like the strange thread of gold
 That ran in the woof of the weaver of old,
 And still shadows lengthen and smooth billows gleam.

Gray peaks that were tossed in the torture of fire
 Stand bare in the sun, and heroic with scars
 And sculptures of battle, and anguish and ire,
 That say in derision, "Be strong and aspire!"
 Bright seas, bitter-hearted, strike wild on the shore,
 And sing their old anthem, "Deplore and deplore
 For all that is sorrowful under the stars!"

An empire of death! O, the world has not known,
 In all its great story of trouble and wrong,
 Another like Molokai, drear and alone,
 Where Pluto, the hope-slayer, sits on his throne
 And rules as a tyrant, unchecked in his pride,
 With none to dispute him, and none to deride,
 And never a traitor in all the sad throng!

The red suns wheel over and drown in the sea;
 Like clustering lilies the white stars decay;
 Moons blossom, and wither; but, windward or lee,
 No rising sail beckons or bids *them* be free,
 Till low-sailing sea-mists, unmasted and pale,
 Drift over the palm-trees, and drop within hail
 Of sorrowing spirits and waft them away.

They buy not, they sell not—the joy and the care
 Of living and toiling are theirs nevermore;
 But lonesome and weary, and calm with despair,
 They sing their strange songs and sit braiding their hair
 Till day has gone down, and the curtain of light
 Has passed from the tenderer vision of night,
 And dim shadows move on the silvering shore.

And touched by the moonlight their dark faces glow,
 And low like the wail of the wind in the pines
 Their fitful songs quiver, and, broken and slow,
 Seem lost in the beat of the surges below;

* One of the Sandwich Islands, to which the Hawaiian lepers are banished.

And o'er the gilt waters, dream-sweet and afar,
 Their hearts travel outward, where, lost like a star
 That fell from their heaven, Owyhee reclines.

What reck they of battle or council, or all
 The hope or endeavor of laboring time?
 The golden fruit ripens, the white loon will call
 Where the broad wave is richest, and all things befall
 That stricken souls need, in a bountiful isle
 Caressed by the sun and bedight with his smile,
 The blossom and crown of a tropical clime.

And thus, while the scheming and passionate world
 Is building and wrecking and building anew,
 A strange ship at anchor, her canvas all furled,
 While suns set in purple, and morn is imperaled,
 Lies low Molokai; and the indolent palm
 Scarce flutters a plume, for the days are so calm,
 And Death, the gray despot, so patient and true.

THE SAG HARBOR ABORIGINE.

THE social atmosphere of Sag Harbor is that of content and simplicity. "Back-door calls" are most popular. Neighbors merely "run in" to see each other. If you are distantly related to the family you may come in without knocking. The back parlor is regarded as a sort of public sitting-room. Everybody is related more or less to everybody else by marriage of recent or of remote ancestry. When a stranger settles, he marries a native woman as soon as possible—an undertaking easily effected. This gives him the social "open-sesame" to the whole town.

Sag Harbor in 1843 sent forth a fleet of sixty-five whaling-vessels. These have disappeared. The blight which came upon the whale-fishery in 1847-8 was most destructive to Sag Harbor. Many of our vessels made their last voyage to California, laden with gold-fevered emigrants. Some, like the old *Niantic*, became a portion of the foun-

dation of San Francisco. Socially, many of their passengers stand in the same relation to the city.

Let us go back thirty years. The first vessel of the whaling-fleet due that season is coming. All winter and even far into the spring, the Long Wharf has looked bare and desolate, the masts of a few sloops only breaking its dull uniformity. It is the middle of May. The *Nimrod* is coming in. Her private signals have been recognized off the "South-side." Next, distant dull reports are heard by the quicker ears of the village. She is in Gardiner's Bay, firing for a pilot. Captain Tommy Smith immediately gets his sloop under way, having on board "Uncle Jeff" the pilot, and the "agent." A group of weather-beaten maritime worthies, whose days of active service have passed, stand about the "North Battery," a noted water-side groggery, junk-shop, and grocery. From its door projects a long, tarry canvas-

covered spy-glass, through which one after another of the ancient mariners survey the distant vessel.

Meantime, the news spreads rapidly through the village. The *Nimrod* is coming, having been out three years. She is full—2,500 barrels of whale, 300 sperm, 3,000 pounds of bone. The captain's wife is in a flutter. Well may she be. There is a man coming she calls husband. They were married a month before he left on his voyage. They had not even time to become well acquainted with each other. She has, during his absence, received letters from him about once in six months. A child of two years whom he has never seen also awaits his coming. He will stay at home three months, and then depart on another three years' cruise.

The *Nimrod's* upper canvas is now distinctly visible from the "North Battery." Preceding her is Uncle Tommy's sloop, having on board the captain, who, taking precedence of the mates and crew, comes on shore in a sort of rude state. He is arrayed in garments cut in the fashion of three years ago. He steps on shore, and the hand-shaking commences. We will send him home to his wife, and return to the ship.

The *Nimrod* comes to anchor about a mile from the Long Wharf. The crew are preparing to go on shore. Some are shaving; the small mirrors being tacked to the mainmast. Their red-flannel shirts have long since lost their fresher dye. The Long Wharf is lined with people waiting for the boats to land. The faded red-flannel shirts are seen clambering over the *Nimrod's* side. The boats near the wharf. The Sag Harbor aborigine clambers on the pier and looks wonderingly about him. A dozen standing by are old and intimate friends, but time has made such alterations that they do not look to him as for many months he has seen them in his mind's eye. He has also outgrown their

recollection. He left a half-grown boy; he returns a "boat-steerer," stout and muscular. He walks directly into the "North Battery" to take his first welcoming glass. He dared not do this three years ago. But his father has died during his absence; he is no longer a boy; he is a man, and knows a man's privileges. Presently he will go home and see his mother, and after the first greetings are over he will sit for an hour in the seldom-used front parlor, while all the neighbors flock in to see "our Johnny come home," and he will feel stiff and uncomfortable. He will get out in the evening and go about the village. But all the pleasure he has anticipated is not realized. Somehow, after the first "how-d'ye-dos" have been said, and the edge of people's curiosity worn off, he feels himself out of place. He is out of his old shipboard groove of life, and, for all this is his native place and all are known to him, yet it is not exactly home. Everyone he meets has his own beaten track to run in. He can not find his own, for he is a fish out of water. There is nothing more comfortable on shore after all than the fore-castle supper, and the pipe, fun, and gossip afterward during the dog-watches. At sea, the thousand wants of the land are removed. One is content because one *must* be. On shore, he quaffs from many cups of pleasure. The hard-earned proceeds of the voyage rapidly slip away. He can not tell what the money goes for; but it goes. It is feverish, unsatisfactory enjoyment after all, if enjoyment it may be called. He hires horses and vehicles which never return to the stable in good order, and from which bolts, screws, buckles, and tires drop like ripe fruit, so that the bill for damages half covers the real value of these shattered old turn-outs, contrived expressly for the returned whaler's use, and intended to fall to pieces as soon as the animal is forced off a walk. After

all, the actual pleasure realized is not so great as when they brought that 150-barrel whale alongside, into whose carcass he had planted the first iron!—not so great as when in the boats chasing all day, and taking his turn at the try-pots at night, for then with every gallon of oil boiled from the black-coated blubber there came the happy consciousness of accumulation.

After the *Nimrod* there dropped along a score of vessels. The entire village was busy. Workmen swarmed over the ships as they lay "hove down" at the wharf, coppering, calking, rigging, and renewing decayed timbers; coopers rattled away at new casks and tightened the old ones, for whale-oil strays from the least crevice; sewing-women were engaged on coarse pants, shirts, and pea-jackets; young mates, captains, and boat-steerers courted and in some instances promised to love, honor, and remain faithful to those poor girls, whom, after a few short weeks, they were not to see for three or four years; owners and agents shipped new crews, and paid off the old ones by a complicated financial process which often left all the money due Black Jack in their hands, and the debts accumulated last voyage still in his own. The talk was all of sperm-oil, whale-oil, bone, "gurry," Cape Horn, the Brazil Banks, the Arctic, the Northwest Coast, and the "five-hundredth lay."

Black Jack was a Sag Harbor aborigine of the past. After he had enjoyed his two or three months' spree on shore, drank himself to the verge of *delirium tremens*, and placed himself in debt to the amount of half his coming voyage, he had been forced by the village constables on the ship just ready to sail, contriving during the scuffle to fall overboard, to the consternation of the agent, who fancied one of his best whalers was in danger of drowning. Then we tied up our bundles of tracts and sent them

for him to read on the long, monotonous passage to the cruising-grounds.

Black Jack was a hero, companion, and friend to the boys. He brought us whalebone canes, shells, and Indian clubs and spears from the South Sea Islands. He rigged our toy ships, and "spun yarns" of foreign lands, fierce encounters with ugly fish, storm, and shipwreck. Through his fearlessness and strength of arm the ship-owners prospered. In time, they remodeled their plain old homesteads into mansions somewhat oversized for the lots on which they were located. They sent their sons to college, their daughters to city boarding-schools. The boys came home during vacation, having imbibed a profound contempt for "blubber-hunters," and a deep admiration for certain young Southerners given to pistols and bowie-knives, their chums at Yale. The girls also arrived, bringing with them a peculiar species of French which passed muster quite as well as the genuine article, so that it was not talked to a Gaul. But the sorest grievance to another portion of the aboriginal Sag Harbor mind laid in the fact that these young ladies disdained and held their matrimonial heads far above the hardy tar-handed captains and mates, who, fighting and killing leviathans, sailed anywhere and everywhere after their game, undaunted by iceberg or typhoon, often pushing their way as far as louder-heralded explorers toward the frozen and mysterious poles. No; they smiled on young doctors from abroad, fresh from their studies and ready for their deadly work. These, straying into this land of simplicity, and being called to look on sundry aborigines in reality gently going out with old age, brought consolation to the hearts of the survivors in the reflection that the deceased had passed away under the auspices and inspection of a new physician, whose reputation, enhanced largely by his honoring some old

complaint by a new title, soon towered high above that of the aboriginal Esculapius. Rising city lawyers, freshly fledged divines, professors of music, and young merchants swooped down upon us, and either bore away the fairest of the fair, or drove their suit home with such vigor as to remain ever after permanent fixtures at the whaling-merchant's table and fireside.

The young male Sag Harbor aborigine could seldom secure so much as a third-rate heiress. He lingered for a few years mournfully about these native and wealthier halls, and finally, drooping and discouraged, packed his trunk and sought other homes and fathers-in-law, either in California or the South Sea Islands. A few, casting aside such longings, born of youthful ardor, for impossible alliances, deemed it better not to marry, yet still remained. They settled down to clerkships in ancient village stores; there growing faded and shop-worn, like their own long unsold calicoes—which, when once or twice a year pulled from the shelves for the pleasure of some persistent customer, sent up a cloud of dust as they struck the counter—a mute and mournful hint of a common unsalability. Nor was this the sole grievance of the aborigine. As the Cowboys during the Revolutionary War crossed over from the Connecticut shore and despoiled the unfortunate Long Islanders, on pretense that they were favoring the British, so, in later days, from all the Haddams on the Connecticut banks, came keen, cunning traders, schooled by the poverty of their native soil and the practice insured by the perpetual clashing and encounter of their financial wits. These, planting their at first scanty stock of dry-goods and groceries in our midst, did at last, by dint of a ferret-like activity in trade and a filling of half the village weekly paper with laudatory advertising expletives concerning “our new stock of summer goods just arrived from

New York, cheap for cash or ready barter,” undermine, undersell, and reduce the trade of the mercantile aborigine to the sandy manor born unto meagre and sickly proportions.

A mournful change came. Whales became scarce. Ships cruised season after season, yet came home clean. The oil-yards were deserted. The rattle of the cooper's hammer was no longer heard. Wharves tumbled to pieces. Grass grew in the streets. So Sag Harbor has remained unto this day—quiet, dull, peaceful, and pleasant. Yet the present aborigine is a happy man. He is not ambitious for wealth or distinction. He is provided with a wife, a sail-boat, and two guns. One is of light calibre for quail and snipe, the other is his goose-gun. He has a “stand” on Long Beach—a little private fortress built of branches and sea-weed—in which he lies ambushed in the dawn of frosty November mornings, and brings down coots, teal, “old-squaws,” and black ducks, as, with whistling wing, they hurry over. In his wood-shed are decoys for plover-shooting on Montauk, fish-nets, eel-pots, and a long, limber trident for eel-spearing during the winter on the “Cove” and Otter Pond ice. During the summer, he is fishing in the numerous inlets of the harbor: clam-bait for flat-fish in the early spring; ditto for porgies; fiddler crabs for black-fish; squid for white-fish; a bright bit of metal with hook inserted, and a red-flannel rag tied about it, when trolling for mackerel or blue-fish. He is an artistic clam-baker and fish-chowderer. He owns a horse—a quiet, unambitious animal—which was never remembered as a colt, and propels itself and vehicle more by its own momentum than any innate force. In summer, the wagon, laden with the family and as many friends as can cram in, goes to the blackberry and whortleberry fields, where provision is made for winter pies, or to some of the numerous

lagoons inside the ocean beach, where the same party, armed with hay-rakes, capture crabs by the bushel. Old he may be to wrinkles or grayness, but he skates regularly every winter, as when a boy, on the ponds and frozen harbor. Whatever his business may be, he has always time for such recreation. His store or office may sometimes be closed, but when impatient customers complain, he tells them "it'll make no odds a hundred years hence."

Occasionally he goes abroad—sometimes to New York City, perhaps farther west—but always returns with an increased degree of content for the "old east end." How people in an inland country can live without clams, crabs, tides, sea-weed, easterly gales, and an occasional shipwreck, or whale captured off the "South-side," is to him a mystery. He entertains a pleasing fiction that Sag Harbor is to revive some day, and for the last twenty-five years has held in hand some choice building-lots for the coming era of prosperity. When the whaling business failed, he tried to compete with Lowell in the manufacture of cotton cloths, and with as much success as would result to a shore-bound sailor who should attempt the making of Geneva watches.

His resort in the evening, summer and winter, is at the village store. He does not fancy a nice, clean store, however. He does not feel easy or natural there. He wants a resort where the pork, vinegar, and molasses barrels are crammed promiscuously around, and as near as possible to the stove, by which there shall be two broken chairs, an uncertain stool, an empty cracker-box, a dog, two cats, a strong savor of codfish, and possibly of spirits. He wants the cracker-barrel close at hand to lunch from, and when the fire wanes he knows it to be his business to replenish it without consulting the proprietor. There, until half-past nine, he trades village gossip with

his contemporaries, and canvasses the whole round of local events, from the weight of the last slain porker to the arrival of the latest infant. Then he trudges home with a quart tin-pail full of molasses, and a pound of beef-steak in his overcoat-pocket for breakfast.

The most important event with the present aborigine in the late fall is the killing of his hog. The growth and fattening of this animal have been with him during the year most important matters, and even in church have at times obtruded themselves and chased away the more somniferous attention he would bestow upon the sermon. For the last few weeks of the victim's life he is fed upon corn, to solidify and enrich his flesh. The aborigine now commences lying awake at night theorizing on the probable weight of the carcass when "dressed." At last, he makes up his mind "to kill." The executioner—another aborigine, whose life during the fall months is specially devoted to this work, and who goes about from house to house with his murderous implements—is summoned. On the fatal morn all other work is suspended. The kitchen deck is cleared for action. The boy stays at home from school, for "father's going to kill." Every kettle in the house and every one which can be borrowed from the neighbors is devoted to furnish the requisite supply of scalding water. A sort of scaffolding is erected over the mouth of a barrel close to the pen, in full view of the victim, who, unconscious of the impending doom, eats his last meal. Everything is ready. The water is scalding hot. The various knives and implements are conspicuously laid out near the scraping-board. The two aborigines together leap into the pen. The victim now commences to suspect something wrong. The first murderer attempts laying hold of him; long practice has made him skillful in catching condemned hogs by the left hind leg.

This done, he secures the other. For a few seconds, the rapid contraction and expansion of the animal's hind quarters causes the first murderer's arms to work with the rapidity and vigor of a locomotive piston running at the rate of forty miles per hour. The neighborhood resounds with squeals. The fence is lined with more boys, who have run away from school to see the killing. The second murderer trips the fore legs of the victim; the two arrange his struggling body with horrible exactness for the knife. The partly worn and well-ground blade is inserted in his throat. The murderers release their victim, who, arising, walks stupidly about for a few moments,

without seeming to be aware that anything has happened, then falls and dies.

It is an arduous day's work for the two principal actors, who frequently retire together mysteriously to the barn, from whence they emerge with a more vigorous step and happier expression of countenance. The aborigine may have signed the temperance pledge, but on occasions like this, when his energies, both physical and mental, are so severely taxed, a resort to certain artificial aids and the granting of a sort of plenary indulgence, by one's self acting in the capacity of a pope to one's self as a portion of the pope's flock, is considered justifiable and necessary.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

IT was early spring when the bark *Rainier* sailed out of the Golden Gate and turned her bows toward the north. A pleasant breeze swept over the Saucelito hills and rippled the waters of the bay. Outside the bar the sea had that crisp, sparkling appearance that is only seen when the breeze is bracing and the skies above are fair. Our vessel was bound for the Strait of Fuca and the waters of Puget Sound. Our captain was anxious to make the voyage before the north-west trades set in, which blow throughout the entire summer on the Pacific Coast, from the first of May until the middle of September. While these winds prevail, a voyage to the northward is almost certain to be a tedious one; but in going south, it is correspondingly quick and pleasant. The coaster leaving San Francisco northward bound in the summer season, generally steers a westerly course until he strikes a south-west breeze, and then shapes his course for Cape Flattery.

The *Rainier* hugged the shore for half a day, until off Point Reyes; then, finding a strong breeze blowing fresh in her face from the north-west, she steered to the south-west, hoping in a few hours to run outside of this advance-picket of the summer trades, that was thus early feeling its way down the coast. At the end of three days we were 200 miles farther away from our destination than when we left port. The north-westers had set in more than a month before the usual time. A light south-west breeze then sprung up, and we sailed away for Cape Flattery and Tatoosh Light. The days were bright and pleasant, the nights balmy and delicious. The breeze, though light, was laden with the perfume of orange-groves from tropical isles.

Fourteen days of this delicious, dreamy sailing, when one night we descried the gleam of a distant light. When the sun arose on the following morning, there before us lay the fir-covered slopes of

Cape Flattery, Tatoosh Island and lighthouse, Duncan's Rock (marking the entrance to Fuca Strait), and, stretching away to the northward, the high peaks of Vancouver's Island, their summits white with eternal snow.

For a sailing-vessel to enter the Strait of Fuca, unless blessed with a strong and favorable breeze, is no easy thing. A tremendous swell, increased or diminished by the force of the trade-wind, unbroken in all its journey of a thousand miles across the Pacific, breaks at last with prodigious force upon the rocky shores of Vancouver Island and Washington Territory. The tides here are of great height, and the vast inland seas of the Georgian Gulf and Puget Sound pour forth their immense volumes of water through this comparatively narrow channel. The current sweeps out with terrific force, and at times the strait presents the appearance of a mighty river rolling grandly onward toward the great Pacific. The breeze died away. A dead calm succeeded, and the heavy swell slowly worked the bark in past Duncan's Rock. Then the tide turned, and the flood came sweeping out, bearing swiftly seaward our toiling ship. For three days we were alternately thrown in by the swell and swept out by the tide. Each day the topmasts of approaching ships were seen in the far horizon. They came gaily on, until, attempting to enter the strait, they also entered the calm, and laid at the mercy of the tides. At sunset, on the third day, a fresh breeze sprung up from the south-west, and ships, barks, brigs, and schooners, ten in number, set all their sails, and, like race-horses, went bowling up the strait. A grand race-course that!—ten miles in width and eighty in length. O, that wonderful, twilight-tinted sea! The broad Pacific behind us, the rugged Olympic on one hand, the mountains of Vancouver on the other; and, before us, distant, dim, and misty,

but towering high above them all in its lonely grandeur, rose the shining summit of Mount Baker.

Our bark flew before the breeze. The masts bent like saplings, the back-stays creaked and snapped ominously; but not an inch of canvas would our captain order furled. He had a professional pride in the matter. He would have seen every sail blown in tatters before he would have taken one in. The *Rainier* was as stanch a craft as ever smelled salt-water. Should she show the white feather on an occasion like this? No, never!

And so, excited as the riders in a steeple-chase, we sped forward; the twilight deepened, and the night came down, dark and moonless. The breeze still freshened, and still we kept on in our wild career. At daybreak we entered the harbor of Port Gamble. We cast anchor inside of the mills, and, looking out upon the dark line of trees that stretched southward on either hand, encircling the small bay for a distance of several miles, we began to realize the extent and grandeur of these mighty northern forests. Port Gamble is emphatically a mill-town. There are no interests, no pursuits that do not depend directly upon the lumber trade. The inhabitants are mostly *employés* in the mills. Remove them, and the place would be desolate; even the Flathead Indians would doubtless leave for some more eligible situation, to pursue their vocation of fishing and clam-digging. The town is situated at the entrance to Hood's Canal, and has an excellent harbor, although that is of but little account in a place where the whole sound for a hundred miles is one safe harbor.

The tourist is struck with the air of subjection that rests upon everything here. All are men under authority. Not an inch of soil is, or can be, owned by private parties within several miles of the mills. The proprietors—shrewd,

foreseeing business men—at an early day secured all the land in this vicinity, and, through the means that unlimited wealth could command, have been able to defy all intruders who would wish to share their great trade and its profits. The immense mills, the machine and repair shops, the warehouses, the stores, the post-office, the hotels, the wharves and most of the ships moored there, the cottages where live those of the *employés* who have families—even the cemetery where lie the silent dead—all are the property of two or three men.

The quantity of lumber manufactured at these mills is something astonishing. The annual average amount shipped from Port Gamble is about 30,000,000 feet. No lumber is cut at present on the land owned by the mill company. Owing lands that aggregate a larger domain than some of the states of Europe, they prefer to buy the timber from small owners, holding theirs for a more remunerative market, which is certain to come in the future.

The inhabitants of towns on the frontier, whether they come in contact with swarthy Mexicans, degraded Digger Indians, or "heathen Chinese," appropriate many of the expressive phrases of the native inhabitants. The Arizonian miner does not find a nugget of gold, but picks up a "*chispa*." He understands well what a "ranch" is, but knows nothing about a farm. The inhabitant of the North-west meets you and kindly inquires the state of your "*tum-tum*." *Tum-tum* is Chinook for mind, or spirit—your thoughts. Would you have your conversation intelligible throughout the region of Puget Sound? Learn Chinook, and then you will be "*skookum*"—all right. A language consisting of a little over 500 words can not be very comprehensive, but it is spoken by the Indians throughout the whole of Oregon, Idaho, Washington Territory, and British Columbia. The

wants of the Flatheads are few, and it takes but few words to make them known.

The Flathead differs but little from the majority of our aborigines. He is more industrious, and in this, as well as in features, shows a trace of Asiatic blood in his veins. I have seen children—two boys of about ten years of age—side by side, one a Flathead, the other a Chinese, and it would be hard to distinguish them as belonging to different races. Large numbers of the Indians are employed about the lumber-mills, and on the steamboats as porters and firemen. Each Flathead village has its *tyee*, or chief man. His authority is not absolute, but his voice is listened to in all matters of importance, and his wishes have almost the force of law with his followers. The position of *tyee* is obtained in a peculiar manner. It is not the wealth one possesses, but the amount one has given away, that makes him a *tyee*. Has an industrious *Siwash* (Indian) accumulated a considerable amount of property, he sends word to all the villages near that he will hold a grand *potlatch*, or gift entertainment, and invites all his friends to the same. From far and near they come, canoes innumerable, loaded down with men, women, and children; and no matter how numerous the attendance, the ambitious candidate for the position of *tyee* must entertain them all. If he is able to do so in a style before unattempted by any of his comrades, and, at the close of the feasting and merry-making, can dismiss them all with larger gifts than they have previously received, then he is unanimously proclaimed *tyee*. His position is secure until some other ambitious villager aspires to the honor. Then there follows another grand *potlatch*. Should he fail, Mr. Siwash finds himself in precisely the same position with his White brother, the broken-down politician.

The position of "medicine-man" is ob-

tained in a manner altogether different. It is a trial of endurance on the part of the candidates. They cut their arms and legs with knives, and then throw themselves into the salt-water of the sound. They starve themselves for many days, and often die under the self-imposed torture. He who can endure the most suffering is the successful man, and ever after proudly signs his name with M. D. affixed, provided the Flathead signs his name to any document whatever, which is very doubtful.

During my stay at the mills, I made the acquaintance of Jack, *tyee* of a village of Clallum Flatheads, situated on the opposite side of the harbor. In features, Jack was an excellent type of the average *Siwash*; but in intelligence he was far above the rest of his tribe. Jack had worked industriously in the mills for several years, and, by strict economy and letting whisky alone very severely, had succeeded in saving the respectable sum of \$800. It was Jack's ambition to become *tyee*. In order to eclipse everything heretofore attempted in the *potlatch* line, Jack proceeded to erect a most wonderful edifice—a building in size entirely beyond the comprehension of the ordinary Flathead mind. The news of this great enterprise spread all over the sound, and, when Jack sent forth his invitations, such a throng came to the *potlatch* that the refreshments—fish, clams, and shark's-oil—gave out before the first meal was ended. When Jack came to bestow his presents (he had determined to do things in no shabby manner, and gave away nothing but money), there was hardly fifty cents to each guest. Murmurs of dissatisfaction speedily arose. Jack began to tremble lest he should fail in this great crisis of his life; but, getting on a block which raised him above the throng, he made them a speech. He regretted that he was unable to give each individual more, and called their attention to the fact that

no *tyee* on the sound had ever given away so large a sum in the aggregate as he. He also called their attention to the fact that he had erected a most magnificent *potlatch* house, which he had given to the tribe, to be forever after used for their feasts and entertainments. Jack's eloquence saved him. With much enthusiasm he was proclaimed *tyee*. The guests indulged in a dance, and then took to their boats and paddled off, chanting the praises of the new *tyee*.

Jack considered himself a success, and so did his friends. He had attained the highest position within the gift of his people, but it left him "as poor as a church mouse." His hard-earned savings were gone—not a dime left. The opportunity for amassing wealth was not what it had been, for his duties as *tyee* would not allow him to labor continuously in the mills. But Jack's fertile mind was equal to the situation. In a drunken quarrel between a Port Gamble brave and a brave from Port Madison, the former was killed. The latter, on his way home with his canoe under full sail (said sail consisting of an ordinary flour-sack), capsized and was drowned. Generally, among Flatheads, an affair of this kind is settled in this wise: the murderer is delivered up to the tribe whose adherent he has slain, and, after being tortured, he is in the end killed by the nearest relative of the murdered man. This case presented some new and anomalous features. The murdered man had no relatives living. But justice, or revenge, which is much the same with a Flathead, had not been satisfied. A council was held among the braves of Port Gamble. Many maintained, that, inasmuch as the murderer was dead, they should demand his nearest relative of the Port Madison tribe. *Tyee* Jack did not agree with them. He was opposed to torturing criminals. It was a relic of the past, a barbarous custom he could not uphold. Besides, if

they made such a demand as some contemplated, was there not danger that said demand might be treated with contempt? Perhaps the murderer, like the victim, had no living relatives. In that case the Port Madison tribe could taunt them with having less diplomacy than boys. No; Jack's plan was to make a simple demand for a "money indemnification," without any "indirect damages." All saw the force of his remarks, and it was agreed to demand the sum of \$500 in payment for the life taken. After several days of argument on both sides of the question, it was agreed that \$300 should be paid. Jack received the money, and now holds it in trust for the tribe, or rather keeps it as a reserve fund in case any aspiring young *Siwash* should attempt to deprive him of his hard-earned title of *tyee*.

For weeks I loitered about the mills. I watched the steamers come and go—the great ships that came and took in vast quantities of boards, scantling, planks, laths, and shingles, sailing away for San Francisco, Mexico, Peru, Chile, Australia, China, and the islands of the sea. I wandered about the wharves, and watched the squaws as they sat in their narrow canoes and fished for bass or trolled for salmon. I stretched myself upon the green bank above the sandy beach, and in the shade of the mammoth-leaved maples; watched for hours the graceful flight of the sea-gulls, the swift course of divers through the rippling water, or the countless flocks of ducks that swam upon the surface of the bay. Sometimes on the beach below, when the tide was out, two or three old *kloochmen* (squaws) could be seen digging for clams, and singing, in their queer, droning tones, some ballad, doubtless of the old heroic times, ere the ships of the pale-faces whitened those inland seas. Occasionally, if the tide was low, there came out from the village a long procession of pigs to feast on the luscious

clams. And with the pigs came flocks of thieving crows, intent on sharing in the excellent meal provided for them by the industrious swine. They would ride for hours on the pigs' backs and watch intently for the appearance of a clam, as the poor brutes toiled steadily on, rooting deep trenches in the wet sand. When a clam was thrown up, a crow was almost certain to see it first, and, pouncing upon it, would fly away to some dead tree, while the defrauded pig would utter a protest in a squeal of exasperation, and then proceed quietly with his labors.

I grew weary of these scenes, novel as they were, and longed for some change. It came in the person of Tyee Jack, who asked me to accompany him on a trip up Hood's Canal, into the very heart of the wilderness. I had longed for some adventure of this kind, and eagerly accepted his invitation.

Our journey was to be made in that curious craft, a *Siwash* canoe. Many of these canoes are models of beauty. The prow is high, the stern low, and the sides long and narrow. They are peculiarly well adapted for navigating the sound, where they have to contend with strong tides and swift currents. These canoes are made of the trunks of large cedar-trees, and, considering their size, are very light. The Indian who wishes to make a canoe seeks out some fallen cedar, uprooted by the storm, (for he possesses no means of cutting one down), and persistently goes to work to burn it into the desired shape, assisting the combustion by a judicious application of dogfish oil. This process of manufacturing a boat is slow, and requires much care and perseverance. Sometimes it is two months before the canoe is ready for the water. Latterly the Indians have learned the use of tools somewhat, and are thus enabled to shorten their labors. The light fishing-boat, designed to carry only two, is built much quicker. It is

the canoe constructed for traveling, capable of holding ten or fifteen persons, upon which so much labor is bestowed. The war canoes, the joint property of the tribe, are very large, and will sometimes carry forty or fifty warriors. All these boats are propelled by the paddle, as the Flatheads know nothing of the use of an oar. With a fair wind they often carry a small sail; but if the wind be quartering they furl it—their boats, having no keel, being apt to capsize. Jack's canoe was a small-sized fishing-boat, light and trim. For comfort, a larger one would have been better, but Jack would have to do all the paddling, and hence we thought best to take as little weight as possible.

Hood's Canal, a branch of Puget Sound, is sixty miles in length and from two to three in width. Its shores are densely wooded throughout their whole extent; a wilderness, wild as when the gaze of the White man first beheld its gloominess and grandeur. It was six o'clock of a summer evening when our boat shot out from the wharf. The sky was cloudless. Only a rich and mellow haze hung over the distant mountains, which lower down, in the ravines and on the waters, was condensed into a dewy mist, softening and beautifying all the scene. The sun, far in the north-west, was sending down long slanting shafts of golden light and spears of silver through the rifts in the ragged mountain tops. Later in the evening, soft flecks of clouds began to gather in the zenith and spread toward the horizon. Then began those wonderful changes of light and color seen only in that twilight land. The flecked clouds changed from purple to crimson, from crimson to gold, from gold to silver; and, when the sun was slowly dipping below the crest of a snow-clad peak, a single cloud hung in the sky, not silver-hued, but a tiny speck of concentrated sunshine. Reclining in the prow of the little boat, I watched

these wondrous changes of color, or looked down into the crystal water upon the fields of marine grasses, of tangled kelp, and emerald *algæ*. Blue and silver perch darted here and there, and huge forcep-clawed crabs stepped cautiously about on the sand, peering through tufts of grass and *algæ*, watching for venturesome shrimps and incautious worms, and keeping a sharp lookout for their deadly enemy, the tarantula crab. This crab resembles in form a huge spider, and with its long legs, small uncouth body, malignant eyes, and dark-green hue, is a loathsome object.

On spots of white sand could be perceived the slender bodies of certain fishes closely allied to the eel family. They were about fifteen inches in length, slim and shapely, gradually tapering from the head to the tail. Beautifully spotted on their sides like brook-trout, they belong to the *cycloids*, but bear some resemblance to the *Ammodytes Americanus*, though, unlike it, they are spine-rayed. They have none of the snake-like motions of the eel. The Indians believe them to be poisonous, but I found them excellent eating, not unlike brook-trout in flavor.

Sometimes the long, sinuous form of a dogfish would pass under the boat, in swift pursuit of a school of minnows or young perch. The dogfish, a species of shark, is to the Flathead what the seal is to the Esquimau. The oil obtained from their livers is a source of wealth to them, and among the wild tribes in the region of Cape Flattery forms almost the only article of trade between them and the Whites. This oil finds ready sale at the trading-posts throughout the territory, being largely used at the lumber-mills and the logging-camps. The Indians eat the flesh of the dogfish, but I can scarcely imagine how a civilized being could relish such food, although Jack declared "Frenchmen like dogfish heap muck - a - muck."

In shallow coves, silvery salmon were seen in swift pursuit of schools of herrings and other small fish. The Indians catch most of their salmon in salt-water, trolling for them as for trout. They are in a much better condition and finer flavored than when caught in the spawning season in fresh-water. On the beach I discovered an object which on nearer approach proved to be a bald-eagle, the emblem of this irrepressible Yankee nation. The king of birds has degenerated much since I first became acquainted with him in the school-books of twenty years ago. This one was making a hearty meal from a stranded and partially decayed dogfish. The nobility of the eagle is one of those pleasant beliefs of the past which belong to the poetical mythology of the present. As the twilight deepened, numerous flocks of ducks that had been swimming about the canal gathered in the still waters of the sheltered coves, or swam silently away up the many creeks that ran into the forest, far into the deep shadows of funeral firs and weeping-willows.

We camped at night upon the sand, with golden-fruited salmon-berry bushes hanging over us, eating with relish our supper of roasted clams. At midnight, awakened by a growl, I looked up at the verge of a high bank beneath which we lay, and saw gleaming among the underbrush the eyes of some wild beast, probably a panther. A vigorous stirring of our camp-fire sent the sparks shooting upward, and frightened the brute away.

At daybreak we were again in our boat. How fresh, sweet, and invigorating was the morning air! What delightful balsamic odors were blown from out the forest by the faintly stirring breeze! Soft, rosy clouds floated above us in the pearl-gray deep. Faint land-breezes came stealing down upon the waters, rippling for a moment the silent sea, and then died away, leaving no sign. We passed the gorge of the Homo-homo

River. Dim, mysterious, and grand it looked in the early dawn. The sides of the mountains forming the gorge are precipitous, yet not so steep but that the lower slopes are densely covered with dark firs. Higher up, the growth is more scattering, until at a height of 5,000 feet nothing can be seen but the granite walls, seamed and scarred by glacial action; and far away in the dim, high distance the snow-clad peaks look down upon white cascades, turbid torrents, and rough ravines.

Curious names have the rivers and mountains of that wild region. The early settlers had the good sense to retain most of the Indian names, and instead of "Red Dog," "Yankee Jim," and "You Bet," we have "Snoqualmie," "Snohomish," "Docywallups," "Sylopish," and "Tacoma."

At five o'clock, the echoes of prolonged whistles from distant lumber-mills reverberated through the deep cañons and dim aisles of the woods. Robins and starlings sung from the shrubbery that lines the banks. Scarlet clusters of wild currants hung drooping over the water, and heavy masses of pink rhododendrons bloomed above them. Golden-breasted flickers ran up and down the trunks of dead trees; their cousin, the red-headed woodpecker, drumming out a stirring *reveille* above them, while bright-winged blue-jays screamed and scolded in the thick alders. Sharp-eyed hawks sailed above the water, and rapacious ospreys watched them from the tops of blasted trees.

In the gorge of the Sylopish we visited a lumberman's camp. All around huge trunks of trees stood like towers and rustic monuments, while the bruised and broken underbrush marked where fell the forest monarchs. Throughout all the sound region the trees are cut at a considerable height—eight, ten, fifteen, or even twenty feet. The huge firs have churn-shaped trunks, which are

exceedingly tough near the ground. A tree that is five feet in diameter at a height of eight feet, at three feet is probably eight feet through. To cut through this mass of tough wood is the labor of hours, but if one can by any means get high enough to cut above the "churn," three-fourths of the work is avoided. To build a scaffold for general use would be no saving of labor, for no two trees would be likely to require cutting at the same height. An extension ladder would be an awkward and inconvenient thing, not answering the purpose at all. The choppers have invented a process that is both cheap and convenient. A narrow, deep notch is cut in the tree at a suitable height, and into this is driven one end of a stout springy board five or six feet long. On this the axeman stands. Sometimes it is necessary to insert two or three such boards before the required height is reached. To one who has never witnessed this method of tree-felling, it looks both curious and dangerous. But these men are strong of limb, firm-nerved, with muscles like steel. Accidents are rare.

The camp was a low, roughly built cabin, with an ox-stable near, as comfortable a building in appearance as that in which the men lived. A team of oxen heavily laden came toiling down to the landing. No trucks or sledges are used in transporting the logs. The road is carefully laid out to obtain the best grade possible, and then "skidded." The skids consist of small logs, from which the bark has been removed, six or eight inches in diameter and eight feet in length. These, firmly imbedded in the earth from five to six feet apart, are laid across the road. The logs, from which the bark has also been removed, are drawn over this skidded road with more facility than they could be were the trucks used which are usually adopted by lumbermen in regions where there is no snow.

We were hospitably received by the "boss" of the camp, who took us in and served up for us the best things in his somewhat limited larder. The workmen under him were a motley crew. Most of them were brawny, long-armed, athletic natives of northern Maine, the best axemen and teamsters in the world. The head-cook was a mulatto from Mobile; the under-cook a yellow Chinaman. There were three mild-eyed, crispy-haired natives of Oahu, and one rollicking son of "the ever-faithful isle." Half a dozen Flatheads from Port Gamble, subjects of Jack, made up the crew to the number of thirty men.

The day was drawing to a close when we embarked on our return. Again we were in the twilight. Again the purpling light streamed down through the ragged crests of the Olympic chain and played upon the waters. A canopy of pink and purple was above us, and we sailed upon a pink and purple sea. Our return was unfortunate. The tide, ever fickle in those narrow channels, turned against us. At ten o'clock it rained—at twelve it poured. The wind arose and swept fiercely down the channel. It sighed dolefully among the cedars and howled dismally through the branches of the blasted firs. Four miles from Port Gamble, with the wind and tide against us, and scarcely any protection from the pelting rain! The romance and poetry of the trip evaporated fast as the vapors ascended from my steaming blankets. It was useless to land, hoping to better our condition, for we should find ourselves without shelter and exposed to the additional danger of being crushed by falling trees—for every moment the crash of some forest monarch came to our ears. Nothing to do but to keep pulling at it. And pull Jack did with a will, for some time past midnight our canoe shot under the dark wharf, grazing against the slimy piles, and ran in among a boom of floating logs below the mills.

Here the canoe was moored, and we had to walk to the shore on the loose, rolling logs—an easy thing for one accustomed to such work. My legs were stiff, from cold and wet and sitting so long in one position, and I had not taken a dozen steps from the canoe when the treacherous log I was footing turned deliberately over, and I went down. There was a gasping shriek in the darkness as I felt the waters closing over me, and the consoling thought arose that I could not swim a stroke. Then a strong arm grasped me, and I was lifted from the water and told to cling to the logs. Jack, having rescued me from immediate danger, darted away in the darkness. I clung to the logs with desperation, and was soon relieved by the sight of my companion returning with a stout plank, which he placed across three or four of the floating timbers and then helped me to stand thereon. Another plank was

obtained, and then another, along which I picked my way, until at length I felt the solid ground beneath me.

The rain still fell in torrents. The ships at their moorings rose dark and spectral against the inky sky. The fire below the mills—a fire that has not been extinguished for eighteen years—gave out only a sickly and uncertain light. By its ghostly gleam I toiled wearily up the muddy path to the slumbering village. Then to bed, to shiver until daylight. It was my last night at Port Gamble. At daybreak a few sleepy inhabitants gathered on the wharf to witness the departure of the ship *Marion*. A passenger, I sat on the quarter-deck and witnessed again the beauties of a sunrise under the shadows of Baker and Tacoma.

Farewell! wondrous twilight-tinted land.

Jack, my friend, "*Clah-how-yu!*"

LAIRD GAWAIN.

THE earliest memories of my boyhood are associated with Laird Gawain. What the laird's surname was, or where exactly he had come from, no one knew, myself least of all; but there he was, and we liked him—all we boys—for his strange, queer ways and thoughtful inventive kindness to us in the manufacture of apparatus of various kinds connected with our sports. Tall, lean, suggestive of Don Quixote, gray-eyed, gray-haired, and perhaps fifty years old, he was always arrayed in a long-tailed canvas coat and knee-breeches of the same material, bleached white as snow with the weekly washings of many years. Shoes with brass buckles, long white woolen stockings, and a tall white hat of straw plaited by his own

hand, completed his outer costume—a heavy light-gray frieze cloak being added in very cold weather. Such was the laird, the harmless madman of Straithery, my native Irish, or rather Scotch-Irish, village in Ulster.

Be a boy again, O reader; let us run out to meet him as he comes down the single village street, and as the sunlight, drifting through the great sycamore trees, flecks all his pure white raiment and plays over his thin browned face. He is mad, but you can not be afraid of him. Look at those poor sensitive lips, and great, sad, far-looking gray eyes; and take his hand—his other hand! no boy lives in the world who shall take the laird's right hand while I am present; for I am the laird's favorite. Home to his

house. What a strange house!—standing some way from the main village, exactly twelve feet square and twelve high, built roughly of coarse limestone slabs by the laird's own hands, flat-roofed, white with whitewash, and all ashine and aglitter with pieces of various-colored glass, metal, and pottery set into the mortar. A great ivy-covered oak-tree overshadowed it from behind, and a little clear stream, running into the larger Straithry River, ran within a yard of the front door; another door opened to the rear. This was "Zion"—Laird Gawain's earthly Zion—much smaller than the heavenly city, as he reverently explained, with the old open Bible in his hand; and, instead of twelve gates, one for each of the twelve tribes of Israel, the laird's New Jerusalem had but two doors, he ignoring the ten tribes that had revolted from the house of David. I used to remonstrate with him, with a child's pity and earnestness, on this point: the ten tribes that had gone out with Ephraim might repent some day; it were well to have the doors ready.

"No," he said; "they are, as their fathers, a stubborn and rebellious generation. They have cried, 'What portion have we in David? and we have none inheritance in the son of Jesse. Every man to your tents, O Israel; and now, David, see to thine own house.' In their tents let them remain; they shall have no door of hope to enter here. Have they not brought shame, and captivity, and reproach on all Jehovah's chosen people? Let them be *anathema maranatha!*" And his inherited Scotch Presbyterian instinct manned itself against all charity in that direction.

In all other points how good and kind he was! The little plat of barren ground that he toiled over with his spade, late and early in the season, gave him barely all he needed. Yet he, who would accept charity from no man, helped those poorer than himself with a grace

and tenderness often but ill-requited by the low and coarse-minded beggars of the neighborhood. He was cunning and successful in the treatment of all manner of cattle disease, and in such cases exacted a petty fee from the well-to-do farmers; so that, on the whole, he was never in absolute want, and he seemed to be tolerably happy, reading—reading always—his Bible, and garnishing the walls of his "New Jerusalem" with some new precious stone or shining ornament. Then, in the long warm summer evenings, when my school-work was done, how I delighted to come down to the river—his "pure river of the water of life"—and there, sitting beside him under the shadow of his oak "tree of life," hear him read of Zion—the Zion of which his hut was a type.

O, days of childhood, days of childhood! your sweet memories shall be comfortable and warm to me through all the cold and barren days of life. Then I believed all things, hoped all things, loved all creatures. All women were beautiful and pure to me, and, looking on them, I thought of the angels of God, in whom I believed. All men were strong, and honest, and brave, only wanting the opportunity to be Bayards and Arthurs, like those I read of. Life I held to be calm, sweet, and noble; death to be for all my friends the sure door to such a holy city of God as the low, solemn, thrilling voice of the laird by my side read to me of, while the leaves rustled above, and the waters bubbled below, and the shadows faded slowly into darkness about Straithry:

"And the city lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth; and the breadth and the height of it are equal. . . . And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. . . . And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the

Lamb. In the midst of the street of it was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

“And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him. And they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there [and here how the laird’s great eyes would lighten in the dimming twilight]; and they need no candles, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever.”

One evening the book dropped from Gawain’s thin fingers at this point. Lying at his feet, I picked it up and handed it to him; but he fell himself into my arms. “I am faint, Walter; give me water.” I left him on the grass. I ran into his cabin for a vessel, filled it at the stream, and held it to his lips. He drank long and deeply, then his voice rung again out through the still air: “And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

“O, laird, let me help you into your Zion, and light a candle,” I said, sore afraid of I knew not what. A moment his eyes turned wistfully toward the shining white walls, then they were bent up again to where the stars began to shine out. “No, I go to a better Zion,” he whispered, “and *they* need no candle, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light.”

I was silent, struck with fear and wonder. The darkness came down about us. Only by the starlight could I see his face where he lay, as I wrapped him in his old frieze cloak. Suddenly, the moon shone out clear and bright

almost as day. I looked at the laird. A great change seemed to have come over his countenance. The religious light had died out of it, and a haughty, bitter expression filled the fine withered lines of his face. “Go into Zion, boy, and bring me out what is under my pillow.” I brought a heavy mahogany case. He opened it. There lay two old-fashioned dueling-pistols. He lifted one of them, felt the flint with his thumb; he toyed with it, then, laying it across his breast, turned to me.

“Am I mad now? Well, thirty years ago I was not mad. I was lord of a little estate in Scotland, and husband of the sweetest lady all Inverness could boast of. I invited a young English officer, who had hired the shooting of a neighboring estate, to my house. I loved my bride as God loved Israel. She betrayed me—betrayed me to my own guest—and fled with him toward England. I overtook them at the border, and with my long Highland musket blew the popinjay’s head open the instant I came within range. He was armed with these two pistols, and my wife, snatching one of them, put it to her own head and killed herself, too. He *was* a handsome youth, there’s no denying it, and I almost pitied him, as I saw her lying dead across his breast, and him wounded to death. ‘Curse you,’ he said, ‘could you not have given me a chance to die by a gentleman’s weapon, like her?—curse you, and may you die like a dog in the grass—die a clod-hopper’s death.’ I fled wildly from the spot, crossed over to Ireland, and settled down here, I hardly know how.

“She left me as Israel left Judah—she killed me when she killed herself—she left me because I was earnest and religious, while *he* was a light-hearted fine gentleman, according to their English fashions. He taunted me with being a Scotch clod-hopper, and *she*—she seemed to smile at it. ‘Like a dog in the

grass!' I—in whose veins runs the blood of a hundred knights that chased *his* ancestors, when the Wallace, the Douglas, and the Bruce, swept Scotland clean of them—I!"

The silver butt of the pistol was lifted, the muzzle pressed the frieze over his breast. There was a fizzle of dull priming, and then a flash and report. It was too late, though I threw myself upon the laird. He smiled calmly and contentedly. I tore away the blackened, burning cloak, the white coat, the white shirt. Not a drop of blood was flowing, but in the white skin there was a little hole, with a dull, inflamed border.

His eyes were closed. He was suffocating with blood. I wailed aloud. He raised himself for an instant fiercely, upon one hand, holding the pistol high above his head with the other. "I go to meet *her*," he said—"I go to meet her. Shall I not be *his* equal now, dying by a gentleman's weapon?"

I cried upon God in my agony, fearing—so strong was the religious training I had received—less that the laird was dying than that he was dying in mortal sin. Laird Gawain looked at me. He dropped the pistol, his eyes filled with the old tenderness; they passed from me to the white walls of his Zion. He sank on the ground, still keeping his eyes earnestly fixed:

"O, my wife! 'How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together.' Walter," he went on, "Walter!" I listened, breathlessly. "Break in the other ten doors. 'Israel hath stricken her tents; her inheritance is with the son of Jesse.'"

He was dead, but I was content; the city of God had received him, the city of forgiveness, the city of the twelve gates.

BY-WAYS OF YOSEMITE TRAVEL.

Sierra Nevada BLOODY CAÑON.

TWENTY years ago, Yosemite Valley was a garden wilderness, as tenderly lovely as it is rocky and sublime, and much of its primeval beauty remains unimpaired. Its stupendous rocks poise themselves in the deep sky, scarcely more susceptible of human impress than the sun that bathes them. Its water-falls sing on unchanged, wild flowers bloom, and ferns unroll their fronds in many a sacred nook; but all its more accessible features have suffered "improvement." The plow is busy among its gardens, the axe among its groves, and the whole valley wears a weary, dusty aspect, as if it were a traveler new-arrived from a wasting journey.

Lovers of clean mountain wildness must therefore go up higher, into more inaccessible retreats among the summits of the range.

The whole sublime uplift of the Sierra is covered with a net-work of cañons, which, comprehended in broad general views, with their fringing forests, and delicate adjustments of light and shade, appear far more like fairy embroidery than profound gorges eroded in solid rock.

In the middle region of the west flank, cañons oftentimes reach a depth of 3,000 feet. Near the summit they seldom much exceed 2,000 feet, while those of the slate formation in the lower region

are perhaps about as deep as the latter, though less determinately measurable, their sides being in many places beveled gradually back into the adjacent hills and plateaus. The short, steeply inclined cañons of the eastern flank swoop at once from snowy fountains to hot volcanic plains. They are mostly about 1,500 or 2,000 feet deep, and take their rise in the summit peaks *just where the glaciers formed* and began the work of erosion, and disappear in the plain *just where the glaciers were melted*.

Bloody Cañon, lying to the east of Yosemite Valley, belongs to this direct down-swooping species, and runs in a general east-north-easterly direction to the edge of the Mono plain, forming the Mono Pass, through whose sombre rocks so many miners eagerly groped their way in pursuit of gold fortunes, during the exciting discoveries of the year 1858. The cañon was known and traveled as a pass by the Indians, and by mountain animals such as bears, deer, and wild sheep, long before its discovery by White men, as is shown by their trails, which branch off in every direction.

The sanguinary appellation bestowed upon it accords well with the character of the times, and may have been suggested by the predominant color of the metamorphic slates out of which it is in great part eroded, or more probably by blood-stains made by the unfortunate animals compelled to slip and shuffle awkwardly over its sharp, cutting rocks. I have never known an animal—either mule or mustang—to make the descent without losing more or less blood from wounds on the legs. Occasionally one is killed outright, falling headlong and bounding freely like a boulder, but such instances are quite rare; the more experienced finding their own way over the most dangerous places with a caution and sagacity that is truly astonishing.

A good bridle-path conducts from Yo-

osemite through many a grove and meadow up to the head of the cañon, a distance of about thirty miles. Here the scenery undergoes a sudden and startling condensation. Mountains, red, gray, and black, rise close at hand on the right, whitened around their bases with deep banks of snow. On the left upswells the huge red flank of Mount Gibbs, while in front the eye wanders down between the dark cañon walls and out on the warm Mono plain where Lake Mono lies gleaming like a silver disk, surrounded with sage-brush and ashes, with volcanic cones rising in clusters toward the south, and blue mountains far beyond, swelling range over range, and fading on the glowing horizon. When at length we enter the mountain gate-way the sombre rocks seem conscious of our presence, and seem to come thronging close around us. Happily the ouzel and old familiar robin are there to sing us welcome, and azure daisies, beaming with trustfulness and sympathy, enable us to feel something of Nature's love under the gaze of her coldest rocks. The effect of this confiding outspokenness on the part of the cañon is greatly enhanced by the quiet aspect of the Alpine meadows through which we saunter just before entering the narrow gateway. Wide zones of forest rise around them in graceful slopes, over which gray mountains look down, picturesque and vital, but too far off to speak. We catch their restful spirit, yield to the soothing influences of the rich sunshine, and go dreamily on through flowers and bees, scarce touched by a definite thought. Suddenly we find ourselves in the shadowy chambers of Bloody Cañon, literally closeted with Nature in one of her wildest and most secret strongholds.

After the first bewildering impressions begin to wear off, we perceive it is not altogether terrible, for a shining chain of lakelets hang down from the

very summit, linked together by the silvery Cañon Creek. The highest are set in bleak rock bowlders, scantily margined with yellow carex. Winter storms pour snow through the pass in blinding drifts, and noble avalanches descend from the shelving heights, rushing and booming like water-falls. Then are these sparkling lakelets not simply frozen, but buried and obliterated beyond a hint of their existence. In June, they begin to blink and thaw out like sleepy eyes, carices thrust up their short brown spikes, flowers bloom in turn, frogs pipe cheerily along their shores, and the most profoundly buried is at length warmed, and summered as if winter were only a dream.

Red Lake is the lowest of the chain, and also the largest and most extensive known. Its environment of red rocks is exceedingly beautiful, although at first sight it appears like crumbling ruins. The south wall rises sheer from the water's edge, but on the north there is space and sunshine for a rich sedgy garden brodered with daisy-starred sod, and brilliantly lighted up in the centre with lilies, castilleias, and columbines, forming a most joyful outburst of crisp mountain light, keenly contrasted and emphasized by the chill sombre baldness of the on-looking cliffs.

After indulging in a long, dozing, shimmering rest, the joyful stream sets forth again, warbling and trilling like an ousel; ever delightfully confiding, no matter how shadowy and difficult the way; slipping, gliding, hither, thither, foamed or clear, ever increasing in beauty and power. One of its finest developments is Diamond Cascade, situated a short distance below the lake, in the formation of which, the tense crystalline water is first broken up into rough angular spray, dusted with foam, and then braided into a diamond pattern by following the diagonal cleavage planes which intersect the face of the precipice over

which it pours. Viewed in front, this beautiful water-fabric resembles lace-work, varying throughout the season with the temperature, and volume of water. Scarce a flower is to be seen along its snowy border. A few bent pines look on from a distance, seemingly careless of its beauty, and small rugs and fringes of cassiope occur among its rocks at the head, but only the attentive observer will find them.

A glittering side-stream makes its appearance a little farther down, seeming to leap directly down out of the deep sky. It first resembles a crinkled ribbon of silver, which widens rapidly as it descends and dashes the dull rocks with foam. A long rough talus curves against the wall, overgrown with snow-pressed willows, in which the white water disappears with many an earnest surge and swirl and plashing leap, as it makes its way to the main cañon stream.

Hence downward the climate is no longer Arctic. Butterflies become larger and more animated; grasses with imposing spread of panic wave above our shoulders, and the warm summery drone of the bumble-bee thickens the air.

Pinus flexilis, the tree mountaineer, that always climbs highest and braves the coldest blasts, is found scattered in wind-bent groups from the summit about half-way down. Its hardiest companion and successor is *P. contorta*, speedily joined by the taller mountain and yellow pines (*P. monticola* and *P. ponderosa*). These, with the burly juniper and shimmering aspen, rapidly grow larger as they descend, forming groves that block the view, or stand more apart in picturesque groups, making a beautiful and obvious harmony with their complementary rocks and with one another. A world of shaggy, blooming underbrush works tangles for the streams and heathery rugs and mantles for the rock-work. Through this delightful wilderness Cañon Creek roves like a blessed

Arab, without any constraining channel, throbbing and wavering, now in sunshine, now in thoughtful shade, over rock-slopes and precipices, in weariless exuberance of energy. A glorious milky-way of cascades is thus developed, whose individual beauties might well call forth volumes of description, but to the Diamond and the Silver we have space to add only one more, the Bower Cascade, which, though comparatively inconspicuous, ranking among the smallest in regard to size, is perhaps the most surpassingly beautiful of them all. It is situated in the lower region of the pass, just where the sunshine begins to mellow between the temperate and frigid zones of the cañon. Here the glad creek, grown strong with tribute gathered from many a hidden fountain, sings richer strains, and becomes more human and loveable at every step; for now you may see the rose and yarrow by its side, and warm meadowlets of grasses and clover. At the head of a low-browed rock, luxuriant bushes arch over from bank to bank, and embower the cascade with their woven branches. Light falls freely upon it from above, and waving plumes, kept in motion by the water, fringe it gracefully in front. From this cool leafy retreat the water leaps vigorously out into the light, and descends in a fluted curve thick-sown with flashing crystals. At the bottom it is dashed among brown boulders, out of which it creeps gray with foam-bells and disappears in a tangle of verdure. Thence to the foot of the cañon the nobler sculpture of the granite calls forth water expressions of corresponding beauty—bright trills of rapids—booming notes of falls—solemn hushes of levels—cadenced and blended into glorious harmony. When its impetuous Alpine life is done, it glides through a meadow with scarce an audible whisper and immediately falls asleep in Moraine Lake.

This water-bed is one of the very

finest I ever beheld. The azure sky makes its canopy evergreens wave soothingly at head and foot, the breath of flowers floats over it like incense, and a blaze of reflected light is its glorious drapery. Well may our blessed stream sleep soundly until the night-wind from down the cañon breaks its calm, and makes it croon and mutter in wavelets along its brodered shores. Gliding onward through the rushes, after leaving the lake, our stream is destined never more to touch the solid rock. Its path lies through moraines, and reaches of golden plain nowhere affording rocks suitable for the development of cascades or falls. Yet this beauty of maturity, though less striking, is of a higher order, enticing us lovingly on through gentian meadows and groves of rustling aspen, to Lake Mono, where the stream vanishes in vapor and floats free again in the sky.

After sharing the lives and studying the habits and attributes of Sierra streams, we quickly perceive that they did not create the cañons in which they flow, because, in the first place, they are all new-born, and as yet have scarcely had sufficient time allowed them to make their mark, nor do they possess the power to form cañons of this shape, no matter how much time be granted. Bloody Cañon, like all others of this portion of the range, was recently occupied by a glacier, which furrowed it out from the solid mountain flank. This glacier derived its fountain snows from the neighboring summits and descended to Mono Lake, crushing and grinding unceasingly through the long glacial years, scooping lake-bowls, sculpturing, polishing, and carrying away rocks, particle by particle, chip by chip, block by block, and depositing them in moraines far and near. The principal characters made use of by Nature in the preservation of the history of her ancient glaciers are displayed all through the cañon in marvel-

ous freshness and simplicity, furnishing the student with extraordinary advantages for the acquisition of knowledge of this sort. The most striking passages are polished and striated surfaces, which reflect sunlight with wonderful brilliancy. The dam of Red Lake is an elegantly glaciated rib of metamorphic slate, brought into relief during the primary erosion of the cañon, and offers a fine illustration of one of the methods by which lake-bowls are produced in solid rock. The larger lake at the foot of the cañon furnishes an equally interesting example of a *basin* formed wholly or in part by a dam of moraine matter curved across the path of a stream.

At Moraine Lake the cañon proper terminates, although apparently continued by the two lateral moraines of the ancient cañon glacier, which extend from the sides of the cañon in noble simplicity out into the plain a distance of about five miles. They curve and taper in lines of exquisite beauty, and in magnitude are truly sublime, being over 300 feet in height at the upper ends where they are joined to the mountain. Their sun-beaten sides are gardens. Their shady sides are forests. The former are devoted chiefly to *erigonæ*, *compositæ*, and *graminæ*; a square rod containing five or six profusely flowered erigonums, about the same number of sun *compositæ*, and a few tufts of waving rye, all planted trimly apart, with bare clean gravel between, as if they were cultivated artificially.

My first visit to Bloody Cañon was made in the summer of 1869, under circumstances proper to heighten the impressions that are the peculiar offspring of cañon life. I came from the blooming tangles of Florida, and waded out into the vegetable gold of the California plain. Never before had I beheld congregations of social flowers half so extensive or half so glorious. Golden *compositæ* covered all the ground, from

the Coast Range to the Sierra, like a stratum of curdled sunshine. I whirled in their midst, watching the rising and setting of their innumerable suns; then gave myself up to be borne forward on the crest of the summer wave that sweeps annually up the Sierra flank and spends itself on the snowy alps of the summit.

At the Big Tuolumne Meadows I remained more than a month, sketching, botanizing, and climbing among the picturesque armies of peaks that surround them. The mountaineer with whom I camped is one of those remarkable men one so frequently meets in California, whose characters have been overflowed by the grinding excitements of the gold period, which inevitably brought all their harder bosses and angles into strong relief, until they came to resemble glacial landscapes. But in this late day all my friend's activities had subsided into the smooth meadow sort, causing him to become a gentle shepherd, and to literally lie down with the lamb. Recognizing the unsatisfiable cravings of my Scotch Highland instinct, he threw out some hints concerning the wildness of Bloody Cañon, and advised me to explore it. Next day I took bread, tied my note-book to my belt, and strode away in the bright air, full of eager, indefinite hope. The plushy lawns that lay in my path served to soothe my morning haste, and the sod in many places was starred blue with gentians, over which I lingered. I saw the tracks of ancient glaciers on many a shining tablet, and gaps in the thick pine forests that marked the paths of winter avalanches. I watched the gradual dwarfing of the pines and corresponding dwarfing of the daisies and butterflies. On the summit I found mats of Arctic willow overgrown with a silky beard of gray catkins, and flowers of the dwarf *vaccinium* scattered like purple hail. Entering the pass, the huge rocks began

to close around in all their mysterious impressiveness, when suddenly a drove of beings, hairy and gray, came in sight, progressing with a kind of boneless wallowing motion, like bears. I never turn back, though often so inclined, and, in this particular instance, I was in no fitting mood for the proper acceptance of so grim a vision. I was soon able to observe, that, although crooked as summit pines, they were sufficiently erect to be men. They proved to be nothing more formidable than Mono Indians, on their way to Yosemite for a load of acorns, dressed in the skins of sagebrush rabbits, nicely sewed together. Occasionally a good countenance may be noticed among the Monos; but these were mostly ugly, and some altogether hideous. I was confident that water would change both their size and shape by ordinary denudation of stratified dirt. The older faces were strangely blurred and abraded, and sectioned off by a kind of cleavage points, as if they had laid castaway on the mountains for ages. Viewed at a little distance, they formed mere dirt-specks in the landscape, and I was glad to see them fade out of sight.

Evening came, and the sombre rocks were inspired with the ineffable loveliness of the alpen-glow. A solemn stillness pervaded every feature of the landscape. I crept into a hollow near one of the lakelets, smoothed away the burs from a sheltered spot, and cut a few pine tassels for a bed. When the short twilight faded, I kindled a sunny fire, made a cupful of tea, and laid down with my face to the deep, clean sky. The night wind began to flow and pour in torrents among the jagged peaks, and it spoke with a strange accent. The cascades sounding down the cañon appeared very strange, also, and as I drifted toward sleep, I experienced a feeling of uncomfortable nearness to the furred Monos. Suddenly the living moon looked down

over the cañon wall, her countenance filled with intense concern. She seemed to have come out of the sky to look at me, and produced a startling effect, as if she had entered one's bedroom. The whole night was full of strange voices, and I gladly welcomed the purple morning. The very sunlight seemed wild and young, far too spiritual to be poured forth in the form of beams. My breakfast was quickly prepared, and I set forth full of eager delight, gazing on the stupendous rock-walls that seemed ever ready to choke the cañon with avalanches, or wondering at the ice-polished bosses, or listening to the morning song of the ouzel. Here, for the first time, I met the Arctic daisies, in all their perfection of purity and spirituality; gentle mountaineers, face to face with the sky, kept safe and warm by a thousand miracles. I leaped lightly from rock to rock, glorying in the freshness and sufficiency of Nature, and in the ineffable tenderness with which she nurtures her mountain darlings in the very fountains of storms. The world seemed wholly new; young beauty appeared at every step. There was no end of feathery rock-ferns and gardenets of fairest flowers. I exulted in the wild cascades and shimmering crystalline lakelets. Never fell light in brighter spangles; never fell water in brighter foam. I floated through the rocky paradise enchanted, and was out in the lower sunshine ere I was aware.

Looking back from the shores of Moraine Lake, my morning ramble seemed all a dream. There curved Bloody Cañon, a mere glacial furrow, with bare rock-ribs proceeding from either side, braided together in the middle, like rounded, swelling muscles. Here the lilies were higher than my head, and the sunshine was warm enough for palm-trees. Yet the snow around the Arctic willows was plainly visible only four miles away, and between lay narrow

specimen zones of all the principal climates of the globe. On the bank of a gurgling brook the Indians' fire still burned, and I listened and walked cautiously, half expecting to see some of their grim faces in the brush. But my fears were soon forgotten; I gave heed to the confiding stream, mingled freely with the flowers and light, and shared in the confidence of their exceeding peace.

Passing on to the plain, I noticed three well-marked terminal moraines that curved beautifully across the cañon stream, and joined themselves by long, elegant splices to the two noble laterals. These mark the resting-places of the ancient cañon glacier when it was retreating into its summit shadows, on the breaking up of the glacial winter. Five miles below the lake, just where the lateral moraines lose themselves in the plain, there was a field of wild Indian rye, growing in magnificent waving bunches six to eight feet high, bearing heads six to twelve inches long. The grains are about five-eighths of an inch in length, dark-colored, and deliciously sweet. In-

dian women were gathering it in baskets, bending down large handfuls, beating it out, and fanning it in the wind. They appeared quite picturesque, "coming through the rye," as one caught glimpses of them, here and there, in winding lanes and openings, with splendid tufts waving above their heads, while their incessant laugh and chatter expressed their heedless joy. Like the rye-field, I found the so-called Mono Desert blooming in a high state of natural cultivation. There were the rose, cherry, aster, and delicate abronia, with poppies, gentians, gilies, and bushy *compositæ* innumerable. I watched their gestures and the various expressions of their corollas. They certainly seemed to enjoy swallowing their sun-gold, and the hot sand and scorching wind seemed grateful to them. I never believed the doctrine of deserts, whether as applied to mountains or men. Nature's love is universal, and nowhere have I heard it proclaimed in more understandable terms than in the hot plains of Mono, and in the rocky and storm-beaten mansions of Bloody Cañon.

DIVING FOR GOLD IN '49.

HAVING been among those who arrived in California in the early part of '49, I made my way at once to the mines, striking for Sutter's Mill, which, as the place where gold was first discovered, naturally presented strong attractions to the new-comer. Here, on the bar one mile below the mill-race in which Marshall picked up the first piece of gold, I took my initial lesson in placer mining. It would be thought that the men who arrived in the mines at that early period would have been content with the quantity of gold they were able to gather by the simple modes

of washing then in use. Such, however, was not the case. Large as were their earnings, they were constantly devising new ways and means for increasing them, a great deal of time and money being wasted in abortive efforts directed toward that end.

The '48 pioneers, having given up the pan and *batea* for the Georgia rocker, were generally satisfied to continue the use of the latter. But with the new immigration came new ideas and the introduction of many novel implements and gold-washers. Some of these machines were light and simple, while oth-

ers were cumbersome and curiously complicated. Some operated by washing and others by winnowing, while another set involved the use of a sifting or a shaking motion; no combination or device employed in mechanics or known to science being left untried. There was, however, a feature of similitude that ran through the whole of them—all were characterized by a remarkable absence of the element of adaptability to the purpose for which they were intended; some, so far from reaching this end, having secured the very opposite result, the rotary action introduced imparting to them the inevitable but fatal quality of saving the sand and heaving away the gold!

But diverse and wonderful as were the machines invented for gathering the precious metal, almost equally multifarious and unique were the theories promulgated touching its origin and modes of deposit; some holding that it had been thrown up by volcanic action, while others contended that it had come down from the Sierra or been released from the quartz veins with which the country was so thickly ribbed. There was one opinion, however, in which nearly all were agreed: whatever might have been the source of the gold, it was clear, that, in its progress down-stream, it must have made extensive lodgment in the deep holes along the rivers; and hence these were the places in which to find the big deposits, if only some method could be devised for getting at them. This seemed a very rational conclusion. Certainly these rapid streams must have swept the gold along until it came to the deep, still places, where the current, slackening its speed, allowed it to fall to the bottom and remain. Having myself accepted this hypothesis as valid and rational, I lost no opportunity that presented itself for gathering information and facts tending to support it. After working near the mill until the last of

April, I moved up to Stony Bar, some fifty miles above, on the Middle Fork of the American River, and there, with my partner, engaged in the conjoint business of mining, trading, and packing. As mine had heretofore been a bucolic life, accustoming me to the use of animals, I took charge of the transportation arm of the service, while the senior member of the firm, assisted by two Indians, worked the claim and looked after the commercial department—conducted under the branches of a wide-spreading tree that stood convenient to the bar.

Trudging along with my mustangs, mules, and donkeys, I meditated much on this matter of the deep holes—pondering it now in my own mind, and anon discussing the probabilities of its soundness with Jesus (pronounced *haysús*, and not, therefore, grating so harshly on the ear of propriety as its orthography would seem to indicate), my *vaquero*, a swarthy Mexican of dubious morality, but an expert packer. Owing to the greater experience which the Mexicans were known to have had in mining for the precious metals, their opinions were at that day considered good authority in everything relating to this subject; so I was pleased when my *compañero* stated it as his firm belief that there was *mucho oro* in these places. I well knew Jesus to be a trifling and untruthful sort of fellow—boasting an unadulterated *hidalgo* parentage and a training for the priesthood in the Sacred College of Guadalajara, though manifestly a full-blooded Indian and a miracle of ignorance—yet, desirous of gaining support to my favorite theory, I was willing to believe that he now expressed an honest conviction, the result of long experience in the gold-mines of his native country.

There was then living on the trail, and in what is now Todd's Valley, a man named Williams, who, leaving Santa Cruz, his former home, had lo-

cated here the year before, and, having built him a stockade house, was now the only settler residing above Sutter's Mill. He had brought with him his numerous family, consisting of a wife, her mother, and two or three sisters—young and comely maidens—and a bevy of rollicking children. Enlivened by the presence of White women, and affording at all times a "square" Christian meal—the great *desideratum* at that day—Williams' Ranch was an altogether cheery and attractive place, which few persons going up or down the divide passed without making a halt. Besides these comforts and adornments, the owner had collected about him domestic animals of various kinds, and when the houseless miner approached the place of an evening, the barking of dogs and the tinkling of cow-bells filled his thoughts with sweet memories of home. Then, too, the proprietor, who had no mean fame as an Indian-fighter—having spent many years on the "western border" and several already in California—was himself a social and agreeable sort of person; entertaining his guests with stories of his adventures, and imparting such valuable information as the '48er was supposed to be possessed of. There was also at this ranch good water and grass, and with such "entertainment for man and beast," I invariably made it a point to tarry here over night in making my trips to and from the mines above.

On one of these occasions the conversation with my host turning, as usual, on the subject of gold, I broached my doctrine of the deep holes, expressing at the same time some doubts as to its soundness. What was my surprise when Williams assured me that it was not a problematical matter at all, it having been proved by actual trial that these places were full of the precious material, and it was not very hard to be taken out either. "Last summer," said he, to adopt his style of expression, "thar come

up this a-way a lot of them Kanakas, from the Sandwich Islands, and they div down into the deep holds along the Middle Fork, right forninst my place, and jes' fotched up fists'-full of gold every time. I seed it with my own eyes; so you can jes' believe thar arr a power of the stuff down thar, an' when the water gits low an' warm, I'm going after a cart-load of it, sure!"

Here was a discovery—here was valuable knowledge—which, without catechising Williams further, I mentally resolved should be speedily turned to practical account. Knowing now these pools to be the repositories of so much wealth, it only remained to contrive some plan for securing it—the Kanaka style of diving being altogether too primitive, and not suited to American ideas and habits. A fistful of the coveted dust might do for these semi-savages, but our advanced civilization required it to be brought up by the barrel, or bucket, at least.

By the time I reached the mill that day I had my plans entirely made out: I would have a suit of submarine armor constructed, go down and clean out these receptacles, enrich myself immeasurably, advance the business of mining, and astonish the world generally. But prudence dictated that I should proceed with caution; not a whisper must reach the public ear for the present; my movements must be kept concealed until the last moment, lest others, anticipating my design, should jump in and dredge out some of the deep holes before I could reach them.

When I came to carry out my project, I found its accomplishment beset with a good many difficulties. Suitable materials for the construction of an apparatus of this kind were not to be had; and then, where was I to find a person possessed of the requisite mechanical skill to put it together, or yet others sufficiently experienced to use it when com-

pleted? All these had to be procured and the work prosecuted with such caution as not to prematurely disclose my scheme. In this extremity I sought out Clarkson Dye, whom I knew to be a person of infinite resources in straits of this kind, he having been engaged for many years in New York carrying on a number of mechanical pursuits, in all of which he was an admitted expert. Moreover, Clarkson was a man to be depended upon, one to whom I could intrust my secret with safety, he being naturally shrewd and thoroughly honest.

He was at this time running the saw-mill, also a Sunday-school, also a public-house, each the first of its kind in the place; and he ran them well, too. The mill is not, and the Sunday-school is not, but Dye's Hotel remains to this day one of the institutions of Coloma. Finding conditions favorable, there being no drugs in the country, Clarkson had added to the above callings the practice of medication on the homeopathic plan, achieving great triumphs in the treatment of that large class of diseases that require to be let severely alone. These multiplied industries would have sufficed to fully occupy the time of a less capable and active man; but I had no sooner introduced the subject to "the doctor," than, coinciding fully with my views, he pronounced the proposed enterprise "a big thing," suggesting that we should take hold of the business together—I to furnish the materials for the submarine armor, and he to put them together—a proposition that I readily agreed to. With such alacrity did he set about fulfilling his part of the contract, that I saw most of the articles, including a lot of India-rubber blankets and a huge pair of gum-boots, already collected and the work of construction well under way before I left town. And, although he had never made nor perhaps seen a structure of the kind, such

was my confidence in the doctor's ingenuity, that I felt sure he would, according to promise, have it completed by the time I returned from another trip to the upper mines.

And so he did. When I got back it was finished, having been stowed away under a lot of old canvas in a tent that stood apart and in which he had carried on his work screened from the public gaze. Thither we two repaired in all haste, when, the entrance having been carefully closed, the indefatigable and now exultant artificer removed the covering, and exposed to my eager gaze his handiwork. And such a fabric! I had seen many hideous and repulsive things in my day, but they were things of beauty and joy to soothe the nerves forever, compared with this. Laid on its back, it looked a huge, misshapen burial casket; turned on its side, a pauper's coffin. Long India-rubber tubes, black and flexible; two glaring eyes; dust and rubbish adhering to every pitch-besmeared seam—it were hard to say whether the thing most resembled a sleeping crocodile or a curled-up devil-fish lying in wait for prey.

Despite, however, its hideous aspect, the joint proprietors of this concern contemplated it with no little satisfaction, though neither was particularly desirous of distinguishing himself by making a first descent in it. And just here a new trouble presented itself: where were we going to find a diver? Here was another step in the proceeding attended with difficulty and requiring caution; for we did not want our proposed experiment noised abroad at the hazard of collecting a crowd who might interfere with its success, and possibly have occasion to exult over our failure; though this last was considered a contingency so remote as scarcely to have been taken into account at all.

There was hanging about the place an idle sort of fellow called Larry, who

seemed good-natured and was certainly poor, conditions that tended to adapt him to our purpose; since, if he were drowned, no one would be likely to make troublesome inquiries about him, while, in view of the manifest worthlessness of his life, he ought himself to hold it cheaply. We knew just where to find him, for he seldom went far from a certain tent where the bibulous and convivial loved to congregate. Espying Larry at his old haunt, we called him aside, and, after some little preliminaries, asked him if he could keep a secret. His answer indicated how much he felt hurt at the seeming lack of confidence in his honor implied by the question:

"Me kape a saycret? Och, gintlemin, and me name is it not Larry McShane?"

Sorry almost that we had interrogated him on this delicate point, we proceeded to acquaint him with our scheme, inquiring if he would, for a good round sum, accommodate us by going down in our submarine armor, which my partner, as chief spokesman, assured him would be a most agreeable and eminently safe operation.

"To be sure he wod; it was the thing he had been dying for iver since he lift the ould sod; and he wod be delighted intirely till go down and bring up the gowld for the gintlemin."

And so, without more words, we all three hurried over to the tent where we had our treasure concealed; but the instant our hero's eyes fell upon the frightful object before him, there occurred a sudden collapse of his courage. He inspected it with the deepest concern, and began, in a querulous tone, to ask a variety of questions as to its uses and the method of operating it.

"And it is mesilf that's to get into this haythenish thing, and go down undther the wather and be dthrowned intirely?" was the first inquiry made by Larry.

The persuasive Dye, perceiving the

danger that our man would "back down" at the outset, proceeded, with oleaginous tongue, to expatiate on the safety and comfort of his patent "life-preserver," as he was pleased, for the occasion, to style this work of his handicraft; and then, getting in and adjusting it about his person, he pronounced the sensation indescribably pleasant; while, as for danger, why it was a perfect house of refuge—almost the only place one could find and be entirely out of the reach of harm—and then, the honor of being the first person to go down in one of these luxurious articles which were so soon to revolutionize mining and enrich the world at large: here was something for a brave and ambitious man to be proud of all his days! Thus appealed to, Larry's faltering resolution would partially rally, when another look at the ogre-like thing before him would cause his courage to quail and start him off with a fresh batch of objections and queries:

"And the wather, sure, what's to kape it from cooming into the prayzarver?"

"Ah, look you," said the doctor, exhibiting the head-piece and clapping it on the trunk, "*there!* we screw that on tight—can't a drop of water get in—keep you dry as a smoked herring—come out fairly roasted. And then how grand you'll look—like an ancient knight in his armor and helmet!"

"Well thin, but the breath of me?"

"O, no trouble about the breathing," quoth the imperturbable Dye, as he seized and began working a pair of immense bellows, made from an untanned cow-hide, wherewith he sent a perfect hurricane through the air-tube. "See, see *that!* air enough to fill a balloon—could blow you clean out of the water."

"And wouldn't I thin be kept just floatin' on the top o' that same, and me not able to get down at all and gather the gowld, and it just lying there on the bothom?"

When it was shown how a lot of fine

large bowlders would be tied to his feet to carry him down and keep him there until we saw fit to haul him up, the consternation of Larry knew no bounds. He looked upon it as clearly a plot to get rid of him by drowning; the futility of our hinting at an additional bottle of whisky showing how completely the conviction had not only satisfied his reason but subverted every instinct of his nature.

And thus had our first effort to secure the services of a diver resulted in failure. But, though vexed, we were not disheartened; and, bethinking ourselves of a young Negro—the property of a Georgian, who had hired him out to cook in the chief restaurant of the town—we at once went after him, thinking that if we could not make terms with the “boy” himself, we might buy the “chattel” out and out, and then use it as we pleased. Finding Ephraim—we usually called him “Eph,” but on this occasion addressed him by his full name—in the midst of his culinary traps and duties, we broached, without circumlocution, the subject of our visit, explained what we wanted, and in a few moments had him engaged on terms mutually satisfactory.

But alas! we had no sooner taken the “contraband” over to the tent and shown him the *thing* “so fearfully and wonderfully made,” than a feeling of dismay spread over his countenance; his eyes began to open and kept on opening until they seemed considerably larger than those of the spectre before him. His teeth chattered, his legs trembled, and, as soon as he could recover his speech, this “cullud pusson,” like his predecessor, began stammering out a string of excuses, which ran something like this: “Well, ye see, boss, I couldn’t be spared dat long from de kitchum, no how; an’, I guess, maybe Mass’r John he moutent like for to hab me go down in dat ar thing, ’cause, ye see, I’s e got de

rumatics and mought a-cotch my def o cold. I tell ye, gemmen, dar am no use o’ talkin’; dat ar looks tarble like a cof-fum, an’ I jis’ ’spects if dis niggah goes down under de watah he neber comes up no moah, shuah.”

Equal to the crisis, again did the incomparable Dye with mellifluous speech seek to assuage the fears of this “man and brother,” explaining to him that the machine was perfectly safe and a marvel of comfort; that a bath of this kind would be excellent for the rheumatism; that there were no snakes in the river, etc., but all to no purpose. Our Ethio-p was thoroughly terrified, and anxious to return to his pots and stew-pans in the kitchen; and when, by way of a final effort, I made him a liberal offer in gold, my companion, the *deacon*—he sometimes *preached* a little—mournfully remarked, “Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone;” and with this ended our second effort to find a man willing to sacrifice his life for the good of science, or to run the risk of being drowned for a few ounces of gold.

Though somewhat disconcerted by the failure of these negotiations, we were not cast down. We had brought fortune within arm’s reach, and were not to be baffled by such trifling mishaps. It was, to be sure, hardly worth while wasting more time in searching for an assistant among these timid and unappreciative people; and as nothing could be done without a diver, I determined that I would take it upon myself to perform that grave service. Accordingly, securing the aid of a few trusty friends, we repaired with our accoutrements to a deep, still stretch in the river, a little above the mill, previously fixed on for the purpose. Here, divesting myself of my outer garments, I was duly ensconced in my water-proof dress, feeling all the while very much like a wretch being prepared for public execution. If the mere sight of the machine had caused

me to shudder, my frame of mind can hardly be conceived now that I was to be screwed up in it and anchored in five or six fathoms of snow-water. Though badly scared, I managed to conceal my fear, so that those assisting me really thought I was in excellent spirits and even relished the operation. Gladly would I have backed out as the cold and clammy folds of the rubber invested my limbs. After I had been fairly launched, and while my companions were poking away with a couple of poles, seeking to shove me out into deep water, I was on the eve of crying out and demanding to be pulled ashore, so horrible did my situation seem to me. But all was at stake—fortune, consistency, reputation for courage—to give up at this stage of proceeding was to be branded as a poltroon, and to dissipate the gorgeous dream of wealth in which myself and partner had so fondly indulged. Better drown than this; so I restrained myself from making an outcry, and, suffering the poling process to go on, soon found myself at the bottom of the pool, where I lost no time in filling the two large buckets, provided for the purpose, with such materials as I could most readily lay hands on. As I could no longer see after beginning to stir up the mud, I had no idea what this material might consist of, but flattered myself that a fair proportion of it, at least, was gold. Having filled the vessels to repletion, I gave the signal and was speedily hauled to the surface. It would be difficult to describe the solicitude with which we watched the washing of what I had brought up, or the dismay that seized us on finding that it contained not a particle of the precious metal we were in search of. Another effort was made here with a like result, and then we decided to go below and make trial in the mill-dam, from which we felt certain no gold could have escaped that had once been carried into it.

Moving down to this more promising location, another descent was made; but nothing having been obtained—the contents of the buckets consisting in every case of only barren gravel mixed with twigs, leaves, mud, and sand—still a fourth had to be undertaken. While being submerged this last time, the signal-rope became entangled with the air-supplying tube in such a manner as to prevent either of them acting freely. Beginning to experience a difficulty in breathing soon after I was let down, I signaled for more air and at the same time to be hauled up. No attention, however, was paid to my signal. Perceiving that something was wrong, I began to tug at the signal-rope with all my might; but it was of no use, it would not work. Soon I felt myself beginning to suffocate, and in this condition I was left till my companions above, alarmed at the length of time I had been under water, pulled me up and hauled me on shore, after which they were not long in discovering what was the matter. Stripping off the armor as quickly as possible, they found me in an unconscious state, respiration suspended, my features convulsed, and my veins black and swollen. Restorative measures were adopted, and I was at length resuscitated. For a time I laid in a condition of partial stupor, but as soon as I became fully conscious of what had happened, and had strength enough to stand on my feet, I got up, and, taking one look at the accursed contrivance, without saying a word to anyone, staggered away; disgusted beyond measure with my experience at diving, yet thankful, withal, that it had ended so well: nor did I ever after inquire what had become of the machine, or seek further to explore the deep places for gold. The rueful termination of the experiment saved me, for the time being, from the jeers of those present; nor was it, in my instance, for a long time after made the subject of jocular conversa-

tion. Still, it was some time before I had ever heard of this event? He assured me that he had—that a simpleton had really essayed a feat of that kind at the mining traditions of that day. It was only last summer, while on a visit to El Dorado County, that, having fallen in with a '49er who claimed to have been at Sutter's Mill that year, I inquired if he

had ever heard of this event? He assured me that he had—that a simpleton had really essayed a feat of that kind at the period mentioned; adding, in language alike flattering and consolatory to his auditor, that the only pity was that the fool undertaking it had not been drowned outright.

IN DOUBT.

It was night. Death was bowing his face
 O'er a little child's bed.
 Want stalked through the desolate place,
 There was lacking of bread.
 The mother had silently wept
 Till the waning of light,
 Then had risen and silently crept
 Out into the night,
 Saying, "Death for my child, or disgrace
 For me—which is right?"

It was dawn when the mother returned
 To the desolate room;
 Into plenty the hunger was turned,
 Into brightness the gloom;
 The weak little life was made strong,
 The little face bright,
 The moaning was changed to a song,
 Pale Death put to flight.

But the mother is sad in her joy—
 She has won in the fight,
 Yet she murmurs while kissing her boy,
 "Was I right?"

ETC.

The late Editor of the "Overland."

The Hon. BENJAMIN P. AVERY, after twenty-five years of life here in the West, has left us to fulfill his new mission of U. S. Minister Plenipotentiary to China. A journalist for many years, he was the editor of the *Marysville Appeal*, the first Republican paper published in this State; for ten years he edited the *San Francisco Bulletin*, and for six months the *OVERLAND*. An earnest, patient man, unostentatious, clear-sighted, steadfast, not given to fighting, but not given to fear or retreat when fighting became necessary, he dignified and elevated his profession; and in the very whirlwind of the *mêlées* of battle through which the Republican party passed in the bitter years before and during the civil war, he never once descended to the foul blows and brass knuckles of the literary rough. His knowledge and vision were wide and far-reaching, he did not praise or condemn in superlatives, and his conclusions and advices have been in an exceptional degree justified by time and events. Charitable in matters of mint and cummin, jots and tittles, he was most punctilious in the weightier matters of the great and eternal laws of doing justice and judgment. Never fanatical or bigoted, he approached truth on many sides, as Matthew Arnold would have all do; not striving, nor crying, nor persisting with violence and self-will in pressing forward on one favorite side.

As editor of the *OVERLAND*, he received the approbation of the entire press, for his excellent literary taste, and for the experienced judgment with which he lost no opportunity of serving as well the material as the literary interests of the Pacific Coast. In his departure from this chair, it is not alone his old familiar friends—the friends of his youth—that regret him, but also those younger friends and contributors with whom he came in contact in the course of his duties. Which of them will soon forget the calm,

earnest, gray eyes—the gentle, refined face—the tender, thoughtful consideration of the mind, so sure to detect their foibles, and so keen and swift in the appreciation of their *fortes*?—which of them, remembering his patience, and meekness, and charity, under the stress of their importunities, in season and out of season, will not hold, that, if the Sermon on the Mount be true, his reward shall be great in the kingdom of heaven?

Loving and fostering art wisely and well, keenly delighting in our western mountain scenery, it may be said of him, with singular appropriateness:

"Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values:
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting—
For poetry, the language of the gods—
For all things here, or grand, or beautiful:
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And, what transcends them all, a noble action."

Farewell, then, O, our friend; and, under whatever strange suns you fight your battle of life, forget not that we love you for the past, and trust you for the future. In the concluding words of the "Farewell" of Mr. Frank Soulé:

"Our ship is built, and we are here
To help her gaily glide along
Her onward course with friendly cheer,
With kind farewells, and feelings dear
To memory and song.

"For she is freighted rich and well
With manhood's spotless nobleness,
Where sense and worth together dwell,
And honor, like the asphodel,
Charms with its peerless dress.

"He is the ship that we have sung
From sky-sail truck to deck and keel:
As pure and faultless men among
As ever knight who challenge flung
With clash of ringing steel.

"Kind Ocean! take our friend and keep,
As we shall keep in heart and brain,
Safe from all dangers of the deep;
God! guard his waking and his sleep
Till in our arms again."

The University.

Among persons of an ordinary and calm intelligence it is generally supposed to be well for one to have some moderate, comparative, and critical knowledge of any given branch of art or science before one tries to obtain any great consideration for opinions expressed thereon. A family, or a nation of families, wishing to make a certain number of their sons painters or soldiers, would probably, in pursuance of that end, be inclined to lay more stress on the advice of men of established reputations with the pencil and the sword, than on the opinions of any number of well-meaning old gentlemen better skilled with the knife and fork or with the plow. But in the matter of universities it seems to be different. Too many persons, very estimable and honest, but possessed of no aptitude or culture fitting them for pronouncing dogmatically on matters of higher general education, think it incumbent upon them to interfere through the public press, at every step, with the management of the University of California. Nothing, considered with regard to its possible results, could well be more unfortunate or more hurtful, not for the persons criticised with this "prentice hand" roughness, but for the critics themselves, in so far as they are identified with the enduring and highest interests of the State. A university can not be ruled by universal suffrage in its details. It would be simply suicidal to its efficiency that the removal or retention of a vicious or of an inefficient professor should depend upon a *plébiscite*—upon personal and political influence and the cunning manipulation of a thousand local journals. It is a simple question of "to be, or not to be"—of "Will you have a university, or will you not?" There is no body of learned and trained professors in America or in the world that have ever held university office, or that will ever submit to hold office, on such precarious and manifestly unjust conditions as we have just mentioned. Their attainments and efficiency are either above such sporadic and demagogic criticism, or they are not worth the consideration of a hedge-school committee. This is no question of local interest. All over the United States the eyes of experienced and cultured persons are turned with anxiety to the present

aspect of affairs. We can choose no calmer and higher opinion on the present position of our University than that expressed editorially by the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1874:

"With all these prospects, there is a serious danger. The chief supporter of the University may become its chief destroyer. The funds having chiefly come from the public treasury, the Legislature of the State has retained a visitatorial power, and is disposed to supervise not merely the expenditure of money, but the interior organization, discipline, and courses of instruction. The University is not governed by a charter, but by sections of the political code. Its regents are civil executive officers, individually responsible. The legislature while in session is supreme, having in its hands a despotic power such as kings and parliaments have never possessed in the management of colleges and universities. It may at will abolish the board of regents, and substitute for it a body selected by popular suffrage. It may alter the code in any respect. This supremacy is nominally the supremacy of the people; but there is danger that it will be the supremacy of ignorant and prejudiced men, acting in haste, under personal pique, and without a full consideration of the consequences which are involved."

In conclusion, we earnestly appeal to those who would wish to see their sons one day compete on equal terms with the great scholars and great scientists of other States and lands—we ask them to insure to their sons a university in which Californian learning shall be absolutely unmoved by the frenzied and ever-shifting storms of ignorance, self-sufficiency, partisanship, and politics.

Summer's Call.

List to the voice of the jubilant summer,
 Ringing with glee that doth call me away.
 This is the song that she singeth forever,
 Singeth unceasingly, day after day:

"Come back again to my sunshine and gladness—
 Why dost thou linger apart in the gloom?
 Why hast thou left me, my truant, my wanderer—
 Come to my heart, there is room, there is room.

"Lay down the burden of care from thy shoulders,
 Smooth from thy forehead the wrinkles of thought,
 And in the freedom and joy of my sunshine,
 Look at the wonders my fingers have wrought.

"Winds of the mountains shall bring thee their
 blessing,
 Fan thee with shadows, and waft thee perfume,
 Deep in the heart of my woods shalt thou wander,
 Far over measureless acres of bloom.

"Day after day on my wide velvet meadows,
 Soothed by the stillness, at peace shalt thou lie,

Pondering over all nature's completeness,
Looking up into the infinite sky."

Thus do I hear her, at morning, at noontide,
At evening, when darkness is playing with light,
In the after long hours, when the earth lieth sleep-
ing,
Under the stars shining steady and white.

Ah, there are chains I can not break asunder,
Burdens of duty I can not lay down;
Into green meadows my feet may not wander,
Out of the streets of the merciless town.

I must resist thee, my beautiful summer,
List to thy calling with heart cold and dumb,
Not yet my steps can bound forward to meet thee,
Not yet my answer be, "Yea, love, I come."

IRENE CONNELL.

Hoodlumism.

Every great city in Europe and America has its peculiar tribe of pariahs, its indigenuous social Philistine, whose hand is against every man and every man's hand against him. In different places the creature assumes different shapes, is differently named, shows different qualities. In London he is called the "rough," and varies according to his species. If a costermonger, he is a man of strange oaths and transposed aspirates; who glories in a coarse blue guernsey, a flat cap, and a well-oiled "fighting-crop;" whose principal accomplishment is a knack of getting infinitely greater speed out of a donkey than the beast is credited with in those benighted lands where the costermonger is unknown; whose prime amusement is a seat in the high Olympus of the Haymarket, or a box at a "penny gaff." He drives his "moke" at a gallop through the most crowded thoroughfares, regardless of the bones of foot-passengers; he would involve his machine in utter ruin rather than slacken his pace, and in this respect he sets the policemen at defiance, for his beast is an artful dodger, a very eel to the grasp of a "bobby." Otherwise the costermonger is comparatively harmless—if left severely alone; for, like "cabby," his sensitive nature is quick to take offense, and he has a fondness for sidewalk settlements. It is in a public riot that he becomes a rough in the fullest sense of the word; on these occasions he is ever foremost. As an uprooter of railings, a mobber of magistrates or "members," he

is paramount. If a laborer, the London rough frequents pot-houses and howls discordant songs therein. This species is dangerous when drunk, and especially so to nursery-maids and their charges on lonely suburban roads. If a bird-catcher or dog-fancier, the rough is a subtle man; he lurks in the lowest quarters of the great city, in St. Giles', or Whitechapel, or Seven Dials, or Kent Street, and is learned in all the mysteries of those parts; he speaks an unintelligible jargon of thieves' slang, and, in nine cases out of ten, his favorite drink is gin.

On the continent similar classes are found in every important city, which, we regret, we have not space fully to describe; such as the "*Schusterjungen*"—literally, "shoe-makers' apprentices," but really all kinds of apprentices—and the "*Louis*," or prostitutes' bullies, of Berlin; the "*Bultjes*," who are somewhat similar to the London rough, and the "*Strassenhüter*," who correspond to the "*Schusterjungen*" of Hamburg, the *gamins* and the loafers of the faubourgs St. Antoine and Belleville, of Paris.

In our Eastern States, the animal multiplies and becomes more objectionable. The rowdy is rampant there, and is known by many names. Baxter, Greenwich, and Water streets, and the Bowery, each has its "boys," who are a nuisance and an offense to everybody but themselves, and who glory in the knowledge of the fact.

But westward the rag-tag-and-bobtail of creation takes its way. In San Francisco, the *ultima thule* of civilization, we have a being who possesses every bad trait, and of whom no good thing is known. How shall we describe him? His name is "hoodlum." His dress consists of a felt hat with a soft crown and a stiff, flat brim, a sack-coat, peg-top trousers, and high-heeled boots. The creature glories in his hair, which he wears long, puffed out behind, and dripping with grease. He is essentially a cheap creature—that is, to himself. His clothes are cheap, his tobacco is cheaper, his literature is cheapest. He reads, if he can read, *Sixteen-string Jack*, *Dick Turpin*, and *Jack Sheppard*, when he feels equal to heavy study; he prefers the *Police News* for light reading. He organizes bands, and scours the streets at night in search of a woman to insult or a

Chinaman to maltreat. Under cover of a dark night, and with a clear field for flight, he has been known, when strong in numbers, to throw stones at a White man, and to kill him. He has a paramour of his own class, who is as bad as himself in every way. He defies the inefficient policeman, and the inefficient policeman ignores him. And a wail goes up from the people because of the hoodlum.

There are several popular delusions with regard to the hoodlums. In the first place, they are always spoken of and considered as boys—not in the slang sense of “Bowery boys,” but as *bona fide* youngsters; whereas they are in reality, to all intents and purposes, men. Is not a full-grown youth of eighteen or twenty—and many of them are older—as capable for mischief as a man, and ought he not to be treated as such? In the next place, they are generally thought to be out of work, and therefore driven to do evil by idleness. This is a fallacy; almost all of them are employed in some trade or business during the day. Thirdly, the hoodlums are looked upon as desperate animals, full of courage, and dangerous to meddle with—as barbarian hordes, who may at any moment take possession of the city and murder the inhabitants. Wrong again; the hoodlum is an arrant coward and a sneak.

Many methods of suppressing the pest have been suggested, but one which has been adopted with success in other countries has scarcely been hinted at. This is the lash. The hoodlum has no dread of the county jail or of the industrial school. For moral punishment he cares not one iota, and the physical privations he suffers at these places is not much greater than at home. But let the whip be applied, and he would soon come to his senses. It costs \$5,600 per month for cleaning the streets of San Francisco for seven months of the year, and an average of \$2,880 for each of the other five months. If chain-gangs were formed to sweep the streets, how much of this money might be saved! Alas! for the long hair and the high-heeled boots; they would soon be no more under these circumstances.

Such is the cure, but how is it about the prevention? It appears to us that if certain mothers would recognize the truth of the

saying that charity begins at home, a taste for hoodlumism would never crop out; and we would likewise suggest that if certain horny-handed mechanics, who, “as citizens, have a right to be heard” regarding the study of Sophocles and beet-raising in our University, would exert the paternal authority—or the paternal club, if need be—at home, the elder hoodlum might be taught to keep his hair shorter, as also his tongue, without the assistance of the inefficient policeman or our worthy police judge.

Spiritualism.

In two numbers of the London *Fortnightly Review*—those for May and June, 1874—Doctor Alfred Wallace, a justly distinguished English scientist, has affirmed and defended certain doctrines generally known by the name of “Spiritualism;” and there now rises a great cry from the numerous persons persuaded of the truth of these doctrines, calling upon skeptics either to admit the truth and justice of the statements and conclusions of Doctor Wallace, or to enter at once upon such a series of personal experiments as he did. We respectfully reply that, speaking from the present state of our knowledge, neither of these precepts seems binding upon us. Granting all the importance claimed for this gospel, granting all the wisdom and culture claimed for a few able men numbered among its apostles, we submit that the importance of spiritualism does not so much as equal the importance claimed for the astrology and the alchemy of the middle ages, which purported by their processes to prophesy the future of men and kingdoms, to produce incalculable riches from the meanest materials, and, last and greatest of all, to raise from the dead and make men immortal by divers elixirs and philosophers’ stones—we submit that the position held in the present world of science by some of the adherents of spiritualism does not for an instant compare, *mutatis mutandis*, with the overwhelming and almost unanimous contemporary scientific support given to the mediæval pseudo-science mentioned above—and we submit that persons of plain, practical common sense are justified now, as they were justified then, in refusing to trouble them-

selves about things that are on their face visionary and improbable in the extreme.

We confess to a little prejudice in the matter. Spurred by the marvelous stories told by certain very dear friends of ours, of whose honesty and native intelligence no doubt can exist in any mind, we have attended during five or six years many *séances*, both in the Old World and in America. Respect for the privacy of these meetings and for the feelings of these friends forbids any circumstantial or full expression of the results of the investigations thus made—investigations confessedly limited; for are we not warned to avoid the precipitancy of Lord Amberley, who retired from his inquiries in disgust after attending five *séances* (in which the spirit of Di Vernon introduced herself as a veritable historical character, and a Socrates appeared speaking doubtful English and no Greek), while we are desired to emulate that Doctor Sexton, who for fifteen years toiled through bushels of somewhat chaffy spiritualistic evidence before reaching his two grains of wheat of belief? Limited, then, as *our* researches have been, and having the fear of Doctor Sexton before our eyes, we dare not draw any final conclusions, but content us with saying that so persistently have “lying” and “twaddling spirits” (these are orthodox, every-day spiritualistic expressions) forced themselves upon us, falsely representing themselves to be the spirits of our nearest and dearest departed relatives, detailing events of a past which never existed and prophesying a future which never came, that, in simple reverence for the sacred dead and as a natural precaution against the contamination of our own character by familiar contact with silly or “lying” spiritual “intelligences,” we have been fain to withdraw from the debasing sphere of their “influence”—a sphere to which we do not propose returning for a fifteen years’ investigation with Doctor Sexton, while we have any other work of tolerably pressing importance to do.

Scientific Notes.

—A superb specimen of the artichoke, (*Cynara scolymus*), the fleshy scales of which are such a favorite article of food, was exhibited lately at the Academy of Sciences by

Doctor H. Behr, who obtained it from a garden near the Mission. This giant measured over thirty-six inches in circumference, and was remarkably well formed and perfect in all its details. It affords another instance of the prodigality of growth which many plants manifest in Californian soil.

—As an instance of the perfection to which the art of mounting objects for the microscope has been recently brought, it may be mentioned that at the last meeting of the Microscopical Society, one of its members, Mr. Hyde, exhibited a slide, which he called “Moller’s Type-slide of Diatoms.” The size of the object was less than one-eighth of an inch square, and yet it contained no less than ninety specimens of eighty species of diatoms, with the names legibly and correctly written underneath each species. When it is stated that *Arachnoidiscus Ehrenbergii* is one of these names, and that many others are of equal length, it will occasion some surprise as to how so much matter could possibly be compressed in so minute a space. Some of these slides, containing a large proportion of the known species of diatoms, have been prepared by order of the United States Government, and will soon be accessible to scientists.

—It may not be generally known that an admirable work on the “*Zyganidae and Bombycidae of North America*” has been published in this city by Mr. R. H. Stretch, late county surveyor. The volume contains twelve plates, each embracing from ten to fifteen species, all drawn and colored by Mr. Stretch himself, and lithographed by Britton & Rey. The letter-press has been handsomely printed by Bosqui & Co., and the book itself, apart from its scientific value, is a credit to San Francisco. While receiving most flattering notices of his labors from fellow-workers in the Atlantic States and in Europe, it is somewhat disappointing to know that the publication of his work has resulted to Mr. Stretch in a large pecuniary loss, and prevented the continuation of what would, when completed, have proved a most valuable contribution to entomological science. It is yet to be hoped, however, that sufficient inducement may be offered to Mr. Stretch to continue his investigations where he has left off, and ultimately to furnish us with figures from his

practiced hand of all the species of those beautiful moths which are known to be residents of North America.

— At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences a species of the remarkable alcyonoid polyp *Verrillia Blakei*, (Stearns), was presented by Mr. Lawson, of the U. S. Coast Survey, and was obtained by that gentleman in its only present known locality, Burrard's Inlet, British Columbia. This singular animal was first scientifically described by Doctor Stearns, in the "Proceedings" of the Academy for 1873, and was formed by him into a new genus, which he named after Professor Verrill, of Yale, the species being dedicated to Doctor Blake, of this city. The specimen in question has been preserved in pure glycerine, in a tube especially made for its reception. It measures six feet six inches in length, and is remarkably perfect in all its detail, the delicate tissues of the polyp mass attached to the "switch"-like stalks, being wonderfully free from injury. In its present condition, this specimen may be said to be unique, as it is probable no museum in the world possesses so admirable an example of this curious and delicate species.

— Mr. Aug. R. Grote has recently published in the "Bulletin" of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, a complete catalogue of the North American species of the large family of moths, known to entomologists as *Noctuidæ*. To this group belong the various species of *Agrotis*, *Hadena*, *Mamestra*, etc., which, under the familiar names of "army-worm," etc., are in their larva state so much dreaded by agriculturists. Mr. Grote has described a very large number of new forms, many of which are Californian, the original examples being derived from the cabinets of our San Francisco collectors. Too much value can not be placed upon these special catalogues, and Mr. Grote brings to his work the zeal and ability which distinguish the true naturalist, and by his profound knowledge of this difficult group of insects, he has reduced what previously was almost a chaotic mass to nearly perfect order. Our State, and indeed the Pacific coast generally, is very rich in *Noctuidæ*, and by the aid of Mr. Grote's papers, the species may be studied with considerable ease.

— Observations made at Santa Cruz, by Rev. S. H. Willey, concerning the weather at that place and the temperature of the sea-water:

In 1873, surf-bathing was at its height about the first of August, and continued nearly throughout October. It often begins in June or July, depending on the forwardness of the spring and the warmth of weather. Observations to ascertain the temperature of the water were taken from the steps at the side of the powder-mill wharf on August 27th, 1873, and were continued, from time to time, at 11 o'clock A. M., the usual hour for bathing. The average temperature, deduced from thirty-three observations, taken through sixty-six days, was 59° Fahrenheit. If the observations had begun in June, they would, without doubt, have shown the average temperature of the water for the whole season to have been at least 60°. The average temperature of the atmosphere, deduced from observations taken at the same time as the above, was, in the shade, 61°, and in the open sunlight, 66°. We have means of comparing these records with similar ones taken during the bathing season last year at Newport, Rhode Island. The average temperature of the water there was 70°. The average temperature of the atmosphere, according to notes taken at the same place for several years during the bathing season, was also 70°; from which it appears that both the air and the water are about ten degrees warmer in Newport, during the bathing season, than in Santa Cruz. Uninterrupted sunshine has much to do with the healthfulness and agreeableness of a watering-place. In this respect, observations show that Santa Cruz is peculiarly favored, for a town on the coast of California. This will be very clear from the following facts: Counting from the 1st of March, 1873, until November 1st, 245 days, covering, of course, the bathing season, 155 days were clear all day; only thirteen days were cloudy or overcast all day; seventy-seven days were cloudy or foggy either in the morning or evening, or, in a few instances, both; and only thirteen days were noted as windy.

With respect to the value of these observations, particularly those showing the temperature of the water, Professor Henry, of the

Smithsonian Institution, writes to me, under date of April 4th, 1874, as follows: "If observations of this kind were made at different points along the eastern and western coasts of our continent, much interesting information would be obtained. We regret, however, that but little has been done in this line. The temperature of the water depends very much upon the currents of the ocean. On the Pacific, the polar current descends along the coast, but not very near it, since the revolution of the earth on its axis tends to throw it off; while on the eastern side, the polar current hugs the coast, and in all places not screened by projections, such as those on the southern side of Cape Cod, the water is abnormally cold."

—The facility with which photographs are made in California, or rather in San Francisco, and their great beauty, is generally attributed to the clearness of the atmosphere, which means to the ordinary reader an absence of floating particles of moisture, or other impurity, whereas the presence of this very condition is pre-eminently favorable to photography. This will be better understood by contemplating the phenomenon of twilight, which is due to the refraction and diffusion of the sun's rays by the earth's atmosphere; and its brilliance and duration, apart from the latitude, is in proportion to the resistance offered to the free passage of light through it. In like manner, the vapors from the Pacific passing over San Francisco, serve the purpose of diffusing the light, and producing softer and more transparent shadows than can be obtained under a clear blue sky. Again, the absence of a high temperature, which elsewhere brings the more volatile substances employed in photography almost to the boiling point, and the equal absence of intense cold, which, without the aid of artificial heat, reduces fluids to solids, together with the moist atmosphere which retards evaporation from the surface of the prepared plates, all contribute to render the labor of the photographer comparatively easy, and stimulate him to achieve the best results of which these chemical processes are capable. Thus it is that California was enabled, at the late Photographic Convention held in Chicago, to carry off the prize offered for the best complete negatives. Let it not be

understood that we wish in any way to detract from the justly earned renown of the firm of Bradley & Rulofson, who, as we mentioned in a former number, won the medal, but as it might appear strange to some that we of the far West should achieve an art-victory in the East, it is well to give one important reason why it should be so. We are pleased to learn, further, that Mr. Rulofson has been elected President of the National Photographic Association, which not only has for its object the advancement of the photographic art, but also embodies several other benevolent enterprises. We can not but feel that Mr. Rulofson deserves our thanks for the able way in which he has shown that California keeps pace with her elder Eastern sisters, and we predict that under his genial administration the Association will thrive.

THE following poem was read by Mr. Walt. M. Fisher, before, and by invitation of, the Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast, on the occasion of their annual meeting, held, under the presidentship of Dr. A. L. Stone, in the College of Letters of the University of California, at Berkeley, on the afternoon of Commencement Day, July 22d, 1874:

What have the masters left me
To say or sing?
Before I was born they bereft me
Of everything.

I stretch vague arms for a token,
I cry for a sign;
But the silence is all unbroken,
No hand meets mine.

In vain we grow weary musing
Of feats undone;
It is long since was left no new thing
Under the sun.

On no key can our weak touch linger,
No chord or note,
Unthrilled by some mightier finger,
Some grander throat.

It is written, the book of the ages,
Almost through;
We but blot, for the most, its pages
With all we do;

There, of old, is the greatest forever
Of word and deed,
And wisest they are that endeavor
Simply to read—

That stumble humble-hearted
 Along the road
 Worn wide, where the gods departed
 In triumph strode.
 * * * * *
 And this thing at last remains
 For us all to do,
 As the daylight falters and wanes
 And we touch no clue :

We can see away in the azure
 The old stars bright,

Debris of the ancient glacier
 Of on-passed light —

Can follow through toil and danger
 Where the light guides ;
 Can hope to reach somewhere a manger
 Where a Christ hides.

Yea, seeking the best and truest,
 We below
 May hope to shine one day the newest
 Of souls that know.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL AND OTHER POEMS.
 By George Eliot. Boston: James R. Os-
 good & Co.

Everyone now knows of the quiet, scholarly woman with the plain face and figure but wonderfully expressive eyes, who was born Miss Marian Evans, who wrote and writes under the pseudonym George Eliot, and who is to-day Mrs. G. H. Lewes. Now forty-five years of age, she is held, by the almost unanimous consent of the best-known critics, to be the first among living English novelists. The quality of her poetry is, however, a matter of dispute, and her *Spanish Gypsy*, the best known and most widely celebrated of her poems, has been the cause of some exceedingly bitter disputes on the part of various reviewers. Leaving for the present this question of poetical merit or demerit, we proceed to give some idea of the contents of the volume before us—a little volume made up of ten poems of varying length, subject, and measure; of which the first and on the whole the most finished, unified, and pleasing as a work of art, is that named by the authoress *The Legend of Jubal*. This poem takes for its scene that old, wonderful, antediluvian world so charmingly painted by the Hebrew Scriptures; not the drowsy world of Adam and Eve and Seth in the neighborhood of Eden, but that deeper-chested, stronger-breathing world away to the east, whither the accursed Cain and his wife had turned their weary feet, and where they had become the parents of a great family, and laid the foundations of a great pastoral civilization—for

Cain seems never to have tilled the ground after he was driven out from his first estate, nor is there any mention of agriculture among the employments chosen by his descendants. It is the unfolding and growth of this civilization—attributed in divers of its branches to the three sons of Lamech—and above all the unfolding of the culture, taste, and of the artist-soul in the person of Jubal, that this “legend” describes. Where, exactly, the wandering Cain had finally settled the story does not pretend to say:

“Some think he came at last to Tartary,
 And some to Ind; but, howsoever it be,
 His staff he planted where sweet waters ran,
 And in that home of Cain the Arts began.”

Genius and effort slumbered long, however; life was at the first little more than a lotus-eater’s dream; the generations

“Labored gently, as a maid who weaves
 Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
 And strokes across her hand the tresses soft.

* * * * *

Man’s life was spacious in the early world:
 It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled
 Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled;
 Beheld the slow star-paces of the skies,
 And grew from strength to strength through centuries;
 Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
 And heard a thousand times the sweet birds’ marriage-
 hymns.”

None but the father Cain knew of the awful fact of death, or knew what the dark brand upon his forehead meant; the old man kept the secret of it:

“He said, ‘My happy offspring shall not know
 That the red life from out a man may flow

When smitten by his brother.' True, his race
Bore, each one stamped upon his new-born face,
A copy of the brand no whit less clear;
But every mother held that little copy dear."

There came, however, a memorable day
in which strong Lamech,

"Hurling stones in mere athletic joy,"

struck and killed one of his children. Every
means was tried in vain to waken the slain
youth from his strange sleep; but no play-
thing, no tender cry had power to rouse him
more. An anxious, wondering throng gath-
ered about the boy,

"Till their father, Cain,

Parted the press, and said, 'He will not wake;
This is the endless sleep.

* * * * *

Though we live for countless moons, at last
We and all ours shall die like summers past.
This is Jehovah's will, and He is strong;
I thought the way I traveled was too long
For Him to follow me: my thoughts were vain!
He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain;
Pale Death His foot-print is, and He will come again!"

No more dreaming for the world! Were
it not well to trample down the lotus and
turn to the bread of sorrow and the water of
affliction; were it not well to do something
somehow, to work while it is yet day, since
there too evidently approaches a night in
which no man can work?

"And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
The race of Cain: soft idlesse was no more,
But even the sunshine had a heart of care,
Smiling with hidden dread—a mother fair
Who folding to her breast a dying child
Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness mild.

* * * * *

Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn,
And Work grew eager, and Device was born.

* * * * *

They said, 'There comes a night when all too late
The mind shall long to prompt the achieving hand,
The eager thought, behind closed portals stand
And the last wishes to the mute lips press
Buried ere death in silent helplessness.
Then while the soul its way with sound can cleave,
And while the arm is strong to strike and heave,
Let soul and arm give shape that will abide
And rule above our graves, and power divide
With that great god of day, whose rays must bend
As we shall make the moving shadows tend.'"

Highest in this new kingdom of effort stood
the sons of Lamech, "heroes of their race."
Jabal, the eldest, betook himself to the per-
fecting of the pastoral life, to the domestica-

tion of various animals and the collection of
flocks and herds. Tubal-Cain, the second,
was a born mechanic and artisan, a born king
of matter. Restless to seize, to subdue, to
fashion and mold, not so much to his needs
as to his will, all substance, he called to his
assistance fire; he

"Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
And made it roar in prisoned servitude
Within the furnace, till with force subdued
It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
Till hard from soft, and soft from hard he won.
The pliant clay he molded as he would,
And, laughed with joy when 'mid the heat it stood
Shaped as his hand had chosen, while the mass
That from his hold, dark, obstinate, would pass,
He drew all glowing from the busy heat,
All breathing as with life that he could beat
With thundering hammer, making it obey
His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
Each day he wrought, and better than he planned—
Shape breeding shape beneath his restless hand.
*(The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin)."*

Soon all about and within the tents of Cain
the sounds of industry were rife; each per-
son sought his task, and found and did it.
Nay, there was one exception: Jubal, with
the artist and singer's heart, found no delight
in herds, or in flocks, or in the handling of
tools. He used to gaze indeed upon the
ringing hammer of his brother Tubal, but it
was with a strange, far-off interest, till at last

"His eyes,

No longer following its fall or rise,
Seemed glad with something that they could not see,
But only listen to—some melody,
Wherein dumb longings inward speech had found."

Music was struggling to its birth in Jubal,
music and all its poetry of tone and thought;
the artist-soul at last had found its mission.
He made a lyre, and

"Alone amid the hills at first he tried
His winged song; then with adoring pride
And bridegroom's joy at leading forth his bride,"

he sought again his people, where they rest-
ed at evening upon the ground, satisfied with
honey and the flesh of juicy fruits and nuts; he

"There 'mid the throng,
Where the blank space was, poured a solemn song,
Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse."

And then a tide of new and strange emo-
tions poured in upon the tribe of Cain. The

old branded man who had lived six hundred years dreamed dimly backward

"Through the traveled days,
Till in the clear light he paused, and felt the sun
That warmed him when he was a little one ;
Knew that true heaven, the recovered past,
The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast,
And in that heaven wept."

But the thoughts of younger hearers swept toward the future, lit and revealed by a new glory and light; the sweet, compelling rhythm stole from ears to limbs; the dance was born :

"The youths and maidens both alike long-tressed,
By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
Rose in slow dance."

Jubal was far, however, from being satisfied ; a hunger for broader feeling and sensation, for new acquirement, was upon him; he was weary, too, even of his own strains everywhere bandied about and repeated by imitators more or less unworthy :

"Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,
And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars.
The great clear voices."

So he made himself a raft and traveled with the stream, southward, for many leagues into the region inhabited by the race of Seth. In many new lands he left the heritage of his song, but found no resting-place, no goal for his fast-wearying hopes and feet; he reached at last the sea :

"He thought, 'The world is great, but I am weak,
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
To give me footing, but instead, this main
Like myriad maddened horses thundering o'er the plain."

"New voices come to me where'er I roam,
My heart too widens with its widening home :
But song grows weaker and the heart must break
For lack of voice or fingers that can wake
The lyre's full answer ; nay, its chords were all
Too few to meet the growing spirit's call,
The former songs seem little, yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore
Tell what the earth is saying unto me :
The secret is too great, I hear confusedly."

"No farther will I travel : once again
My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
Where I and song were born.
* * * * *
My tribe remembering
Will cry, "'Tis he!" and run to greet me welcoming."

Leaving his old lyre as his ransom with the new friends that held him so dear, he turned his steps homeward. It was a long way he had to travel back, he was well stricken in years, time and weariness had left their mark upon him :

"The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran :
He was the rune-writ story of a man."

The hoary pilgrim staggered on, and months were added to the tale of centuries that separated him from the friends and companions of his youth and middle age. At last the old dim eyes began to partly recognize the long-ago familiar scenes ; the tottering feet struck into what had been the narrow path by which they left their native city, a path that had now become "a broad far-stretching paven road," leading to a mighty centre of population and wealth. As the old singer went forward sore oppressed with heat and travel, he came upon a fair new-raised temple by the way-side, and unable to go farther flung himself down to rest beside it upon the dusty, withered grass. Suddenly he heard a sound of music :

"He listened : the sweet mingled difference
With charm alternate took the meeting sense ;
Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
Sudden and near the trumpet's notes out-spread,
And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
Its incense audible ; could see a train
From out the street slow-winding on the plain
With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to these
With various throat, or in succession poured,
Or in full volume mingled. But one word
Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
As when the multitudes adoring fall
On some great name divine, their common soul,
The common need, love, joy, that knits them in one
whole.
The word was 'Jubal!' . . . 'Jubal' filled the air,
And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there."

The temple that he lay beside had been raised to him, the people had come out to worship the memory of him, the creator of music and of song. It was too much ; he could not restrain his proud, full heart, but leaped up,

"And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried, 'I am Jubal, I ! I . . . made the lyre !'"

Thou! O wanderer, learn that it is not these men worship, but another Jubal, glorified by time and imagination. These men know thee not; thy bodily self has passed out of all memory or is enshrined there as something calm and grand and ever young. Poor, broken-bodied, miserable old man, be-gone, or mockery will not be all thy punishment:

"Anger in front saw profanation near.

* * * * *

Two rushed upon him: two, the most devoted
In honor of great Jubal, thrust him out,
And beat him with their flutes. 'Twas little need;
He strove not, cried not, but with tottering speed,
As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
That urged his body, serving so the mind
Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought the
screen

Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.
The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
He said within his soul, 'This is the end!'

* * * * *

'Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs
From something round me: dewy shadowy wings
Inclose me all around—no, not above—
Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong:
Yea—art thou come again to me, great Song?'

"The face bent over him like silver night
In long-remembered summers; that calm light
Of days which shine in firmaments of thought,
That past unchangeable, from change still wrought,
And there were tones that with the vision bent:
He knew not if that gaze the music sent,
Or music that calm gaze."

* * * * *

"'Jubal,' the face said, 'I am thy loved Past,
The soul that makes thee one from first to last.
I am the angel of thy life and death,
Thy outbreathed being drawing its last breath.
Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
Who blest thy lot above all men's beside?
Thy bride whom thou wouldst never change, nor take
Any bride living, for the dead one's sake?'

* * * * *

The words seemed melting into symphony,
The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
Was floating him the heavenly space along,
Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell,
Till, ever onward through the choral blue,
He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
The All-creating Presence for his grave."

So ends the *Legend of Jubal*, somewhat coldly—in our judgment the finest poem of the present collection. Time and space fail

us to sum up before our readers the remainder of the volume with anything like the completeness we have examined this first portion. *Agatha*, the second poem, is a quiet and life-like but somewhat uninteresting picture of a German peasant woman, an old maid, who devoted her humble, uneventful life to devotion and to doing good to those poorer and more helpless than herself.

The third poem, *Armgar*, is finer than *Agatha*, and indeed, in the opinion of many, is superior to the *Legend of Jubal*. Its scene is also laid in Germany: Armgar, a young, tall, plain-faced *prima donna*, is introduced to us just after her *début* before the public. She has taken the theatre by storm; she is thrilled with the joy and pride of her triumph. Graf Dornberg, her lover, speaking with the lame girl Walpurga, the friend and companion of the singer, asks:

"Is it most her voice

Subdues us? or her instinct exquisite,
Informing each old strain with some new grace,
Which takes our sense like any natural good?
Or most her spiritual energy,
That sweeps us in the current of her song?"

WALPURGA.

"I know not. Losing either, we should lose
That whole we call our Armgar. For herself,
She often wonders what her life had been
Without that voice for channel to her soul.
She says, it must have leaped through all her limbs—
Made her a Mænad—made her snatch a brand,
And fire some forest, that her rage might mount
In crashing roaring flames through half a land,
Leaving her still and patient for a while.
'Poor wretch!' she says of any murderess—
'The world was cruel, and she could not sing:
I carry my revenges in my throat;
I love in singing, and am loved again.'"

The Graf is not wholly pleased, however, with this state of affairs; naturally enough he wishes the woman whom he would make his wife to leave the stage for the hearth-side. Just as naturally, the singer rejects the proposal almost with scorn, and despite the assurances of her lover that he would be hers in whatever event, she rejects him, too:

"I am an artist by my birth—

By the same warrant that I am a woman:
Nay, in the added rarer gift I see
Supreme vocation: if a conflict comes,
Perish—no, not the woman, but the joys
Which men make narrow by their narrowness.
O, I am happy! The great masters write

For women's voices, and great Music wants me !
I need not crush myself within a mold
Of theory called nature : I have room
To breathe and grow unstunted.

* * * * *

O, I can live unmated, but not live
Without the bliss of singing to the world,
And feeling all my world respond to me."

One day a great blow falls on Armgart ;
a throat disease destroys her voice, as far as
the stage is concerned, forever. She is al-
most mad, she raves upon the doctor that
saved her life :

"O, you stand
And look compassionate now, but when death came
With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.
I did not choose to live and have your pity.
You never told me, never gave me choice
To die a singer, lightning-struck, unmaimed,
Or live what you would make me with your cures
A self-accursed with consciousness of change,
A mind that lives in nought but members lopped,
A power turned to pain—as meaningless
As letters fallen asunder that once made
A hymn of rapture. O, I had meaning once,
Like day and sweetest air. What am I now ?
The millionth woman in superfluous herds."

She would kill herself ; she refuses to see
the Graf, who, truth to say, here takes his
farewell coolly enough ; she mourns for her
lost power and will not be comforted. Wal-
purga, the deformed girl, turns at last indig-
nantly upon Armgart, and asks whether she
has ever thought of her and of that multitude
of commonplace persons, whose only lot in
the world is to administer to the happiness
of others ; whose only hope is a little love
in return :

"The wheels might scathe
A myriad destinies—nay, must perforce ;
But yours they must keep clear of ; just for you
The seething atoms through the firmament
Must bear a human heart—which you had not !
For what is it to you that women, men,
Plod, faint, are weary, and espouse despair
Of aught but fellowship ? Save that you spurn
To be among them ? Now, then, you are lame—
Maimed as you said, and leveled with the crowd :
Call it new birth—birth from that monstrous Self
Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
Says, ' All is good, for I am throned at ease.'
Dear Armgart—nay, you tremble—I am cruel."

But Armgart has a good strong human
heart under all ; she feels the justice of poor
Walpurga's rebuke ; she will "bury her
dead joy :"

"O, it is hard
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say, 'Nore misses it but me.'
She sings . . .
I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,
And they will welcome her to-night."

How Lisa loved the King is a happy adap-
tation, filled in with delicate touches, of a
well-known story from *Boccaccio*. 'Lisa, a
tender little Palermitan maid, with a "soul
that trembled in the lustrous might of slow
long eyes," sickened for love, innocent love,
of Pedro, King of Aragon, who had just
driven the French from Italy. The king
heard of the romantic passion through his
favorite musician, and, escorted by all his
retinue, visited the poor child, and healed
her by sympathy and wise advice. She mar-
ried afterward a certain worthy Perdicone,
who had long loved her ; King Pedro with
his queen attending and honoring the wed-
ding feast.

"Such deeds made subjects loyal in that land :
They joyed that one so worthy to command,
So chivalrous and gentle, had become
The King of Sicily, and filled the room
Of Frenchmen, who abused the Church's trust,
Till, in a righteous vengeance on their lust,
Messina rose, with God, and with the dagger's thrust."

A Minor Prophet is a charming poem in
its way, impregnated in the first part with
the humor and irony that give such a charm
to the prose works of George Eliot. The
minor prophet himself, Elias Baptist Butter-
worth, is just such a mild, swift-talking,
hair-brained reformer, as we are all familiar
with ; one on whom "a little learning" has
had its proverbial effect ; who bores you
about Thought-atmospheres, or Milleniums,
or Vegetarianism, or some other *ism* ; whose
little facet of truth or sham-truth shines with
more light before his eyes than the great
universe and all its circling suns. Leaving
"Elias in his seer's mantle," the authoress
closes with a magnificent description of faith:

"Faith is strong
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.
It comes when music stirs us and the chords
Moving on some grand climax shake our souls
With influx new that makes new energies.
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds—
At labors of the master-artist's hand,

Which, trembling, touches to a finer end,
 Trembling before an image seen within.
 It comes in moments of heroic love,
 Unjealous joy in joy not made for us—
 In conscious triumph of the good within
 Making us worship goodness that rebukes.
 Even our failures are a prophecy,
 Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
 After that fair and true we can not grasp ;
 As patriots who seem to die in vain
 Make liberty more sacred by their pangs.
 Presentiment of better things on earth
 Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
 To admiration, self-renouncing love,
 Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one :
 Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night
 We hear the roll and dash of waves that break
 Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,
 Which rises to the level of the cliff
 Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind
 Throbbing respondent to the far-off orbs."

The volume is unfinished, but we are forced to end this review. The judgment can find hardly a single argument to urge against these poems ; that it, however, being if anything prejudiced in advance in favor of the author of *Adam Bede* and of *Middlemarch*, should be inclined to seek for such an argument, is portentous. These present poems abound with examples of subtle far-reaching thought, of skillful eloquence, of elaborate painting ; but there is a coldness in them that everywhere chills and depresses. George Eliot turns out exquisite work. Her armory contains weapons fit almost for an Achilles—but no thunderbolts, smitten flaming, all-conquering, from the highest forge of all. At times indeed we seem to catch the whiter flash than that of steel ; we strain our eyes, but there comes again the old cold gleam. In her handling we miss the master-hammer and the mighty ring of its stroke ; we catch too plainly the grating of the file, the ever-palpable file that jarred on the music of Pope, that killed the poetry of Swift, and that is yet so strangely pleasant in the diamond-edged handiwork of Emerson. To be short, the poetry of George Eliot seems to bear the same relation to such poetry as that of Sappho and of Mrs. Browning that morality bears to religion according to the definition of Matthew Arnold : "Religion," he says, "is morality touched by emotion." Her verses flow onward with all the breadth and depth and power and beauty of a mighty—glacier.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD, ADVOCATE OF HOLLAND ; with a view of the primary causes and movements of the Thirty Years' War. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., LL. D. In two volumes, with illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

It is not our purpose, nor would our space permit us, to follow John of Barneveld and his adversary—as we must now call him—Prince Maurice of Nassau, through the few eventful years immediately succeeding the conclusion of the Twelve Years' Truce. The soldier's occupation was gone, and considering this to be the fault of Barneveld, he added it to his list of grievances and gathered more spite. What the statesman labored so hard to build up he took pains to pull down, and in too many instances he succeeded. Nor did the means he used to effect his ends accord with a soldier's character. He did not scruple to blacken the character of his ancient friend and benefactor, and even to accuse him of conspiring to deliver the Provinces into the hand of Spain again.

Let us turn to the death, it might almost be called the murder, of Barneveld, and briefly review the causes which more immediately led to it. As was the case with nearly all the wars and intestine broils of the sixteenth century, a raving and rending of fanatics, under the name of a religious struggle, formed an element of the contest between the adherents of the stadholder and those of the advocate. Though the progress of the Reformation led to measures favorable to civil liberty, yet religious liberty was the growth of institutions and habits of thought which found no favor in the eyes of the leaders of the secession from the Church of Rome, many of whom, both in theory and practice, were far from tolerant. This was particularly the case in the Netherlands, where the change in religion was effected in opposition to the civil magistrate. Barneveld incurred the hatred of the Calvinists and of the majority of the people by advocating the promotion of liberty of conscience throughout the Provinces, and by his open protection of Arminius in the controversy between that divine and his antagonist, Gomar, whose cause Maurice as warmly espoused. The quarrel reached its climax when Barneveld resolute-

ly opposed the calling of the celebrated Synod of Dordrecht, at which the point at issue between the Arminians and Gomarites was to be finally settled. This point was simply whether any other form of religion save that of the church of Geneva should be tolerated in the Provinces. Barneveld opposed the calling of the synod on the ground that by the articles of union each province had the right to settle its own ecclesiastical affairs. But the synod did meet, in spite of all opposition. The great John Bogerman, learned in all the lore of the Calvinists, he who signed himself "*Johannes Bogermanus Pastor Ecclesie Leewardensis, Synodi Dortrechtanae Præses,*" with fierce, handsome face, beak and eye of a bird of prey, and a deluge of curly brown beard reaching to his waist, took his seat as president. Short work was made with the Arminians. They and their Five Points were soon thrust into outer darkness. It was established beyond all gainsaying that two forms of Divine worship in one country were forbidden by God's Word, and that henceforth by Netherland law there could be but one religion—namely, the reformed or Calvinistic creed. It was settled that one portion of the Netherlanders and of the rest of the human race had been expressly created by the Deity to be forever damned, and another portion to be eternally blessed. On the 23d of April, 1619, the canons were signed by all the members of the synod. Arminians were pronounced heretics, schismatics, teachers of false doctrines. They were declared incapable of filling any clerical or academical post. No man thenceforth was to teach children, lecture to adolescents, or preach to the mature, unless a subscriber to the doctrines of the unchanged, unchangeable, orthodox church. On the 30th of April and 1st of May, the Netherland Confession and the Heidelberg Catechism were declared to be infallible. No change was to be possible in either formulary.

Some months previous to this, Barneveld had been arrested, by order of Prince Maurice, while on his way to the Assembly of the States of Holland; since then he had been imprisoned. Nearly seven months he had sat with no charge brought against him. This was in itself a gross violation of the laws of the land, for, according to all the an-

cient charters of Holland, it was provided that accusations should follow within six weeks of arrest, or that the prisoner should go free. But the arrest itself was so great a violation of law that respect for it was hardly to be expected in the subsequent proceedings. At length, on the 7th of March, the trial of the great advocate began. To judge him a board of twenty-four commissioners was appointed by the States-General, twelve from Holland and two from each of the other six provinces. This, like the rest of the tragic farce, was unconstitutional and illegal. He was in no sense a subject of or amenable to the States-General; his real sovereigns were the states of his own Province of Holland, and no others. It was a packed tribunal. Several of the commissioners, like Pauw and Muis, for example, were personal enemies of Barneveld. Many of them were totally ignorant of law. Some of them knew not a word of any language but their mother-tongue, although much of the law which they were to administer was written in Latin. Before such a court the foremost citizen of the Netherlands, the first living statesman of Europe, was brought, day by day, during a period of nearly three months; coming down-stairs from the mean and desolate room where he was confined, to the comfortable apartment below, which had been fitted up for the commission.

There was no bill of indictment, no arraignment, no counsel. There were no witnesses, no arguments. The court-room contained, as it were, only a prejudiced and partial jury to pronounce both on law and fact, without a judge to direct them, or advocates to sift testimony and contend for or against the prisoner's guilt. The process, for it could not be called a trial, consisted of a vast series of rambling and tangled interrogatories reaching over a space of forty years, without apparent connection or relevancy, skipping fantastically about from one period to another, back and forth, with apparently no intent other than to puzzle the prisoner, throw him off his balance, and lead him into self-contradiction.

Barneveld defended himself nobly. He protested against the illegality of the proceedings and the jurisdiction of the tribunal. He justified his course in a manner which

must have availed with honorable and just men. He brought up point after point clearly and distinctly. But his defense is too long for us to give in full, and in no other way can justice be done to it. Mr. Motley's style is at its best here, and the reader can not do better than peruse the original. But nothing could save him; his fate was settled in the minds of his judges before he uttered a word; they wanted his life, not his justification. He was found guilty and sentenced to be taken to the Binnenhof, and there to be executed with the sword that death might follow, and all his property was declared confiscated. On the 14th of May, 1619, Barneveld was beheaded on a scaffold erected in the Binnenhof at the Hague, in the seventy-second year of his life. He met his death with all the calmness he had shown through life. Thus ended a long and busy career devoted to the service of his country, and of such is the gratitude of nations.

A VOYAGE TO THE FORTUNATE ISLES, ETC.
By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, author of "A Woman's Poems." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

There are poets, and again there are poets. There are the masters, for whom no power of expression can be too subtle, no word-etching too delicate, no jewel "five-words long" too rare; there are their admirers, who hear and wonder and would fain do likewise; who do not always imitate, and who occasionally surprise us with a flash of the true fire; and there are the rhymesters, of whom God forbid we should speak further. To the second class belongs the author of the volume of poems before us. Mrs. Piatt has a charm and a womanliness in her manner that is most refreshing, but true poetic genius Mrs. Piatt has not. Her favorite metre, or, at least, the metre most frequent in her present work, is, in our judgment, not happy. Mrs. Piatt is certainly no plagiarist; on the contrary, she is possibly a little too original. A certain striving after epigram is evident—a certain over-eagerness to slip the "jewels" before mentioned over the "stretched forefinger of all Time." Yet the author occasionally hits her mark; she says very prettily some very pretty things.

The first poem, which gives its name to the collection, though it is only some twenty six-line stanzas long, is one of the best in the book. The writer calls it "The Fable of a Household," and it illustrates the danger and unwisdom of leaving a pleasant home in search of a pleasanter. The woman is represented as discontented and restless; she urges departure from the rocky shore that is their home:

"Will you waver here?
As wild and lonesome as the things
Which hold their wet nests, year by year,
In these poor rocks, are we. Their wings
Grow restless—wherefore not our feet?
That which is strange is sweet."

The man is reluctant and fearful; he answers well:

"That which we know is sweeter yet.
Do we not love the near Earth more
Than the far Heaven? Does not Regret
Walk with us, always, from the door
That shuts behind us, though we leave
Not much to make us grieve?"

As might be expected, she prevails, and they set sail for the Fortunate Isles. Too late his doubts are confirmed, too late she sees her error, too late the passengers repine:

"The Fortunate Isles?' one other cried;
'You knew we were not sailing there!
They lie far back across the tide.
Their cliffs are gray, and wet, and bare;
And quiet people in their soil
Are still content to toil.

"Toward shining snakes, toward fair dumb birds,
Toward fever hiding in the spice,
We voyaged.' But his tropic words
Dropped icy upon hearts of ice.
The lonesome gulf to which they passed
Had shown the Truth at last."

Many of Mrs. Piatt's poems are very childish, both in sentiment and construction—so much so, indeed, as to almost come within the order of nursery rhymes; nor must it be thought that we mistake simplicity for childishness. Some verses of a piece called "If I were a Queen" merit notice. The first verse, for example, is neat and pretty:

"But if you were a queen?' you said,
Well, then I think my favorite page
Should have a yellow, restless head,
And be just your own pretty age.
So sweet in violet velvet, he
Should tend my butterflies in herds,

Or help that belted knight, the bee,
Win honey, or make little birds
Some little songs to sing for me—
If I were a queen."

"I want it Yesterday" is another pretty little poem. As much, and no more, may be said of "To-morrow," "Baby or Bird," "Flight," and several others. But at the very end of the book, Mrs. Piatt has an agreeable surprise in store for us. "Life or Love" is, in our opinion, worth all the other poems in the book. The author has done well to place it last, for the reader who has patiently read the rest of the work will at length find his perseverance well rewarded. An Eastern queen mourns for her departed lord, and will not be comforted.

"All night, with the moon, she watches and weeps;
No song in her ear is sweet.
All day, like the dead king's shadow, she keeps
Her place at the dead king's feet"

Her heart is broken, her beauty is waning.

In vain the physician implores her to drink one drop of the charmed drug that would restore her health and beauty. He entreats:

"Your beauty is worth all other things
The insolent gods have seen.
It should not fade—for a thousand kings.
You shall be forever the queen."

"And closer the master held the charm :
'It is life, O Queen, that I bring.'
She reached the cup with a wandering arm :
'Is it life for my lord, the king?'"

"Nay, the king will not drink wine to-day.
There is one drop here—for you.
O, listen, and keep your beauty, I pray,
While the sweet world keeps the dew."

"For you new lovers shall always rise ;'
And the lords and princes near,
With the sunrise-light in their Persian eyes,
Stood, jeweled and still, to hear."

"O, what were life to the lonely—what?
It is love I would have you bring,
And love in this widowed world is not!
Let me go to my lord, the king."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. ROMAN & Co.:

Prayer and the Prayer Gauge. By Mark Hopkins, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead.
Fetich in Theology; or Doctrinatism Twin to Ritualism. By John Miller. New York: Dodd & Mead.
Prudence Palfrey. A Novel. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
The Resources of California. By John S. Hittell. Sixth Edition, rewritten. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.
Lord of Himself. A Novel. By Francis H. Underwood. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

From A. L. BANCROFT & Co.:

Julius, or The Street Boy out West. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: A. K. Loring.
A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem. Poem. By W. W. Story. Boston: A. K. Loring.
The Conscript; or The Days of Napoleon I. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Langley Manor. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. Boston: A. K. Loring.
Sea and Shore. A Collection of Poems. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Some Women's Hearts. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Brockley Moor. A Novel. By J. W. L. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
History of the International. New Haven, Conn.: Geo. H. Richmond & Co.
Across America. By Jas. T. Rusling. New York: Sheldon & Co.
A Dangerous Game. By Edmund Yates. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co.

From PAYOT, UPHAM & Co.:

The Autobiography of Edward Wortley Montague, with a preface by R. Shelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Alextis. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Clarissa Harlowe. By S. Richardson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
Wondrous Strange. A Novel. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
The Brigand. By Victor Hugo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
The Rhine. By Victor Hugo. San Francisco: Payot, Upham & Co.
Atherstone Priory. By L. N. Comyn. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

From I. N. CHOYNSKI & Co.:

The Brooklyn Council of 1874. New York: Woolworth & Graham.

MISCELLANEOUS:

Beaten Paths; or A Woman's Vacation. By Ella W. Thompson. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
The Gods, and other Lectures. By R. G. Ingersoll. Peoria, Ill.: Geo. Puterbaugh.
The Bible Regained. By Samuel Lee. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From MATTHIAS GRAY:

The Summer Time that was. By Oscar Weil.
March of the First Infantry Regiment, Second Brigade, N. G. C. By Charles Schultz.
Golden Park Schottische. By Gustave Wedel.
The Frolicsome Widow of Ballymecrag. By J. McCulloch.
O, Don't we cut a Dash. By Louis Bodecker.
My Glory. Song by Geo. Scherer. By Oscar Weil.
When I am Dead. By Oscar Weil.
Just touch the Harp gently, my pretty Louise. By Charles Blamphin.
It was a Dream. By Frederic H. Cowen.
How he loves me best. By Desmond L. Ryan.
Polly. Ballad. By J. L. Molloy.
Ninetta. Mazurka. By N. Schorsch.
Elzer Waltz. By Richard Mulder.

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SOME KJÖKKENMÖDDINGS AND ANCIENT GRAVES OF CALIFORNIA.

DURING my last visit to that part of the Californian coast between Point San Luis and Point Sal, in the months of April, May, and June of this year, I had often occasion to observe extensive *kjökkenmöddings*, like those I had found, about a year ago, so numerous along the shores of Oregon. These deposits of shells and bones are the kitchen refuse of the earlier inhabitants of the coast regions where they are now found, and, though differing from each other in their respective species of shells and bones of vertebrates—according to the localities and the ages to which they belong—they have yet, together with the stone implements found in them, a remarkable similarity in all parts of the North American Pacific Coast that I have explored—a similarity that extends further to the *kjökkenmöddings* of distant Denmark, as investigated and described by European scientists.

In Oregon, from Chetco to Rogue

River,* I found that these deposits contained the following species of shells: *Mytilus Californianus*, *Tapes staminea*, *Cardium Nuttallii*, *Purpura lactuca*, etc.; eight-tenths of the whole being of the species first mentioned. In California, on the extensive downs between the Arroyo Grande and the Rio de la Santa Maria—the mouth of which latter is a few miles north of Point Sal—I found that the shells, on what appear to have been temporary camping-places, consist nearly altogether of small specimens of the family *Lucina*; so much so, that not only can hardly any other sort be found, but hardly even any bones. My reason for supposing these heaps to be the remains of merely temporary camps is the exceptional paucity of flint knives, spear-heads, and other implements found therein, as also the ab-

*Of the collections made by the writer at that place, the complete and illustrated description will be found in the Smithsonian Report for the present year.

sence of any chips that might indicate the sometime presence of a workshop where domestic tools and weapons of war were manufactured—a something that immediately strikes the accustomed eye in viewing regularly well-established settlements. On further examining this class of heaps by a vertical section, we find layers of sand recurring at short intervals, which seem to prove that they were visited at fixed seasons; those *möddings* exposed toward the north-west being vacated while the wind from that quarter was blowing sand over them, and, *mutatis mutandis*, the same happening with regard to camps with a south-west aspect while the south-west winds prevailed. It is fair, then, to suppose that these places were only the temporary residences of the savages to whom they appertained, and that they were tenanted during favorable times and seasons for the gathering of mollusks, which, having been extracted from their shells by the help of the flint knives found here, were dried in the sun for transportation to the distant, better-sheltered, permanent villages—the comparatively small quantities of shell-remains now found at these regular settlements going also to support this theory. No graves have been found near these temporary camps of the earliest known Californian pioneers. I discovered, indeed, one skeleton of an Indian, together with thirteen arrow-heads, but it was plainly to be seen that the death of this person had happened during some short sojourn of a tribe at this place, as the burial had been effected in a hasty and imperfect manner, and the grave was without the usual lining which, as we shall see, is found in all the other tombs of this region.

On the extremity of Point Sal, the northern projection of which is covered by large sand-drifts, we find, down to the very brink of the steep and rocky shore, other extensive shell-deposits,

which, with few exceptions, consist of the *Mytilus Californianus* and of bones; flint-chips being also found, though very sparsely, in comparison with the mass of other remains. The sea, having washed out the base of this declivity, and the top-soil having, as a consequence, slid down, we can see on the edge of the cliff shell-layers amounting in all to a thickness of four or five feet; that part closest to the sub-lying rock appearing dark and ash-like, while the deposit becomes better preserved as the surface is neared. At other places, for example, on the extreme outer spur of this Point Sal, the shell-remains have so conglomerated and run together with extreme antiquity as to overhang and beetle over the rocks for quite a distance.

Leaving now these temporary camps, we shall visit the regular settlements of the ancient aborigines. Traces of these are found near the southern Point Sal, at a place where it turns eastward at an angle of something less than 90°, behind the first small hill of the steep ridge which trends easterly into the country, and which, up to this spot, is, on its northern slope, covered with drift-sand and partially grown over with stunted herbage. Further traces of a like kind are to be seen on the high bluff between north and south Point Sal. Here the shells are piled up in shapeless, irregular heaps, as they are met in all localities on the coast where there were the fixed dwelling-places of people whose principal food consisted of fresh shell-fish; for, in the neighborhood of these permanent homes the shell-remains were always put away in fixed places, while in the temporary camps they were carelessly distributed over the whole surface of the ground. Very vividly did these bleached mounds recall to my mind the immense remains of such heaps that I had seen in Oregon on the right bank of the Chetco, as also near Natenet, and near Crook's Point, or Chetleshin,

close to Pistol River. I remembered also how I had watched the Indians in various places—for example, near Crescent City, on the Klamath, and on the Big Lagoon—forming just such shell-heaps; two or three families always depositing their refuse on the same *mödding*.

To return to southern California. A deposit similar to those of Point Sal, although much smaller, stands on the left bank of the Santa Maria River, near its mouth. Both at the first described fixed camps and at this place there are to be found tons of flint-chips, scattered about in all directions, as also knives, arrow-heads, and spear-heads in large quantities. I was somewhat perplexed, however, by being unable to find any graves; such numerous *möddings* revealing the existence of important settlements that should have been accompanied by burying-places. I therefore moved farther inland, seeking a locality where the soil could be easily worked, where a good view of the surrounding country could be had, and where, above all, there was good fresh-water—all of which requirements appear to have been regarded as necessary for the location of an important village. I soon recognized at a distance shell-heaps and bone-heaps, the former of which get scarcer as one leaves the shore. Approaching these, on a spur of Point Sal upon which a pass opens through the coast hills, and on both sides of which are springs of fresh-water, though I did not succeed, after a careful examination, in distinguishing single houses, I believe I found the traces of a large settlement on a kind of saddle on the low ridge, where flint-chips, bones, and shells lie in great quantities. Further search at last revealed to me in the thick *chaparral* a few scattered sandstone slabs such as in that region were used for lining graves. Digging near these spots, I at last found the graves of this settlement

—a settlement that the old Spanish residents call Kesmali.

Here I brought to light about 150 skeletons and various kinds of implements. The graves were constructed in the following manner: A large hole was made in the sandy soil to a depth of about five feet, then a fire was lit in it until a hard brick-like crust was burned to a depth of four or five inches into the surrounding earth. The whole excavation was then partitioned off into smaller spaces by sandstone slabs, about one and a half inches thick, one foot broad, and three feet long; in which smaller partitions the skeletons were. One of these slabs generally lay horizontally over the head of the corpse as a kind of protecting roof for the skull, just as I had found them at Chetco River, although in the latter instance the graves were lined with split redwood boards instead of stones. Such careful burial is not, however, always met with, and must evidently be taken as a sign of the respectability or the wealth of the deceased; the more so, as in such graves I found usually many utensils, something not the case with the more carelessly formed tombs, which were only very slightly lined, and in which the heads of the dead were covered with a piece of rough stone or half a mortar. The slabs above mentioned were generally painted, and a piece which I carried off with me was divided lengthwise by a single straight dark line, from which radiated, on either side, at an angle of about 60°, thirty-two other parallel red lines, sixteen on each side, like the bones of a fish from the *vertebra*. In most cases the inner side of the slab was painted a simple red.

In these graves the skeletons lay on their backs with the knees drawn up, and the arms, in most cases, stretched out. No definite direction was observed in the placing of the bodies, which frequently lay in great disorder, the sav-

ing of room having been apparently the prime consideration. Some skeletons, for example, lay opposite to each other, foot to foot, while adjoining ones again were placed crosswise. The female skeletons have instead of the protecting head-slab a stone mortar placed on its edge so as to admit the skull, or a stone pot, which latter, if too narrow in the neck to admit the skull, is simply buried underneath it. Cups and ornaments, both in the case of men and women, lie principally about the head, while shell-beads are found in the mouth, the eye-sockets, and in the cavity of the brain, which latter is almost always filled with sand, pressed in through the *foramen magnum*. The skeletons were in some cases packed in quite closely, one over another, so that the uppermost were only about three feet below the surface of the ground. The stain of poverty is very evident on these, except, perhaps, where they are females, as they are in the majority of cases. I can not accept the hypothesis that these were the slaves of some rich man and buried with their master; for the lower skeletons were generally found to have been disturbed in a very singular manner, such as could only have been occasioned by a re-opening of the grave after decomposition had set in. I found, for example, a lower jaw lying near its right place, but upside down, so that both the upper and the lower teeth pointed downward; in another case, the thigh-bones lay the wrong way, the knee-pans being turned toward the basin; and, in other instances, the bones were totally separated and mixed up—all going to show that the graves had been repeatedly opened for the burial of bodies at different times. Once I even found, upon piercing the bottom crust of one sepulchre, another lying deeper, which perhaps had been forgotten, as the bones therein were somewhat damaged by fire. Plenty of charcoal is found in these tombs, usual-

ly of redwood, rarely of pine; and I could not determine any third variety. Sometimes there were also discovered the remains of posts from three to six inches in diameter, and of split boards about two inches in thickness. These are probably the remains of the burned dwelling of the deceased, placed in his grave with all his other property, after a fashion I observed in Chetco last year.

I examined other graves, resembling those described of Point Sal. These others are known by the name of Teme-teti. They lie about fourteen miles north of the Point Sal graves, and are situated on the right bank of the Arroyo de los Berros, opposite to the traces of former settlements about seven miles inland. These tombs only differed from those of Kesmali in not being lined with the thick burnt-brick-like crust mentioned above, but with a thin, light-colored crust, slightly burned, and not more than a quarter of an inch thick.

In company with the well-informed and industrious antiquaries, Doctor Hays and Judge Venabel, I explored another aboriginal settlement known by the name of Nipomo. It is situated on the large *ranch* of like name, and distant about a mile and a half from the Nipomo Ranch House, occupied by the hospitable Dana brothers. Lastly, I examined the Walekhe settlement. About twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Santa Maria River, there empties into it Alamo Creek, bringing down rather a large amount of water. Following the wide bed of the Santa Maria for about seven miles farther up-stream, one reaches a smooth elevation, which at this place rises about sixty feet above the bend of the creek, and which trends in a curve toward the mountains on the right bank. At the farthest end of this, at a place where a fine view over the whole valley is had, we find the traces of the ancient village now known as Walekhe. A short distance from the former dwellings on

the highest point of the ridge, a small excavation marks the spot where once a house stood, probably that of a chief. And here, indeed, I involuntarily imagined that I saw with my bodily eyes the strange primeval race that once called this place *home*. I saw the mothers of the tribe, lying with children at their breasts, or bending above the wearying mortar, while the sweat rolled over their dusky skins painted with the colors and decked with the pearls that we at this day find lying beside them in those silent graves whose secret we have caught. Under the neighboring oaks—old oaks now, but young enough then—I saw the squatted men smoking their strange stone pipes; while, in the creek below, the youth cooled their swarthy bodies, or dried themselves in the sun, lying sweltering on its sandy banks. I heard the cry of the sentinels, as they, ever watching warily for an approaching possible enemy, caught sight of the returning hunter, loaded with elk and rabbits. And now—their graves lie there.

With regard to the general character of the domestic utensils, arms, and ornaments which I found in the digging down to, and examining of, about 300 skeletons in the graves of Kesmali, Temeteti, Nipomo, and Walekhe, these things from the different localities named resemble each other very closely, seeming to show that all their possessors belonged to the same tribe. First of all, the large cooking-pots draw one's attention—hollow globular or pear-shaped bodies, hollowed out of magnesian mica. The circular opening, having a small and narrow rim, measures only five inches in diameter in a pot with a diameter of eighteen inches. Near the edge of the opening, this vessel is only a quarter of an inch thick, but it thickens in a very regular manner toward the bottom, where it measures about one and a quarter inch through. Made of the same material, I found other pots of a different

shape—namely, very wide across the opening, and narrowing as they go toward the bottom. With these I have also now in my possession many different sizes of sandstone mortars of a general semi-globular shape, varying from three inches in diameter and an inch and a half in height, up to sixteen inches in diameter, and thirteen inches in height—all external measurements—with pestles of the same material, to correspond. There were, further, quite an assortment of cups, measuring from one and a quarter to six inches in diameter, neatly worked out of polished serpentine. The smallest of these that I found was inclosed, as in a doubly covered dish, by three shells, and contained paint; traces of which, by the by, were found in all these cups, from which we may suppose that they were not in use for holding food.

Neither spoons nor knives were found in these graves. I got, however, three beautiful cigar-holder-like pipes of serpentine, much stronger than, but similar in shape to, those dug out in Oregon. But few arms were picked up here—only a few arrow-heads and spear-heads; these, however, mostly of exquisite workmanship. A spear-head of obsidian, five and a half inches long, was the only object I found of this material; another lance-point of chalcedony, nine and a half inches long, and one and a quarter inch wide, was beautifully shaped and carefully made.

Most of these objects were found perfect, and those that were broken had been broken by the shifting and pressure of the soil, as could easily be seen from their position. It is, therefore, certain that the bulk of the property buried with a person was not purposely broken or destroyed—the same thing holding true in my investigations in Oregon. I even found mortars and pestles which had been repaired and cemented with asphaltum. The richer oc-

cupants of these graves had shell-beads in great numbers, sickle-shaped ornaments of the abalone shell, and an ornament resembling the *dentalium* but made of a large clam-shell, within or strewn about their heads—striving, though they brought nothing into the world, at least to carry something out.

A LEGEND OF FOX ISLAND.

WE were on a late summer visit of three months in 1872, to Fox Island, Puget Sound. We lived in a tent near the shore, and though, to a casual observer, our beach was a stretch of monotonous brown, we, as we became better acquainted with it, found unsuspected beauty there, as one learns to read attractive expressions in a plain face. There were stones, high-colored and shading through carmine into white; imperfect carnelians, lacking what element? to make them precious. Poor stones! trodden under our feet, as we paced up and down; they seemed almost like the souls of men hardened by the storms and buffetings of life—failing, perhaps, but in one point of being grand, noble, and good, and yet by that one lack losing all they might have been. Poor stones! to them is denied the inspiration of endeavor, of noble aims, and tender faith. They must wait insensate the long alchemy of time for any change. We picked up deep, velvety, plum-colored pebbles; dead-white, slotched with red; clear-white, stained with gray, like the gossamer clouds that borrow a brief glory, but quickly fade to a dusky film; opaline masses, dashed with yellow; occasional translucent bits, as satiny as rose-petals; sepia, striated with tender browns; and red, red lumps, like sealing-wax. There were few pure colors, but an infinite blending of sepia, sienna, ochre, umber, and transparent madders—warming, toning, and heightening each other. There were stones of a fine argillaceous substance of an unvarying

gray, carved by the waves into curious shapes, and invested with a legendary charm. There were the head and beak of birds; little chickens; a baby's arm and fist, slippers and heelless buskins, the featureless counterpart of a rag-doll's head; a knobbed cast, transformed by a few suggestive lines into the profile of a high-chignoned Japanese lady; something so exactly like a pod of fresh beans it was hard to believe it the work of the waves; and reptilian wonders, promiscuously protuberant.

The aboriginal name of our island was Batta. It is separated from the mainland by a channel less than a mile in width, through which, at ebb and flow, the placid waters are driven in boisterous currents. In that untroubled, poetic past, of whose reality tradition bequeaths us only unsubstantial tokens—when the Red man was noble, his heart the seat of all virtues, his life a glorious refutation of the theory of original evil—there lived on the opposite main-land, in rude affluence, a powerful Nisqually chief, who had one daughter, the pearl of his prosperity, and the desire, of course, of many lovers. They rehearsed before her stories of their prowess; they brought her robes of choicest beaver-skins, with glistening stones, bracelets of strange shells, rude trinkets, and many a trophy of their skill in fishing and hunting. But, while she was kind to them, she was only kind. She was a gentle mistress, and the service of her slaves (for, even in this Arcadia, there were slaves) was one of love. Her un-

troubled heart asked nothing their companionship could not supply; and, unconscious of the distractions wrought by her beauty and her obduracy, she lived in cheerful contentment in her father's lodge. But if "the mills of the gods grind slowly," they grind impartially, and one day a retributive grist came to Battao in the shape of a comely stranger. Tall and athletic, with keen eyes, a sonorous voice, and imperious bearing, he entertained them around the fire at evening with tales of adventures in the strange country from which he came. There was a vigor in his rude eloquence and impressive pantomime that delighted his grave, undemonstrative audience. Even the *tyee's* daughter was drawn unconsciously into "that new world which is the old." Her heart was quickened with a novel emotion; in his presence she was happy; away from him, an unfamiliar disquiet possessed her. Together they threaded the intricacies of the forest, on the strand they watched the lapping waves, and over the waters their canoe bore them lightly and often to this little island.

One morning as she sat on the mainland, her lover pacing restlessly near, her quick ear suddenly missed the sound of his steps; she was dismayed to see him walking over the water. He vanished from her gaze within a heavy mist that enveloped the island; it drifted away before the midday breeze, but the sea kept its secret, and her empty heart had for itself no comfort. Vainly her companions now tried to interest her in the puerile amusements of former days; her happiness lay in the past—her only solace in recalling its hours. A strange charm drew her to this island. Here she was less lonely: her lost lover seemed nearer; his voice sounded in her ear and memory with tender faithfulness, reviving the enchanting days. While she sat absorbed in these illusions, she scooped the sands of the beach with her hand and

sifted them through her brown fingers. As they fell they shaped themselves into a tiny hand, an arm, or foot: into fishes, rabbits, or birds, till these were thickly strown along the shore and remained like wave-wrought pebbles, as we now see them.

Once when she was out in her canoe, her progress was mysteriously arrested. The efforts of her slaves were vain: they frantically plied their paddles, but the vessel rested on the waters as motionless as a stranded shell. Leaning over and looking down, she saw beneath the surface the smiling face of her beloved. Wildly her arms went out toward him, she adjured him to come up, but that he could not do; he could come back to earth no more, he said. For a long time they talked. He described to her the strange beauty of his wonderful caverned home, and listening to his familiar voice her heart warmed with gladness; but when he urged her to come down to him, she faltered and grew cold with fear. Mightier, though, than fear was love; the love that leaped to new strength in the presence of hope. She bade her slaves go back and tell her father she would return in five days; then springing into the water, the circling eddy hid her from their view.

They filled the air with their shrill lamentations as they paddled hurriedly to land. The whole tribe abandoned themselves to the extravagances of savage mourning; but in five days it turned to wildest joy, for the sea gave up its prisoner. Her love for her kindred continued unchanged, and her life was divided between her father's lodge and her mysterious home beneath the waves. Some gracious enchantment kept for her the sparkle and freshness of youth, while those who were young with her aged and dropped out of the ranks of the living, until their generation was only a memory fast fading into oblivion. As they disappeared, she, too, withdrew her-

self from her earthly haunts, though she did not forget those she left.

Rising beautiful and fearless above the sea, a thing but half human, she gave warning of every storm. She was not always invested with mists and gray clouds; her phantom on a bright, calm day was prophetic of the death of some of the tribe by drowning. She has not been seen for many years—not since the Whites came—but the legend is authenticated by the stones still found on this island that once bore her name.

This story of the *tyee's* daughter reminds one of Proserpine and her divided life—one-half the year on earth with her mother, one-half in the dark

realm of the king of Hades. It brings up the nymphs and naiads of those fabled days, and the lonely Undine, the water-sprite, whose home was "a region of light and beauty, where lofty coral-trees glowed with blue and crimson fruits in their gardens, where the inhabitants walk beneath resounding domes of crystal over the pure sand of the sea."

There is a pleasant similarity between Proserpine, Undine, and the dusky Bat-tao, and we realize the kinship of mind when, from Sicilian meadows, from a German fisher's hut, and from the remote north-western forests, are evoked beings endowed with resemblances so readily recognized.

WHO WAS HE?

ON a dreary November afternoon, in the year 1866, Mr. Blonger, senior member of the well-known firm of Blonger & Co., machinists and manufacturers of marine engines, established in 1803, was sitting before a blazing fire, in his office in the east end of London, when a visitor was announced. "Show him in, James," said the old gentleman, and continued the perusal of the *Times*. A moment after, the door opened, and a young man, apparently about twenty-four years of age, plainly attired, entered and stood hat in hand, awaiting the leisure of the gentleman, who merely glanced at the stranger and immediately resumed his paper, evidently thinking his visitor to be a person of no importance. After a silence of a few minutes, Mr. Blonger laid down his paper, and looking up, abruptly said:

"Well, my good sir, what do you want with me?"

"Are you the elder Mr. Blonger?" inquired the stranger, with an unmistakable American accent.

"I am."

"I heard of you, and came to see you. I understand that you transact a large and successful business, but it is not on that account that I have called upon you. I am told that you have considerable influence with the chief persons in this government, and it is for that reason that I pay you this visit."

Mr. Blonger placed his gold-rimmed spectacles on his nose, and gazed in mute astonishment at his visitor, who continued:

"I am the inventor, or discoverer rather, of a secret of nature, a process which will revolutionize the world, which will reverse natural laws, which will inaugurate a new order of things; a discovery, the results of which are so vast that no human mind can comprehend them. In short, I can suspend the law of gravitation."

At this monstrous assertion a look of alarm appeared upon the countenance of the listener, but as he compared his own brawny frame with the slight figure of

the lunatic before him, it gave place to a contemptuous smile, as he answered somewhat impatiently :

"Well, well, my dear sir, perhaps you can—perhaps you can; but I am not in that line of business, and you had better apply to somebody else."

The young man went on with imper- turbable gravity: "I can swing the mightiest man-of-war England possesses into the air with my little finger. I can lift the largest cannon at Woolwich like a cork; I can——"

"Yes, yes, I know—but I am busy now," replied the manufacturer, rising and advancing toward the bell to summon a servant.

"Wait, Mr. Blonger," said his visitor, in a tone of such deep earnestness that that gentleman hesitated in spite of himself—"wait a moment. I am not mad. I know you do not believe me, and I do not wonder at it; but I will show you that what I say is true."

He laid his hat upon the table, and drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a glistening blue wire. There was an iron anvil in a corner of the room. He wound the coil of wire round the anvil in a moment, lifted it like a feather from its place to the middle of the apartment, and then stepped proudly back. The anvil floated like a bubble in the air.

To say that Mr. Blonger looked astounded and aghast would convey but a mild idea of the expression of his countenance at this moment. It was one of absolute horror. He stood gazing first at the anvil and then at the man, and at last, with a sigh of relief, he ejaculated, "Perhaps this is only jugglery," and dropped into a chair. The young American snatched the coil of wire from around the anvil, and it fell at once with terrific force, crushing in a portion of the floor. "I beg your pardon, sir, but is there any jugglery about that, think you?" he asked with a smile, and also sat down. The conversation that ensued was long and

earnest, and resulted in this conclusion: Mr. Blonger was to notify one or two of his personal friends in the cabinet, several scientific men of high repute, and two or three prominent foreigners, the whole number not to exceed twelve, that he wished them to meet him in order to investigate in concert a wonderful discovery in science, the nature of which would then be communicated. The young stranger agreed to repeat his experiments on the occasion of the meeting, and explain the process by means of which they were accomplished; for the present he declined to make any further revelations.

On the night of the 23d of November, 1866, there assembled in St. George's Hall, in London, three members of the English cabinet, four gentlemen well known in the scientific world, two prominent Frenchmen, and two Italians—eleven in all, exclusive of Mr. Blonger. At the earnest solicitation of that gentleman, these persons had come to meet they knew not whom and see they knew not what. On the platform, at the end of the hall, lay a small cannon, a heavy piece of iron shafting, and several large iron wheels. What these articles were for, they could not imagine. At half past eight o'clock the young man arrived, and was introduced by Mr. Blonger to his friends, as a young American who did not care to have his name announced. The stranger was dressed in a rough suit, the worse for wear, and wore a slouched black hat. His hair was brown and straight, his eyes were large and bright gray in color, and his face was as destitute of beard as a woman's. He was above the medium height and very slender, and his age was apparently about twenty-four years, though he might have been older. He was evidently but little used to the society of distinguished persons, and at first appeared somewhat embarrassed at his position, but there was an expression of

firmness about his mouth that showed a strong will and a habit of having his own way. When he spoke, it was with the air of a man who knew the ground upon which he stood, and his manners were those of one who felt that he was the inferior of no man.

The janitor having been dismissed and the door locked, Mr. Blonger proceeded to explain to those present why he had called them together. His young American friend, he said, had convinced him that he was in possession of a prodigious secret, of the magnitude of which they could judge when it was presented to them.

The whole affair at this point came near being broken off in disgust, by an unexpected requirement which the unknown stranger exacted. He declined to proceed, unless all present entered into an agreement not to communicate what they might witness to any living person, for a period of ten years, without gaining his consent. The Right Honorable G—— was on his mettle at once. He washed his hands of the whole matter, and desired to retire immediately. The others were equally indignant, and expressions not considered elegant in high society were heard. It required all Mr. Blonger's sagacity to quell the storm. But the young man was immovable, and at last, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Blonger, the guarantee was given. The stranger then took the stage, and his auditors the seats immediately in front of it.

"Gentlemen," he began, "from what I have noticed of your incredulity this evening, I am satisfied that if I should inform you that the attraction of gravitation could be so suspended that objects upon the earth's surface would have absolutely no weight, and, further, that I was in possession of the simple means whereby this end could be accomplished, you would only greet my assertions with jeers and ridicule. I

shall therefore show you what I can do first, and talk afterward. You see in my hands this coil of wire, blue like tempered steel. This cannon weighs nearly three tons. I wrap the wire around it. If you listen carefully you will hear a burring sound, similar to that made by an electrical machine. But that has nothing to do with the matter. The ends of the wire are joined. This cannon now weighs no more than a soap-bubble. You see I move it about through the air with my hand, with two fingers, with one. Here is a strong oaken chair. I place the cannon upon it, and when I withdraw the wire, mark the result. The chair goes crashing to pieces on the floor, under the weight of three tons of iron."

This conclusive proof of the grandest discovery ever yet made by man brought every person present to his feet. Mr. Blonger stood apart in triumph. The young exhibitor alone remained unmoved. "How is it done?" cried they all. "How did you make this wonderful discovery?" They now looked upon him with the awe one feels in the presence of a superior being.

He raised his hand and requested silence. "The action of this simple wire," said he, "is not confined to metallic substances. Its effects on all objects is the same. I put it round this wooden bench, as you see, and the bench weighs nothing; around this chair, and the result is the same. Here is this large iron shaft, and these wheels. You perceive that it affects all alike. Perhaps you think it has no power over living substances. You are mistaken. I will agree to put this little wire round my waist, and step from the dome of St. Paul's. I will show you."

A ladder extended from the floor to the lofty ceiling of the hall. The stranger climbed to its very summit, adjusted his belt, and sprung boldly off. He slowly unclasped the ends of the wire,

so that they scarcely came into contact, and descended gradually and safely to the ground, to the infinite relief of the spectators, who gazed horror-struck at the scene.

"Thus you see, gentlemen," said he, again ascending the stage, "what powers lie hidden in nature, until they are accidentally stumbled upon. You all think that there is some power contained in this wire. I must tell you that the wire has but little to do with it. And yet, I will agree to go down to any of your sea-ports, and put this wire or one like it round any of your old seventy-four-gun ships we read of, and lift it into a dry-dock, with a line no stronger than pack-thread, if the wind is not blowing at the time. This wire, at which you all gaze so curiously, has no power in itself. It is only the means of communicating a power; still, no man shall examine it, except under certain conditions; and this brings me to the point I intended to make by calling gentlemen of your high standing and intelligence here to-night. I wish to sell my knowledge to the English government."

"And why to the government?" cried the Right Honorable B. I—— and the Honorable Mr. S—— in a breath.

"Because no private individual is rich enough to buy it. I once thought to dispose of it to my own government, that of the United States, but I shall not enter into the reasons why I abandoned that idea and came here. Besides, it becomes public property after ten years. I would not agree to sell the right under any conditions for a longer time. The benefits of the discovery are universal, and in justice belong to mankind, and mankind shall have them."

Said a member of the cabinet: "Your idea of selling such a discovery to the government of Great Britain seems chimerical, and, I may add, it savors of selfishness to keep your knowledge from the world. But may I be permitted to

ask how much you demand for your knowledge?"

Here the young man rose to his feet in an excited manner. "You talk of selfishness," said he; "I know what it is to labor and to suffer, to be lost amid mountains, and tormented with thirst upon deserts. I have labored hundreds of feet underground with pick and shovel for my daily bread. I got tired of it; I swore off. I hold in my possession what will make me independent for life, besides conferring inestimable benefits upon my fellow-men, and I intend to use it so far. Selfishness indeed! What did Morse or Fulton make from their inventions, except what was given them almost as a charity, after they let their knowledge go out of their hands? No charity for me. I hold my discovery alone, and I will part with it only on my own terms. You ask me what I demand for it. I want \$5,000,000."

"\$5,000,000 is a rather large sum," Professor T—— ventured to remark.

"A large sum! Have you taken into consideration what this discovery is destined to accomplish? Why, I tell you, it will revolutionize the world. Take the dock-yards of Great Britain alone. What, think you, will be the saving in a year, when every object, from the greatest to the smallest, can be moved to any distance, without expense? How long will it take to build your largest edifices, when your blocks of marble weigh nothing? O, gentlemen, when you have considered this subject as I have done, you will stand overpowered with the magnitude of the results that are to follow. Think of its effects upon means of transportation. When there is no weight to carry, may not even the air be navigated?"

"Do you object to informing us how you happened to discover this mighty and mysterious secret of nature?"

"Mysterious! Why, it is so simple that any child can understand it. I

stumbled upon it. Since I have discovered it, I wonder that it is not found out a thousand times every day. But, gentlemen, are you aware that I doubt whether I am really a pioneer in this field? There are books, written thousands of years ago, which I read when a boy, that have led me to believe that this is one of the lost arts, though it was known perhaps only to a favored few. I feel sure—very sure—that the simple law by which the attraction of gravitation is suspended was known in ancient Peru, Arabia, and perhaps in Egypt also, and went down into oblivion with other lost arts, in some general catastrophe. The same law I rediscovered while working in a silver-mine, 1,000 feet under ground, and my knowledge I am ready to communicate, under the conditions that I have named.”

“But should you die in the meantime, would not your discovery be again lost, and the world be deprived of its benefits?”

“O, not at all. I have taken care of that. Whether I live or die, or whatever may happen to me, within ten years from the present time the world will be fully informed upon this subject.”

After some further consultation, a select committee was appointed, to meet in three days, to fully investigate the secret, and take some action upon the proposition of the stranger, who, after reminding all present of their promise of secrecy, departed—and was never seen again.

Several months ago, a distinguished gentleman, a resident of a great American city, received the following communication from a prominent solicitor in London:

“No. — OLD BROAD STREET,

“London, September —, 1873.

“— —, ESQ.—*Dear Sir*:—A short time since, an Italian, who was the confidential clerk of one of my much esteemed clients—Signor Suzzini, of the house of Suzzini, Isola & Co., of London, Naples,

and France—died suddenly, leaving in writing the statement which accompanies this letter. What transpired at St. George’s Hall, in November, 1866, concerning a subject of the most absorbing interest to those present, has been kept a profound secret, under a solemn pledge, but, owing to the strange circumstances of the case, and the almost certain death of the remarkable stranger, supposed to be an American, whose re-appearance has been awaited with the most intense anxiety for years, by those informed on the subject, Signor Suzzini has considered himself so far absolved from his obligation as to convey to some trustworthy barrister in your city the information herein contained.

“All communications received from you will be kept strictly secret; but, in any event, if you succeed in discovering the bank, impress upon the managers the supreme importance of carefully preserving, at all hazards, the documents committed to their charge.

“I have the honor to remain, etc.,

“GEORGE MATHIOT MARSHALL.”

The following is the statement of the Italian clerk:

“In November, 1866, a very important congregation came together in St. George’s Hall. Strange things were seen. I was there. Much money was to be gained. A young man—a Yankee—had a secret in his pocket. It was a wire worth millions. He left the hall. It was a dark night—fog and smoke, thick and black. I followed him. Down Regent Street, under the gas-lamps, he went on foot. I followed him. Across the Haymarket, across Leicester Square—it was 11 o’clock—and through a dark and narrow alley toward St. Martin’s Lane. I could have done it there, but others came by, and I shrunk back into the gloom. Through St. Martin’s Lane to the Strand, down the Strand to the turning to Waterloo Bridge, still I followed him. I saw he was going to cross the bridge on foot. I crossed the street and got ahead of him, and, in the middle of the bridge, I hid myself behind the parapet. By and by my man came along, slowly walking, his hands behind him, and his eyes bent upon the ground. When near me he paused, and looked toward St. Paul’s, whose huge bulk loomed up still huger as the moonlight tried to struggle through the fog. I

was near enough to hear him. He said: 'O, mighty monument, the pride and glory of an empire, thy renown is gone forever. All I see around me, though the work of centuries, is but the amusement of a child, the labor of a day. How powerful am I!—here I stole up behind him, without noise—'in future ages my name shall be——'—my stiletto fell between his shoulders, and he dropped like a lamb. His pockets yielded up a coil of wire and a bundle of papers, and his body went over into the river. Ah! I knew how to do it. I had done it often before at Ferrara, on the Po.

"The secret was mine. I was frantic with excitement. I hurried home to my apartments, double-locked the door, turned up the lamp, and examined my prize. It was the wire—the identical wire—which had swung a cannon in the air, not two hours before. I was impatient to test its powers. I seized an iron poker from the hearth, wrapped the wire around it, poised it aloft, let go, and it fell clattering upon the floor. Again I tried, and again it fell. I tried different articles. I wound the wire in every imaginable shape, and still with the same result. Morning found me haggard and exhausted with my labor and unsuccessful. Business at the office prevented further attempts until evening. I worked fruitlessly until midnight, when suddenly I thought of the papers I had also seized. Fool that I was, not to have thought of them before. They undoubtedly contained an explanation of the secret. I tore them open with eager fingers. All were blank, except one, and it contained the following: 'Knowing the uncertainty of life and the dangers of travel, I have on this day (July 7th, 1866) placed in the vaults of a reliable banking-house in the city of — a seal-

ed packet containing the details and explanation of the means by which the laws of gravitation are rendered inoperative. In case of my death or failure to return, the officers of said bank have explicit instructions to open said packet, on May 1st, 1876, and spread the facts therein contained to the world. My knowledge is at present confined to myself, but will not long continue so, as I shall soon proceed to Europe, to impart my information to the most renowned scientific men in the world. My only object in making the bank a depository, is to provide against accident, and secure to the world, beyond all peradventure, the benefits of this mighty secret.'

"There was no name nor signature. After this, I labored for months in vain to discover the secret workings of the wire; until at last it occurred to me that the stranger had said at St. George's Hall that the wire itself had no power, but was only the means of communicating a power. Infuriated to the last degree, I threw the coil which had cost me so much misery, anxiety, and suspense, into the Thames, one night, where it could tell no tales. When I am dead, the company who assembled at St. George's Hall on that eventful night may be requested to cease their painful wonderings at the failure of the mysterious stranger to return. He will never come back, gentlemen. The Thames received his body nearly eight years ago."

This finishes the case at present. But in what banking-house is the invaluable packet of papers deposited, who was the man, and, in May, 1876, will the ancient but lost secret of suspending the law of gravitation become again known to the world?

PACE IMPLORA.

Better it were to sit still by the sea,
 Loving somebody and satisfied—
 Better it were to grow babes on the knee,
 To anchor you down for all your days—
 Than wander and wander in all these ways,
 Land forgotten and love denied.

Better sit still where born, I say,
 Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
 Laugh with your neighbors, live in their way,
 Be it never so simple. The humbler the home,
 The nobler, indeed, to bear your part.
 Love and be loved with all your heart.
 Drink sweet waters and dream in a spell,
 Share your delights and divide your tears;
 Love and be loved in the old east way,
 Ere men knew madness and came to roam
 From the west to the east, and the whole world wide;
 When they lived where their fathers had lived and died—
 Lived and so loved for a thousand years.

Better it were for the world, I say—
 Better, indeed, for a man's own good—
 That he should sit down where he was born,
 Be it land of sands or of oil and corn,
 Valley of poppies or bleak northland,
 White sea border or great black wood,
 Or bleak white winter or bland sweet May,
 Or city of smoke or plain of the sun—
 Than wander the world as I have done,
 Breaking the heart into bits of clay,
 And leaving it scattered on every hand.

THE FIRST CALIFORNIA AQUARIUM CAR.

The September number of the OVERLAND has informed our readers as to our preparations for carrying certain Eastern fish alive to California; we were just ready to start with our precious charge. At fifteen minutes past two the Vermont Central express train steamed up to the station from which we were to set out—Charlestown, N. H.—the engine was switched off to the side-track, and our car was coupled to the train. A large company of our friends had collected at the station to see us off, and to wish us a prosperous journey; and in a moment more, amid the hearty cheers and congratulations of the crowd, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the doomed car started westward. Like the Sicilian expedition, its departure was as auspicious as its end was disastrous. Owing to some of the railroad companies declining positively to take us along with their passenger trains, the contract made by the California Commissioners with the Central Pacific Railroad Company, which furnished the car, provided transportation for it by freight trains east of Chicago, and by passenger trains west of Chicago only.

On investigation, it was found that it would take six days to reach Chicago by freight travel, which with the five days on passenger trains from Chicago to California would make at least eleven days in all, while unavoidable delays would probably extend the time to twelve or thirteen days. This was obviously suicidal. The lobsters and shad would certainly be lost, with probably the trout, tautogs, and glass-eyed perch, and perhaps all the other fish. So long a journey day and night, with incessant care and labor, would be very wearing, and prob-

ably disabling to one or more of the party in charge. I felt that it was absolutely necessary that a change should be made, and accordingly applied personally to the railroad companies, requesting them to extend to us the accommodation of traveling with passenger trains. They replied that it was *impossible*, and it was only after my presenting the urgency of the case in its very strongest light that they began to yield. The Vermont Central was the first to accede, then came the Boston and Albany Railroad, then the Connecticut River Railroad, and then the New York Central. The Great Western and Michigan Central offered no objections. This completed the connection between Charlestown and Chicago, and thus was obviated another and perhaps the greatest difficulty that stood in the way of our success.

The car when it left Charlestown contained upward of sixty breeding black bass (*Grystes fasciatus*) from Lake Champlain; twelve breeding glass-eyed perch (*Lucioperca*); eighty young yellow perch (*Perca flavescens*) from Missisquoi River; twelve breeding bull-heads (hornpouts) (*Pimelodus*); 110 breeding cat-fish (*Pimelodus*) from Raritan River, New York; 20 tautogs (*Tautoga Americana*), and 15,000 salt-water eels (*Anguilla*) from near Martha's Vineyard; 1,000 young trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) from Charlestown, N. H.; 162 breeding lobsters from Massachusetts Bay and Wood's Hole,* and one barrel of oysters from Massachusetts Bay.

Besides the fish above enumerated, I took on at Albany 40,000 fresh-water

* The black bass, bull-heads, cat-fish, and lobsters were full of spawn.

eels (*Anguilla*) from the Hudson, and arranged for 20,000 shad and shad-eggs (*Alosa præstabilis*) from the same river, to overtake us at Chicago.*

The receptacles for holding the fish consisted of one large stationary tank, eight feet square and two feet eight inches deep, holding five tons of water; one round wooden seventy-gallon tank, one round fifty-gallon tank, three round thirty-gallon tanks, three conical-shaped thirty-gallon tanks, six conical ten-gallon tin cans; one conical fifteen-gallon tin can, three round nine-gallon tin cans, two thirty-five-gallon tanks, and six large cans containing the lobsters—the total capacity of the whole, exclusive of the lobster cans, being about 16,000 pounds of water. Besides these vessels for holding the fish, the car contained the following articles: one large 120-gallon cask and one sixty-gallon cask, both filled with sea-water; one large ice-box, half-barrel of live moss, half-barrel of water-plants, curd and meat for feed, and one bushel of salt for killing parasites, the aerating apparatus already referred to, one alcohol-stove, one set of carpenter's tools, two lanterns, two hammocks, two spring-beds, two mattresses and pillows, two sets of bedclothes, one broom, one lot of green sods, two thermometers, one long-handled dip-net, two short-handled dip-nets, and pipes, spout, and siphon for taking on and letting off water. There were also movable steps for the door of the car, sundry barrels, pails, dippers, and maps with those stations marked where we knew the water to be good or bad; and lastly, we had our trunks, valises, and private baggage.

It is unnecessary to say that when all these things, together with the fish, were in the car, it was well filled. In point of

fact, the space was so rigidly economized that there was hardly room for us to move about; the relative positions of the contents of the car being somewhat as follows: at one end was the large stationary tank, occupying the whole width of the car and eight feet of its length. Resting on this large tank and adjoining opposite sides of the car were the two spring-beds, six feet long and two feet eight inches wide, with their mattresses and bedding. At the other end of the car were the ice-box extending entirely across it, the boxes of lobsters, the oysters, the ice, and the reserves of salt-water. Between these and the stationary tank at the other end, were the various movable tanks containing the fish, and on the sides and ends of the car were the pictures and other devices for ornamenting the walls; while near the door, in large white letters on a black ground, was Lord Nelson's impressive motto, altered for the occasion: "*California expects every man to do his duty.*" Four persons occupied the car as far as Albany. They were: Mr. W. T. Perrin, of Grantville, Mass.; Mr. Myron Green, of Highgate, Vermont; Mr. Edward Osgood, of Charlestown, N. H.; and Mr. L. Stone, U. S. Commissioner, in charge. Mr. Osgood accompanied us only to Chicago. Mr. Green left us at Albany to get the shad, and joined the car again at Chicago; and Mr. Perrin and myself never left the car until the time of the accident.*

To resume the chronological thread of the story. We left Charlestown, New Hampshire, at 2.15 P. M. on Tuesday, June 3d, 1873, as perfectly equipped in every respect as could be wished, and under the most favorable auspices. The

* It should be added here that several hundred thousand eggs of the *Perca flavescens* and the *Lucio-perca* had been successfully taken and brought into favorable condition for transportation to California, but they hatched out before the expedition could be got ready to start, and it was necessary to leave them behind.

* On arriving at Albany, I had not heard from the New York Central Road in regard to traveling with passenger trains, and then expected to go part of the way, at least, to Chicago, on freight trains.

day was pleasant and comfortably cool. The water stood in all the tanks at 45° Fahrenheit. We arrived at Albany, all the fish doing well, at 11.30 P.M. of the same day, and took on half a ton of ice and 40,000 eels which Mr. Monroe Green had brought to the depot from Castleton, on the Hudson; Mr. Myron Green of our party leaving us here, as we have said, to procure the young shad and join us again at Chicago. We left Albany on a passenger train about 2 A.M.; the same night took on ice and water at Hamilton, Canada, and reached the ferry-boat at Detroit about 11 o'clock, Wednesday evening, June 4th. There was not room enough, by a single inch, to take our car with the rest of the train across the ferry, and we were left there until morning. Meanwhile, being a hot, damp night, and our ice being nearly exhausted, we were in imminent danger of losing the whole car-load of fishes here at the very beginning of the journey. Accordingly, although having been up and incessantly at work for almost the whole of the last thirty-six hours, I set out at midnight to find some ice. After disturbing the slumbers of nearly twenty indignant railroad *employés*, and walking back and forth for several miles, I at last succeeded in getting a platform-car and engine with a gang of men to run it, with which we immediately went over to the Windsor ice-house, and took on half a ton of ice. It was daylight before we got the ice loaded into our car, and we entered Detroit soon after. Thence, taking on more ice, we proceeded without delay to Niles, Michigan, which we reached at 5 P.M. on Thursday, June 5th; the fish still in first-rate order, excepting the lobsters.

As we had come so much faster than we had hoped, running all the way with express trains, we now had time to spare before Mr. Green and the shad could possibly catch up with us. We therefore waited at Niles until the next morn-

ing at 6.10, when we joined the morning passenger train for Chicago, reaching that city about 10 o'clock the same forenoon (Friday, June 6th). I was now keeping the temperatures of the different tanks as follows: the large tank, containing full-grown perch, glass-eyed pike, black bass, and cat-fish, at 42°; the trout-tank, at 40°; the fresh-water eels, at from 45° to 50°; the tautogs, at 45°; the salt-water eels, at 45°; the cat-fish tank, at 50°; and the lobsters and oysters as cold as possible. All the varieties of fish had borne the journey capitally up to this time, and far beyond my expectations, with the exception of the eels and lobsters. There was a discouraging mortality among the lobsters; and the water containing the eels having become too cold during the previous night, many of them had died. We still had a vast quantity of eels left, however; quite as many, indeed, as we wanted.

We lost just one day at Chicago, Mr. Green arriving with the shad the next Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. An hour later we left Chicago, on the Chicago and North-western Railroad, having taken on three tons of ice and three tons of Lake Michigan water. We took on water again at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and proceeded toward Omaha; all the fish, except the lobsters, doing first-rate. We arrived at Omaha at 11 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, June 8th. I immediately hastened to the offices of the Union Pacific Railroad, to see about having the car taken on, and about getting ice. The superintendent and assistant superintendent were absent, but I had the good fortune to find Mr. C. B. Havens, the train-dispatcher, in his office. Mr. Havens treated us with the greatest courtesy and attention, and furnished us with ice and every accommodation that we wished, so that in about two hours we were again ready to move onward. We left Omaha with the through passenger train for San Fran-

cisco at about 1 o'clock P. M., having taken on a ton and a half of ice, and the fish still being, with the exception of the lobsters, in first-rate order. After getting the temperature of the tanks all right, and aerating the water all round, we made our tea and set the table for dinner. Everything now promised well, and, feeling very much encouraged, we were hopeful that we should enter California with most of the fish alive. We had seated ourselves for dinner, it being about half-past two, when there came a terrific crash, and in a moment more everything in the car was in a chaos of confusion—boxes, cakes of ice, and tanks striking together in every direction, while water rushed violently in at the door, very rapidly filling the car. Lamed and bruised, we barely escaped from the car with our lives, and, upon swimming around, and climbing up to the end which rested on the sunken tender and was partly out of water, we found that our train had gone through a piece of trestle-work into water about fifteen feet deep. It proved to be the long trestle, just east of the main channel of the Elkhorn River; and the Elkhorn, it being a time of very high water, had made a side channel under the trestle-work at this place, and had gullied away the foundation. Hence the accident.

In an instant, all the work, and care, and anxiety which for three months had been expended without stint on this car and its contents, were rendered fruitless. The California aquarium car, which had been so carefully fitted out, and so propitiously started, was a total wreck, and every fish lost beyond recovery.* As soon as I got to dry land, I telegraphed the state of affairs to Mr. S. R. Throckmorton, Chairman of the California Fish

Commissioners, and to Honorable S. F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries at Washington. I received instructions by telegraph early the next morning from Professor Baird, to return East at once and take a shipment of young shad to California, under the auspices of the United States Commissioner. Accordingly, as soon as was practicable, I went East with my two assistants—Mr. Perrin and Mr. Green—and obtained, for the purpose just mentioned, 40,000 young shad from the shad-hatching works on the Hudson River. We left Albany a second time with this lot at 11.30 P. M. on the 25th of June, 1873, and arrived at Sacramento, California, on the 2d of July, with 35,000 shad alive and in good condition. These were deposited the same evening, at ten minutes past nine, in the Sacramento River, at Tehama. The other 5,000 were left at Ogden, in charge of Mr. Rockwood, the Superintendent of Fisheries at Salt Lake City, being intended for Salt Lake, Utah. They were deposited by him, as I understand, in the river Jordan, ten or fifteen miles above its outlet into Great Salt Lake.

This trip with the shad was in every way perfectly successful. We were accompanied as far as Omaha by Mr. H. M. Welsher, to whose experience and care very much of the success of the undertaking is due; nor must I neglect to add that my two assistants worked with untiring energy and fidelity, both on this trip and on the aquarium car journey; the best proof of this being found in the fact, that, at the end of this long and very hazardous journey, there had been no appreciable loss of the young shad—the fish appearing then as fresh and lively as when they left the Hudson, a week before.

I beg to conclude this article with a brief allusion to the daily work on the aquarium car during its journey. No one unaccustomed to traveling with live

*If we had not met with this or some other accident, we should have taken through the first lobsters, the first glass-eyed perch, the first silver eels, and the first cat-fish that had ever been brought alive to the Pacific Coast.

fish can have any adequate idea of the incessant and laborious character of this work—consisting of aerating the water, taking on ice, packing it away, and distributing it among the various lots of fish, and lastly, regulating the temperature of the different tanks. The demands of each branch of this work are constant, and, in the case of the aquarium car trip, they kept us all actively and incessantly employed twenty-one hours out of each twenty-four; and only a res-

olute determination to carry the undertaking through successfully enabled us to keep up with so little sleep. When the accident happened at the Elkhorn, we all looked as if we had been through a long fit of illness. Severe as the work is, however, there is nothing impracticable in taking most of the valuable varieties of Eastern fresh-water fish across the continent alive, and a repetition of the undertaking, if ever attempted, will probably be successful.

MR. JAMES NESMITH.

MR. JAMES NESMITH was a prosperous man. "A prosperous man, sir!" the bystander would remark, as the cold, self-possessed face passed by, greeting with its smile of elaborate, yet reserved courtesy, each acquaintance. Very courteous, very mindful of each social requirement, was Mr. James Nesmith, as was fit and proper for a man of his weight in the community. Even the gold-headed cane—not wielded with any ostentatious air of display, but rather with a mien which said, "See! I assume no superiority because of my success!"—even the elaborately finished gold-headed cane struck upon the stone of the pavement with an air of solid respectability. The books of the assessor's office, the volumes of record for deeds and mortgages at the recorder's office, confirmed the statement that Mr. James Nesmith was a highly prosperous man. Much possessions of stocks, and moneys, and houses, and broad acres, were there recorded as his.

Mr. James Nesmith was one of the solid men of the community, and men touched their hats to him, upon the street, and on 'Change, proud of his acquaintance. True, there were poor laborers, who had dealings with him, and

lonely widows, who rented dingy rooms in his massive blocks for their sorrowful homes, and struggling families over whose humble dwellings hung the black cloud of Mr. James Nesmith's too often unjustly won mortgages—and these said, under their breath, that he was a hard man, grinding the faces of the poor; yet they were obscure people, and their voices came not to the air of the street, nor to the ears of the stately circles wherein he moved.

True, also, in the years gone by, there had been, in high places, whispered rumors of questionable dealings; of sharp advantages taken over unsuspecting and trusting persons, who had fallen in his power; of friendless souls forced from their homes by technicalities of the law—forced out to destitution and misery, with the despairing cry, "The Lord judge between me and thee!" Yet the world does not long remember, and these things were years since forgotten—forgotten, save by the victims, some lying in their pauper graves; by the victims, ah! and by the never-forgetting God.

Yet all this was long since, and Mr. James Nesmith walked along Montgomery Street, and down to his counting-room on Front Street, much respected,

and looked-up-to of men. He owned a pew in a highly respectable church—a church attended only by the most select of society, where the Rev. Dr. Bland, of suave presence, read in the most mellifluous of tones the church service, and such choice portions of the Scripture as were suited to the aristocratic ears of his highly respectable congregation. Mr. James Nesmith sat in his richly cushioned pew with a truly exemplary regularity; yet one day a very annoying occurrence disturbed the calm serenity of his countenance. The Rev. Dr. Bland was absent, and a stern-spoken man, with grizzled hair and a face like John Knox's, discoursed with a voice that rang as the cry of one of the old prophets, upon the curse of ill-gotten wealth; and read certain harsh passages of Scripture about "the poor who cry to God because of the oppression of the rich," and about a certain rich man who said unto his soul: 'Soul! thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease! eat, drink, and be merry!' But God said unto him: 'Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee.'

Mr. James Nesmith did not feel comfortable. He wished the Rev. Dr. Bland would be more careful in selecting his officiating ministers, when he was absent. He thought he must really speak to him about it. After this, when Mr. James Nesmith looked inside the church door and saw a stranger in the pulpit, he turned about and did not go in. He did not like strange ministers.

Mr. James Nesmith prospered more and more, and to his houses added yet other houses, and to his lands yet other lands, while his bank account mounted up column after column. Yet, in all this prosperity, came to Mr. James Nesmith a strange disquiet. He wished he had not heard that stern-browed man, with a voice like the cry of an accusing angel. It made him shiver slightly, too;

there was a wail in it like the voice of the widow, who—unreasonable creature!—once raised her hands to the heavens, and cried: "The God of the widow and the fatherless judge between me and thee, James Nesmith!"

Conscience, long lulled to sleep under the soothing ministry of the Rev. Dr. Bland, began to stir from its slumber, and asked numerous troublesome questions. Mr. James Nesmith could not rest at night, and he walked to his office upon Front Street, with a cloud upon his before unruffled brow, and a look in the eyes as of a man not at peace.

Another unusual thing happened to Mr. James Nesmith. He fell asleep, one day, in his easy-chair at his office; and in his sleep he dreamed. This was what he dreamed:

He had turned the combination lock of his massive safe, and swung back the ponderous iron door. Then he opened the drawers and hidden recesses of the inner safe to examine, and count over, and rejoice his eyes with the wealth for which he had spent his life. But a strange sight met his gaze. The yellow gold, heaped in the drawers, was spotted over in a most unusual manner; and upon the heavy coins was stamped this legend: "The blood of widows and orphans, that crieth unto heaven alway." He shut the drawers in disgust, and took out a bundle of deeds and mortgages. Strange, still! Instead of the quaintly dallying verbiage of the men of law, the parchments only bore this terribly direct sentence: "The God of the widow and the fatherless judge between me and thee, James Nesmith!"

Overcome with dread, he sunk back in his chair, when—there was a sudden jar, and he awoke. It was only a clerk, coming to ask him about foreclosing a small mortgage upon the house of a dying mechanic. Conscience, that for years had slept, and then been partly aroused at the stern preaching of that

man in the pulpit, now awoke to a long-forgotten energy. Mr. James Nesmith's heart was a battle-ground, where good and evil fought and struggled for a human soul. The memory of his dead mother, with her still, angel face, pleaded with him. The dream of the fresh, unselfish days, when he was a child playing under the willows, came and besought him. The prayers that, with folded hands and uplifted face, he had lisped at his mother's knee—praying, was it to God? or was it to the pure, loving eyes that looked upon him? he hardly knew; for mother and God, in the old, childish days, they seemed as one to him—the lisping, infant prayers came back across the long years of greed and wrong, drawing him, pleading with him, leading him again to mother, and heaven, and God.

Mr. James Nesmith, with bolted door and window darkened, buried his face in his hands, and, crouching forward upon the velvet of his desk, passed again through the flames of that old battle—the battle that has never ceased raging in human hearts since first greed, and wrong, and sin, came and took up their abode therein. Truth, and charity, and human kindness, and all holy memories, battled to help him throw off the sordid selfishness, the unscrupulous greed, the sin, of all the long years; battled, and—lost.

Mr. James Nesmith, with all his sins, developed one trait sternly grand in type: about him were no half-measures. He was not one, who, when conscience was once aroused, could quiet it with a pious face, and still hold on to the fruits of wrong-doing. Repentance must be restitution, abasement, the giving back of the spoils to the plundered, the bitter cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Ah! *these* things he could not humble himself to do. Very dear to him was his wealth; very dear the deference of the world upon 'Change; and bitter—

very bitter—the thought of humbling himself before men. Ah! Mr. James Nesmith, avarice, and pride, and good repute draw many a man back when "almost he is persuaded to be a Christian."

Mr. James Nesmith's time of repentance came. After all the years of wrong, the Lord was merciful, and he saw the gates of heaven ajar, yet with these words graven in letters of flame above them, "He that would enter in, let him humble himself before men." And he turned himself away.

Unlock the door, Mr. James Nesmith; undarken the window; wipe from the desk carefully the trace of the tears that came once, at least—came for the last time—to your eyes! The battle is over, Mr. James Nesmith; and there are only left pride and remorse. Ah! had you thought of that? Call not to your good angel; she has departed. Cry not to your mother among the shining ones! There have been tears in heaven—not tears of joy; these the redeemed often know; but tears of a sorrow without hope. *Such* tears come to the redeemed once only—come, when from the "great White Throne" the judgment falls, "He is joined to his idols; let him alone!"

Out among men walked Mr. James Nesmith as before—down Montgomery Street, to his office, upon 'Change, but not to the church upon the hill. Even the mild ministry of the Rev. Dr. Bland brought to him unpleasant thoughts. It was much pleasanter to sit, Sabbath mornings, with the open pages of his ledger before him. Men still looked after Mr. James Nesmith upon the street, and said, "He is a prosperous man," and envied him his houses, his lands, his stocks. Yet, Mr. James Nesmith was not a prosperous man with God.

With the days wrinkles came to the

brow and about the mouth, and a strange look of care to the eyes—a look as of one in torment. Yet pride clung to the fair repute; avarice, to the money-bags that were dragging downward—ever downward. The black hair became sprinkled with gray, the firm shoulders began to stoop, the look of care in the eyes became more—it was the look as of one who holds a hand in the fire.

One day I walked with a friend down one of the fashionable streets of Rincon Hill. It was one of those rarely perfect days that come to the portals of the Golden Gate in the early winter, when the hills are tinged with green, and the waters of the bay sleep as in a dream of far-off tropic peace. My friend was one of those odd, old-world beings, with queer notions and ideas unlike anybody else. He was discoursing to me, in an exceedingly puzzling way, of the doctrine of future punishment; urging that possibly we might be mistaken as to its

time and place. I grew impatient. "Tell me," I said, "where then, and when, does hell begin?"

Before my friend could reply, round the corner came Mr. James Nesmith, and, saluting us with his courteously stately bow, passed on. "Tell me," I again impatiently said, as the footsteps died away, "where then, and when, does hell begin?"

"Hush!" said my friend, holding up his finger, with a strangely solemn look upon his face. "Hush!" said he. "I have, even now, caught the smell of its flames upon garments."

I stopped and looked at him curiously for a moment, and then gazed inquiringly around. I only saw a crimson rose hanging through the palings of a fence, a bird swinging lazily upon a bush, and, up the street, Mr. James Nesmith, with his bowed head and stooping frame, walking slowly on to his house upon the hill.

LEGISLATION ON RAILROAD TARIFFS.

ON a former occasion we attempted to show, that, owing to the existence of certain unalterable conditions, the control of railroad tariffs by legislation is impracticable. We now propose, among other things, to offer some reflections upon the points involving an answer to this question: Ought the legislature to control railroad tariffs, even if such control were practicable?

The State claims the right and exercises the power to tax railroad property as she taxes all other property of her citizens—namely, because, through the agency of civil government, she protects the citizen in his rights of person and in the control and enjoyment of his property. It is the sense of security in these particulars that reconciles the citizen to

an institution which demands of him, each year, a portion of his earnings as taxes; a tribute of a part as the price of security for the remainder. Such being the considerations upon which the taxing power is based, it follows that there is one thing that the State can not do consistently with justice: she can not tax the property of the citizen because it is *his* property and because she protects him in his property rights, and at the same time exercise over it the rights of ownership herself. The State that does both is the oppressor, not the protector of the citizen. And yet it is proposed by certain parties that the State shall do this very thing in reference to railroad property. These parties tenaciously cling to the right of the State to

tax the railroad property of her citizens, and with no less vehemence they maintain that the State shall exercise the right of ownership over the same property. This incongruous claim is based upon the hypothesis that the ownership and control of property are capable of severance; whereas there can be no such thing as ownership without control. Practically, control *is* ownership. The proposition, put into definite terms, may be stated thus: "The State shall tax railroad property because it is the property of the citizen, and she shall also control the price at which such citizen may let his property to hire, because she has the power;" which means that the State herself shall exercise the most valuable attribute of ownership. This proposition analyzed amounts to just this: the citizen owns the property for the purpose of taxation, but the State owns it for the purpose of control. This style of government certainly can not be called the product of statesmanship; it is incompatible with that spirit of impartial justice upon which all right government is based. It is the most vulgar and brutal sort of despotism. The mere nominal ownership of property is without value if it do not also include the control. It is mockery for the State to assess taxes upon the property of the citizen because he is the owner, and at the same time usurp the rights and functions of ownership herself. The citizen either owns the property or he does not. If he be the owner and pay taxes upon it as such, then is he entitled to all the rights incident to ownership, which include control; and the State that deprives him of any of these rights is to that extent a despotism. In effect, such legislation amounts to practical confiscation; the State seizes the property of the citizen and ousts him of its control, without rendering him an equivalent therefor. Is such a proceeding consistent with the duty of protection on the

one hand and of allegiance on the other, which are the foundation of the political State? If it be said that the State still protects the citizen's life, we answer, Does not the State take from the citizen the means to preserve his life when she deprives him of the control of his property?

If it be said that in the foregoing views we are carrying the application of a principle to extremes, we respond that it is sometimes well to illustrate the absurdity of a proposition by leading the mind to a contemplation of its extreme possibilities. We maintain that our deductions are logical. Nor are they necessarily extreme; for, really, can anything be more extreme or absurd than the attempt to sever the control of property from its ownership? So careful has the law ever been of the sacred right of the owner to control his own property, that it has instituted the machinery of guardianships and trusts to exercise a fiduciary control for the benefit of the owner, where he is presumed to be disqualified, from infancy, idiocy, or lunacy, to exercise such control for himself. It is only in the case of railroad property that it is proposed, in this age and country, by certain partisans, to lay violent hands on a principle that is as old and as thoroughly established as the right of property itself.

But others besides the immediate owners of railroad property have acquired certain rights in it which must, if we would observe good faith, be respected. The railroads of California, and those of the country generally, have been built with borrowed money. The bonds which represent this credit were offered in the money markets of the world upon the assurance that the franchises possessed by the several railroad companies were secured by the plighted faith of the State. Among those franchises was the right of the companies, within a limit not exceeding fifteen cents per ton per mile,

to control their own transportation charges; a lower rate than that allowed by any other State at the time, and therefore thought to be the more secure from disturbance. This is a valuable franchise, and was unquestionably so regarded by the purchasers of our railroad bonds. This franchise, among others, thus guaranteed, constituted the foundation of each company's credit, and gave to its bonds a certain money value. Upon these franchises and assurances were the bonds sold and purchased; and with the money so obtained were the railroads built. We submit, therefore, that the purchasers of these bonds thereby acquired a *quasi*-property in the franchises which the legislature had assured to the several railroad companies. Relying upon these franchises as a resource by which the companies would be enabled to pay the annually accruing interest upon their bonds and ultimately redeem the principal, capitalists lent their money, and the country now, as the result, enjoys these invaluable improvements. It is clear, therefore, that in assaulting these franchises it is not the railroad companies alone that are assailed; but the rights and securities of these confiding creditors are also attacked, and, as a necessary consequence, the value of their bonds is impaired in the money market. As another consequence, the credit of the companies thus attacked is also ruined; and the character of the State, as unfaithful to its pledges, can not fail to suffer in the world's esteem. Thus we have a glimpse at the serious and injurious consequences resulting from a single act of willful wrong-doing. Disguise it as we may, by specious showings and special pleading, the proposition involves a deliberate act of repudiation. Fortunately, however, so far as our own State is concerned, the case we are considering is yet hypothetical; we have not yet done the wrong; it has only been proposed; we have so far es-

caped the infliction. Let us hope that the good sense and the magnanimity of the people of California will reject the insidious proposition. One thing more in this connection, however. We have attempted, in the preceding sentences, to illustrate a financial law—namely, that the mere nominal ownership of property can give or insure to such owner no credit, if it be known that the control is severed from the ownership. The truth is, as we have already suggested, that control is ownership; to talk of separating the one from the other is absurd. The law, as heretofore recognized and administered in our civilization, knows no such property relation as control without ownership.

We have at hand an instance which serves to illustrate the mischievous consequences resulting from the attempt to break up this relation between ownership and control. When the war upon our railroads began, those engaged in this branch of industry had it in contemplation to construct several additional lines, reaching into different parts of the State, with a view to a grand system of roads, needed to develop fully our resources. Experience has proved that a main line once constructed needs connecting lateral lines as feeders, while each new road demonstrates the necessity for others, until the entire system is completed, and the interior in all directions suitably accommodated. Such was the grand scheme which our public-spirited and energetic railroad builders had in view. But, unfortunately for the public welfare, the violent partisan warfare about that time organized and precipitated upon the State, so impaired the credit of our railroad companies that their purpose had to be abandoned, and must remain so, at least for an indefinite time, and until a better informed and more stable public opinion shall finally silence these ill-advised clamors. The threat made in these assaults, to sepa-

rate the control of our railroads from the ownership, by demanding that the legislature should fix the rates of transportation, had the effect at once so to injure the credit of the companies that they could not carry out their design; for, without borrowing money they could build no more roads. The main reliance of all railroad companies, and, in most instances, the only reliance, to meet their pecuniary liabilities, is their receipts from the transportation of freight and passengers; and when the right to control the prices for such services is wrenched from them, not only is their credit ruined, but the real value of their property is ruined also; for who cares to have the empty name of owner, while somebody else exercises the more valuable right or power of control? Railroad shares thus emasculated could scarcely be sold in the market at any price. If such a policy is to be adopted, it follows that some new method for the construction of railroads will have to be devised, if more railroads are desired; for it can not be expected that associated capital will invest another dollar in these enterprises if it is denied the right to control its own property. Whether any other agency than capital associated under corporate franchises, with a view to the construction of railroads, be practicable, is a question which we do not now propose to discuss; it is sufficient to say that it is through this agency alone that the extensive railroad system of the United States has been constructed. It would seem to be the duty of those who now propose, by hostile legislation, the destruction of this agency—the only practicable one which human ingenuity has hitherto devised for the country—to suggest a better in its stead. Whether their ability to construct be equal to their capacity to destroy—in case of success in their present warfare—is a question which the future must determine; though experience attests that the

two talents are seldom united in the same individual. Certain it is, that, either from lack of ability or because no such possibility exists, they have as yet suggested no substitute. Their attitude is one of destruction only, and with this destruction the end!

Of the soundness of the views enunciated in the foregoing remarks, we have recently had practical evidence. When, a few weeks since, it was announced that a judicial court in Wisconsin had decided that the control of railroad property might, by legislative action, be severed from the ownership, down tumbled all Wisconsin railroad shares in the market, causing a loss of many thousands to those who were so unfortunate as to have invested their means in that species of property. Such is the commentary of capital and business men upon such decisions and such legislation. Whether such judicial ruling is to be the settled law of the land, and whether the progress of improvement is to be thus suddenly arrested, time and experience will determine. If we are not mistaken, time will ere long demonstrate that capital will not hereafter consent to be inveigled into making investments in property of which subsequent legislation may deny it control.

It has been asked—and we have never seen the inquiry answered—why railroad corporations are singled out by certain parties as proper subjects for legislative control, while all other corporations are left free to manage their own affairs in their own way. Why should not the State, if resolved upon the policy in question, assume control of manufacturing corporations, of banks, of water companies, of mining, insurance, telegraphic, and newspaper corporations, as well as of railroad associations? All these corporations derive their legal franchises from the same source; and if it be contended—as it is—that railroad corporations are the creatures of the

legislature and therefore subject to the control of their creator, the same may be said of the others; while the latter, as a rule, divide far more profits upon the capital invested than do railroads. Nor can it be claimed that the other associations named are entitled to any exemption on the ground that they perform any more useful functions for society than are performed by railroads. The truth seems to be, however, and everybody is self-conscious of, and acts upon it, that if this rule of severing control from ownership were made uniform, nobody would hereafter consent to go into corporate associations. The adoption of such a rule would be equivalent to decreeing the annihilation of these useful institutions; it would certainly prevent their organization in the future. No sane man would consent to invest his capital where he would have no voice in its control—where, instead of having such voice, his property would be subject to the control of the government, which means, as a general fact, the convenience and self-interest of party politicians. If it be proposed to substitute the government in the stead of these commercial corporations, it is clear that such novel functions would work a complete revolution in business affairs and in our whole governmental system, the consequences of which no man could foresee. A system of exhaustive taxation which no people could endure would be requisite to carry out so monstrous a scheme, and we should soon realize the force of the maxim that “the world is governed too much.” Such, doubtless, are some of the considerations which restrain these partisans from asserting their propositions as applicable to all corporations; and yet it is difficult to see why, if private property in railroad corporations is to be subjected to legislative control, all other corporate property should not be reduced to the same domination.

Much stress is laid upon the fact that, in the construction of railroads, the State exercises the right of eminent domain. In order to discuss this question with accuracy, let us inquire, What is the right of eminent domain? It is defined to be “*the right of the State to take the property of a citizen for necessary public use, at a fair valuation.*” It should be noted here that the property is taken for “public use,” because it is “necessary” to the public, and that a “fair valuation” must be rendered therefor. When the State, therefore, condemns and “takes” the right of way for a railroad, through a citizen’s farm, it is on the ground that the public needs the road, and that the right of way is a corresponding necessity. The right or power of the State, then, is exercised in behalf of the public, to respond to its necessities; not in behalf of the corporation for its special advantage. The company, too, not the State, pays the “fair valuation,” and the title to the right of way vests in the company; so that the State acquires no rights over the property of the company by virtue of the exercise of its power. The public simply gets what was “necessary” to it, by this action of the State; but the company thereby neither compromises nor loses any of its rights or franchises. Certainly, the exercise of this power by the State, for the benefit of the public, confers upon her no right to control the property of the individuals composing the corporation.

But this argument, adduced by those who claim the right of the State to control, has another side—is susceptible of another and more just application. If the State assumes control of the company’s property, she thereby exercises over it the right of eminent domain; she “takes” the property of her citizens for “public use,” and is therefore bound to pay for it a “fair valuation.” The exercise of the power, the “taking,” with-

out returning an equivalent, would be arbitrary and despotic. Let those who adduce the argument abide by its logical results. Current history furnishes an example of what is the public sense in a parallel case. The Postmaster-General has on several occasions, in his annual reports, urged the importance of making the telegraph lines a part of the postal system. The proposition has met with so much favor that it has been earnestly advocated in Congress, and has received the approbation of a respectable portion of the public press. But we have not seen it seriously proposed in any quarter, and we are confident that it has not been proposed in any respectable quarter, that Congress should assume arbitrary control of the property of the telegraph companies, "take" it, and fix the price of transmitting messages, and thereby oust the companies from the possession and con-

trol of their own property, as is proposed in regard to the property of railroad companies. Nor do we believe that the sense of public justice, however desirable it may be to annex the telegraph to the postal system, would sanction so despotic a proceeding. The proposition always contemplates the exercise of the right of eminent domain—"the right to take the property of the citizen for necessary public use at a fair valuation." If the public "needs" the telegraph in the one case and the railroads in the other, the two cases are precisely parallel. And if the legislative power in either case fixes the rates of service and enforces those rates by the exercise of governmental power, it thereby practically "takes" the property of the citizen; for we repeat that control is practical ownership—therefore, the "taking" without returning a "fair valuation" would be indefensible.

CULTIVATION OF THE COFFEE PLANT.

AS attention has recently been called through the medium of the press to a so-called wild coffee shrub in California, and much speculation has arisen therefrom, as to whether the plant might not be profitably cultivated in certain districts of our State, a brief description of the manner in which this tree is cultivated in Central America may be interesting. A statement, too, of the conditions under which the plant flourishes best in that country may, perhaps, afford the agricultural community of California an opportunity of judging whether the experiment of its cultivation would be likely to be attended with success or not. Our agriculturists, being well acquainted with the character of their soil and the degrees of its fertility in different localities, the peculiarities of the

seasons as regards their influence upon vegetation, and the climatic effect upon certain tropical or semi-tropical productions, that, from time to time, are being successfully introduced, may, perhaps, obtain thereby some information that may aid them in pronouncing their verdict touching the "aye" or "no" of the proposition.

Let us carefully consider the conditions under which the coffee-tree thrives in Central America, thinking that the consideration of the plant in that almost neighboring country may be more practically useful than the consideration of it in regions more remote, and, therefore, more distinctly differing from California, such as Jamaica, Ceylon, or Java. There is a degree of similarity between the coffee-producing portions of Costa

Rica, and Guatemala, and California, which can not be observed between California and any other country where this article is cultivated, with the exception of Mexico. The position of these three countries* on the western side of the same continent, their being traversed by mountain ranges of the same volcanic origin; the fact that the coffee districts of Central America and the agricultural portions of California occupy relatively the same sides, slopes, and valleys of their respective mountain systems; that the seasons, too, of extra-tropical California correspond, in some degree, at any rate, to the wet and dry seasons that prevail in inter-tropical Central America—would all lead to the supposition that a tolerably correct opinion on the subject of coffee culture in California may be arrived at from information regarding the plant in Central America. A long treatise, embracing the cost of land and labor—all the expenses incurred, year by year, from the felling of the timber up to the time when the plantation yields a profit, and including, too, the mode of preparing the fruit for market—would not be to the point. In the first place, no comparative estimate of the cost of making a plantation of say 100,000 trees in California, could be derived from the knowledge of the cost of a similar plantation in Central America; and in the second place, the present question is exclusively whether the tree would thrive here or not, if its cultivation were tried. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, to the plant itself—its culture and requirements.

The soil most suitable for coffee is that produced by decomposed vegetable

or volcanic matter. The deep vegetable loams of the Central American forests, the alluvial deposits, and beds of volcanic origin thoroughly decomposed, appear to be almost equally favorable to the highest development of the plant, both as regards productiveness and quality of fruit. On the Costa Grande, in Guatemala, the alluvial soils and vegetable loams—light-black, brown, or yellowish in color—are not unfrequently mixed with sand and volcanic *débris*. The peculiarly beneficial effect on the plant of a volcanic element in the soil, was strikingly illustrated in Costa Rica some few years ago. During the year 1865 or 1866, the volcano of Turialba, in the province of Cartago, was in a state of eruption, and an immense cloud of very fine ashy matter floated for many months in the same direction, for miles across the country, depositing on it a fine dust all along the line of its track. The course of this cloud lay over numbers of the finest plantations in the state, and the ashy deposit on the trees was such as to cause the proprietors much alarm. It was not that they feared so much for that year's crop, which was considered as lost, as for the very existence of the trees themselves, which they were afraid would be destroyed, or severely injured. The effect of this as they thought destructive dust was, however, so different from the result they apprehended, that their crops that year were the finest ever known, and the plantations received a marked and lasting benefit from the volcanic deposit.

Whether the land selected, however, be of a vegetable, alluvial, or volcanic character, there is one necessity as regards it that is absolute, and that is, *depth* of soil. The very smallest depth that the soil should have is three feet, but the thicker the loam the better. It would be most injudicious to commence planting a coffee estate without having first ascertained the fact, that, on the

*In speaking of Costa Rica and Guatemala, only the western portions are referred to. It should be borne in mind that it is the Pacific slope and tablelands in the mountain range running through the country that are peopled and under cultivation. The Atlantic slope is comparatively uninhabited, owing to the almost incessant rains and the unhealthy climate.

proposed site, there was a sufficient quantity of land containing suitable soil of a depth in no place less than that mentioned. Indeed, the importance of a deep soil is so great, that an orchard of coffee-trees, planted on ground whose general depth of soil did not exceed three feet, would, in every probability, ultimately disappoint the owner. The root of the coffee plant is a long, carrot-shaped tap, from which grows out a network of fibres or fine roots, and trees of from ten to fifteen years of age—in their full vigor and productiveness—have been known to have roots, under favorable circumstances, from six to nine feet long. If the point of the tap, in its downward growth, meets with any obstruction, like rock or stone, or reaches an uncongenial stratum, the plant naturally suffers detriment. The substratum should be neither too porous nor too retentive of moisture, either being prejudicial to the health, growth, and productiveness of the shrub. This remark, as regards the second condition, is perhaps more applicable to lands within the tropics, where immense quantities of rain fall during the wet season, than to California, where the cry of "too much rain," which the farmers gave utterance to last winter, is but rarely heard. Hard, clayey ground should be particularly avoided, as it is least capable of retaining moisture sufficient for the nourishment of the plant during a dry season, while during the rains it retains too much.

Respecting the height above sea-level at which the plant flourishes best, arbitrarily to assert that such or such an altitude would be most favorable to its successful development, is to misguide. The altitude most favorable to the coffee shrub varies in different countries, and is dependent on temperature, rain-fall, regularity of the seasons, and other determining conditions. Outside of the tropical regions, latitude must naturally have great effect in deciding the altitude.

Because in Ceylon an elevation of 1,500 feet above sea-level is found to be the best, it is by no means a necessary consequence that in Costa Rica or here the same altitude should be similarly favorable; on the contrary, so low an altitude is not favorable, the finest Costa Rican coffee being produced at a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea; and the altitude of the plantations in Costa Rica might be assigned as a fitting altitude for future plantations in California with just as much reason as the altitude of the plantations in Ceylon. The fact is, that the most proper altitude will only be determined by experiment, and, taking latitude justly into consideration, it will be advisable to begin experimenting low enough. Should experiments ever be made in this State, the best elevation will probably prove to be as near sea-level as the avoidance of cold sea-winds and fogs will allow.

It should be borne in mind that the coffee plant is a hardy shrub, and flourishes in considerable extremes of heat and cold. In Central America it grows at all elevations, from the hot and reeking sea-board, where vegetation is luxuriant to rankness, up to almost the summits of the Cordilleras in a perennial cold. A brief explanation of the reasons why an altitude of about 4,000 feet in Costa Rica is most favorable to the cultivator may be suggestive, at any rate, as regards the consideration of altitude in California, for it will be seen that the objections to the cultivation of coffee in the lower and higher ranges of that country probably do not exist here. On the sea-coast the plant produces all the year round, and may, indeed, be said to be too prolific. On the same tree, in any month of the year, may be seen flowers and berries in every stage of ripeness and unripeness. The labor of harvesting and preparing for the market is thus continuous, and consequently impracticable in a commercial point of view,

since coffee can only be cultivated with profit in those regions where the crop comes in all together. The cause of this continuous fruitfulness is the frequency of showers on the coast-line during the dry season, inducing the trees to put forth flowers during almost the whole year. Moreover, the coffee produced is not of so fine a flavor; a just proportion being maintained between quantity and quality, each increasing as the other decreases. On the other hand, in the highest districts under cultivation, though the trees do not produce so much, the coffee is of a very superior quality; but here the crop is liable to damage, and that, too, owing to unseasonable showers, which occur in the neighborhood of the mountain summits, and which, though they do not, on account of the colder temperature, induce the tree to put forth flowers, as is the case on the hot coast, are, nevertheless, very injurious to the berry at the time of ripening. The trees here also suffer from a moss that grows on their trunks and branches, induced by the prevailing humidity. Experience has thus proved that the medium altitude between these two extremes is the best in that country; though it can not be urged that in California the same or similar reasons will exclude coffee cultivation from either the coast-line or the highest table-lands. On the Costa Grande, in Guatemala, five or six degrees of latitude farther north, a most favorable elevation is from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, though, on good lands, the plant thrives extremely well at from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above sea-level.

The next requirement of the plant to be considered is position with regard to protection from wind. Great care must be taken in selecting a locality which is sheltered from severe winds. The effect of strong and cold winds upon the plant are most destructive. A place exposed to such atmospheric drawbacks is valueless as a site for a coffee planta-

tion, even if it possess superior recommendations in every other respect. In Guatemala, during the months of November, December, January, and February, strong north, north-west, and north-east winds prevail, which are frequently so violent and desiccating as not only completely to destroy the crop for that year, but cause the trees to fail in the following one, also. The effect of these winds is so disastrous that the plants wither, the leaves fade and fall, and the following blossom does not fructify, while great numbers of trees perish entirely. On the Costa Grande, large forest trees surrounding the plantation are left standing in such localities as are not thoroughly protected by position from these devastating blasts—these trees serving to break to a considerable extent the air-currents. Trees of dense foliage are sometimes even planted around the plantation, and along the drives that intersect it; these are a very effective protection, and may be instrumental in saving thousands of plants and much money.

The regularity and equability of seasonable rain are most important requisites. In Costa Rica, the rainy season begins at the end of April, and the coffee blossom bursts forth with the first showers, remaining only two or three days upon the trees. Rainy weather should then be continuous until the fruit is firmly fixed. A false start of the rainy season is most injurious, since a period of dry weather after the trees have once put forth their flowers prevents fructification to a disastrous extent. After the berry has attained a certain size, such a temporary cessation of rain does little injury. All through the rainy season, which continues for six consecutive months, the tree is maturing its fruit, which begins to ripen with the commencement of the dry season, and is ready for picking about seven months after the appearance of the flower. The

time of harvesting is, however, different in different parts of Central America, and is regulated by the seasons. There is a difference of about three months between the harvest-time in Costa Rica and that in Guatemala.

It remains to describe the seed-sowing, plant-raising, and culture of the tree when in permanent position, as conducted in Central America.

A piece of rich ground, conveniently—that is, centrally—situated on the proposed plantation, is cleared and prepared for the formation of a seedling-bed (*semillero*). Shallow drills about one and a half or two inches deep, and from six to nine inches apart, are then marked out, and the coffee-beans, with the shell or husk on, are placed in them about one inch apart. The seed is merely laid, or rather pressed, on the ground, without being covered with earth. This method is sufficient to allow of the root taking hold, and greatly facilitates the escape of the first two leaves from the husk, which is carried upward, and thrown off from them about three or four inches from the ground. The ripe coffee-fruit is very like a cherry in appearance; it is of a dark-red color, and contains two berries or beans as they appear when prepared for market. These beans, lying close together, their flat sides adjacent to each other, are contained in an external covering called the pulp, which possesses a large proportion of saccharine matter. Each bean, moreover, has, independent of its fellow, two other distinct coverings; the one a fine skin adhering closely to it, and the other a kind of thin, detached shell, in which the bean lies quite loose when dried. In preparing the seed for the ground, the ripe fruit is selected, and the two beans which each berry contains are separated; the external pulpy wrapper, common to both, being broken, but the internal shell pertaining to each bean being left intact. The seed requires from five to

six months to germinate and to come up, and in Guatemala is sown in September or October, so that the young plants may be well out of the ground before the following rainy season. If sown at the beginning of the wet season, (April or May) the heavy rain frequently destroys the plant.

From the *semillero* the young plants are transplanted, and removed to what may be called the nursery-ground (*almaciga*), at periods of eight, ten, or twelve months from the date of sowing. Here the plants are placed at a distance of from sixteen to eighteen inches apart, from centre to centre, and remain in this position from eighteen to twenty-four months, according to circumstances and their own health and vigor. In rich and strong soil, plants that have been two years in the *almaciga* frequently begin to blossom and produce berries. The *almacigos*, as a general rule, get on better under a certain degree of shade, which is obtainable from the plantain or other fast-growing plant.

Of good coffee-seed, sown in the above described manner, not more than seventy-five per cent. germinates. In order to secure sufficient plants for an estate of say 100,000 trees, 150,000 or even 200,000 are transplanted from the seedling-bed to the nursery-ground, so that the strongest and healthiest may be selected.

The young plants are transplanted to their permanent position at the beginning of the rainy season. Should showers fail to fall within two, three, or four days after transplantation, artificial irrigation is resorted to if possible. The operation of transplanting requires considerable practical knowledge to insure success.

A plantation, whenever it is practicable, is laid out in rectangular plats, 195 varas long by ninety-five varas wide, leaving passages or drives of five varas width between the plats throughout the estate. The trees are planted in these plats at a

distance of from three to three and a half varas apart, from centre to centre. But there is a diversity of opinion as to what is the best and most profitable method of planting. One method is, to place the young plants in positions at about from two to two and a half varas apart, up to the age of four, five, or even six years from seed; when the trees begin to spread their branches laterally, beyond the space of two or two and a half varas allotted to them, one plant out of every three is to be removed in the order indicated in the following diagram, the dots representing the trees that are left standing, and the asterisks the places previously occupied by those that have been taken out:

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The plants that are removed are transplanted into fresh ground. Thus the trees are not lost, and the plantation is, at the same time, increased. Another plan recommended, and indeed adopted, by the Messieurs de Teil, in Guatemala, is to place the plants in their permanent positions at only one and a half or two varas apart, it being contended that a larger quantity of coffee is thus obtained from a given measure of land, although there is less product per plant. It is also asserted that this is an economical system, much labor and expense being saved in the operations of transplanting, weeding, and harvesting. In this case of close planting, much care and judgment are necessary in performing the annual pruning. This plan is, however, disapproved of by many coffee planters, and there can be no doubt that the coffee plant, to produce abundantly and mature and ripen its fruit fully, requires plenty of sun and air. Some planters nip off the central leading shoot, so as to check the plant's rapid growth

upward, and induce it to spread its branches horizontally. This treatment may be advisable after the plant has acquired three or four years' age from the seed, as it keeps the trees at a height convenient for gathering the crop. Some persons nip off the leading shoots when the seedling is only nine or twelve months old, but this plan is not generally approved. The period for nipping off the leading centre shoots, and those of the principal lateral branches, depends upon the different circumstances of the shrub in different situations. As a general rule, no doubt, advantages are derived from nipping off the leaders at the proper season, though some authorities disapprove of such a course of training. Pruning the coffee plant should be very carefully attended to; too much fruit-bearing wood should be thinned, and superfluous branches removed. Want of proper attention, at the proper time, is one of the causes why the tree produces a superabundant crop one year, and becomes so much exhausted as not to bear half a crop the succeeding year. Trees of from eight to ten years of age require much pruning, in order that sunlight and air may be freely admitted among their branches.

The productiveness of a plantation is, of course, dependent upon the quality of the soil, and the more or less proper treatment of the trees. In Costa Rica the average may be generally stated to be, on fine virgin soil, forty quintals; good average, twenty quintals; bad, ten quintals, the *manzana*. In Guatemala, the plantations being generally younger than those in Costa Rica, and nearly all virgin soil, the average production is somewhat larger.

Respecting the progressive productiveness of a plantation from the time it commences to bear: should all things proceed favorably, at the end of the fourth year from the sowing of the seed it may have produced from one to one

and a half pounds per tree. This is, however, a rare result, though it has occurred. The general expectation is that the crop of a plantation four years old from the seed will cover the expenses of the plantation for that year; a small profit is obtained the fifth year, and the trees are in full bearing in the sixth. They may be considered in their prime when ten or twelve years old. Trees of from eight years of age, when properly attended to and pruned with care and judgment, will produce, individually, a number of pounds of coffee corresponding with their age—an additional pound for each additional year—until the twelfth year, or even until the fifteenth, or possibly the twentieth year. There are trees still bearing in Costa Rica that were planted more than fifty years ago, and the writer was shown one of these patriarchs which produced seventy pounds of coffee in one year.

That land suitable to the growth of the plant may be found in California, there can be but little doubt; but that success will attend experiments in its culture in this State seems by no means certain. The existence of a winter,

though a mild one, in California, and the fact that the winter and the rains are contemporaneous, are conditions unfavorable to the plant. The effect of the season here would probably be to cause the plant to put forth its flowers, in company with other fruit-trees, at the spring of the year, and not at the commencement of the rains. In the tropics there is a hot and genial sun always, and it is upon the rains that fructification depends in those regions, while in California it is the returning sun that decides the period of germination. The consequence would be, that the coffee-tree, during the six months that it is maturing its fruit—a time when it requires abundance of moisture, and over the whole of which the rainy season extends in Central America—would be almost without a shower of rain. This consideration seems to be a serious one; and unless irrigation may be found to be a fitting substitute for the required rains, it is probable that the culture of this plant can not be profitably prosecuted. Perhaps in the southern counties of the State the coffee-tree, with the aid of irrigation, may be found to thrive.

SCIENCE.

The winds of heaven trample down the pines,
 Or creep in lazy tides along the lea;
 Leap the wild waters from the smitten rock,
 Or crawl with childish babble to the sea;
 But why the tempests out of heaven blow,
 Or what the purpose of the seaward flow,
 No man hath known, and none shall ever know.

Why seek to know? To follow Nature up
 Against the current to her source, why care?
 Vain is the toil; he's wisest still who knows
 All science is but formulated prayer—
 Prayer for the warm winds and the quickening rain,
 Prayer for sharp sickle and for laboring wain,
 To gather from the planted past the grain.

A DUEL ON BOSTON COMMON.

THE old Granary Burying-ground, between the Tremont House and Park Street Church, is one of the most interesting objects in Boston. With its abundant foliage and sequestered paths it is a bit of rural seclusion amid the noise and bustle of a great city. Situated near the heart of traffic, the quiet of the old grave-yard is the more impressive from the fact that it contains the remains of the most distinguished characters in the early history of Massachusetts and the country. There are buried many a colonial and revolutionary worthy. There, too, are the graves of the French Protestants who sought protection in Boston after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There Richard Bellingham, a colonial governor, and William Dummer, a provincial governor, sleep near their successors in the office after the adoption of the Constitution—Hancock, Bowdoin, Adams, Sumner, Sullivan, Gore, Eustis. Peter Faneuil (the builder of the famous hall), and many a noted scholar, statesman, and divine, are buried in this inclosure. Here repose the ashes of the victims of the Boston Massacre, and here lies Paul Revere, whose midnight ride roused the people to march to Lexington and Concord. The remains of General Joseph Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill, were deposited here after they were taken from their first grave in Charlestown. This is the last resting-place of two signers of the Declaration of Independence—John Hancock and Robert Treat Paine; and beneath a granite obelisk in the centre of the old grave-yard, with a characteristic inscription composed by himself, are the bones of the parents and other relatives of Benjamin Franklin.

But with all its memorials of departed greatness and worth, no object in the ancient burying-ground is invested with a more romantic interest than a plain slate-stone which is but a few feet from the sidewalk on Tremont Street, and stands nearly opposite the entrance to the Studio Building. Very few of the persons who pass the spot or linger beneath the grateful shade of the Paddock elms, which have stood near it for more than a century, know anything of the tragic history connected with that simple memorial. We can read from the sidewalk the inscription on the broad blue grave-stone, with its quaint scroll-work and ghastly death's-head, but it does not even hint at the sad story. This is all it says:

“Here Lyes Interred The Body Of Mr. Benjamin Woodbridge, Son Of The Honourable Dudley Woodbridge, Esq'r, Who Dec'd July Ye 3d, 1728, In Ye 20th Year Of His Age.”

There was great excitement in Boston on the fourth of July, 1728. The crowd on the Common was unusually large even for occasions of public interest. The people who flocked there on that day did not, however, like their successors of our time, do so for merry-making. No patriotic feeling was then associated with the fourth of July, for the Declaration of Independence was not signed till nearly fifty years afterward. It was a tragical event that drew crowds to the Common on that day. The first duel that took place in Boston had been fought there the night before, and as the parties to it were well known and very respectably connected, and one of them was killed, there was great eagerness to visit the scene of the affray.

On that previous evening a number

of young men had assembled at the Royal Exchange Tavern, in King Street—now State Street—on the spot where the Merchants' Bank building stands now. The house, which was kept by one Luke Vardy, was a noted resort of the solid men of Boston, as well as the gay blades of the town who were in the habit of drinking and gaming there. Among them, on the evening of the third of July, were two young men who were both of amiable disposition, and had hitherto sustained an excellent reputation. Their social position was eminently respectable, as their family connections were of the best in the province, and each had numerous influential friends. Benjamin Woodbridge, the victim of the duel, was a young man of great promise, who, in his twentieth year and having just completed his education, had been taken as a partner in business by Mr. Jonathan Sewall, nephew of the celebrated chief justice, one of the most active merchants of Boston. The father of young Woodbridge was a magistrate and a gentleman of some distinction in Barbadoes. He was a descendant of Benjamin Woodbridge, whose name stands first on the list of *alumni* of Harvard College, where he graduated in 1642. Having previously lived in New England and been settled in the ministry as pastor of the church in Groton, Connecticut, the West Indian gentleman naturally sent his son to Boston to finish his education, little dreaming that he would fall a victim to a barbarous practice which had not then obtained a foot-hold in this country.

Henry Phillips, the other party to the duel, was a young man of twenty-three. He was a brother of Gillam Phillips who had married Marie, the sister of the famous Peter Faneuil, the builder of the historic hall which bears his name. At the time of the affray, Henry, who had lately graduated at Cambridge, was associated with his elder brother in the

business of book-selling. While playing cards at the tavern in King Street, where both had probably been drinking freely, a dispute arose between them, which ended in the duel on the Common. No one now knows who was the challenger, but the testimony of the most distinguished citizens of Boston, as to the mild and peaceable disposition of Phillips, makes it probable that he must have been extremely provoked, if he insisted on the deadly arbitrament which proved so fatal to him.

It was early in the evening when the two misguided young men left the Royal Exchange Tavern for their appointed place of meeting on the Common. To make the fulfillment of their plans more certain, they chose no seconds, and hurried off before their hot blood had time to cool. As they went into King Street from the old tavern, they saw none of the buildings which are familiar to the citizens of Boston to-day. Even the old State House, which has so long stood at the head of the street, under its original as well as its present name, was not built until twenty years later, the site being then occupied by a brick town-house. In what is now Washington Street only one building remains by which young Woodbridge passed on that summer evening. This is the quaint Old Corner Book-store, which was built in 1712, and which, when the first Boston directory was published, in 1789, was partly occupied as a residence. Even the Old South Church, near by, which has been associated with many eventful scenes of early and recent history, was not then built. But the gilded Indian carved by the cunning hand of Deacon Shem Drown, who made the grasshopper that still surmounts Faneuil Hall, stood with his bow bent and his arrow on the string, on the cupola of the Province House, the mansion of the old royal governors of Massachusetts; though the dusky sentinel could not stop

the rash youth as he hurried by on his errand of death.

On his way to the Common, Woodbridge stopped at the White Horse Tavern on Newbury, now Washington Street, which stood opposite where Hayward Place now is. His object in calling there was to get his sword, which was in the possession of one Robert Handy, who seems to have had charge of the arms and accoutrements of the military company to which he belonged. On being asked why he wanted his sword at that late hour, Woodbridge replied that business called him into the country. This answer did not satisfy Handy, who, knowing that the young man had had a dispute with Phillips, suspected that he was going to meet him. But as the young merchant, being urged to say plainly what occasion he had for a sword, persisted in his first story, Handy gave it to him with the belt. Woodbridge then left the tavern in company with a Mr. Thomas Barton.

Handy, who still had misgivings that all was not right, followed them. On passing over the Common, he found Woodbridge with his sword at his side, walking by the Powder-house, which stood on the hill bearing its name, not far from the Great Elm, where the foundation of the Soldiers' Monument now is. This was then the centre of the Common, which extended on the west to the water of the Back Bay, Charles Street not being laid out until seventy-five years later. The elegant edifices which now line the streets inclosing the famous pleasure-ground of Boston were not in 1728, for the park was then only a cow-pasture; a gloomy looking wooden building used as a granary occupied the site of Park Street Church; and farther up the street, then called Centry or Sentry Street, from Sentry or Beacon Hill to which it extended, were two two-storied brick buildings called the Alms-house and Bridewell—the former being

used as a habitation for the aged and infirm poor, and the latter appropriated to disorderly and insane persons. Such were the miserable buildings on a street now adorned by the stately mansions of the Warrens, the Quincys, and the Ticknors. Beacon Street, too, was destitute of attractiveness; a cow-pasture occupied the site of the State House, and there were only a few straggling dwellings in that now populous and fashionable quarter; even the Hancock House not having been built until eight years later. Nor were the other approaches to the Common more sightly when Robert Handy passed into it to watch the movements of the young merchant. In those days the Common was almost bare of trees; the Great Elm being the only one of consequence, so that it was not difficult to ascertain the whereabouts of the young men on that pleasant summer evening.

On meeting Woodbridge near the Powder-house, Handy urged him to tell the reason of his being there, but could get no answer. Handy's suspicions were, however, soon confirmed by seeing Henry Phillips, with his sword by his side and cloak on, walking toward the spot where he was talking with Woodbridge. On being charged with coming there to settle a quarrel, and reminded of the danger of this course, they both denied having any such intention. Phillips said he had a particular affair with Woodbridge that concerned only themselves, and requested Handy to go about his business. He, however, persisted in attempting to persuade them to let him know their design, and urged them to make up their quarrel if they had any. Phillips now became so indignant at this interruption, that Handy, seeing the uselessness of further expostulation, left the two young men to themselves by the Powder-house, and walked up the Common, while they went in the opposite direction. This

was about eight o'clock in the evening. Being still afraid that a duel was about to take place, and anxious to prevent it, Handy soon went back to the Powder-house. There he saw Woodbridge approaching him, holding his left hand below his right breast. His coat was bloody, and on being asked the reason, he said Phillips had wounded him. Seeing that he had no sword, Handy asked him where it was, and was told that Phillips had it. The latter soon came up with Woodbridge's sword unsheathed in his hand, and his own hanging by his side. Handy expressed his surprise that the quarrel had gone so far, and, on telling Phillips that he had wounded his antagonist, he replied that the latter had given him a flesh-wound, showing at the same time his cut fingers. Phillips then sheathed the sword of Woodbridge in its scabbard, and returned it to him.

But the poor fellow now became so faint from loss of blood that he sat down, and begged that surgeons might be sent for. Handy immediately went away, leaving the two duelists together. Phillips followed him, and told him for God's sake to go back and take care of Woodbridge until he returned with a surgeon. He then crossed the Common and went down Hog Alley, now Avery Street, by the Pound, while Handy, leaving the wounded man to shift for himself, returned to the White Horse Tavern, where he spread the news of the duel, and with his friend Barton started on their way back to poor Woodbridge. On learning, however, that Phillips had gone for a surgeon, Barton decided not to go to the assistance of the wounded man, and went instead with Handy to Mr. Blin's, in Newbury Street, which corresponded with that part of Washington Street between Summer and Essex streets. Being invited to supper at Mr. Blin's, the two men staid; and Handy, as he afterward testified, did not

see or hear anything of Phillips after he left him going for a surgeon.

In the meanwhile, Woodbridge's life was fast ebbing away. In the duel with Phillips, which no one else had witnessed, he received wounds which justified the latter's anxiety lest they should prove fatal. As their swords crossed, on that evening, neither of them dreamed that this would be the result of their dispute over the cards in the King Street tavern. They heard the frogs croaking in the marsh, now transformed into the artificial pond which has taken its name from those melancholy batrachians, but they did not detect death in those lugubrious notes. The Great Elm, which was even then fully grown, and from whose branches in earlier years dangled the lifeless remains of Quakers and murderers, the victims of the justice or injustice of Puritan law-makers, bore no ghastly relics of mortality to startle the duelists into a sense of the impending danger. Sad, however, as was the fate of the victim in this rash encounter, cut off in the bloom of opening manhood, it was less so than that of the survivor, who died within a year, of remorse and a broken heart, in a foreign land to which he had fled for shelter.

While Henry Phillips had gone for a surgeon to attend to his late antagonist's wounds, which he feared would be fatal, and Robert Handy was taking supper with Barton at Mr. Blin's, instead of returning to the sufferer, the latter dragged himself away from the vicinity of the Powder-house, where they left him. Phillips went to the Sun Tavern, in Corn Court, Dock Square, where he found Doctor George Pemberton, to whom he showed his wounds, and begged the doctor to accompany him to the Common, to see what could be done for poor Woodbridge. He expressed his fears of a fatal result to the medical man, who, after securing the services of Doctor Cutler, a surgeon, repaired with him to

the Common. They searched the ground near the Powder-house, where Woodbridge was last seen, but did not succeed in finding him. One of the doctors then suggested to Phillips that he should walk toward Mr. Bromfield's lane, now Bromfield Street. While he went in that direction, they visited the missing man's lodgings and several other places, without obtaining any clue to his whereabouts. They then returned to Doctor Cutler's house, where they found Phillips and dressed his wounds, which were slight, and tried to allay his great anxiety about the fate of Woodbridge.

At about midnight, the friends of Henry Phillips—alarmed as he was at the danger of his situation, though the body of his antagonist was not yet found—removed him to a place of safety. Gillam Phillips, his brother, had been to the Royal Exchange Tavern an hour before, and heard the story of the duel and the quarrel which led to it. He talked the matter over with Peter Faneuil, who was then a young fellow of twenty-eight, and had not thought of building his famous hall. It was he who conducted Henry Phillips to the house of Colonel Estis Hatch, to conceal him from the officers of justice. As it was unsafe to trust long to this hiding-place for security, the friends of the young man hit upon a surer one. There happened to be a British man-of-war in the harbor, and it was clear that once safely on board her, nothing could prevent him from escaping his pursuers. Steamers and telegraphs being then unknown, there were no means of preventing an offender thus protected from taking refuge on foreign soil.

To a common criminal such a refuge would not have been available; but the wealthy and influential connections of young Phillips made the matter easy. His brother Gillam accordingly applied to Captain John Winslow, of the pink

Mollie, then lying in the harbor, for a boat to take Henry to his majesty's ship *Sheerness*, at anchor between the Castle—where Fort Independence now is—and Spectacle Island. Everything being ready, Henry Phillips and Peter Faneuil left Colonel Hatch's house at the foot of Fort Hill at midnight, and, stealing down Belcher's Lane (now Purchase Street), proceeded as quietly as possible to Gibbs' Wharf (now Fort Hill Wharf). There they awaited the arrival of the boat of the pink *Mollie*, which was to convey them to the British ship-of-war. Meanwhile, Gillam Phillips had gone with Captain Winslow to Long Wharf, where the *Mollie's* boat lay. They quickly unfastened her, jumped in, and took to the oars, but as the man-of-war was several miles off, they rowed to the captain's craft and took on board four of her crew. The boat thus manned soon reached Gibb's Wharf, where Henry Phillips and Peter Faneuil were anxiously awaiting its arrival. It was now past twelve o'clock, and as at any moment the body of Woodbridge might be found, his antagonist was in increased danger by every additional delay. The fate of the murderer was hanging over him. Taking a long farewell of his good friend Peter Faneuil, the wretched youth stepped into the boat and left forever his birthplace and home.

Meanwhile, however, a thick fog had set in, and the rowers lost their way. Instead of making a plain course down the harbor, they got on shore at Dorchester Neck. There they went up to a house and waited an hour and a half until the fog lifted, when they again embarked in their boat, and before long reached the man-of-war. Soon after going on board they went into the room of Lieutenant Pritchard, where Gillam Phillips related the story of his brother's duel and its unfortunate result. Captain Conrad and his officers sympathized with the young man, whose grief for the

loss of his friend was as great as his fear of the consequences to himself, and promised to take him beyond reach of legal process before sunrise. The commander of the *Sheerness* kept his word. In an hour's time his ship, with all her canvas spread to the wind, was heading for the open sea, while the boat of the pink *Mollie*, with one passenger less than she brought, was on the way back to Boston. Henry Phillips was safe from the clutches of the law.

About three o'clock that morning, the persons who for several hours had been vainly searching on the Common for young Woodbridge, found his dead body near the Powder-house. There was a small stab under the right arm, but the fatal wound was evidently a rapier-thrust under his right breast and coming out at the small of the back. The forefinger of the left hand was almost cut off at the upper joint, the result, as was supposed, of grasping a naked sword. A coroner's inquest was immediately held, and the verdict was that Benjamin Woodbridge "came to his death with a sword run through his body by the hands of Henry Phillips, of Boston, merchant, on the Common in said Boston, on the 3d of this inst." The body of Woodbridge was taken to the house of his partner, Mr. Jonathan Sewall, and the funeral, which took place on the following Saturday, the 6th of July, was attended by the commander-in-chief, several of the council, and most of the merchants and gentlemen of the town.

At an early hour on the morning of the discovery of the body, Governor Dummer issued a proclamation for the apprehension of the "author of the barbarous murder," as Henry Phillips was called in the preamble of this instrument, which, according to the usage of those days, was printed on handbills and placed on all the town-pumps and principal street corners. There was more excitement in Boston over the news than

had been known for a long time. The novelty of the encounter, the social position of the parties, the tragical end of one and the sudden disappearance of the other, invested the affair with a romantic and melancholy interest. The whole town was in mourning. Clergymen preached sermons on the occurrence, in which intemperance, gaming, and tavern clubs were held up as the cause of the calamity. "Duels," said one divine, "are the devil all over, who was a murderer from the beginning." The Reverend Doctor Joseph Sewall, of the Old South, delivered, at the public lecture, a discourse, of uncommon length, upon the occasion, which was published, with a preface, by the United Ministers of Boston.

A vivid idea of the excitement which the event occasioned, is afforded by the way in which it is referred to by prominent persons then living. On the 4th of July, 1728, the day after the duel, one of the most extraordinary men of the time—the Honorable Samuel Sewall, the venerable Chief Justice of the Province of Massachusetts, who, thirty-six years before, had sat in judgment on the Salem witches, and afterward acknowledged the error of his course—made the following entry in his interleaved almanac:

"Poor Mr Benjam. Woodbridge is found dead in the Comon this morning, below the Powder-house, with a Sword-thrust through him, and his own Sword undrawn. Henry Phillips is suspected. The town is amazed!"

This statement might convey the idea of foul play—that Phillips had run his antagonist through before he had drawn his sword. Such may have been the judge's impression when he made the entry, but it is refuted by the testimony of Robert Handy that both the young men were wounded, and that after Woodbridge had received the fatal thrust, Phillips picked up his sword and returned it to its scabbard. The diary of the Rev-

erend Doctor Joseph Sewall shows that there was no doubt, when the facts became known, of the cause of Woodbridge's death. Under date of July, 1728, occurs this entry:

"N. B. On ye 4th (which was kept as a Day of Prayer upon ye account of ye Drought) we were surpris'd with ye sad Tidings yt Mr Henry Phillips and Mr Woodbridge fought a Duel in wch ye latter was slain. O Ld Preserve ye Tow. and Land from ye guilt of Blood. . . . In ye Eveng. I visited Mrs Ph. O Ld Sanctify thine awful judgt to her. Give her Son a thorow Repentec."

The interest which the good divine took in the duel, its unhappy survivor, and his sorrowing mother, is further shown in the following extracts from the diary:

"1728, July 18. I preached ye Lecture frome yese words, Ps. 119, 115, Depart frome me ye evil Doers, &c. Endeavd to shew ye evill & danger of wicked Company — Condemned Duelling as a bloody crime &c. O Lord, Bless my poor Labours.

"1728-9, January 22. Mr Thacher, Mr Prince and I met at Mrs Phillips and Prayed for her son. I hope G. graciously assisted. Ld Pardon the hainous Sins of yt young man, convert and Heal his soul."

But while clergymen were performing their duty in invoking Divine mercy for the offender, the officers of the law were about to employ against him the less effectual machinery of human justice. Characteristic measures were also taken to put a stop to the barbarous practice which for the first time had gained a foot-hold in Boston. A new law was made to prevent dueling, which provided that any participant in an affair of this kind, though no injury was done to either party, should, upon conviction, "be carried publicly in a cart to the gallows, with a rope about his neck, and set on the gallows an hour, then to be imprisoned twelve months, without bail." Persons killed in a duel were to be denied "Christian burial," but to be buried "near the usual place of execution," with a stake driven through the body. The survivor to be treated as a willful murderer, and to be buried in the same way.

At his majesty's Court of Assize and

General Gaol Delivery, on the second Tuesday of August, 1728, the grand jurors found a "*vera billa*" against Henry Phillips for the murder of Benjamin Woodbridge. The criminal, however, was then safe on board the *Sheerness*, and far beyond the influence of the indictment or true bill. That there was a strong sympathy for the expatriated young man is evident from a certificate in his behalf, signed by eighty-eight of the most prominent and influential citizens of the province, including many in high official station. This paper, which was designed to invoke the king's clemency for young Phillips, represented him to be of courteous and peaceable disposition, soberly brought up, and living chiefly an academical life.

The wretched man, however, did not live to avail himself of any earthly clemency. He had gone to Rochelle, in France, where Peter Faneuil, Gillam Phillips' brother-in-law, had an uncle Jean, and where the refugee was doubtless tenderly cared for in the home of the old Huguenot family. But grief for the act which had brought sorrow to so many hearts preyed upon his mind, and in less than a year after his arrival, he died in a foreign land, without living to see even his poor, heart-broken mother, who went out to comfort him in his last illness. Though no stone in the city of his birth records his death, the simple slab in the old Granary Burying-ground, unheeded and unknown by the hurrying crowd—who, as they run, may read—tells the story to the curious inquirer. Few, however, are familiar with the details now first put in the form of a connected narrative, though they have furnished a congenial subject for antiquarian research. The "Sexton of the Old School" first directed public attention to the facts of the duel in that curious repository of various erudition, *Dealings with the Dead*; but the old grave-stone might have still been un-

recognized had not the vigilant eye of Doctor N. B. Shurtleff found it out many years ago. The weather-beaten old slab was invested with pathetic interest by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," who glanced at its association with the melancholy incident which it

commemorates, in his memorable "First Walk with the Schoolmistress." It is certainly a most interesting memorial of the olden time, and impressively recalls the horror which ran through Boston at the news of the tragical result of the Duel on the Common.

THREE PUEBLO SPIES.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

A VERY prominent consequence of our late civil war was the disturbing and demoralizing influence exercised by the sides of the "divided house" upon the thoughts and habits of the various communities of Pueblos, or stationary village Indians, whose homes for centuries have been scattered along the various water-courses of the Territory of New Mexico. The Arcadian simplicity of these people became greatly disturbed, not only by the difficulty of understanding the merits of the question forced upon them by the rival partisans, but by their inability to comprehend why, if the foreigners should quarrel among themselves, it became the duty of the Pueblos to enlist their feelings and interests in matters above their comprehension and outside their policy. Many and varied were the councils at which the ancients of each village discussed all the possibilities and probabilities of the coming conflict, whose advance they had been informed of, from above and below, by their more distant colonies; and, though the Indian mind was unable to comprehend the cause or necessity of quarrel, the one inevitable fact was forced upon them, that their interests would be seriously affected, not only by the already occurring interruption of the usual annual gratuities of corn, seed, dry-goods, etc., from the

General Government through its Indian agents, but because strangers had begun to call upon them—envoys from either side—asking their co-operation in certain measures, wherein it was assumed they could be highly serviceable.

It needs no very vigorous imagination to portray the embarrassment caused by these overtures to the simple villagers. They had fought in the sixteenth century gallantly, sometimes successfully, for their rights as possessors of the soil against the invasions of the bronzed, bearded, and iron-clad knights of Spain, and had wrung from the monarchs of that country and from the viceroys in Mexico the cherished charters which many of their *alcaldes* still held, bearing record of their possessory rights. They had peaceably and even eagerly acquiesced in the change, when Mexican officials notified them of the transfer of their allegiance to *los Americanos* in the cession of 1848. They had never, by word or deed, been faithless or unfriendly to their new rulers, never denied help to the weary stranger, nor connived at the robberies and murders committed by the Navajoes and Apaches; but had given all possible aid in their repression: in short, had been "ever faithful," and were consequently dismayed and confounded that they should be thus forced into a belligerent attitude

by the exigencies of the occasion; the least they could expect being that they should not be forced to actual violence against either side. Yet, simple-minded as the Pueblos were, they knew that warfare is a strong current whose mere eddies often draw loiterers from the shallow waters far out and into the swiftest tides, where they perforce must go as goes the stream; and so they looked forward with certainty for calls upon their assistance to be rendered in arms, men, or provisions. But more particularly as spies and scouts would they be expected to act. Both parties were aware of their proficiency, every spot of ground in the area of possible neighboring conflict being familiar to them.

So the war went on, and the Pueblos played just such a part as they had anticipated would be theirs. There was now no beneficent Government to send highly acceptable annual presents, and therefore no Indian agent to largely dilute or restrain, during a quadrennial existence, the unwise extravagance of the Government. These all vanished, and in their stead came armed men, who half asked for, half took the contents of the village store-houses, giving in return strange and unintelligible documents which the initiated only would know were promises on the part of some one in military authority to pay for the stores taken—under certain future contingencies. The reader will judge their value to the Pueblos when he knows that most of these vouchers were from the Confederate authorities. Corn, chickens, eggs, and onions—all staple commodities of Pueblo communities—were rapidly and surely disappearing under the constant requisitions of the contestants, and the direst privations were threatening for the future; but the poor Indian, though he might think and say with justifiable fervor, "A plague of both your houses," knew his weakness, and dared not say nay to either of them.

It is, perhaps, creditable to both fighting parties that few attempts were made to force the Pueblos out of their position as non-combatants, and equally creditable to the Pueblos that not only did they never leave that position, but that they refrained from the general and wanton spoliation, indulged in by the Mexicans and wild Indians, of the United States forts, when these were necessarily abandoned to the large approaching forces of the Confederate service. But, as in every community there are certain restless, adventurous spirits, it is not surprising that many of the young men, though refraining from open combative participation in the disturbances outside their world, exhibited no great dislike to take part therein in the more secret capacity of scouts and spies; and the Confederates, in their march up the banks of the Rio Grande in the winter of 1861-2, frequently availed themselves of these services.

With the judicious use of the information they provided, and for other reasons not necessary to be given in this narrative, the march of the Confederates up the banks of the Rio Grande to Santa Fé, was little else than a success. Petty skirmishes took place at various points. The most considerable of these was at Valverde, near Fort Craig, after which the gray-coated victors took possession of Santa Fé; whence, after exacting considerable contributions from its inhabitants, they proceeded to cross the mountain ridge on the road to Fort Union. Advancing in April, 1862, to Apache Cañon, twenty-five miles from Santa Fé, they found in the pine woods their Philippi. In this battle the skill and bravery of Lewis, Carey, and other United States infantry officers, organized and directed the splendid valor of the Colorado troops—a combination of skill and courage, under the gallant command of General Slough, too much even for the Texans, and their rout was com-

plete. Everything was surrendered by them, and their forces were conducted back as prisoners by the road they came, giving their parole not to fight again, unless exchanged.

Many of the defeated Confederates scattered over the country, preferring probably to take the chances of escape—which in that mountainous region were good—after their own fashion; but subjecting themselves by so doing to the rigid espionage at once adopted in the towns and villages adjacent to Santa Fé and other military stations. Among these scattered persons were three young Pueblos, who, in the capacity of scouts and spies, had been induced to accompany the Confederates from Isleta, one of the lower and larger of their villages below Los Piños. Good treatment and good wages had produced in their minds a natural spirit of industrious and zealous partisanship, and much of the success attending the forays of the Confederates was well known to have resulted from the early and correct intelligence brought in by these spies. But as the business of spying was viewed by all Pueblos as a commercial one, and separate from all sentiment involving patriotic feeling, spies of Pueblo origin were as plentiful in the Federal as in the Confederate service; and from those in the United States ranks continual information was obtained respecting those who, with the enemy, had by their distinguished personal appearance, vigilance, and daring, become sufficiently well known to be designated, *par excellence*, “The Three Pueblo Spies.”

The frontier military post of Fort Union, distant about 100 miles north-east of Santa Fé, is, from its geographical position and other circumstances, the most important post in New Mexico, and here extensive and critical espionage was specially maintained regarding strangers who might possibly be enemies, disguised or otherwise. Here, at

last, the three famous spies, having wandered in after the defeat at Apache Cañon, were detected strolling about the garrison, not attempting any concealment of their well-known persons. To summon a guard, arrest and confine them, was the work of a few minutes. No resistance was offered, for they seemed quite unconscious of having done anything reprehensible, and all their after conduct and conversation gave evidence that they had only looked upon their campaign as a business matter, the rendering of services to travelers for good compensation.

Fort Union is, or was in war time, a settlement of considerable pretensions, a nucleus toward which many settlements centered, independently of its military standing; and, as the national exigencies had brought most civil matters under military jurisdiction and influence, a strong and capacious guard-house had recently been erected, in which offenders of all classes, military and civil, were confined. Here the Pueblos were taken; but as the post-commander, Major Plympton, was, from policy, disinclined to any harsh treatment of a class of men whom he considered as possessing very little knowledge of what was right or wrong in reference to international affairs, no orders were given for more than safe holding, and they were left together and in the possession of their bows and arrows; it being contemplated to release them after a few days' confinement, and send them back to their friends. In that guard-house there were congregated about thirty other men, many of them charged with extreme crimes; criminals who, when the usual conditions of frontier life were present, would have set the timid law and justice at defiance, but who, now that the functions of military and civil law were united, found a power above themselves—one that could grapple with and quell the boldest and strongest. Among

the prisoners was a sergeant of a Colorado regiment, some companies of which were at the post. This man, upon being arrested by an officer of his company for misdemeanor, fired at and killed the officer. Quick trial and a sentence of death was the result, and the sentence was ordered to be carried into effect a few days after the arrest of the Pueblo spies. In accordance with a well-known military rule, the whole of the prisoners in the guard-house were, at the hour of execution, marched out to witness the punishment, which seen, they were marched back again to their prison.

There is no doubt that the sight of the execution very seriously impressed the spies, and there is conclusive evidence from much subsequent testimony that this impression was observed by the other prisoners, and that from a devilish spirit of mischief the Mexican portion of them affected to believe such was to be the fate of all the prisoners: especially might the spies expect a public death in a short time. Indeed, from the preparations now going forward, it was very evident they would be shot to-morrow; spies were always shot or hung quickly after arrest, and they had better do what they could by escape or otherwise before day-break of the morrow. The effect of this lying communication upon the simple but susceptible Pueblos was prodigious. Giving, in their ignorance of outside life, full credence to the statements made, it never occurred to them to doubt the veracity of the tellers, and the gloom of despair and rage settled down over their quivering faces. Hours passed by. The Indians, standing erect and apart from all others, watched in silence the daylight sink into darkness. Food was brought, but no hand of theirs moved toward it; the thoughtless joke and laugh passed round, but no feature of theirs moved in sympathy: nothing there could move to

pleasure the men whose thoughts were of an approaching and unmerited death; never again should light or life from the village of their childhood visit their hearts. So they passed the night in silence, solitude, and gloom, while those who had caused all this misery slept a sweet sleep which no care or crime could disturb.

From the one small iron-grated window which gave light and air to their prison-room, the first faint pencilings of the dawn were just visible, when one of the Pueblos stepping noiselessly to the heavy door which opened into the guard-room, where the guard off duty slept soundly on their bunks, gave a quiet knock, the usual signal given by prisoners when wishing to communicate with the sergeant of the guard. This door was incautiously opened by a young and thoughtless corporal, who had seen through the bars that one of the Pueblos—whom he knew were only in temporary durance—was the applicant for speech. No word was spoken, but with the force and quickness of an electric shock the three Pueblos darted into the outer room, and rushing straight for the outermost door would have succeeded in passing it, but that at the moment the outside sentinel hearing a scuffle quickly closed this main entrance, and thus prevented their escape. Disappointed, they turned with the fury of tigers upon the guard, and in a few minutes had almost overpowered the large but drowsy body of men who opposed them. A hatchet lay near the guard-fire; one of the Pueblos seized it, and killed the sergeant at one blow; another soldier was stabbed to death with a knife, seven were wounded seriously, and all seemed demoralized. The Indians had again gained the outer door, and had it partially opened, when the relief-guard, returning from patrol, intercepted and caused them to seek the shelter of the inner guard-room from

which they had emerged. The entire garrison was by this time fully aroused, and in an irregular manner had surrounded the guard-house, keeping up a desultory fire, but certainly doing as much to injure friend as foe; since though many score shots were fired, not one struck the Indians. In the same room with them were the rest of the prisoners previously mentioned, all of whom seemed too paralyzed by the recent events to be capable of taking any part in the combat, and they kept themselves well out of it by crouching behind obstacles. Not so the Pueblos; nothing could exceed the courage and energy with which they exposed themselves at the moment in which they discharged their sure-aimed arrows. Springing from the ground, they would shake their buffalo robes before the window to draw a shot, and in an instant an arrow would find a victim. With a certainty and rapidity far surpassing the possibilities of revolver-shooting, these men, cool in their desperation, emptied their quivers so effectually that thirteen of their outside assailants were carried off helpless, before all the arrows were shot. But this was their last possible effort; nothing now could save them; hundreds of men surrounded the guard-house, and their capture was sure. An officer now stepped forward, and asked them if they would surrender; they made no answer. He then called out to the other prisoners, "All you who wish to save your lives come out at once." To this appeal all but the Pueblos responded by coming to the door and surrendering to the guard outside. Preparation having been made for a final attack of a conclusive character upon the desperate men, another appeal was made: "Come out who choose; remain and you will die!" Then came back in loud and ringing defiance these words—the only words yet uttered by them—"*Ya verémos! entre, si quiere!*"—in

English, "We shall see! come in, if you wish!" Again they were asked, "Will you come out?" but there was no reply, and the preparations for their death went on. The desperate resolution of these unfortunates to kill and be killed, had rendered the mode of their death a very secondary matter. It was indispensable that they should be deprived quickly of the power to do more mischief, and that no more lives should be exposed to their skill and courage. A sergeant of ordnance was therefore sent for, with instructions to bring a twelve-pound shell to the guard-house. He soon arrived, and, mounting the roof of the building, removed some of the *vegas* or joists which supported the adobe roof. A sufficient hole was thus made, the fuse was lit and the shell thrown in, its explosion carrying the instant death of two of the Pueblos and wounding the third. That the remaining one should be quickly dispatched, the sergeant presented a musket to shoot him, when the Pueblo firing an arrow struck him in the face, through lip, nose, and skin of the forehead, causing the rapid retreat of the sergeant. Another man with a musket now mounted the roof, and, raising his weapon, fired; the Pueblo fired at the same time, but it was his last effort; his previous wound had weakened him, the arrow flew wide of the mark, and he fell to the ground, shot through the body. His fall was but momentary; quickly springing to his feet, he shook his bow in defiance of his enemies, then holding it aloft he pointed to where the last musket-shot had broken it, threw it and his last arrow to the ground, then closing his eyes and sinking his head to his breast, he began in low but audible monotonous a song, probably indicative of defiance and triumph. Soon, however, it ceased, borne away with his life-blood, the fitting libation to his race.

Such was the tragedy of "The Three Pueblo Spies."

A PONY RIDE ON PIT RIVER.

JOINING the two Pacific States together at one corner, is a thin, long sheet of water, not inappropriately called Goose Lake. The settlers jestingly say a goose was once seen on it—hence the name. But there are geese enough on it in the season, with brant and ducks. It is a name suggestive of a fat wit, a blue proboscis, a bilious skin, and a torpid liver, got from sleeping all the year on an old-time, forty-pound bed-tick of goose-feathers, and living off hog and hominy. It was bestowed by Missouri emigrants bound for Oregon.

Seen beneath a cloudy sky at noon-day, as I first saw them, its waters welter with a cold, dull swish which chills the marrow, looking strangely reddish or chocolate-colored. Rimmed by its vast savannas of dense, damp Oregon green, it looks like a great stain of faded blood. This phenomenon is common to the lakes of Siskiyou and Modoc counties, perhaps caused by alkali. Standing boot-deep in Oregon, in the immense morass which curves round the head of the lake like a hollow moon, you let your eyes wander over the dead level of the green until it shades away by imperceptible degrees—the water gaining on the rushes—into the coyote-color of the lake; and this again, far, far to the south, cuts the crisp, clean rim of the horizon. You can not see the lower end of Goose Lake, at least not when standing knee-deep in that Oregon quagmire.

The atmosphere is blue and thin—we are 3,000 feet above the sea—the sky is washed, it is no longer pale and warm as on the Sacramento. In these great, wet meadows, level as a house-floor and almost even with the lake, are the nests

of the curlew, which circle and plaintively whistle above the intruder's head. In this wide waste it is the only sound. Here also the ducks breed by thousands in the spring, and the Indians come and gather their eggs in great numbers. Here and there a venturesome ox, straggling from the herd, laboriously wades far out toward the lake, cropping the wondrous growth of clover and blue-joint. The broad terraces sloping up to the foot of the mountains are pale-green with bunch-grass and gigantic clumps of rye-grass. They are speckled with the yet paler clumps of sage-brush, full of its thin, white, bitter juice. This acrid, ubiquitous nuisance of the middle continent here invades California more than 100 miles, for the north-east corner of the State geologically belongs to Nevada.

Wearily and heavily, mile after mile, Katy slumps and flounders across this evil morass. Born and reared on the firm soil of California, she does not know the secret of traveling in these bogs; she attacks them with spirit, she lunges, frets, and worries herself. Beside me rides a fellow-traveler, an Oregonian, bestriding a huge, long-legged pad, bred to these quagmires, which moves along with majestic ease. He spreads his legs wide apart; if there is a clump of grass which promises support, he deliberately plants his huge hoof on it; if it goes down with him a matter of two feet, he does not become alarmed like my Katy, and go to floundering, but takes a long and a strong pull at it, making it his main business to get the foot out before he does anything else. In twenty generations the horses of Goose Lake, if they pay proper attention to the Darwin-

ian theory, will become grallatores ; and in twenty more, web-footed. At night, Katy was fagged quite out, from her foolish plunging, but the long-legged Oregonian could have gone all night, bringing his legs along with him in his easy, rolling gait.

Horse-flies are a torment by day, and mosquitoes by night, and between times there is a certain kind of fly which is never satisfied except when crawling in the horse's ears, worrying the poor brute dreadfully. The only remedy against it is to oil the inside of these members. When the mosquitoes become unendurable, the settlers kindle fires at night-fall, keeping them up until about ten o'clock, and the pestered animals crowd into the smoke, eagerly stretching their necks into it, and stand close and quiet together, grateful for the refuge, and apparently forgetting in their common torments the usual tendency which they display to fight and harry one another.

One day at noon I stopped in a green and well-watered valley to eat a luncheon, and allow the mare to graze on the luxuriant bunch-grass. But the horse-flies were so intolerably thick that the poor animal could scarcely eat a mouthful. I was obliged to stand guard over her ; so, holding my food in one hand, with the other I industriously beat the flies off with a saddle-blanket, allowing her to eat in comparative peace. After awhile I got tired of it, and went and threw myself in the shade. Katy missed the fly-brush in a moment, and, with hundreds of the great, black, greedy pests swarming about her and sucking her blood, she came running and stuck her head under my arm.

That last terrible day's ride around the head of Goose Lake completely used up the little mare. She was a full-blooded American, and, as I said, unaccustomed to this soft soil, which she took to with too much spirit. Meeting an Oregonian who wanted to swap horses

—this is a common weakness with frontiersmen—I dismounted to conduct the negotiation with him ; and, even while we were talking, Katy fell asleep, and her head went down, down, down, with successive little jerks, until the grass tickled her nose, when she wakened with a sudden start, looked wildly around as if lost, saw me, gave a little whinny of recognition, and rubbed her face affectionately against me. I parted from the faithful little thing with moistened eyes, but it was cruelty to keep her longer on the road.

I got for her a cayuse of a bright buckskin color ; with long, flowing, jet-black mane ; small, smooth, delicate hoofs, as hard as bronze ; wicked eyes, and short, wide ears—beautiful as a Modoc maid. The buckskin color is accounted the indication of a tough animal, and she *was* tough ! She subsequently carried me 1,400 miles without rest, and pulled through to the last with firm flesh and good wind. She could, in a pinch, have made fifty miles the last day of the seventy. But the devil was in her, from first to last. The second morning I owned her she broke the picket-rope and escaped, and I had to pay an Indian \$2 to hunt her down and lasso her, which operation occupied him well-nigh all the forenoon. I sat on top of a great lava-rock, looking down over the mighty plain through which courses the North Fork of Pit River, and watched the sport below. While undergoing the process of shoeing, this little buckskin mare at various times stood up perpendicularly on her hind feet, and struck out freely at my head and the blacksmith's head. Then, with a great disregard of propriety, she stood up almost equally erect on her fore feet, and for the moment the operation of shoeing was entirely suspended. The blacksmith got so angry that he was stick-stark-staring mad, and he aimed a frightful blow at her with a heavy iron rod,

but she fortunately dodged it. Finally, she went out through the side of the shop backward, carrying away three or four boards, and bringing out after her the tool-box, which had become entangled in the rope. I had to ride her 200 miles before my conscience would allow me to ask another blacksmith to finish shoeing the hind feet.

To return. Goose Lake is really an inland sea, fifty miles long and fifteen wide, roughly stated. Judging from its reddish reflection, one would say the water must be somewhat alkaline; but the settlers affirm that it is not. It is, however, a trifle impregnated with saline matters, so that the cattle generally prefer it to the purest, coldest water running down out of the mountains. It yields an abundance of a species of fish which is pronounced to be trout, weighing from one to ten pounds, bluish-colored, with flesh of a white, firm, delicate texture, but not so good as the Coast Range trout. Although the lake receives a large number of streams, especially on the east side, the water at present all evaporates or sinks, as it has no issue above ground. Nevertheless, the settlers relate that the surface of the lake is several feet higher than it was fifteen years ago. A few miles south of Willow Ranch there is a bold promontory projecting into the lake on the east side; and, in 1854, the emigrants bound for Oregon passed round the foot of this on the beach, and carved their names with jackknives on a rock beside the road; but now the lake has swollen so that its waters cover the road and the rock-written names, and travelers are compelled to go over the promontory by an ascent of many hundred feet. At the upper end of the lake the shore is thickly lined with tule and rushes, so that the water never roars, though the billows sometimes roll in grandly; all their violence is mellowed down by the yielding rushes to a soft, idle swish.

The lake is too shallow to permit as heavy a sea running as its length and breadth would otherwise allow.

Goose Lake usually freezes over in the winter, and it is said that it sometimes forms ice sufficient to bear a horse all the way across. There are several thermal springs which rise in the bottom of the lake, somewhere along the axial line, and keep open each an air-hole in the ice throughout "the freeze," which is generally of brief duration. Every winter when the lake freezes over, the inhabitants living near it occasionally hear a long, low rumbling, like the sound of a distant train of cars, which begins at one end of the lake and slowly travels to the other. Some think this is caused by fish; others, by a cracking of the ice; but the majority are content to acknowledge their inability, to explain the phenomenon.

On the east side of the lake, when I was there—about the middle of June—there was plenty of snow lying in long, glistening ribbons upon the tops of the mountains, about 1,500 feet above the lake, or say 4,500 feet above the sea. But the mountains were green with young grass to their very summits, which are low and mostly treeless where they breast the valley, so that the appearance is rather of the Coast Range than of the Sierra. Very beautiful to look upon were these mountains, with their fresh and tender green, slashed with long snow-banks in the rifts. Every half-mile or quarter-mile, as one rides along the great terrace, there descends from these snow-banks a sparkling brook, making haste to reach the lake, and the water is wonderfully sweet and cold.

In the winter of 1871-2 the people were compelled to feed their herds only forty-eight days, but they are usually obliged to feed them two or three months, for the snow is a tolerably constant element of the climate for that length of

time, bringing sleds and sleighs into general requisition. Tomatoes, if forced in the spring, can be brought forward so as to ripen fruit a month or six weeks before the earliest frosts, and squashes, water-melons, beans, roasting-ears, lettuce, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions, and potatoes are grown in sufficient abundance by all who are not too thrifless to make the attempt. Fruit will always be an uncertain crop, for in this elevated region frosts fall early and late; nevertheless, many of the settlers have planted trees in expectation of getting some reward for their labors. The frost seems to fall in streaks or zones, and is notably earlier near the lake than it is near the foot-hills. For instance, on Davis Creek, there are two farm-houses only a quarter of a mile apart, and the one nearest the lake usually has frost six weeks earlier than the one which stands back in a cove of the foot-hills.

Oregonian settlers, accustomed to the humid climate of the Willamette Valley, pronounce the Goose Lake climate very equable, and well balanced between wet and dry. Perhaps the only fault to be found with it is the occasional heavy wind-storms, and its liability to a sudden effusion of frost. The day before I arrived the weather was hot and the mosquitoes were intolerably thick, but the next day there came up a cutting, cold wind off the lake, benumbing and scattering the mosquitoes utterly, and but for the high winds there would have been a heavy frost that night; while farther down Pit River there was a frost—a damaging one. These cool lake winds are a pretty certain element in the climate, though quite irregular in their times and comings, and they would be wholly acceptable were it not for the frosts with which they are likely to finish up. Of the perfect healthfulness of Goose Lake Valley there appears to be no room for doubt, for of the hundred

or more families settled in it only one woman died within a year, and she not from any cause even remotely attributable to the climate. In a new land, where many hundred acres of the soil are turned over for the first time, such a condition of healthfulness is remarkable. There was then only one physician in the whole valley, and he, unhappy man, such was the general salubrity, was obliged to be supported much as Colonel Higginson reports the eighteenth-century divines of New England were—by “donations”—now a nice fat pig, now a few bushels of potatoes, then a coop of fowls, etc. Like the old woman who was weary of the monotonously good health of her family, this disciple of Galen is reported to have sighed once in awhile for “just a measles or two.” But the settlers were making determined efforts to start and endow a grave-yard, for there had been a number of animated discussions with knives, pistols, etc., on various questions of local interest.

Mention was made to me of crops of wheat that yielded twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre, and barley thirty-five; but the average is probably quite ten bushels lower in both cases. All grain-crops are sown in the spring, and irrigation is generally considered necessary, but by no means so indispensable as in Scott and Shasta valleys. The first settlers frequently irrigated too much with the ice-cold water of the mountains—for the facilities are abundant—and some have abandoned it altogether, with good results. But even the third year of the settlement, some farmers made the journey of 200 miles to Rogue River Valley for flour, occupying twenty days in the round trip over one of the most execrable roads it was ever my evil fortune to traverse. This was rendered necessary by the rapidity of colonization, and the consequent lack of preparation for sowing sufficient breadth of crops.

About the last of July the farmers go down into the great savannas bordering the lake, which have by this time become dry and firm enough to bear a mowing-machine, and harvest two or more tons per acre of wild hay, clover, blue-joint and tule grass, which they stack in great ricks for their cattle during the winter. The blue-joint grass somewhat resembles timothy, and is perhaps the nearest equivalent to it to be found west of the *grama*-grass region of New Mexico. The wild clover also forms very nutritious and valuable hay; even swine have been wintered upon it in good condition, for lack of other provender.

In place of the ants, which are such a pest in the Sacramento Valley, they have here crickets. These are large, clumsy creatures, greenish, reddish, or brown; and the female is provided with a long, curved, and very hard horn, or tail rather, on the posterior extremity, with which she plants the eggs deep in the ground, below the reach of harm. In the spring they hatch out in the form of crickets, and they molt two or three times during their lives. They have probably heard about Horace Greeley, for their general aim seems to be to "go west," and in traveling along the road you can see uncounted myriads of them crawling rapidly along, in the same direction; but when they reach the damp land around the lake they tack about and travel as solidly the other way, or perhaps lose their bearings and move around in a great circle. The inhabitants keep a keen weather-eye on their movements, for, though they are not to be dreaded like grasshoppers, if they happen to take a crop at the right time they riddle it seriously. When word is brought that a column of crickets is advancing on a certain neighborhood, the people sometimes turn out in a body, with bells, clappers, rattle-traps, horse-fiddles, anything that will make a noise,

and advance on them in line of battle, putting them to rout, for they are easily frightened. They are sometimes turned back by the assault of a large drove of hogs, which pursue and devour them with relish. This would be a fine field of operation for turkeys, but there was not one in the valley. Some farmers surround their fields with a deep ditch, others with a little stream of running water, and others with two streams and a single board set on edge between them; but the only defense which is thoroughly effectual is a board set on edge and capped with a strip of zinc, which is so smooth that the creatures can not crawl over it. When they encounter such an obstacle they accumulate in vast numbers, forming a windrow along it—a mass of struggling bodies and kicking legs.

Willow Ranch is the only village and post-office in Goose Lake Valley, about eight miles below the State line; and some of the Oregonians have to ride thirty miles for their mail, a few even seventy-five or a hundred, coming from Crooked Creek, Chewacàn, and Silver River. It is dropped down in a deep ravine near the foot of the mountains, and about four miles from the lake on the east side. A little stream, densely lined with small willows, runs past it, coming down out of Fandango Valley. At this point the terrace is nearly five miles wide, quite sloping, and the soil is gravelly and barren, of little value for agriculture, covered sparsely with bunch-grass, dwarf juniper, sage-brush, and a kind of plant looking like wild sunflower, called "man-root" on account of its enormous root.

Said the Willow Ranch blacksmith to me, while he was shoeing the mare: "I can always tell a Webfoot when he comes to my shop. He always wants old shoes put on his horses' feet, pretending they're easier on 'em, as one of them 'ere bloody kings of England said of his old cowhides. But it's because

they're cheaper than new ones; that's the reason!"—which is surely a slander on an estimable body of citizens.

Below the promontory the lake grows narrower, and the plains are of a vast width, almost on a dead level. Close beside the road near Davis Creek is seen the hut of the pioneer of Goose Lake Valley, Joseph Ross. He was a young Scotchman, who served in the Union army, then came out to Virginia City, Nevada, and, finding times dull, eventually wandered off to Surprise Valley, and then boldly ventured out alone to the lake in 1869. This great basin was then wholly uninhabited, having been anciently the object of deadly contentions between the Piutes, the Modocs, and the Pit River nation, none of whom succeeded in holding undisputed possession of it; but roving bands of them occasionally passed over it, fishing and hunting, and it was accounted dangerous territory. Ross worked on his hut by day, with his guns within easy supporting distance, and after night-fall he withdrew to the foot-hills, secreted himself in the thickets, rolled himself in his blankets, and slept. But he was not molested. His cabin is a little square structure of logs, standing on a slope, heavily banked with earth up to the eaves, and pierced with rifle loop-holes.

What would be the North Fork of Pit River, if it carried any water, is in a deep and precipitous cañon, which meanders down through a vast volcanic *mesa*. This elevated plateau, sweeping across between the two low mountain ranges, and having the same width as Goose Lake Basin, being in fact only a higher continuation of it, is destitute of water, except for a few springs in the deeper ravines making into the cañon, and covered over with myriads of small lava bowlders, which render it well deserving of its name—"Devil's Garden"—and is a place very tedious to cross

and destructive to wagons. Yet, singularly, like all this volcanic region of north-eastern California, it is well covered with bunch-grass, growing rank and uncropped wherever the tussocks can shoot up between the stones. A little industry in digging wells will render all this unused and untrodden wild a fine pastoral region, until such time as the rapacity of our countrymen, by crowding the herds too thick upon it, shall have exterminated, root and seed, this one sufficing compensation of nature in the desert region west of the Rocky Mountains—the bunch-grass—as has already been done in central and southern California, and reduce the land to a rocky and sun-burnt waste. Already has the remorseless process of depasturing and extirpation been begun on Goose Lake, for one of the earliest settlers informed me that, each succeeding spring, the grass comes up thinner and weaker; and that where, in the first year of his residence on the lake, the natural growth of grass presented an even phalanx, level above like a well-kept timothy meadow on the Miami, now the phalanx is broken and straggling, with many gaps in it. The cattle and the keepers of cattle can not always "move up a little farther;" and when all the land has been over-swept and the natural growth of it devoured even into the earth, as has happened already in most parts of California, then men will begin to cultivate a little and to husband their resources.

Ten or twelve miles below Goose Lake the cañon widens out into a valley a few rods in width; and where the road first crosses it on to the west side there is a stream of such considerable volume as to argue that there must be subterranean drainage from the lake. This is a very pretty grass-grown valley, affording considerable good agricultural land, and it expands until it becomes nearly a mile in width at the Forks or Dorris' Bridge. In one place there are several limestone

needles or egg-shaped boulders standing on end, eight or ten feet high, which have been water-carved or wind-carved into many curious shapes.

A noted guide, philosopher, and friend to the Indians of these regions is Preston Hayes. When General Crook finished them off with the tremendous scourging which he gave them at Fort Damnation (*sic*), Old Tom came to Mr. Hayes, and spoke thus: "Me no more fight. Me got enough. When Injun act mean, steal um horse, steal cattle, kill White man, me bring him to you; you punish him. When White man act mean, kill um Injun, take Injun squaw, you give him to me; me punish." The covenant thus informally entered into has been faithfully kept by Old Tom to this day. Whenever any trouble befalls, he goes straight to Mr. Hayes for advice, having in him that entire confidence which savages feel toward a man who never fears and never deceives them.

At Dorris' Bridge there is a large, rude log-house, serving as a dwelling and a post-office. This is the seat of a great horse-ranch. The business of breaking horses employs ten or twelve men almost continually, but the greatest activity is developed when an order is received for fifty or a hundred saddle-horses. The animals are generally suffered to run untouched until they are four or five years old, sometimes even seven; they are large and powerful, and have just enough cayuse blood lingering in their veins to make them buck viciously. Bucking is a habit unknown in the East, but even pure American horses develop it in California. The best judges explain it in this way: In the East the farmer has only a few horses, and he begins when they are very young to make them gentle and to reconcile them to certain abridgments of their liberty; while in California they run in large *caballadas*, free as the wind, until they are five or six years old, when the ranch-

man takes them up and begins on them as if he contemplated putting them to speedy death. The unruly animal is lassoed in the corral, thrown with violence on his head, and then the "hackamore" (*jaquima*), a rawhide halter used in breaking horses, is slipped on and the beast is allowed to rise, whereupon the bucking and other violent pranks begin. Finally, a cloth is tied over his eyes, and a saddle is "sinched" on him so tight as to seriously impede his wind. The cloth is removed, the rider vaults into the saddle, with a horrid pair of spurs with which he eventually lacerates the animal's flanks into a frightful condition. An attendant is at hand on an old horse. Away the young one shoots across the field, bucking at every leap, while the attendant spurs hard after him with an enormous cow-whip, with which he lashes him over the buttocks to keep him running. As long as he runs all is well, but when he stops and begins bucking there is danger. With such a multitude of new sensations crowding upon him all at once, and tormented by the cruel tortures of the Spanish bit and spurs, what wonder is it if the animal exercises an infernal ingenuity and persistence in trying to rid himself of his tormentor, and develops a habit unknown in the Eastern horse? The parade-ground is frequently a swamp, where the rider can alight on his head, in case of severe necessity, without injury to himself, and where the horse will exhaust himself more readily. There are men who like this dangerous and most fatiguing employment better than anything else, and follow it constantly.

Hot Spring Valley derives its name from a spring which throws up a jet of hot water two or three feet in a circular basin about a rod in diameter, from which flows away a little brook with the soft, oily gurgle peculiar to boiling water. A great portion of the valley consists of sloping volcanic *mesas*, sparsely covered

with sage-brush and grass, there being extremely little good farm-land. This last lies in narrow margins along the river, of a dense, black, waxy soil, yielding a species of tough tule-grass, and liable to be overflowed in the spring. Aside from its many sinuosities, the river looks much like a canal, as its shores are so destitute of bushes that one is not aware of its presence until directly upon it, and the very low banks are almost perpendicular. The water is swamp-stained and unfit for human use, or for salmon; there are no fish in it except a miserable kind of suckers and trout. But all this region abounds in the finest game-birds—two varieties of sage-fowl, the pheasant, and the mountain quail—besides deer and antelope.

On the *mesa* there grows a dwarf cedar, or juniper, which is a foot in diameter at the butt, but when you get up as high as you can reach, you have lost the tree. These are laboriously gathered and made into a worm-fence, each tree contributing one rail.

It is in these vast regions—ages ago smoothed and troweled by the lava—stretching east, north-east, and north, to Silver River, to the Humboldt, to Snake River in many-cañoned Idaho, even to the great Shoshonee Falls—to which the whole Pit River Valley is only the gateway and the going-out—that one catches a glimpse of the great and lordly possessions of the cattle-men. Ten thousand?—fifteen thousand? The owner only knows his wealth within some hundreds. “The range”—what is it? It is immense, it is immeasurable. All the mountains, the hills, the ridges, yield two growths, the pines and the grass (there is no undergrowth); the plains also yield two, the sage-brush and the grass. No fence restrains; no hedge or ditch encumbers “the range,” no laws bind ambition, nor lawyers entangle its feet. The long whip cracks, the trained horses eagerly circle the herd, the

earth gives forth a low rumble with the moving columns. The world is the stock-raiser's; he goes forth to claim and to subdue it.

A ride of fifteen miles through a low, rough ridge of mountains brings us down to Round Valley, and, a little farther on, to Big Valley. Big Valley is twenty miles long and twelve wide, but more than half of it consists of sage-brush barrens, of an ashen, puffy soil, stretched out in a dreary waste. The lowground is like that in Hot Spring Valley, and the useful farm-land lies intermediate between the *mesa* and the dense black swamps. Grain crops yield somewhat less abundantly here than on Goose Lake, and there is quite as much liability to unseasonable frosts. A ranchman in Round Valley dejectedly pointed out to me a field of wheat, of a strong and thrifty growth, which had given every promise of a generous yield, but which now was quite white and dead, stiffly rustling in the breeze—the work of the invisible and treacherous frost in a single night.

The village of Adin (so named from Adin McDonald, a pioneer) stands near the upper or eastern end of the valley. It is the *entrepôt* of a considerable amount of flour, wagoned into the valley from Yreka, and carries on a thriving trade with the settlers. It is the upper end of the stage-route from Red Bluff. Every one of its twenty-odd little pine-board houses was as new and bright as a gold “twenty” fresh from the mint. There were a hundred and fifty houses in the valley, nearly all of which might be sighted from Adin on a bright day; all spick-and-span new, looking like as many sentry-boxes scattered over the great plain; so rapid had been the influx of immigrants. But many were of the froth of humanity, who let go anywhere for say two hundred dollars, and float away on the next wave somewhere else. In all new lands there are

certain men who make it a regular vocation to get into desirable locations ahead of all comers, then sell their possessory rights for a sufficient sum of money to support them while they are repeating the operation. Thus they live without doing any work, except that of moving.

Fall River Basin is ten or twelve miles square, a large proportion of it around the rim being thin pine and sage-brush barrens, while the central part is at present uninhabitable, being a black, waxy swamp in winter, sun-cracked in summer, covered with harsh tule-grass, and of little use for man or beast. Perhaps it may be drained some day, and subjugated to the plow.

Fall River is a miracle of rivers. Rising in two vast springs, or rather little lakes, near the north side of the basin, and flowing slowly and majestically south scarcely more than twelve miles, wholly without feeders, it is yet decidedly larger than Pit River at the junction. At Burgettville, judging by the eye, it is a hundred feet wide and twenty feet deep. It is this stream alone which makes the water of Pit River fit for man or fish, and which renders that river respectable, which it certainly is not before it receives into itself this magnificent tributary. It is supposed to be the outlet of the numerous small lakes which sink in Modoc land, and if this theory is correct, the water must flow underground from fifty to seventy-five miles. Percolating through masses of volcanic pumice, scoria, and tufa, the waters are strained and filtered immaculately pure. When my mare came to it, she gave a snort of alarm, being frightened at the deep abyss opening before her, and she could hardly be persuaded to approach and drink at all. So perfectly pellucid and colorless is the water, that it seemed to her there was nothing there, any more than if the chasm had been filled with air! I think no water, distilled by the subtlest

processes of chemistry, could be cleaner than this. Standing on the brink, one can almost persuade one's self that there is no water there—nothing but a faint, steely-gray glitter or halo. It contains delicious trout, which can be seen as easily as gold-fish in a glass aquarium; and so placid is the current that one might embark in a boat and sail or scull right up between the willows, the buck-thorn, and the tall, whispering rushes, to either of the little lakes at the source.

Burgettville (named from William Burgett, a pioneer) is a little village on the west bank of Fall River. Three-quarters of a mile north of it is old Fort Crook, an assemblage of long, low barracks and officers' quarters, now abandoned. It is impossible to conceive a more romantic and picturesque position than this—with mountains, including Mount Shasta, in the background, and also in the distant foreground, east; edged by a pine forest, or rather a natural park, making the air rich and resinous; having a broad, grassy slope and this wonderful river in front, and one of the embowered lakes dimly in view to the north-east. If there is any spot where a human soul, wearied and jarred with the vain tumult of business, or broken with ruined hopes and disappointed ambition, can come to find most perfect rest and peace, it is here upon the banks of this unfellowed and peerlessly beautiful river.

From Burgettville I journeyed onward alone, and came to Caton Valley, where there was a fine band of Angora goats; then across at the lower ferry, and so on to the south bank of the river again; then on down through a long and green valley, whose name I have forgotten, leaving Pit River far behind on the north; then over the mountains, by a slight ascent on the east side, and a very long, rugged, and rocky descent on the west side, meeting many trains of emigrants, herds, and flocks—everybody,

men, women, and children, driving something or other, and vociferating all the way through at least one octave; down past Oak Run, Round Mountain, and Cow Creek; and so on to Millville, which is the initial point of the old Fort Crook road, and of the Pit River mail-route.

AT LAST.

Into her life a brightness, sweet and swift,
Shone with a glad surprise;
Proudly to greet the longed-for royal gift,
She lifted happy eyes.

She met the light of such a glorious morn,
As never dawned before;
Her heart, to welcome in the strange, new dawn,
Flung open wide its door.

The blessed light her wakened spirit through
Thrills of great rapture sent;
For she had walked in shadowed ways, and knew
Full well what darkness meant.

And, as of old a statue thrilled with song
At rising of the sun,
She felt that in her heart, voiceless so long,
Life's music had begun.

She heard rare melodies around her roll
Tender and sweet, as when
The stars of morning sung, and from her soul
Uprose the glad amen.

One little day she walked in perfect light,
And wore it like a crown:
One little day she sung her songs, then night,
Sudden and swift, came down—

Came down, and closed about her like a pall,
And shut out all the day;
Shut out the bloom, the light, the warmth, and all
That made life glad and gay.

And, as of old, at setting of the sun,
On the cold lips of stone
Joy turned to grief, so when her day was done,
She made her bitter moan.

The gloom and darkness all her being through
Pangs of dumb anguish sent;
And darkness was the darker, since she knew,
At last, what sunshine meant.

THE FALSTAFF OF SHAKSPEARE.

AMONG all Shakspeare's characters there is no one which more truly presents itself to us in life-like completeness than that of Sir John Falstaff—no more solid and palpable figure, none casting a better-defined shadow under the bright sun of imagination. He even made such an impression on the matter-of-fact intellect of Queen Elizabeth, that, according to the well-known story, she bespoke another chapter of his history, and obliged the dramatist to exhibit him in company with the "Merry Wives of Windsor." In this comedy, he is still the Falstaff of *Henry IV.*; in fact it would be impossible to mistake him; but he is represented at a later period of his life, when he has plunged deeper into his material tastes, and appears to be solely occupied in satisfying the wants of his gluttony; and it is through such moral degeneration that he gets into the buck-basket scrape, and receives a beating from Mr. Ford. The poet himself loved the fat knight so jealously as to make sure of his death before allowing him to pass from his hands.

Notwithstanding all that has been written in the matter of Falstaff, it appears to us that the subject is imperfectly understood, and that there still remains room for a closer analysis of this character, and of Shakspeare's intention in dealing with it. In order to do this in a satisfactory manner, we shall, as far as possible, confine ourselves to the historical plays, and consider Falstaff in his primary functions—those of a companion and follower of the madcap Prince of Wales.

If we would see how immeasurably superior Shakspeare was to all his pre-

decessors and contemporaries, we need only compare the historical plays in which Falstaff bears a part, with the drama entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, which suggested them, and on which they were built up. It is not our business to make this comparison on the present occasion. We must be content to show how well the great poet executed the task he had imposed on himself, rather than how much he surpassed his models and his materials.

The hero of the two parts of *Henry IV.*, no less than of *Henry V.*, is the popular Harry of Monmouth, the last conqueror of France. In the first-named drama, he is set before us as a young man whose mind, naturally strong, and whose disposition, originally virtuous, had been depraved by the pernicious influence of profligate companions. In order, then, to complete the picture of which the prince is the central figure, it was necessary to group together a set of auxiliaries, whose qualities should justify the results which they produced, and who should personify the attractions by which high-spirited youth is apt to be drawn into vice and folly. In the older play, the prince is a mere ruffian and his companions low-bred and profligate vagabonds. But Shakspeare's Young Harry is from the first the hero of Agincourt—though in a chrysalis state; and we not only see at once what he is capable of becoming, but we hear him declare his self-consciousness of his own better nature and higher hopes; for he is made to say at the beginning of *Henry IV.*, Part I., Act i, Scene 2:

"I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors, that did seem to strangle him."

Now, it is clear what sort of associates such a man would take, as partners in this sowing of wild oats, this temporary career of folly, intended to have an early termination. There must be at least one gentleman among them — one man whom, in spite of his faults, the young prince could take into his confidence; and such a man is Edward Poins, as represented by Shakspeare. Then, again, there must be at least one man of real wit and commanding ability; and such a man is Sir John Falstaff. Lastly, the reckless joviality of the whole party must be tempered with personal courage when the occasion calls for it. Poins, who sums up and represents the more attractive qualities of the young prince's inferior attendants, is obviously intended by Shakspeare as the counterpart of the prince in his outward character—as a Horatio to this merry Hamlet. He is, therefore, a gallant, handsome person; one in short whom the prince, "for fault of a better, was pleased to call his friend." He appears as an easy, good-natured young fellow, whose "thought kept the roadway as well as any man's in the world." Though indeed very far from a pattern of morality, and marvelously poor—as witness his two pairs of stockings and two shirts—he was not a low-born or low-bred ruffian, and generally behaved himself decently. "By this light," he says to the prince, "I am well spoken of; I can hear it with my own ears; the worst they can say of me is, that I am a second brother and a proper fellow of my hands; and these two things, I confess, I can not help." He always appears as a pleasant and obliging companion, and in spite of Falstaff's disparaging remarks, he has, as his fair friend maintains, "a good wit."

Falstaff's attempt to ridicule his pretensions is at least nullified by the concluding sentence, in which he compares him to the prince: "For the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois;" and though he may be classed among the "shallow jesters and rash bavin wits, soon kindled and soon burned; with the capering fools, jibing boys, and beardless vain comparatives," whom King Henry describes as his son's companions, it must be recollected that he is also included in Vernon's glowing description, when in answer to Hotspur's question,

"Where is his son,
The nimble-footed, madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside
And bid it pass?"

Sir Richard says:

"All furnished, all in arms,
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
As gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls."

If we add to all this, that Poins is never put by Shakspeare in a ludicrous position, we must conclude that he is to be regarded as one of those active and energetic, but reckless characters, which are favorites with the minds that made them, and that, although less completely developed, he belongs to the same class as Mercutio and Benedict.

But, after all, Poins is in himself only a subordinate figure. The true abstraction of seductive vice, the genuine head and front of the profligacy which reigned in the young prince's little court, is undoubtedly Sir John Falstaff. Before we vindicate this opinion, by showing that Shakspeare intended to represent Falstaff as an abstraction of hoary iniquity, engaged in misleading high-spirited and ingenuous youth, it may perhaps be necessary to say a few words on the historical name under which Falstaff is sup-

posed to have appeared originally, and which was certainly borne by his prototype in the older drama. It is a fact well known, that Henry V. was originally on very friendly terms with the celebrated Protestant martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, whom he eventually gave up to the eager animosity of the bishops. It was natural, therefore, that the Papists should select him as the evil companion of the prince's earlier and less creditable life, and so depict him as the representative of everything that was bad or contemptible; and the traditionary obesity of Lord Cobham's person would, of course, be attributed to the degrading gluttony of a heretic who refused to keep the fasts of Mother Church. That Sir John Oldcastle was the Falstaff of the play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, on which Shakspeare, as we have mentioned, modeled his own dramas respecting Prince Henry, is clear from a number of passages. Thus we have in the epilogue of *Henry IV.*, Part II.: "If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for *Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*" From this passage, we see that Shakspeare expressly refers to his abandonment of the original name—in fact, Sir John Oldcastle is the counterpart of Falstaff in the older play, in which Poins and Gadshill also appear. Furthermore, it is known that Sir John Oldcastle was, at an early age, page to Sir Thomas Mowbray. Now, this fully agrees with Shakspeare's Falstaff, as described by Shallow (*Henry IV.*, Part II): "Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Sir Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk."

Why Shakspeare should have altered

the name is not certain. The growing popularity of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, in which Oldcastle was highly lauded, may have had its effect in showing the dramatist that he was doing an injustice to a Protestant martyr, and led him to substitute an ideal name for the historical personage whom the old play had misrepresented. With the exception of Ned Poins and Bardolph, which were traditionary names borrowed from the older drama, and Gadshill, taken from the same source and indicating the scene of the robbery, all the other comical personages who flit around the prince have made-up names. Mrs. Quickly, the active innkeeper, and Doll Tear-sheet, the courtesan, speak for themselves. Fang and Snare, the sheriff's officers; Shallow and Silence, the stupid justices; Mouldy, Shadow, Feeble, Wart, and Bullcalf, the recruits, are all plainly significant of character. Pistol, the Spanish braggadocio, possibly derives his name from the current coin of that country; just as Parolles, the garrulous Frenchman, gets a French name of wordy import. We have only, then, to seek for some similar explanation of the name Falstaff. Now we have in old English several descriptions of staffs or staves: there was the quarter-staff, a favorite weapon with the Saxon yeomen, as all who have read *Ivanhoe* and old ballads will recollect; the tip-staff, which finally became the name of the officer (bailiff) who carried it; and Chaucer makes mention of a fel-staffe, as a bludgeon for knocking men down, a weapon probably carried by the hired bullies of the day. The highway robbery, in which Sir John so naturally takes a part, proves that he belonged to that class of lawless men, who ("not to put too fine a point on it"), entertained rather vague notions as to the rights of property, and he would be as likely to carry a bludgeon as your modern foot-pad would a slung-shot.

But whatever may be the meaning of

the name of Falstaff,* the part of bully attendant on the prince by no means exhausts his functions, or sums up his faults. He tells us that he dined not above seven times a week. For his honesty, he was not more addicted¹ to thieving than Sixteen-string Jack. For his honor, we may refer to Mrs. Quickly; for his fidelity as a public officer, we may refer to Justice Shallow; for his modesty, to all his friends and acquaintances; and if we wish to saddle him with any further improprieties, we may call into court the worthy Mrs. Page of Windsor.

With such a catalogue of vices, Falstaff, so far from being an attractive companion to a spirited and accomplished young prince, would have been intolerable to all the world, fit only for a cell in Newgate, if he had not enjoyed strong nerves, good temper, and un-failing spirits. We shall speak directly of his courage; but the great charm which hangs about him is his inimitable wit, and his imperturbable good humor. He is not only witty himself, but "the cause that wit is in other men." The most ludicrous position in which a man can be placed only enables him to exhibit the more clearly the superiority of his temper, and the never-failing resources of his genius. The merely lu-

dicrous excites with our laughter a sense of our own superiority, but wit and genius call out admiration and often respect. Such a man as Falstaff is never simply ludicrous; his worst scrapes are the occasion of fresh triumphs; and such is the strength of his intellect that we forget what is base and contemptible in his conduct, while we are dazzled by the aptness of his words and the brilliancy of his thoughts. Falstaff himself continually exhibits the sense of his own superiority to the men with whom he lives, and we tacitly, perhaps unwillingly, admit his superiority to ourselves. But the wit of Falstaff would lose much of its effect had Shakspeare been unwise enough to represent him as a really pusillanimous person. Charles Knight, in his edition of Shakspeare, makes the following very just remarks on this subject: "Though I will not go so far as a certain paradoxical critic has gone, and ascribe valor to Falstaff, yet if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear." Shakspeare well knew that a coward may be amusing and ridiculous, but that he could not be admirable. He could, when he chose, draw the picture of an unmitigated poltroon, like Pistol or Parolles. But this was not his design in regard to his favorite, Falstaff. The debauched and witty friend of Harry of Monmouth was, after all, a man of sinew, and not only formidable in appearance and bodily strength, but really cool and collected in danger. Bardolph describes him as "My captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader." As a lad, if we may believe Justice Shallow, he was by no means to be trifled with: "I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not

*Mr. James Gairdner, while supporting the thesis of the original dramatic kinship of Sir John Oldcastle and Falstaff, also advances and defends with considerable learning and ability the proposition that the name "Falstaff" was derived from that of a certain Sir John Fastolf, a noted personage and soldier in the reign of Henry IV. Mr. Gairdner concludes an article in the *London Fortnightly Review* (March, 1873) with these words: "And now I hope it has been sufficiently shown that the Falstaff of Shakspeare, much as it undoubtedly owed to the rich imagination and incomparable wit of the dramatist, was an embodiment of traditions respecting two distinct historical personages—traditions largely tinged with prejudice, but still not unworthy to be considered, as reflecting the opinions of the age, and preserving, at the same time, some little details of genuine historic fact, which, if they had not been stereotyped by genius, would by this time have perished irrecoverably."—ED. OVERLAND.

thus high." If we take him by his appearance in the plays, we must come to the same conclusion. A weak man could not have taken on his back the dead body of Percy, in full armor; a little man would not have been singled out for hand-to-hand combat by the Scots' champion, Douglas; a mean-looking man would not have induced such a famous rebel as Coleville of the Dale to yield himself prisoner, merely on the strength of his personal appearance; and a genuine coward would not, in a fierce fray like the battle of Shrewsbury, have led his 150 ragamuffins into such danger that but three of them were left alive. Even when he is set upon by the prince and Poin, he does not abscond until after exchanging blows with them; and, on the whole, he said with truth to the prince, "I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal." What he wanted was not disregard of danger and coolness in the hour of peril, but chivalry and a sense of honor; and, in the fifth act of the First Part of *Henry IV.*, Shakspeare has exhibited the feelings with which he intended to inspire him in that well-known soliloquy on honor, in which Falstaff expresses his disregard for all the higher sentiments of a true knight.

At the same time, Shakspeare's Falstaff is not intended to appear as one who is formally degraded from his rank as a gentleman. Born to move in good society, he has not renounced all his finer instincts; he has not adopted all the coarseness of the position to which he is degraded by his vices; he does not make a merit of his intemperance, nor does he base his vanity on the exploits of a bandit, but still clings to the manners and qualities of a gentleman. As he actually appears at court, and exercises authority in the king's name, it would be an absurdity if he were stripped of all these external recommenda-

tions, without which his faults would become offensive and unendurable. The conventional representations on the stage have given a very erroneous impression of the manners and person of the knight as they were conceived of by Shakspeare. Our actors exhibit to us, in most cases, an overgrown mass of flesh, covering a cowardly soul. They degrade Falstaff's wit into buffoonery, and make him put on the manners of a low and vulgar clown. Shakspeare intended Falstaff's appearance to be comical—a caricature of debauched manhood; but a very little stuffing under the waistcoat would answer all the requirements of the part. The chief justice charges him with "an increasing belly, but with a decreasing leg;" and there can be no reason for that padding of the limbs by which our stage Falstaff becomes so unwieldy.

To conclude with one word respecting the morality of this character. In giving us Falstaff as a type of sensual profligacy, shameless selfishness, good humor, and wit, Shakspeare has not left us without the cautions properly suggested by the contemplation of such a career. With true poetical justice he is dismissed from the stage with a terrible and crushing rebuke from the reformed prince (*Henry IV.*, Part II, Act v, Scene 5). With such a moral to the exhibition of the character, we may enjoy the wit of Falstaff without being seduced by his example; and in spite of all his faults, we may back his mock petition: "No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poin—but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world." (*Henry IV.*, Part I, Act ii, Scene 4).

HOW BILL WAS MISTAKEN.

"TWO crazy men live up there. Go on, Sanch! Where'r goin'?" said my "prospecting pard"—the first words to me, the remainder to the pack-mule—as we journeyed, skirting along the base of a range of rough rock-peaks, which peaks, like ourselves, were, and still are, in that vast area of sage-brush called Nevada.

"Two crazy men!" repeated I, and added, "Where?"

"Why, up there!—to the right hand, at the end of that sort of a road we jist crossed—where the mule wanted to turn off, you know;" and, turning in his saddle, he pointed. "You see that high, dark-looking peak, with the round white spot of snow on the north face, near the top; it's the biggest peak of the lot, and kinder behind the rest. Do you see it?"

"I think I do," said I, shading my eyes with a heavy buckskin glove. "There is something like a squad of white-pine trees just below the snow-spot."

"Yes; that's it. The white-piners are a little below, and a little to the right of, the snow."

I nodded my head.

"Sanch! Go on. Git! Just below them pines lives the two craziest men in this State."

"Why crazy—what have they done?"

"Done! why, they aint done nothin'—but work away up there, winter and summer, on a little bit of a razor-blade silver-lead, that isn't wuth a hill o' beans. Been a-workin' there jist that a-way for three or four years—sinkin' and sinkin', and driftin' on—nothin'."

"How do they live?"

"O, the little streak is rich enough,

what there is of it. They jist dig and dig, and blast and gad—bustin' fellows to work, you bet!—and they save every ounce of it. Then you'd jist hev to laugh to see 'em. They've got a sort of Spanish raster, and an old blue-mouse-colored big mule, with a club-foot, and rope harness; and with such fixins they grind out bullion enough to keep soul and body together. The raster is right alongside the shaft of the mine—jist side the dump—and one of the fellers works on the dump and hists out, while the other feller and an Injin works below. The chap on the dump hists out, sorts ore, and shies a piece of waste rock at old muley, now and then, to wake him up. That old mule—his club-foot is mighty pigeon-toed, and they work him with that foot on the inside of the track, so he jist don't walk, but sort o' leans round and round all day—that old mule has been kep' goin' one way on circular work so long that when he's turned out to feed they never miss his tracks, 'cause he always grazes in circles."

"Who are these crazy men?"

"Two brothers, they say, name of Rocksaw."

"Where are they from—what race? Dutch, Irish, French, or English?"

"More'n I know. Never heard anybody say they pretended to know much about 'em. One's older'n t'other; he never talks—jist works ahead, with 'Yes, sir,' 'No, sir,' 'Can't say, sir,' 'Perhaps so, sir,' and sich like, mighty short, but kind o' perlite and quiet. The other one—the young one—is always smilin'; and his eyes are as blue as the sky in spring-time—little eyes, away into his head, and nearly kivered up with

long sandy eyebrows, like a hairy rat-terrier dog's—and they twinkle like specks of ice among dry grass in a sunshiny winter morning. And that young feller he never says nothin' to speak of more'n' the old one; but he'll look at you, like two brand-new gimlets, while you're talkin'; and he'll stand all nerve-like, with smiles twitchin' round his mouth, a-waitin' for somethin' to laugh at."

"I don't see anything out of the way in what you tell me about these men."

"You don't? Well, you haven't seen 'em yet. Why, I told the young one that old story about the broken winder, and I thought first he'd bust, and then wear himself out, a-laughin'."

"I don't remember any story about a broken window. What was it?"

"Don't you know about the man who was ridin' along the road, passin' a log-cabin where was a six-pane winder-sash with all the glass broke out, and the old woman and four children lookin' out of five frames in the sash, and the man said to the old woman, 'How-de-do, ma'am? Have you had a funeral in your family lately?' 'No, sir. Why do you ax?' says the old woman; and then the man said, 'I see one sash-frame's got no head in it, and I thought t'other head might be dead!' But that man was on a good horse, and saved his skelp."

"To laugh at that sort of a story is not good evidence of insanity," said I to my "pard," as we spurred off into a short lope.

I make note here of a fact—namely, after a joke on horseback, an acceleration of gait follows. I do not, however, wish to infer that the animals enter into the enjoyment. In riding through the sage, the horses are compelled by the bunches of brush to perform a continual zigzag journey, which interferes with any pace beyond a walk or jog-trot; so that we were soon forced to give up our gayety of motion, and resume the slower

progress, which seemed also to call for a resumption of conversation:

"From what you tell me, Bill, about those queer fellows, I feel inclined to ride back and see the men and the mine. What do you say?"

"Not a bit o' use. They won't let you down into the mine—ashamed of it, I reckon—and you won't think of stayin' there all night."

"Why can't we stay there all night? We've got our own grub and bed."

"O, well, you could stay up there; but you wouldn't."

"I don't see why."

"You don't want to be et up with m'skeeters, if you sleep out of doors, and you can't sleep in them fellers' cabin—there aint room. They live in a hole in the hill-side, and the hole is so small that one of 'em has to go to bed or go out while t'other one puts on his coat, or pulls on his boots. I've been up there. Them little popplewood groves is fuller of m'skeeters than a Mississippi swamp-bottom; and, in July, a Nevada mountain-m'skeeter is savager'n h—l!—cuts like a lancet, and sucks like a leech."

"Well, well, William, if you've been there, of course I'll not insist; but if we live to come back this way, I'll ride up and see the boys."

"All right! I'm on it, if you are in airnest about wantin' to go now," said Bill, riding forward to turn the pack-mule.

"No, no; never mind. Come back, Bill. Let the mule go ahead as he is," said I.

"Well," said Bill, dropping into line again, "jist as you like. I'm none of yer growlers that wants it all his own way, and can't humor a pard's curiosity. That's not me. I can give and take, and allus do—on a trip like this."

Hereupon William proceeded to tell me, as we rode along, of the various prospecting trips he had been on in the

sage-brush; interjecting his narrative with estimates of human character worked up from quiet observation of men in what he called "close, hard games," and "tight places," from which a man had to fall back on his "ore in reserve," and just "dig out" or die—all of which he concluded with this piece of wisdom. Said he:

"A man may live in a civilized country, and be as flowery, and mossy, and sweet to look at and be with, as a buttercup dell on a sea-shore mountain, while all his life long he's slippin' on the bed-rock; but you bring that man into this dry country, where all the posies die and the leaves burn up, and he is soon stripped so, that, if he aint got the clean grit in him, you can pan him down till he peters on the bed-rock in a week."

"Well, William, my boy, you've got the advantage of me, I think. You have had experience in panning—both mines and men—while I never yet handled a pan."

"That's it, is it?" said Bill, chuckling. "I was talking hyperbowl—but you'll see. Ef you don't have a higher or lower opinion of me, and me of you, when this trip's over, then I don't know the road to breakfast. Frills 'll do at a social party, and made-up faces will pass in church; but, out in these mountains, you come right down to mammy's boy, good or bad. What you are, you are; and you aint no more, nor can't be."

William Wilson's conversation is not very interesting without William's manner, especially without his peculiar intonation; which latter, though making no disagreeably perceptible suggestion of halting, still has that interrogative-responsive-ejaculatory style, not exactly Emersonian, yet bearing such a likeness thereto as to require a similar habit of elocution in reducing it to reading. For instance, like many Pacific-slopers, he has at least six ways of saying "yes"

—three ways of assenting with the word, two of doubt, and one which is neither assent nor doubt. In this last "yes" there is assent, dissent, doubt, admiration, and wonder.

I said to Bill, after we had ridden some time in silence, broken only by the ringing jingle of the great Spanish spurs on our heels, as they jangled among the tops of the brush, or by the voice of Bill, urging Sancho, the pack-mule:

"Bill, I think it's our luck to find a staving mine on this trip."

Bill looked at me from under his hat-rim, as he swung rapidly round in a circle the knotted end of his picket-rope, and said, "Y-y-e-e-us."

"What do you mean by that kind of a yes?"

"Well, I mean—I mean"—looking straight over his horse's ears, past the coils of the flying rope, "Git a-e-up, Sanch!—I mean, as near as I can make out, sort o' yes, sort o' no, and mebbe so—I'm willin'."

"I don't like that kind of a yes, Bill. It hasn't much faith in it."

Then Bill said, "N-o-o-uh," with a peculiar cooing, rising inflection.

"Your no is as queer as your yes."

Then Bill said, "Y-y-e-e-us;" and laughed at the sound of his own words.

"Do you think you used your words that way before you came to California?"

"I dun know. Don't reckon I did, though. I think that kind of use in the words comes from a feller talkin' when he is busy. If I'm in a drift, pickin' and gaddin', and lookin' out for rocks overhead, and you are wheelin' out, and you tell me somethin' that I don't know about, one way or t'other—can't agree to in full, nor yet go back on it—and aint got much time to talk, anyway, I throw all the answer into one word."

"That's a new style of elocution, Bill."

"Don't know, never elocuted any myself; but it fills the bill as well as a sermon could."

There is not a great deal to startle the gaze of a rider through the sagebrush, where the gray of one valley has its reflex in each other valley, and the ranges of mountains have, at first view, about the sameness of furrows in a new-plowed field. But, in the utter absence of bright-green pastures, and the myriad seamy palms of leafy woods, with the glint and glitter of gliding waters pooling underneath, there is a wonderful play and a delicate blending of subdued colors, along with a grand and varied lining-out of mountain tops against the blue-white canvas of the sky; while every change in the atmosphere alters this shading and blending, in degrees so slight as to be scarcely perceivable to a stranger's eye, and yet to be felt, even when not taken into exact account. Over these gray valleys and sober-hued mountains travel the images of the floating clouds, painted by the sun—a moving panorama, with nature shifting the weird lights; and the naked geology of the country modestly changes color under the inquiring glances of the sun.

I said, "William, my boy, do you see anything pretty or sublime in the surrounding scenery?"

"Scenery!" exclaimed Bill, suddenly reining up his horse and looking round, "which?—where?"

"Why," said I, waving my unoccupied hand in a lofty manner, "this grand, quiet chapter in the wide-open history of the universe; where the great central Intelligence has written in lines indelible—not subject to proof-imprint, or printer's revise, error, or errata—the prehistoric 'Sermon on the Mount!'"

"Eh?" ejaculated Bill. "Ef you come that agin, you'll make my eyes bung out like a butterfly's. You skeer me!"

"Well, William, I will desist; but

there is, nevertheless, a lofty repose, a grand reserve of tone, in these silent surroundings, which seems to hold the chirrup and clatter of more busy, bustling lands in the strong quiet of true aristocratic scorn."

"I don't know what you're a-drivin' at, any more'n a bump on a log! Mebbe you're playin' off on the scenery people?—those high-toned uns what go in-to fits over a bunch of green rock-moss with a dew-drop in the middle of it; which I heard one woman, with long, bony white hands, and gold spectacles, once, on the Sierra, call it the 'king of diments, with the emerald in his dream.' Is that what you're goin' for?"

"No, William. I truly admire what we now behold around us."

"You do! Well, I don't. I'd as soon look at a Quaker meetin' when their spirit was off on particular business. Scenery's somethin' at I don't savey. I always thought it meant somethin' green, a-standin' out of doors in the worst place it could get to. But here we are at the spring, and we may as well put up for the night." And Bill dismounted.

Putting up for the night, on a prospecting trip, may be rendered lying out for the night; but there is a pure-aired satisfaction in bustling about the impromptu location, with the ever-present thought of "what next?" that drives away all weariness, to be replaced by a zesty keenness of appetite, as the prelude to a simple supper, a solacing pipe, and a sound slumber.

After we had done all that a sagebrush camp requires, in the way of unpacking, unsaddling, hobbling, picketing, making fire, cooking, eating, unrolling blankets into bed-shape, and were laid down for the night, with our faces upturned to the bright, sparkling, star-lit sky, I observed to William:

"This is grand."

"Wot?" said Bill.

"This night of calm repose in the gorgeous bridal-chamber of our first parents."

"There you go agin! Looney as a new convert at a camp-meetin'."

"No, William, not looney. It is a beautiful thought, that Adam and Eve, in the incomparable purity of the first, new love that blessed the world, should have rested thus upon the young earth, under the royal drapery of all the night."

"Yes. A-shiverin' in the wind, without Mission blankets, and no shirts on, like two Shoshones in a *wickiup*! You can't come any of that on me. I had a pard once, in California, that used to read a lot of that every night, out of a book he called *Milton*."

"Who was Milton? Do you know, Bill?"

"Yes!"—without variety of accent. "He was a looney old psalm-singer, and said that the devil invented silver and gold mining in the back territory of hell and erebust, wherever that is."

"Do you remember the lines, William?"

"No, I don't. Somethin' about the devil and his crew working three shifts a day into a hill."

I recited:

"By him first

Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifted the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane."

"That's like it," said Bill. "But old Milton didn't know much more about mining than Moses did about making time across deserts. Gold may come out in ribs in hell—I don't know; I never mined in them diggings—but it comes in lumps and dust on this coast. That's how the fact is; but the poetry is—well, d—n the poetry! I'm a-goin' to sleep." He turned over on his side,

drew the end of a blanket over his head, and said no more.

I had left one of the older settled mining-towns to inspect a ledge belonging to my present companion and company, and also to find whatever other prospects there might be open to location and possession. This statement will account for my present journey. Wilson & Co. were to put their mines into my hands, to be sold by me to other and wealthier parties, if I liked the property.

On the morrow there was before me part of a day's ride, previous to reaching Wilson & Co.'s camp; and after arriving at that point, there was the climbing, on foot, of mountains of rock, naked to the hot noonday sun, except in those favored spots where struggling, straggling trees sucked a scanty and scrubby life through their bruised roots in the stony soil. I tried to forecast the future, even for a day; but gave it up, and passed into sleep with as full a confidence in the unknown as I could have felt in the positively ascertained. Do we not, no matter what may be the tone of our faith, rely more implicitly upon the wide unknown than upon the known or knowable?

I need not trouble the reader with the result of my speculations and climbings with Bill Wilson. We did not find that "staving mine;" but we got through our business, and returned to town: stopping, however, on the way back, to visit what Bill called the "craziest camp in Nevada."

After going through a narrow, steep cañon, we climbed a crooked, rocky trail, and stood upon the dump, near which the club-footed mule was slowly limping around the shallow circular pit of an *arastra*, dragging after him a short beam, fastened at the farther end to a revolving centre-post in the middle of the pit; and this beam, in turn, dragged a heavy stone round and round, through

a mass of rock mush. I need not say that this "mush" was well-pulverized ore, mingled with a portion of quicksilver; the mercury gathering into itself the silver, as the dragging rock freed it from the stony portion of the ore.

"How do you do?" I said to the man on the dump, as he landed a bucket of ore from the windlass.

"So-so," said he, smiling and twinkling at me, as he stood erect, with the crank of the windlass in his hand.

"Not far from heaven, up here!"

This remark seemed to strike him as such a particularly good joke, that he laughed all over, and shied a piece of rock out of the bucket at the pigeon-toed mule; then he looked at Bill, which made Bill laugh, and then we all laughed—at nothing.

"Is your brother down below?" said Bill.

"Yes."

"This gentleman wants to see him."

"All right," said the younger Rocksaw; and disappeared down the shaft, by way of a ladder nailed against the timbering, leaving his laughing face the last part of him visible.

"Didn't I tell you," said Bill, "he would laugh more'n any two men? But t'other chap won't laugh. The Rocksaw family ain't laid out in fair shares—one's got all the laugh, and t'other all the solemn."

Presently, there came slowly up the ladder a bared head of light-brown hair, sprinkled with gray, and dusted with minute rock; and soon there stood before us a middle-statured, stout man, clad in garments of a hundred pieces, carefully and coarsely sewed together.

"How are you, gentlemen!" he said, as he straightened up from the mouth of the shaft, in a voice at once deep, musical, and doubting.

"Well, thank you. How are you, sir?—Mr. Rocksaw, I believe," I said, extending my hand.

"Yes, sir—George Rocksaw," said he, taking my hand in a manner both shy and hesitating.

"Mr. Rocksaw," I said, "I have heard that yourself and one other man—your brother, I presume——"

"Yes, sir—Andrew."

"——have worked a mine for years all alone. I should like very much, if I may be permitted to ask it, to see what work two men can do in this hard mountain."

He looked at me, with one hand on his hip, and the other stroking his long sandy whiskers, and answered:

"No, sir. Against our rule. There is nothing to see."

"I merely wished to see your work—the amount of labor——"

"Sorry to say 'No,' but that's the rule. Never depart from it."

All his talk was in the same even key; neither assertive nor commanding, but shyly, rather than modestly, positive.

Andrew came up the ladder with a face still on the verge of breaking over into a laugh; but gave his entire attention to the circularly moving mule, who seemed inclined to stop and take an interest in the conversation. George Rocksaw ventured no further remark, but stood as before, stroking his whiskers with his hard hand.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Rocksaw," I said, proffering once more my hand.

"Good-by, sir," said he, taking his hand off his hip to put it in mine, and was gone down the ladder in an instant thereafter.

By this time Bill was in the saddle, in no very good humor; and, as I went down the side of the dump, I said:

"Good-by, Andrew. If you come to our place, bring your knitting and sit awhile."

"I will," said he, through his torrent of cachinnations. "By gol, I will, and a hank o' yarn! Good-by!"

"There!" said Bill, as we rode down

the trail, "he's got enough to keep him laughin' a week. "But that George!—I don't go much on him. He looks like a cracked preacher—one of them kind what thinks as God Almighty made the world for saints, and he's one of 'em, and mad because he can't get more'n his share. That's the way I'd put him up; provided he's not regular crazy. Go on, Sanch! Git!"

"Bill, my boy, did it ever occur to you that it is a terrible charge on a sensitive person, to cry out 'crazy?' after him, as he passes through this life? Call him a rogue, a thief, a swindler, a villain, or a fool, if you must; for on these charges he can settle in his own way when he hears them: but this charge that one's mind is affected is something which rests in the estimation of the public, and is practically true or not true, as the public sees fit to receive it. The soundness of one's mind is like the price of greenbacks—a matter of opinion; no odds how well secured, that rises or falls with the public pulse. There is no surveyed boundary between sanity and insanity. How do you know that you are of sound mind?"

"How do I know?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know—because I've got good horse-sense, anyway. I eat when I'm hungry, drink when I'm dry, rest when tired, work hard when I can't do any better, sleep when I'm sleepy, and take myself in out of the wet—that's what I call sound-minded."

"Yes, so far as it goes. But how about your ambition, wherein you imagine yourself wealthy from finding a great mine; rolling in your carriage; enjoying the fine things of life, and the flatteries of the fair, the foolish, and the false? Do you never dream, with your eyes wide open, of being a great fellow—a 'big-up ca-pit-u-al-ist,' as you call it?"

"Certainly. I believe every man is to have his streaks of luck."

"Then, William, you are a dreamer—we are all dreamers; and dreams are made of 'perilous stuff.' When a man dreams in a full waking state, his 'horse-sense' slips away from him into a cloud, and he is partly out of his mind. He may, from this state, go all the way out, or he may return to his 'horse-sense.' The floating cloud-land between sanity and insanity admits of no permanent boundary."

"Then, how's a fellow to know he's got sound sense?" asked Bill, with a tired-of-the-discussion expression, as we rode across the gray valley.

"He can't know. It is the public—the *vox populi*—which puts the value on the soundness of sense. That is why all new doctrines are first resisted, then ridiculed, then examined, then stolen. The public itself is not often sure of its own wits. In Utah, it is sensible to see angels and hear voices from heaven. In Boston, Massachusetts, it is sensible to worship your own intellect. In Nevada and in California it is the height of good sense to worship the power of money. It is wisdom in China to bow before one's father's ghost; in Japan, before Buddha; in India, before Brahma; in Rome, before the Pope; in Mecca, before a black stone. So you see that any sense above 'horse-sense' is a risky and uncertain property in the world's market. Like a ball of quicksilver, it has weight, color, power, and great brilliancy; but it is liable to roll away from you, at any moment, in a thousand glittering pieces."

Bill made no answer in the pause I left open for him, so I added:

"That man, back yonder at the mine, is a dreamer, Bill; and whatever his dream, sad or happy, it weighs upon him, and makes him a stranger in all the real world—in the 'horse-sense' congregation, I mean."

"Well," said Bill, throwing away his studying-cap, "d——n him! let him

dream it out. I'll not trouble him again soon."

The conversations between William Wilson and myself, as we rode, day after day, across broken mountains and gray streamless valleys, were to us twain interesting enough, but need not, therefore, be of interest to other people. And yet, though I do say it myself, we made some pretty sharp remarks on a great variety of subjects; into which William at times threw his unbookish mind with startling effect. Upon one occasion he "got off," as he called it, his opinion of "talk."

"Some fellows," he said, "are always putting up that 'talk is cheap;' but I say talk is precious at twenty to the pan. Blab is cheap; but the first thing in my mother's old Bible is *talk*: 'God said let there be;'¹ and them words started off into the darkness and slumgullion of nowhere, putting up stuff for heavy crops, and leaves, and flowers, and business generally."

"Why, William, you're a poet!"

"Not much! I despise poetry. But good sound talk set the world a-going, and keeps her a-humming on the pin. I'd like to know what would be the use if people couldn't talk—or didn't talk! I'd as soon be a bump on a log as not to be able to talk. When a fellow says to me, 'O, it's all talk!' I say, 'You bet your life it is!' Newspapers and books is talk. Law and gospel is talk. Money is talk, done up in 'tens' and 'twenties;' take the talk out of it, and its nothing."

Thus, one way or another, we whiled away the journey back to town; where I left William, and proceeded about my business, far away from the high altitudes and dry valleys of Nevada.

Some months later I returned, to find the town in one of those mining fevers which invariably follow the discovery of

rich silver ores. Picking up the lively little daily newspaper from the clerk's counter at the hotel where I stopped, and glancing over it, my eyes fell upon the following:

"RICH STRIKE IN THE SILVER CHAMBER!—Wires, ropes, spangles, flecks, and cakes of silver! Chloride ores, by tons and tons, all through the mine, with rich sulphurets at the water-level.

"Nothing, except an ownership in the property, could give us more satisfaction than we now enjoy in chronicling the grand success which has crowned with a gorgeous silver crown the long and tedious labors of the genial Brothers Rocksaw.

"By invitation of Mr. George Rocksaw we stepped into his buggy on Saturday last, and after a pleasant drive of two days, and a stiff climb up the side of Pronghorn Mountain, we were permitted to descend into the mine. In the descent of the main shaft, and for a hundred feet along the main drift, there is nothing worth mentioning; but at the end of this hundred feet there opens a scene more gorgeous than the dream of the Count de Monte Christo. All along the drift, overhead, under foot, and upon the hanging wall, for a distance of 400 feet, the precious wealth of nature glitters in the 'lamp-light gloating o'er.' Below this drift, on the lower level, a distance in perpendicular depth of fifty feet, and in the mountain over 100 feet, there is even a richer picture. The mine is not describable, except by exclamations. It is magnificent!

"The mine is patented under the broad seal of Uncle Sam, to George Rocksaw and Andrew Rocksaw, their heirs and assigns, to have and to hold forever."

So Bill was mistaken, after all, about that mine and the Rocksaws.

THE LEGEND OF PRINCESS COTTON FLAKE.

THE story of King Cocyoeza and the Princess Pelaxilla, or Cotton Flake, as outlined by the ancient Spanish and Aztec chroniclers, may interest some of our readers, as it deals with a people hitherto almost unnoticed by modern writers, though, in truth, it was one of the greatest among the multitude of nations that formed the mighty Aztec civilization. They are gone now, and their name and fame are unremembered of men; a few worm-eaten old volumes and manuscripts, written by the early Spanish fathers and native historians, contain all the record of them that is left. I speak of the ancient Zapotecs, whose country, called Zapotecapan, extended over that portion of Mexico now known as the province of Oajaca. The events I relate happened some few years before the coming of Cortés and his companions.

Cocyoeza, king of the Zapotecs, was a mighty monarch and a valiant warrior; a worthy son of his worthy sire, Zaachilla III. Though a mere youth when he first ascended the throne, he had already distinguished himself upon several occasions; especially at the taking of the city of Tehuantepec his *maquahuítl** and *tlacochtlí*† had made fearful havoc

among the ranks of the enemy. And he was as wise and prudent as he was brave. More politic than his father, his first step was to conciliate his neighbors and to renew the ancient alliances which Zaachilla's arrogance and ambition had destroyed. His next step was to free his people from the hated yoke of the Mexican king, Ahuitzotl,* whose troops at the time of Cocyoeza's accession held many of the principal cities of Zapotecapan. The Mexican empire was at this time at the height of its power, and was of such vast extent that its legions were always employed in remote provinces, and were difficult to concentrate. The temple of Janus at Rome was closed but once between the reigns of Numa and Augustus, because there was never perfect peace throughout the empire, and in like manner smoking human hearts were never lacking upon the altar of Huitzilopochtli, the Mexican God of Battles, because there was always war somewhere. Cocyoeza chose his time to declare war when the Mexican legions were even more engaged than usual. In addition to this, Zapotecapan was of a very mountainous and rugged description, and to know the country was better than to have strong battalions. The wrath of the mighty despot at Mexico when he heard of Cocyoeza's revolt was terrible but unavailing, and the struggle that ensued was a desperate and bloody one. Had I space, I might tell how the sacred city of Yopaa, the residence of the *wiyatao*, or pontiff-sovereign of the Zapotecs, was sacked

*The *maquahuítl* was a sword about three feet, or a little more, in length. It was made of very hard wood, and in the edges of its blade were inserted sharp pieces of obsidian. It was wielded with both hands, and was a very formidable weapon. The Anonymous Conqueror, who accompanied Cortés, says that in one fight he saw a warrior strike the horse of a cavalier with his *maquahuítl* with such force that the animal was cleft from his chest to his entrails, and fell dead beneath the blow.

†The *tlacochtlí* was a javelin, pointed generally with bone or obsidian. It was thrown with great force, and was recovered by means of a piece of cord attached to it. Sometimes it was three-pointed, like the trident of the Roman *retarius*. This weapon is

said to have been more dreaded than any other by the Spaniards.

* Ahuitzotl was the brother of Montezuma II., who reigned in Mexico at the time of the advent of the Spaniards.

by the soldiery of Ahuitzotl. All unavailing then was the crying of the long-robed priests upon Piyetao Piyexoo, the Uncreated, the Supreme One; the oracle of Pitao Peeci was dumb; the sacrifice smoked vainly before Pitao Yaa, the Averter of Ill; "there was no voice, nor any that answered: and they leaped upon the altar which was made." I might tell of the deeds of the Eagles and Tigers* of the Mexican army, or of mighty men among the Zapotecs; or I might dwell on the fate of captives destined to have their hearts torn out beating before the face of Huitzilopochtli, and their bodies cast down from the temple as a feast for the people.

The issue of the contest for a long time seemed doubtful, but finally Cocyoeza retreated to the summit of a high plateau, through the centre of which, at the bottom of a deep gorge, sometimes appearing and sometimes tunneling its way underground, the river Nexapa, like

"Alph the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

At the foot of this plateau, upon the plain of Dani Guevedchi, the Mexicans suffered many defeats, and finally, much against the grain, Ahuitzotl was driven to make peace. Ambassadors waited upon Cocyoeza, and among other conditions of the treaty it was stipulated that the Zapotec monarch should take to wife one of the daughters of the royal house of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico. This lady, the sister of Ahuitzotl and of the future Montezuma II., was remarkable both for her great beauty and for the extreme whiteness of her skin, which caused her to be called by the Zapotecs, Pelaxilla, or Cotton Flake. She was as gifted in her mind as in her person, and was versed in all the accomplishments of her people. The tradition goes on to say, that, in spite of the satisfaction

which so agreeable and honorable an alliance gave Cocyoeza, yet that sagacious monarch was not easy in his mind—perhaps he thought his luck too good to be genuine; the Aztecs were notoriously perfidious, and had it been the fashion in Zapotecapan to instill Virgil at the cane's-end, he would probably have quoted "*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" As it was, he retired to his country-place, near Tehuantepec, and there meditated. Though he had heard of the Princess Cotton Flake, he had never seen her; the alliance was most desirable, but—he had several wives at home—he ran the double risk of being betrayed and of adding a Xantippe to his household. The more he pondered, the more he doubted.

One evening, being a good deal troubled in spirit about the matter, he went out into his garden to bathe. Under the groves of cedar and cypress and among the sweet-smelling flowers the monarch sauntered, until at length he arrived at a secluded spot, where was a clear pool of water; here he stopped, and, having disrobed, dismissed his attendants. The moment was most propitious: the warm air, heavy with the odors of rare tropical plants, was stirred by the faintest of zephyrs; the moon cast a tremulous silver net-work upon the grass through the surrounding foliage; the shrubbery, where the myrtle mingled its dark glossy leaves with the red berries of the pepper-tree, rustled ever so slightly; the tempting coolness of the water invited the royal bather. Lulled and soothed, as who would not be? by the quiet and beauty of the scene, the monarch stood rapt in thought for some minutes; then with an invocation to Wichaana, the God of Waters, he was about to plunge into the pool, when, on a sudden, he started and drew back. Out of the shadow of a mighty cypress, gray with the moss of ages, came a figure clad in long robes.

*Such were the titles borne by certain ranks of warriors.

Hastily a prayer went up from the lips of the bather to Pitao Yaa, the Averter of Ill. Slowly and hesitatingly the figure drew nearer, until it stood within a few paces of the astonished king; then a ray of moonlight disclosed the face and form of a lady of wondrous beauty and fairness of complexion. Hesitating between fear and admiration, Cocyoeza asked her name and mission. "I am," she answered in a low sweet voice, "the sister of Ahuitzotl, and of Montezuma; I am she whom your people call the Princess Cotton Flake. I knew your fears, I had heard of your valor, and I entreated my gods to make me known to you; they heard my prayer and answered, and by enchantment translated me hither. Doubt not my words, O king; as proof of my presence, I leave the bathing implements of my brother Montezuma."

Having thus satisfactorily and womanlike accounted for her presence, she drew from a bag the soap and other articles used by Mexican bathers, and proceeded, according to Zapotec custom, to assist the monarch in his ablutions; meanwhile conversing so pleasantly and looking so beautiful, that by the time she had concluded her labors Cocyoeza was completely won over, and expressed his determination to immediately send ambassadors to Mexico to complete the treaty and bring home the bride. Then Cotton Flake opened her hand and showed the king a hairy mole which she had borne on its palm since her birth. She feared, she said, that her brothers loved her too dearly to part with her, and that they would endeavor to deceive the ambassadors; by this mark she might be known from her other sisters. Having spoken these words, she disappeared.

Cocyoeza lost no time. Ambassadors were at once sent to Mexico, and, as Pelaxilla had suspected, had it not been for the mole, they would have been puzzled as to which of the sisters was the promised bride. We must charitably

suppose that the room where they were shown was somewhat dark, as the ancient chroniclers make mention of no other of Cotton Flake's sisters being as white-skinned as she.

In great splendor the bride was carried to her future home. Her litter, borne upon the shoulders of Zapotec nobles, blazed with precious stones, and she was attended by a great multitude of attendants. At Teotzapotlan, the capital, she was welcomed with a series of magnificent entertainments, and amid great rejoicings her new court paid homage to her.

For some time all was merriment and peace, but as the months went on the Mexican monarch began to pine for the company of his favorite sister, and to repent of the terms he had made with the king of the Zapotecs. He was jealous of the growing power and fame of Cocyoeza, and he determined to gain by treachery what he could not by force. To this end several Mexican lords were dispatched to the Zapotec court, ostensibly to salute the queen in the name of her brothers, but really to induce her to betray her husband. But Cotton Flake was true to her spouse. Pretending to acquiesce in the plans of Ahuitzotl, she secretly informed Cocyoeza of the conspiracy. The Mexican ambassadors were sent back to their sovereign well laden with presents and delighted with their apparent success; but Cocyoeza without delay set about gathering his troops and fortifying his towns, so that when Ahuitzotl came he was repulsed with very great slaughter. From thenceforward the king and queen of Zapotecapan enjoyed peace and prosperity, and were as happy as it is possible for mortals to be. Cotton Flake bore her husband a beautiful boy, who was named Cocyopy, and he it was that filled the throne when the Spaniards arrived at Tehuantepec, and was rechristened by them Don Juan Cortés.

THE MOSS-GATHERER OF MONTEREY.

TWENTY years ago, Monterey, that quaint, dreamy town of the past, which has never caught the feverish inspiration of the present, was little different from the Monterey of to-day. The wars of the outside world, the king-makings, and revolutions, and discoveries, and inventions, had no power to send a single thrill of interest or excitement through the veins of her somnolent Spanish population. So long as the roses bloomed, and the winter rains made the hills green for the immense herds of cattle which then tenanted the Salinas plains—now a great harvest-field—so long did the people of Monterey, proud of their long stretch of sea-beach, their roses, and the dark beauty of their daughters, take the pleasant afternoon *siesta*, and dance to the music of the guitar at carnival time. Twenty years ago, as to-day, the cattle roamed through the quiet streets, and the same loving hands that planted feeble rose-cuttings, now, with less of the dimpled molding of yore, cull with the same delicate care the buds from the mature trees.

On a glorious May dawn in 185-, as the sun crept over the pines that sentinel the hills in the rear of the town, a young girl stood on the beach watching the receding tide. As the sunlight silvered the long reach of sands and glistened on the wet rocks, it touched with loving splendor a face of singular beauty, with features as clear-cut as a cameo. Juanilla was the daughter of an old whaler who for many years had followed leviathan in the lagoons of southern California, but an accident caused by the staving-in of a boat made him a cripple, and, except his little adobe homestead and the labor

of Juanilla, he had nothing in his old age to depend on. She was a moss-gatherer, who made pretty picture-frames of shells and sea-weed and sold them to the crews of naval and merchant vessels. An early riser was Juanilla. The dawn saw her on the beach when the tide suited her occupation, and the porch of the adobe cottage was a wilderness of crimson, white, and yellow roses. Her beauty was not of that sleepy, indolent sort, so characteristic of the Spanish women. It had more of the animated grace and lithe supple vigor of the fishermen's daughters of the British islands.

"*Madre de Dios!*" said she, softly, as she sprung from the top of a treacherous granite rock to the sands, "how those strangers are carrying off my shells! This beach is being ruined by those people. I shall soon be without material for a single picture-frame."

Now Juanilla's labors, though Monterey was still slumbering, were not unobserved. A young man stood on the bluff above the beach, looking down in intensest admiration at the barefooted beauty below. He wore the loose gray clothes of a tourist, and, from the sea-glasses that hung by his side, was evidently out early to observe the sunrise. Clambering down the rocks with a sure-footed ease that indicated the experienced mountaineer, the stranger drew near her, and watched, with an amused expression on his handsome Saxon features, Juanilla's contest with an envious wavelet for the possession of a rare bit of moss. "Bravo!" he cried, as, returning from a successful rush into the spray, she carried off her prize.

The moss-gatherer turned quickly, and blushed in the most charming manner

imaginable as she hastily arranged the short petticoat which clung limp and lovingly to her pretty ankles. The stranger took off his hat and apologized for his presence.

"Ah, señor," said the moss-gatherer, "are you, too, looking for shells on my beach? Well, you shall have some, as you are out so early. Come, and I will show you where the tide has thrown them up." And quite recovered from her first embarrassment, she beckoned him to follow her over the rocks. John Thorpe, fresh from the London drawing-rooms, and in search of a health broken down by the dissipations of a London life, mentally decided that this was the most delightful adventure he had met with since he shook the dust of Bond Street from his feet. He followed her, and when after an hour's scramble with this daughter of the coast he returned, wet and weary, to the hotel, he made an entry in his diary that his morning's lesson in conchology was more interesting than any he had ever heard from the lips of his Oxford professor. And Juanilla averred to herself it was a pity that this young Englishman, who said such odd things in such a nice way, should have such pale cheeks, and get so tired from the exercise that only refreshed her for the labors of the day. That afternoon, as her deft fingers wove the mosses into tasteful patterns, her father's voice summoned her to the veranda.

"There is a stranger here, Juanilla, who would like to see our picture-frames. Quick, my daughter, and show the gentleman what we have for sale."

Mr. John Thorpe bought almost the entire stock, and then asked permission to visit the garden.

"This is my pet," said Juanilla, gently lifting the blossom of a tiny moss-rose bush, "but it is very sickly, señor, and I fear this will be its last winter. Come, you shall have a bud, as you

bought my picture-frames. Poor thing! the northerly winds will kill it."

The sands had, after this morning, a grand attraction for Thorpe. He had never met a nature so fresh and brimming with vitality as this poor whaler's daughter. The sea, and the woods, and the flowers had been her instructors, and from them she had caught an untutored poetry which found vent in odd ideas and sympathies. A shell was to her a beauty; a fragment of moss, a messenger from the deep-sea forests, where unknown sea-flowers bloom and die forever remote from human eyes. He was astonished at himself. Women bored him, had always bored him; but here was this water-nymph, who had never read a book in her life—for the alphabet was to her an unexplored mystery—who could not discourse of politics, the poets, or the magazines, working her way into his indolent nature, and quickening him to exchange thought for thought, until he felt the poverty of his book-culture as compared with an intelligence framed and polished by Mother Nature herself. Her mind was a white page, free from the very shadow of worldly grossness.

One evening, as Thorpe sat on the porch, listening to the whaler's recitals of his exciting lagoon adventures and watching Juanilla's weaving fingers, a Spaniard lifted the garden-gate latch, and was greeted warmly by the whaler.

"We have heard from Pancho," said the new-comer. "He has done well in the lower bays, and as soon as he can will ship up over 500 barrels."

"Good!" said the whaler; "500 barrels! Think of that, Juanilla. That will buy you a fine wedding-gown, my daughter."

Thorpe started, stung by a thought which for the moment sent the blood in a cold current to his heart, and glanced at Juanilla with a great fear in his eyes, which, in spite of his efforts, he could not conceal.

She simply answered: "I am glad that Pancho has been lucky. Poor fellow! he has been a long time away."

Thorpe arose, and, bidding them an abrupt good-evening, walked rapidly toward the sands. "My God!" said he, aloud, "what have I been doing? Am I dreaming? This is terrible—terrible. It can't be possible that I love this daughter of a wretched pauper fisherman; but by heaven!"—and he struck his forehead with his clenched hand—"this is jealousy, so sure as there is such a passion; and if the intense concentration of all feeling, an absorption of one's self into another, be love, then I, silly fool that I am, love this pauper—curse me!" For an hour he paced up and down the cliff overlooking the sands where he had first met his siren, and reflected bitterly on all the folly of his unfortunate attachment. Marry her he could not. Nay, even if he decided to marry her, he did not believe she loved him, and he knew, or thought he knew, enough of her character to feel assured that his wealth and position would not influence her one jot. But who was this Pancho?—no doubt her betrothed, yet she had never mentioned his name. Still, her idiotic old father spoke of a wedding-gown. Yes, Pancho—may the devil drown him!—had gone whaling to defray the marriage expenses. But what did all this concern him—this episode in the life of a poor fisherman's daughter? He felt it concerned him too much; and, full of anger, love, and perplexity, Thorpe sought his lodging.

Long before dawn next morning he was on the sands, awaiting impatiently the arrival of Juanilla. And when at last she stood on the cliff from which he had seen her first, the quick heart-beat and the joy that flushed him were additional alarming convictions of the intensity of his passion. He could not, for the life of him, mention the incident of the previous evening until they had

walked some distance along the beach. Juanilla stood barefooted at the edge of the tide, now turning round with a merry laugh when the incoming wave splashed up to her knees, and again shouting with delight when a more than usually rare moss was thrown up. Thorpe sat on a rock, and watched her moodily.

"Juanilla, come here for a moment."

"O, señor, here is a beauty, the prettiest bit I have caught in a week. But why do you look so grave this morning?" and she took a seat beside him.

Thorpe took her hand in his own, and looked down into her brown eyes. The clasp of those tiny fingers thrilled him. She seemed to recognize the passion in his gaze, for she turned to the bay where the fisherman's skiffs were lying at anchor.

"Juanilla, when is your wedding-gown to be ready?"

She turned to him a white, startled face, trembled, and the great tears dimmed her eyes, but she was silent. And then all Thorpe's self-possession forsook him. He took her in his arms and pressed her to his heart. He called heaven and earth to witness, that, were she a queen, he could not be prouder of her; they should be married at once by the *padre*, and sail with her father in the next vessel for his English home. Did she love him?

Juanilla leaned her head over his hand and kissed it. "Señor," she said, simply, "I love you; but we were betrothed from our cradle. It was his mother's dying wish that we should be married, and my father swore it. An oath can not be broken. Good-by, and the white saints bless you! O, my love—my love—good-by." She tore herself from his arms, bounded up the rocks, and was out of sight in a moment.

Thorpe walked up and down the sands, and raved like a madman. He wept and moaned, and kissed over and over again the hand her lips had caressed. And

then the storm was succeeded by an intense sorrow. He walked to the woods, and laid until evening under the pines.

In a week, Pancho's ship came in.

It was Juanilla's wedding morning. The poor moss-gatherer was fearfully changed. Kind neighbors said that anxiety for her betrothed had stolen the roses from her cheeks; but the stalwart young whaler was shocked at the coldness with which his promised bride received his caresses. The wedding procession moved to the church, Pancho gay and happy, and Juanilla's face as pale as the white wedding-gown she wore. The vows were exchanged, and the gray-headed priest blessed the married pair. And then they returned to the whaler's cottage, the guitars were touched, and Pancho led out his lovely bride in a Spanish dance. They had scarcely taken a step, when a cry from the beach brought everybody to the porch. A boy was seen standing on the bluff, shouting wildly:

"Down to the boats!—the Englishman is drowning! To the boats, or he will be lost!"

Before the wedding throng fully com-

prehended the alarm, a white figure burst from their midst. Like the wind she dashed down to the bluff, then over the rocks, now lashed by the angry waves, for the tide was high and a strong north-wester blowing. At her feet—alive, yet not struggling at all with the breakers—lay Thorpe, his face full of the agony of death. Juanilla sprung from the rock with a wild shriek, and her arms encircled the drowning man. And then, before even her husband could reach the cliff, a mighty wave came and drew them both far out into its depths. An hour afterward, the sea gave up its dead. The arms of the bride still encircled her lover, and one of his was clasped in the rigidity of death about her neck, and upon his face was a smile as of one content. They were buried, side by side, in the sea-washed grave-yard, under the shadow of oaks in whose branches the doves at autumn-time cooed through the long gloamings, as if in sympathy with their old, old story. And the tides ebb and flowed, and the seasons changed, and lovers laid flower offerings on the graves of the two so lovely to each other in life, and in death so undivided.

PACIFIC SEA-COAST VIEWS.

NO. IV.

MENDOCINO CITY, with its commanding and picturesque seaward view, is a busy lumbering town, which has grown into consequence despite its exposed roadstead and isolated situation. Away to the north-westward is Cape Mendocino, after which the settlement was named. Thence to the mouth of the Columbia River, the scenery is diversified by heavily timbered mountains and deep

valleys. Here and there a sandy coastline stretches between bold headlands, behind which are navigable waters, but beset with tortuous or shallow channels of ingress. Yet, with all the natural obstacles to be overcome in this perilous navigation, an extensive trade flows in, and numerous vessels, under sail or steam, are seen hovering in all directions. Both Humboldt and Coos bays teem with the busy life of lumbermen,

farmers, stock - raisers, and colliers, who are engaged with their varied avocations in northern California and southern Oregon. Trinidad Bay, Crescent City, and Port Orford are termed outside ports, which maintain but little trade. Notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the contiguous coast, several shipping-ports have sprung into existence between Port Orford and the Columbia, among which are Umpqua, Yaquina Bay, and Tillamook. In fact, life along this whole border-land has changed from the old aboriginal times when the sons of these wilds led a life of unrestrained freedom, pursuing with rude weapons their game through the depths of the forest, or fishing in the streams and about the shores with primitive implements of their own make. But at the present day, under the hand of civilization, where once the smoke of the wigwam-fire curled above the tree-tops, now puffs the steam from the mills; and, instead of the war-whoop, the shrill whistle or the clanging horn calls the workmen to and from their toil. The mountain slopes and bluffs, the valleys, clothed in wild luxuriance — where once grazed the elk and the antelope in countless numbers — are at this time covered with lowing herds and bleating flocks. In the more sheltered nooks, or upon the gentler undulations, are the dwellings of the settlers, surrounded by corrals and cultivated inclosures.*

As you approach the mouth of the Columbia, the view is broken into changing landscapes, diversifying the banks of this "great river of the west." To the south is the low and densely wooded Point Adams, with rugged Saddle Mountain in the background. To the

north is Cape Disappointment, famous in nautical history as being the natural guide from the sea to the opening of the river; and, as you look toward the source of the latter, Mount St. Helen's is seen towering majestically amid the Cascade Range.

It is strange that the renowned explorer Vancouver should have passed so great a volume of water, pouring in all its freshness from the mountains into the ocean, without realizing its magnitude, especially after communicating with Captain Gray, who apprised him of its existence. He had likewise the Spanish navigator Heceta's account of this grand *estero*, which, at the time he saw it, in 1776, was named Enseñada de Asuncion. There seems to have been small thought among all those distinguished pioneer discoverers that this river would one day become the great thoroughfare of Oregon, whereby ships would enter and depart for ports of the Old World, richly laden with the products of a new and fruitful soil. The mouth of the Columbia has been so often described that nothing new is to be added, yet we may say that its shifting channels are always open, with no serious obstruction to the well-instructed navigator, except in time of gales and storms, when the waves dash along with terrific grandeur in foaming lines from shore to shore.

From the highlands of Cape Disappointment the immediate coast running to the northward is low, being skirted by glistening sands with but little interruption for a distance of twenty leagues. At low tide the beach becomes so hard as barely to receive the imprint of horses' hoofs, and forms a natural turnpike, utilized by the emigrants who have settled upon the verdant interval reaching back toward the Cascade Mountains. This silvery shore-line is only broken by the confluence of Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor with the Pacific. Both of these

*The Indian tribes who formerly inhabited the coast-line of California and Oregon are all broken up except the Klamaths, who live along the banks of the Klamath River, and are much reduced in numbers. Of the other once numerous tribes, hardly a remnant remains, and in some instances they have become extinct.

estuaries, which are fronted by sand-bars of moderate depth, enjoy a limited traffic, carried on in small vessels; the former being noted for its trade in oysters, which find a ready market in San Francisco, while a thrifty village has sprung up on the shore of the bay, with the appropriate name of Oysterville. Gray's Harbor, fifteen leagues from the Columbia, was discovered in 1792 by our countryman, Captain Gray, who was the first to sail his ship into this intricate haven. At the time of its discovery, owing to his extreme modesty, he named it Bulfinch Harbor, in honor of one of the owners of his vessel; but, in justice to the captain—to whom was also accredited the honor of first carrying the American flag round the world—the name was changed by Lieutenant Whidby, of the British surveying-ship *Dædalus*, who surveyed it the same year that it became known to seamen. The face of the country immediately about the mouth of this harbor bears no pleasing appearance; but a productive valley beyond is well watered by the river Chehalis and its tributaries.

Eight leagues to the north is the unfrequented roadstead of Point Grenville. Thence to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the coast becomes a series of abrupt elevations, clothed in dark forests of firs and cedars; and, swelling up in the distance to a noble height, stands Mount Olympus, whose summit, mantled in light aerial tints, lords it over neighboring trackless wastes. So conspicuous did this snowy peak appear to the old voyagers, that its latitude was determined as a landmark, and Perez—a Spanish commander in 1774—after defining its position, named it La Sierra Santa Rosalia, which name, however, the explorer Mears, in 1788, changed for the present appellation. Point Grenville is said to be the Punta de Martires of Heceta and of Bodega (so called because of the murder by the Indians of

seven of Bodega's ship's company, who visited the shore), and at the present day hereabout begins the region inhabited by the most savage and warlike people, as well as the most hostile to the Whites, of any known in North America. These bands have their cantonments upon the banks of small rivers, bearing respectively their tribal names, which are, in chief, the Qué-nielts, the Qué-nait-saths, and the Quilley-utes. These clans, occupying their hereditary *ille-hus* (lands), occasionally hunt and engage in the chase with lively spirit and daring, though merely as a pastime, as the chief scene of their exploits is the sea. Their canoes are swift and of symmetrical model, and they launch them with surprising ease through the heavy surf. Once clear of the shore, they paddle or sail to their fishing and whaling grounds, leagues from the land; or, when passing along the coast, they propel their craft between the toppling beach-waves by means of lithe poles with much tact and intrepidity.

On approaching Cape Flattery, which presents an abrupt, jagged face, Tatoosh Island rises from the sea, crowned with its light-house, whose white walls contrast pleasantly with the dark appearance of the neighboring main-land. Next is seen the Strait of Juan de Fuca, reaching inland until locked within the embrace of its own lofty shores. And, when beholding it from seaward, one can not wonder that Vancouver entered this artery of the Pacific with the hope of finding it reach through the continent to the Atlantic side. Crossing the strait, we come to the island of Quadra y Vancouver, which is only a continuation of the high, broken, and wooded coast to the southward. Along its sea-board are many inlets, sounds, and bays, upon whose shores live numerous savage hordes, in all respects similar to their congeners across the strait, with whom

they exchange visits with all the formalities of Indian etiquette. Natives of rank vie with each other in their primitive courtesies, which are not without dignity. Should a party of strangers approach unexpectedly, before attempting to land they turn their canoes stern-on to the shore, and wait an invitation to disembark. The villagers, leaving their lodges, go to the beach and crouch down for some time, gazing upon the new-comers. At length, one after another is invited to land; but should the voyagers be expected friends, they receive an immediate welcome, and assistance to haul up their canoes on the beach.

When a feast is given, it is never partaken of until all the guests are present, and chiefs of distinction do not attend until a late hour, and not until repeated invitations have been sent them. As each guest arrives, his name is announced and he is assigned his proper place, upon a clean mat, with a bunch of fibered cedar bark to wipe his feet. When everything is made ready, the host directs the distribution of the viands, and, on great occasions, such as the grand feast after the capture of a whale, the chiefs' wives prepare the food and attend on the guests. Silence while eating is a mark of politeness, and teeth and fingers supply the place of knife and fork. Each person receives a larger or smaller allowance of food, according to his station. The host, with an attendant, moves among the guests to see that to all is paid due attention. The repast being over, each one receives a handful of bark fibre with which to wipe his hands and lips; and what food may be left untouched by each individual is taken away with him, or is sent to his lodge. When the principal chief leaves, it is the signal for breaking up, and all soon disperse, satiated with salmon, oil, whale-blubber, bread, and *wappa-toos*.

The coast tribes of Vancouver and

Washington Territory also meet in their canoes on the same fishing-grounds. It is a fine sight to see a large flotilla of them so distant from the land as to appear veiled in deep azure, while the gathering hoys, fully manned, run with sails spread before a brisk breeze; or to see them again, on a calm day, gliding over a glistening sea, while the paddles flash, wielded by swarthy arms, keeping time to a plaintive boat-song; or to see them, arrived on these fishing-grounds, take the cod and the halibut with wooden hooks and lines of kelp, or silently steal upon the seal, and hurl their deadly spears. But it is, above all, when in chase of the whale that they show their peculiarly wild character in boisterous gesticulation and savage agility.

Though the clans peopling the coast between the Columbia and the northern boundaries of Vancouver live in Indian luxury and plenty, still they are regarded as a treacherous race, whose hands have been stained with the butchery of many a shipwrecked sailor. Hardly a trace of civilization appears on the outer borders of the island, except the deserted cabins of lumbermen and a trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company, or perhaps the temporary shanty of some transient adventurer, who risks his life to barter for peltries. Nevertheless, during the last century, Clayoquot Sound and that of Nootka were the chief resorts of exploring and trading vessels visiting the North-west Coast; and Friendly Cove, which is within the waters of Nootka, was much frequented on account of its fine harbor. Here the American, the Briton, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, and the Portuguese met on rival expeditions, either for commercial adventure or for discovery. It was at this post that, in 1792, Vancouver and Quadra compared the notes of their voyages, and agreed that the great island, with an arm of the ocean separating it from the American continent, should

bear the names of them both. So, in many maps, it was designated as *Quadra y Vancouver*; but as time passed on, the name of *Quadra*—although an accomplished Castilian commander—was discarded, and only the name of *Vancouver* now remains.

Vancouver was distinguished for his skillful perseverance in prosecuting explorations, yet in this respect his rivals, the Spaniards, were his equals. The Englishmen were much chagrined, after sailing through *De Fuca's Strait*, and *Admiralty Inlet* and its principal branches, to find in the *Gulf of Georgia* two Spanish schooners, commanded by lieutenants *Gallaino* and *Valdes*, which were cruising under the orders of *Quadra*. Both expeditions, however, in due time met again at *Friendly Cove*, where entertainments were given by the commanders, whose banquetings equaled those of old *Fort George* on the banks of the *Columbia*. *Friendly Cove* was not only the resorting-place of traders and explorers, who indulged in diplomatic bickerings and strife, but it was the scene of murder and rapine by its inhabitants. In the year 1803, the ship *Boston* was surprised and her company massacred, with the exception of two men, who, after remaining in slavery for two years, made their escape. *Nootka Sound* and *Friendly Cove* have, however, long since ceased to attract either the exploring vessel or the casual trader, and the adventurers who once resorted thither have sunk into oblivion. *Marquinna*, the revered chief of the *Nootkas*, who maintained a regal sway over a broad domain, has passed away, and his tribe has dwindled until but a mere remnant remains to tell the tales of his prowess.

On the opposite shore of *Vancouver* the change of life is very marked. The natural scenery, smiling in its effulgence of beauty, teems with the staid industry and enterprise of a British colony. Its

circumscribed sea-ports, although naturally hemmed in by broken, rocky shores, have been transformed into tasteful hamlets or busy towns, where have sprung up the substantial dwellings of busy inhabitants. The suburban residences of *Victoria*, many of which are adorned with ample grounds filled with twining vines and flowering shrubbery, remind one of rural scenes in the mother country. The governor's mansion, situated upon a commanding eminence, is a castellated pile of sombre tinge, reflecting old feudal times when the fortress and the manor were united. The ships-of-war which guard the coast appear magnified into colossal proportions as they swing at their moorings in the snug harbor of *Esquimaux*; and as you enter this naval rendezvous, on the right is seen an islet with shaggy shores, crowned by the evergreen fir and hemlock, beneath whose impending branches the marble slab or the rough head-stone marks the graves of British officers and British tars. This cemetery appeared to us, in the glow of a summer sun, like a lasting monument rising above the element on which the dead there resting had toiled away a changeful life. *Victoria*, as a commercial port, is of but limited importance, except for its being the chief coast-depot of the *Hudson's Bay Company*; but the Indians regard it as their metropolis, resorting there for traffic or recreation. Here frequently is seen a motley gathering from distant bands, decked in full feather, with costumes as varied as the fancies of the wearers. Some will be seen robed in blankets of flashy colors, others swathed in the cast-off clothing of the Whites; the *tyees*, or chiefs, being often arrayed in the military or naval uniforms of Britain or America, with such additions of brass buttons, cheap lace, and feathers as they can procure. In their fantastic habiliments, when embarked in their laden canoes—gathered in squad-

rons, with banners of different devices flaunting in the air—they sweep along the placid waters of bay and inlet in their aquatic travels.

Nanaimo, situated on the south-western border of the Gulf of Georgia, was once an important fortified trading-post, but its defenses have gone to decay, and although it is still a resort for the Indians as they pass up and down the gulf, the chief trade of the place is its export of coal.

Fort Rupert, a trading-post which commands the small bay called Beaver Harbor, situated near the north-eastern extremity of Vancouver, and in early days regarded by the natives as a formidable stronghold, still retains its primitive appearance, although it bears the marks of dilapidation, as do the aboriginal villages in its neighborhood.

From Vancouver, still northward, the coast becomes broken into innumerable islands and promontories for a distance of a hundred and eighty leagues, with many arms of the sea meandering inland to the base of the Blue Mountains. The scenery within this maze of volcanic eruption presents itself in varied forms of changing hue, and along the shores washed by the high waves of the northern Pacific the dark jagged mountains blend in pleasing contrast with the primeval forests which clothe the lowlands. When sailing through the island passages, the shores on either hand displayed one continual changing panorama. Native columns of basaltic formation, or those fringed with shrubbery, or an occasional tree, have already become landmarks for the voyager; while the groups of thickly wooded islands, and the stupendous gorges through which you pass, make up a grand picture of nature in her wildest solitudes. The dark waters are in many places strewn with shattered timber brought down the steep mountain sides by periodical avalanches, and along the bleak shores

woods may be seen laid low by the tornadoes which sometimes sweep through the valleys. This whole region, of a thousand islands and peninsulas, is inhabited by a race far superior in *physique* to the natives of Central or South America.

Upon Queen Charlotte's Island lives a stalwart and intelligent clan—bold, warlike, and much feared by the neighboring tribes of the main-land. Even those more distant, and also the Whites, regard them as a powerful and dangerous horde of marauders, and occasionally suffer by their depredations. Yet, with all their propensity to theft and violence, they are possessed of much mechanical ingenuity in the manufacture of articles from soft slate-stone—found in their territory—consisting of curiously fashioned pipes, images of distorted human figures, plates, bowls, and drinking-cups of singular mold; and their work in silver, their rude tools being considered, is very fair indeed. They manufacture out of silver coins rings and bracelets of unique patterns, some of the latter we have seen being artistically chased in different devices, including the national emblems of the United States, and those of Great Britain. Their canoes, in which they make their periodical expeditions, for the purpose of trade or plunder, are of the largest class found upon the coast; some of them accommodating as many as seventy persons. A fleet of these vessels with their high-beaked prows, as they make their way through the whirling eddies of the sounds and passes, has quite an imposing appearance.

Although one tribe may be superior in character and intelligence to another, the whole native race inhabiting the broken coast-country between Vancouver and Cape Ommany adopts nearly the same mode of life. In spring-time, when the ice leaves the rivers and inlets, their waters are alive with a species of smelt, called by the Indians "candle-

fish," and at the most advantageous points the best men with their wives, in their canoes, congregate from villages even a hundred miles distant, to obtain an annual supply of these delicious fish. Some are eaten fresh, and some dried for future use, and when prepared they are not only devoured as luscious fare, but, owing to their oily nature, serve as lamps to light the lodge by night. During this time of piscatory harvest may be seen gathered at the mouth of Knight's Inlet, up the Nass River, and along the shores of the Bellacoola, fleets of fishing-canoes representing the numerous tribes living far and near, affording a fine study of savage life and lively sport. After the season of the "small fish" comes the time of gathering the dulse (a species of sea-weed) from the rocky shores. This, when dried and pressed into cakes, is esteemed nutritious diet. After the dulse season comes the gathering of herring-spawn; in this season—the month of June—the dulse and roe gatherers live almost entirely on shell-

fish. The next Indian season is the taking of halibut with hook and line; then comes another salmon season, which terminates at the beginning of August. The inner rind of the hemlock also constitutes an important article of sustenance, which is collected by the men. The wild berries which abound are gathered, dried, and pressed by the women. In September, the last salmon are taken and cured for winter store. Late in the fall the old men go in search of suitable material for making canoes, and gather cedar-bark to cover the lodges. A supply of fire-wood is then cut, thus completing the native preparations for passing the long nights and short gloomy days of the rigorous winter months, when feasting and frolicking are often indulged in, and a hunting or fishing expedition occasionally undertaken.

In this manner they while away the inclement winter, until the sunshine of spring cheers them again into activity, and the long canoes are launched for another summer's voyaging and adventure.

ON THE BAY.

O, red sun, in a blood-red sky,
 Scowl low and low with lurid eye;
 O winds, O waves, blow high, beat high;
 O, evening star, forever lie
 'Neath yon hill-tent; for on my breast
 Smiles sweet content like a babe at rest.

Rage on, foiled sea, to the Golden Gate,
 You bring down love where you hoped for hate;
 Last night you laughed, "Your fate! too late!"
 To-night I whisper, "My fate! but wait!"
 For her love moves above like the old east star,
 And her soul makes strong my arms from afar.

And the lamps of the city wax nigh and nigher,
 And my name is warm on her lips like fire,
 And the flame of my life leaps higher and higher,
 And twines with her life in one white desire . . .
 And the evening star has slipped out, and pours
 A glory on two, as one ships his oars.

ETC.

Joviality.

Despite a general opinion to the contrary, the most miserable and misery-creating of men upon earth is the jovial man. We remember him at school; his expressive arch lips, his handsome ever-changing face, his bright swift eyes always seeking for the applause they were so sure to win. A merry dog, a sad dog from his mother's knee, he led us upon all those jolly truant rambles which afterward cost so dear; he produced and fostered that contempt for earnest plodding industry which has cost too many of us dearer still. Cold fidelity and patience and ambition melted like snow under the hot sunbeams of his genial raillery. The youth was as the boy. His glorious, health-brimming presence, the readiness and versatility of his talents, made him the pride and envy of his fellows in the college or in the office, and the petted darling of all girls fortunate enough to know him. Conquering and to conquer, like a new Apollo, he lashed forward his horses of the sun; so generous, so open-hearted, there was no one but wished him God-speed, no one but gave him the hearty cheer he looked back for over the dust of his whirling wheels. Too many leaped up beside him to enjoy his triumph and be in with him at the goal—and his goal is generally the goal of Phaeton. For it is about now that the first crash must come, not always, not even often, an immediately fatal one—sometimes, thank God, it is even his ultimate worldly salvation, and, with a right eye plucked out or a right arm cut off, he enters heaven. But this is a thing so sadly rare as to be not worth talking of; the fatal gift of pleasing and dazzling easily can not be parted with, and its possessor having lost the respect of his fellows, and disenchanting many of his followers, picks himself up from the dust, and begins his race again. Woe now for all that are connected with the dazzling fellow by ties of blood or marriage; seven woes for her whose bond is the latter!

He, he loves her well—he hates none but him he can not make laugh; he loves her with a big-hearted love, as he loves all the world; he only loves her a little less than he loves his ease, and the laughter and applause of his admirers. And who does not still admire—ay, love him—beautiful and kind and radiant as he is? Who does not help again and again and again to drag him out of the sloughs into which his fascinating carelessness of all earthly things and duties beguiles him? Gods! what a hard and bitter world it is, that this bright creature, who is a joy to us all, should also become slowly a nuisance and a thing that we can not away with, and to himself and those nearest to him a shame and a cause of reproach. For the end approaches slowly and surely, and the earnest pitiless laws of the universe grind into his soul. The laugh becomes more and more infrequent; lines of care, care that will not be mocked away, begin to mar that genial face. The indecision about the mouth gives place to a fixed weariness and even bitterness. Harlequin becomes Pantaloon. His occupation's gone. He begins to be pitied; and then—then, the sooner he shuffles off the stage, the better, God help him! for himself and all the world.

Success.

To succeed is not so much to do many things well as to do nothing ill. One ridiculous failure will cast suspicion on all we claim to have accomplished, on all we claim to be able to accomplish. The very calm still waiting and watching, and ever refusing to display one's self at a disadvantage, is itself not the least impressive of qualities. The opponent who can not be tempted to lunge, until by careful and progressive experiment he has felt that his ground is sure, that arm, sword, and volition go well together, has inspired a dread by the very deliberation and method of his attack that goes far to

make it successful. Not at all that enterprise is to be contemned—let us go forward; but going, try every step, cast aside every weight, ware every stumbling-block. It is so easy to stumble, so easy to disappear in the mud of some ditch—which, not to speak of the danger, is so very ridiculous a thing—that it pays to look out.

We shall find that, even doing our best, we shall have but little to boast of in the shape of success; while carelessness or rashness is almost certain ruin. To know “no such word as fail” is to fail. Let us know it, never lose sight of it; it is a tireless foe; it has slain its thousands—men greater and prouder than we; it is a Brutus who has stabbed many Cæsars on the very throne-foot of their triumph. Beware the ides of March! And as we all have our ides, though we know not when they come, let us so live as if they were always present.

The Children's Chase.

You remember, Kitty Kyes—
You can not forget, I know—
How we chased the butterflies,
Half a life ago.

Happy children were we then,
On the Peacham hills at play;
Careless of the toils of men,
Happy children all the day.

Think back! We chase the colors bright
Through the fields of waving green,
O'er the slopes, and out of sight
Down the dewy vales between;

Recking not of faces tanned,
Fretted feet, nor frocks' disgrace.
I with ready hat in hand,
Laughing, leaping, lead the chase;

Kitty, on the breath of spring,
With shadow-casting, flying hair,
Like a fairy following
Here and there and everywhere.

Now! the beauty seeming ours,
Eagerly I pounce upon —
Nothing but forsaken flowers;
Far away it flutters—gone!

Up and after, undismayed,
Still we faster, faster run,
Till—'tis where the maple shade
Bars our pathway from the sun.

Kitty stops. I hear her say,
Answering my quick surprise:

“I at keeping house will play;
You may follow butterflies.”

Ah! I follow, far beguiled—
Eyes but for the glittering thing;
Till it seems as though the child,
Like his hope, has taken wing.

* * * * *

Comes a whisper lightly straying:
“Round that maple-shaded spot
Other little ones are playing”—
Kitty's children are they not?

He who chased the butterflies
In the play-fields of his birth
Still is chasing butterflies
O'er the deserts of the earth;

But—he hopes to lie once more,
When the years have done their best
And the weary race is o'er,
On the Peacham hills at rest.

FRANK J. WALKER.

Scientific Notes.

—The whole of the collection of whales' bones, teeth, and skulls, as well as parasites inhabiting the different species, which have formed the groundwork of Captain Scammon's magnificent book on the sea mammals of the Pacific Coast, have lately come into the possession of the Academy of Sciences of this city, and when they are properly arranged and named, as they shortly will be, they will form one of the most distinctive features of the valuable museum in the hands of the society. The various objects have been collected during the past twelve years by Captain Scammon at considerable cost, and with very great difficulty, many of the specimens represented having been obtained only after years of patient search.

—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, a gigantic species of mollusk, belonging to the family *Pholadidæ*, named *Lirphæa crispata*, was presented by Doctor H. Behr. This singularly large specimen weighs about seven pounds, and its length is over nineteen inches, the shell itself measuring nearly ten inches. These animals burrow in mud or soft sand, protruding their long siphons above the surface of the water, expanding and contracting them at will. They form a favorite article of food of the seals and walruses, as well as of many kinds of birds. The present specimen was obtained in British Columbia.

—The English sparrows, imported into this State some four years ago, are rapidly increasing, and appear to thrive well in their new home. Flocks of this bold and hardy little bird may now be seen daily in various parts of the city, the public squares being their favorite haunts. If they are not molested, they promise in a few years to be of real service to the gardener and the agriculturist, as their capacity for the destruction of all kinds of insect pests is enormous.

—At the last meeting of the Microscopical Society, Doctor Harkness exhibited some specimens of the singular "red snow" of the high Sierra—*Protococcus mialis* of naturalists. The examples of this curious coniferoid growth were obtained by the doctor on Lassen Buttes, at an elevation of nearly 10,000 feet, and were confined to the snow which had laid collected for some years past, the dense blood-red color of the minute plant penetrating the snow to the depth of several inches. Specimens were distributed among the members for examination.

—The so-called "wild coffee," which has excited the attention of some of the journals of the interior of the State, turns out to be no other than the seeds of a plant growing in abundance around San Francisco, and especially common on the sand-hills near the Cliff House. It is of the family *Rhamnaceæ*, and is known to botanists as *Frangula Californica*. Its properties are astringent and cathartic, and, though coffee, by dexterous manipulation, may be and probably is made from horse-beans, the unpleasant effects likely to ensue from an extended use of the berries of the *Frangula* would soon settle the question of its usefulness as a substitute for the favorite beverage.

—The first number of the second volume of W. H. Edwards' *Butterflies of North America* has been just issued from the press of Hurd & Houghton, and contains plates of several species of those beautiful denizens of our forests. Perhaps no book has ever been published in America so thoroughly realizing the promise of its earlier numbers as this; and, while the plates are marvels of artistic excellence, the letter-press is so thoroughly

scientific as to call forth the warmest encomiums from such men as Agassiz, Darwin, Bates, Wallace, and others. It is not too much to say that Mr. Edwards' grand work marks an era in entomological literature, and that the countries of the old world will point with pride to the achievement of their younger sister in this department of science.

—Ladies who are fond of house-plants, and particularly ferns, have been terribly troubled during the past summer by the presence of minute insects, which destroy the under surface of the leaf, and thus cause premature decay. The most annoying pests are those species known as *Leucanium filicum*, or fern scale-insect, and a little member of the order *Physanoura*, called the *Heliothrips hamorrhoidalis*. Careful washing of the plants and constant watching, so as to prevent the increase of the insects, are the only sure remedies.

—A most interesting paper on "Aboriginal Botany," by Mr. S. Powers, was read before the Academy of Sciences, on Monday, September 7th. It treats of the various plants in use among the different tribes of Indians on this continent, either as weapons of war, objects of domestic manufacture, or as medicines. This is opening up a very charming field of investigation, and one which may well be followed with reference to other aboriginal people.

—The young lupins in Golden Gate Park have suffered terribly during the past summer by the depredations of a caterpillar, which, in many cases, stripped the entire plant of its foliage, leaving nothing but the bare stem, and occasionally causing death. Some specimens were submitted by the superintendent of the park, Mr. Hall, to Mr. Henry Edwards, who pronounced them to be the larva of the well-known "painted lady butterfly"—*Pyramin Cardin*—a species, which, finding its original home in Europe, has gradually spread over the whole world, and is now especially common in all parts of this continent. Mr. Edwards states that the fact of the larva feeding upon lupins was previously unknown to him, its general food being various species of thistles.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CRUSADES. By George W. Cox, M.A.
With a map. New York: Scribner, Arm-
strong & Co.

Anything from the pen of the author of the *Mythology of the Aryan Nations* we expect to be good, and in this work Mr. Cox goes beyond our expectations. The story of the crusades is well and concisely told; and it is a great and stirring story, notwithstanding Voltaire declared that it deserved to be written as little as did the history of bears and wolves. To satisfactorily compress so much material into a small compass needs far more skill and judgment than to fill volumes with it. As a rule, Mr. Cox writes most calmly and dispassionately; the bigot face of prejudice does not peer out from between his words, nor is the reader wearied by unnecessary digressions. Yet, in spite of all this excellence, a little commonplace will occasionally creep in when the author is moved, as he is apt to be, to a peroration on the subject of "the one Christ who suffered on the tree."

The crusades Mr. Cox defines as "a series of wars, waged by men who wore on their garments the badge of the cross as a badge binding them to rescue the Holy Land and the sepulchre of Christ from the grasp of the unbeliever." The dream of such an enterprise had long floated before the minds of keen-sighted popes and passionate enthusiasts. It was realized for the first time, when, after listening to the burning eloquence of Urban II., at the council of Clermont, the assembled multitude with one voice welcomed the sacred war as the will of God. If we regard this undertaking as the simple expression of popular feeling stirred to its inmost depths, we may ascribe to the struggle to which they thus committed themselves a character wholly unlike that of any earlier wars waged in Christendom, or by the powers of Christendom, against the enemies who lay beyond its pale. The preaching of Peter the Hermit and of St.

Bernard stirred men's hearts in a way that the authority of pope or *Kaiser* could not have done. There is a wide distinction to be made between the crusades and the other wars of the middle ages. The Norman Duke William set forth against England under a sacred standard sent him by Alexander II., and his heart was strengthened by the papal benediction; but the religious enthusiasm by which the motley host of adventurers who fought under that standard may have fancied themselves to have been animated had reference chiefly to the broad acres to which they looked forward as their recompense. The great gulf which separated such an undertaking from the crusade of the hermit Peter laid in the conviction, deep even to fanaticism, that the wearers of the cross had before them an enterprise in which failure, disaster, and death were not less blessed, not less objects of envy and longing, than the most brilliant conquests.

From the sudden stir made about the Holy Land in the eleventh century, it might be thought that it had remained unnoticed and unthought of before. But this was not the case. To the Christians of the third century, if not of the second, Judea or Palestine had already become a holy land and place of pilgrimage. The most prominent characteristic of all heathen religions is the tendency to localize incidents in the supposed history of gods or heroes; and of the vast crowd of these heathen religions there was scarcely one which had not its votaries at Rome. Here were gathered the priests and worshipers of the Egyptian Isis, the virgin mother of Osiris, the god who rose again after his crucifixion to gladden the earth with his splendor; here might be seen the adorers of the Persian sun-god Mithras, born at the winter solstice, and growing in strength until he wins his victory over the powers of darkness after the vernal equinox. But this idea of the death and resurrection of the lord of light was no new importation brought in by the

theology of Egypt or Persia. The story of the Egyptian Osiris was repeated in the Greek stories of Sarpedon and Memnon, of Tithonos and Asklepios, of the Teutonic Baldur and Woden. The birthplace of these deities, the scenes associated with their traditional exploits, became holy spots, each with its own consecrating legends, and not a few attracting to themselves vast crowds of pilgrims. It was not wonderful, therefore, that the worshipers of these or other like gods should, on professing the faith of Christ, carry with them all that they could retain of their old belief without utterly contradicting the new; that His nativity should be celebrated at the time when the sun begins to rise in the heavens, and His resurrection when the victory of light over darkness is achieved by the spring. The worshiper of the Egyptian Amoun, the Ram, carried too many old associations with him when he became a follower of our Saviour; and the burst of light which heralded the return of the Maiden to the Mourning Mother in the Greek mysteries of Eleusis was reproduced in the miracle still repeated, year by year, by the patriarch of Jerusalem, when he announces the descent of the sacred fire in the sepulchre of Christ.

Thus, year after year, the number of pilgrims increased, and from almost every country in Europe wanderers took their way to Palestine, secure in the belief that the shirts which they wore when they entered the Holy City would, if laid by to be used as their winding-sheets, convey them (like the carpet of Solomon in the Arabian tale) at once to heaven. The splendid churches raised by the devout zeal of Constantine and his mother Helena over the cave at Bethlehem and the sepulchre at Jerusalem, became for the Christians that which the sacred stone at Mecca and the tomb of the prophet at Medina were for the followers of Islam; nor can we wonder if the emperor whose former life had been marked by special devotion to the Greek and Roman sun-god transferred the characteristics of Apollon to that Jesus whose teaching he to the last so utterly misapprehended.

The first interruption to the peaceful and prosperous fortunes of the pilgrims and the merchants who in their train sought not so

much the remission of their sins as the sale of their goods, was caused in the year 611 by the taking of Jerusalem by the Persian king Koshru II. At this time 90,000 Christians, it is said, were massacred; but, according to the feeling of the age, a greater loss was sustained by the carrying off of the true cross into Persia. In 628 the cross was restored by Siroes, the son and murderer of Koshru. In 637, Omar, viceregent of Mahomed, conquered Palestine, and he, under certain conditions—which, while they sufficiently marked the subjection of the Christians, yet imposed no severe hardships—left the Christians not only safe in their persons and fortunes, but undisturbed in the exercise of their religion and the use of their churches. For nearly four centuries after the conquest of Omar, the west continued to send forth its troops of pilgrims, who, if the palmy days when they might regard themselves as practically lords of the land through which they traveled had passed away, at least underwent nothing which could greatly excite their anger or rouse the indignation of Christendom. Then, in 1010, came the furious onslaught of Hakem, the mad Fatimite Sultan of Egypt, who was bent upon destroying the Christian sanctuary in Jerusalem. After this violent but transient storm, the condition of the pilgrims became much what it had been before, except that now a toll was levied upon each pilgrim before he was allowed to enter the gates of Jerusalem.

But, in 1076, the Seljukian Turk Toucush conquered Jerusalem, and the Christians learned to their cost that servitude to the fierce wanderers from the northern deserts differed widely from submission to the rugged and uncultured Omar. The lawful toll levied on the pilgrims gave way before a system of extortion and violent robbery carried out in every part of the land. Insults were offered to the holy places and to those who ministered in them. The sacred offices were savagely interrupted, and the patriarch, dragged by his hair along the pavement, was thrown into a dungeon, pending the payment of an exorbitant ransom. The Church of Christ was in the iron grasp of the infidel, and the blood of His martyrs cried aloud for vengeance. Throughout the length and breadth of Christendom a fierce indignation

was stirring the hearts of men, and the pent-up waters needed only guidance to rush forth as a flood over the lands defiled by the unbeliever. And such guidance was not long in coming, for both urging and sanction came from him who held the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whose seat was on the rock of Peter, Prince of the Apostles.

In the year 1095, Pope Urban II. was present at two monster meetings, one at Piacenza (Placentia), and the other on the north of the Alps at Clermont. At Piacenza the matter of rescuing the Holy Land from the hand of the unbeliever was touched upon by the pope with much reserve; but at Clermont the enterprise was fully discussed and planned. Now it was that Peter the Hermit came upon the scene and fanned the wrath of the people into an ungovernable flame by his preaching. This man, born at Amiens, in Picardy, had forsaken his wife and laid aside the sword which he wielded in the service of the Counts of Boulogne, to follow the counsel of perfection in silence and solitude. Like others, he felt himself drawn by an irresistible attraction to the Holy Land, and there his very heart was stirred by the sight of things, the mere recital of which had awakened his wrath at a distance. The murder of many Christian men, the deadly wrongs done to many Christian women, called aloud for vengeance, and the hermit made his vow that, with the help of God, these things should cease; and, with the patriarchal benediction, Peter hastened to obtain for the mission which he now saw before him the sanction of the man who claimed to be at the head of Eastern and Western Christendom alike.

Urban II. could not have found a man better suited to his purposes than the hermit Peter; his blessing was, therefore, eagerly bestowed on the fervent enthusiast who undertook to go through the length and breadth of the land, stirring up the people to the great work for the love of God and of their souls. His eloquence may have been as rude as it was ready; but its deficiencies were more than made up by his earnestness. Dwarfish in stature and mean in person, he was yet filled with a fire which would not stay, and his fiery appeals carried everything before them. Wherever he went, rich and

poor, aged and young, the knight and the peasant, thronged round the emaciated stranger, who, with his head and feet bare, rode on an ass, carrying a huge crucifix. The form, of which they beheld the bleeding sign, he had himself seen; nay, he had received from the Saviour a letter which had fallen down from heaven. He appealed to every feeling which might stir the heart of mankind generally, to every motive which should have special power with all faithful Christians. The vehemence which choked his own utterance became contagious; his sobs and groans called forth the tears and cries of the vast crowds who hung upon his words. The excitement of the moment, the frenzy which, having first unsettled the mind of the hermit, was by him communicated to his hearers, threw, we can not doubt, a specious coloring over a degraded morality and a too-much corrupted religion; but as little can we doubt that the whole temper which stirred up and kept alive the enterprise left behind it a poisoned atmosphere which could be cleared only by the storms and tempests of the reformation.

Thus was the die cast for a venture which, in the eye of a keen-sighted general or a far-seeing statesman, should have boded little good, but which held out irresistible attractions for the mass of the people. For the feudal chieftain there was the fierce pastime of war, which formed the main occupation and perhaps the only delight of his life, with the wild excitement produced by the thought that the indulgence of his passions had now become a solemn act of religion. For the common herd and those whom gross living had rendered moral cowards, there was the offer of a method by which they might wipe away their guilt without changing their character and disposition. It was, in short, a new mode of salvation, and they who were hurrying along the broad road to destruction now found that the taking of a vow converted it into the narrow and rugged path to heaven. The cross on the breast set free from the clutches of his lord the burgher or peasant attached to the soil, opened the prison-doors for malefactors of every kind, released the debtor from the obligation of paying interest on his debts while he wore the sacred badge, and placed him beyond the

reach of his creditors. Is it a wonder, then, that before half the time allowed at the Council of Clermont for the gathering of the crusaders had passed away, that tens of thousands, who could not wait for the formation of something like a regular army, hurried away, under leaders as frantic as themselves, to an inevitable doom?

Thus began one of the strangest and greatest movements that religion and fanaticism have ever stirred up among men. With the manner in which it proceeded, and with its bootless end, most of our readers are familiar; if not, Mr. Cox's book will inform them. Much harm the crusades did, truly, but some good, we are told, there is in everything. Thus, according to Mr. Buckle, "the crusades increased the stock of fables, and all the fictions of the East were suddenly let loose upon Europe. Mr. Laing has noticed the greater spirit of adventure introduced into literature since the first crusades. The crusades stimulated the European imagination, the last faculty developed among civilized people, and this prepared the way for the rise of an independent imaginative class, as architects, painters, etc. This was the greatest service done by the crusades; for generally the imagination is a late form of intellectual development, but the crusades, by accelerating it, quickened the progress of Europe." (*Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works*, vol. i, p. 162.) Besides this, the crusades, by releasing for a time the vassal from his obligations to his lord, helped to reduce the overweening power of the latter, and this was surely well, if the statement of a French writer be not overdrawn, where he says that so broken up was France by feudality that "*le mot patrie lui-même ne se rencontre dans les auteurs français qu'à partir du seizième siècle.*" (*Démocratie en Amérique*, tom. v., p. 113.)

CLARISSA, OR THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY. By Samuel Richardson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Under ordinary circumstances we hate with a perfect hatred all condensed, emended, or emasculated editions of the classics. This edition of *Clarissa* belongs to the first, though, blessed in so far be Mr. C. H. Jones'

editorial name! to neither of the two other mentioned classes of reprints. "The editor has confined himself to eliminating superfluous and irrelevant matter. Only in three or four instances has he added so much as a note; and the language, the punctuation, even the divisions into sentences and paragraphs, are the same as in the original work. In the elisions also, the editor's object has been to preserve all the characteristic features of *Clarissa* as Richardson wrote it." This object Mr. Jones has after all succeeded in effecting. It is impossible, of course, that the original eight volumes of the novel could be cut down so as to occupy one volume without losing many things; but inasmuch as the prolixity of the complete edition is the most observable of the omissions of the present book, the mass of uncritical and simply pleasure-seeking novel-readers will benefit by the change. For they will probably read *Clarissa* in its latest form, and this they can hardly do without rising much wiser and better individuals than if they had spent their time on that favorite of the public and chronicler of the *demi-monde*, *Ouida*.

Written in the form of letters from and to the various actors in the affecting tragedy it depicts, *Clarissa* is a life-like and simple record of English middle-class life in the first half of the eighteenth century. If it is ultra-sentimental and stilted at times in tone, as Mr. Forsyth, the latest able essayist and reviewer of the novels of that period, affirms it to be, it is the mirror of the manners of the time as too truthfully depicted by Macaulay, Thackeray, and Taine; and it is especially interesting as viewed in the light of the great axiom of the last-named critic: that in the characteristic literature of an age is to be found its best and most intimate history. When *Clarissa* appeared, the grand literary suns of the seventeenth century had set, and the lights of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the Pantheon were lit. The curded elegancies of Addison and Steele were replacing the fearless and nervous prose of Bacon and Milton; Pope, Thompson, Young, and Macpherson-Ossian strutted their day away in the fields that had echoed to the tread of Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden. Authors and readers were innumerable multiplied; literature had begun at last to take a firm

hold on the great masses of middle-class people; had ceased to be exclusive and aristocratic, and, as a temporary consequence, was itself lowered and debased every way.

It was under these circumstances—the old ways being trodden into mire—that a number of original and gifted writers betook themselves to a new path, and the novel proper was born. We had had *Arcadias*, *Grand Cyruses* and *New Atlantises* in abundance, but Daniel Defoe, of *Robinson Crusoe* fame, was the first English former of a perfectly probable prose plot and realistic romance. Richardson was the second; and he was in most judgments the most natural and pathetic of the novelists of his century. *Clarissa*, published in 1749, was the greatest, though the second in order of birth, of his three works; it having been preceded by *Pamela*, and followed by *Sir Charles Grandison*. It is now practically an unknown work to ninety-nine in a hundred novel-readers, and for the ninety and nine we write. As good old George Wither says: “We had rather twenty nice critics should censure us for a word here and there superfluous, than that one of these other should want that which may explain our meaning to their capacities, and so make frustrate all our labours to those who have most need of it.”

Miss Clarissa Harlowe is a young and beautiful English lady, so filially obedient, so accomplished in all womanly ways, so modest, and yet so firm and clear-sighted in all matters of absolute right and wrong, as to make us doubt, upon looking about us, if nature is “so careful of the type” while “careless of the single life,” as some suppose. Her parents, her brother, her sister, are well or ill meaning brutes, or fools, as the case falls. They try to force her into a marriage with a wealthy oaf of a country-gentleman, using cruelty with imprisonment to effect their end. In her terrible strait she is plied secretly with every attention by an amative, brave, accomplished, and agreeable gentleman and scoundrel called Lovelace—a name which is become classic as descriptive of that kind of person. Though he, of course, proposes nothing but marriage, she is proof against all his allurements, and can not be prevailed upon to come within the way of his snares, until he has almost exhausted his

ingenuity. Then by continued cruelties and continued tricks she is led to a garden gate, and thence abducted by Lovelace and carried to London. It is from this point forward that the romance touches at times upon the highest lines of tragic power; plain-spoken and fearfully real, it is yet never indecent, and the mind and morals that would be otherwise than benefited by its study are hardly worth the salt they must need to keep them from absolute decay. Clarissa never falls, never even stumbles; she is smitten down as with an assassin’s blow; shapes of horrid darkness pass and repass; hell is moved from beneath, and, through the smoke, the fine gentleman smiles in a polished manner at last over the body of a drugged and senseless victim. Stricken himself by a late remorse, Lovelace offers to marry Clarissa; but the sweet, pure woman turns from his leprous love and continued persecutions with disgust, and, amid the injuries and sneers of her very respectable parents and friends, dies of a broken heart and a broken body. The really to some extent repentant Mr. Lovelace braves the matter out in his charming, bold way, and the ladies of society tap him with their fans, and are shudderingly indignant; while none of the relatives of poor Clarissa (whose innocence is now wholly clear) think it necessary to do more than threaten a duel or prosecution. It is some satisfaction to learn that the accomplished gallant does at last succeed in egging one of the said relatives into a fight, in South Germany near the Italian frontier, and gets himself run through the body in the most honorable fashion possible: thus making a good and edifying end and “expiation.”

This book is real and earnest; it is a picture of what all of us, familiar with the great chameleon of society in all its aspects, know to be a thing not confined to other countries or to the past. Not one man of any insight or observation but can point to one or two Lovelaces in any place of considerable resort; and these gentlemen are necessarily of pleasing person and manners, and of considerable daring. It will do the average woman no harm to know a little more of them than the fascinating exterior, and to give her this knowledge we know no book so trustworthy as the history of Clarissa Harlowe.

RECENT ART AND SOCIETY, as described in the Autobiography and Memoirs of Henry Fothergill Chorley; compiled from the Edition of Henry G. Hewlett, by C. H. Jones.

The chief difference between this volume and that of Mr. Hewlett, recently published in England under the title, *Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters of Henry Fothergill Chorley*, is, that the purely personal details and experiences to which a large portion of Mr. Hewlett's two-volume edition is assigned, have been for the most part omitted. The material has also been re-arranged in such a way as to group together those portions between which there seems to be a natural connection in point of time and subject. Mr. Jones has done his task well, for although the greater part of the work is made up of extracts from Chorley's own journal and correspondence, and although the editor has not seen fit, as he says, to distinguish his own share of the narrative portion of the volume from that of Mr. Hewlett, yet all the connecting matter is well and clearly written.

Henry F. Chorley was a man who deserved to be remembered for his own sake; as one who, without any advantages of fortune and in spite of many drawbacks, created and maintained for himself an honorable position of independence, and even authority; who, notwithstanding certain infirmities of disposition, exhibited from the outset and retained to the close of his career, a sincerity of conviction, a rectitude of conduct, and a tenderness of heart, that ennobled his calling in the estimation of the world, and endeared his character to those who enjoyed his private friendship. As a writer, he attained no great success, but as a critic of men and their works, literary and artistic, he has had few equals. But the principal value of the work consists in the critical remarks, extracted from his journal, upon the "lions" of his day and generation. The circle of his intimates included some of the most distinguished contemporary men and women in England and on the Continent, and one or two of our American notabilities as well; he was a constant *habitué* of the brilliant society which gathered about Lady Blessington, Lady Morgan, and other leaders of the London social world; and his journals record reminiscences of nearly every musical, literary,

or social celebrity of his time who was known in or who visited England, together with many who did not. These reminiscences were not intended by Chorley for publication, and consequently they have that peculiar truthfulness and piquancy pertaining to impressions and experiences put on record at that moment when they are freshest and most vivid.

One of Chorley's closest friends was the celebrated Lady Blessington. Of her he writes:

"Such faults as she had belonged to her position, to her past history, and to the disloyalty of many who paid court to her by paying court to her faults, and who then carried into the outer world depreciating reports of the wit, the banter, the sarcasm, and the epigram, which but for their urgings and incitements would have been always kindly, however mirthful.

"She must have had originally the most sunny of sunny natures. As it was, I have never seen anything like her vivacity and sweet cheerfulness during the early years when I knew her. She had a singular power of entertaining herself by her own stories; the keenness of an Irishwoman in relishing fun and repartee, strange turns of language, and bright touches of character. A fairer, kinder, more universal recipient of everything that came within the possibilities of her mind, I have never known. I think the only genuine author whose merits she was averse to admit was Hood; and yet she knew Rabelais, and delighted in 'Elia.' It was her real disposition to dwell on beauties rather than faults. Critical she could be, and as judiciously critical as any woman I have ever known, but she never seemed to be so willingly. When a poem was read to her, or a book given to her, she could always touch on the best passage, the bright point; and rarely missed the purpose of the work, if purpose it had. . . . Her taste in everything was toward the gay, the superb, the luxurious; but on the whole, excellently good. Her eye was as quick as lightning; her resources were many and original. It will not be forgotten how, twenty years ago, she astounded the opera-goers by appearing in her box with a plain transparent cap, which the world in its ignorance called a Quaker's cap; and the best of all likenesses of her, in date later than the lovely Lawrence portrait, is that drawing by Chalon, in which this 'tire' is represented with some additional loops of ribbon. So, too, her houses in Seamore Place and at Kensington Gore were full of fancies which have since passed into fashions, and which seemed all to belong to and agree with herself. Had she been the selfish, Sybaritic woman whom many who hated her, without knowing her, delighted to represent her, she might have indulged these joyous and costly humors with impunity; but she was affectionately, inconsiderately liberal—liberal to those of her own flesh and blood who had misrepresented and maligned her, and who grasped at whatever bounty she yielded them, with scarcely a show of cordiality in return, and who

spread the old, envious, depreciating tales before the service had well been done an hour!"

The notorious Count d'Orsay was another of Chorley's intimates. Of him, he says:

"The wit of Count d'Orsay was more quaint than anything I have heard from Frenchmen (there are touches of the like quality in Rabelais)—more airy than the brightest London wit of my time, that of Sydney Smith and Mr. Fonblanque not excepted. It was an artist's wit, capable of touching off a character by one trait told in a few odd words. . . . There was every conceivable and inconceivable story current in London of the extravagance of the 'King of the French' (as the Count d'Orsay was called among the sporting folk in the Vale of Aylesbury); but it was never told that he had been cradled, as it were, in an ignorance of the value of money, such as those will not believe possible who have been less indulged and less spoiled, and who have been less pleasant to indulge and to spoil than he was. But extravagance is like collection as a passion. Once let it be owned to exist, and there will be found people to forgive it, and to feed it, and to find it with new objects. When an American gentleman, the gifted Mr. Charles Sumner, was in England, his popularity in society became, justly, so great and so general, that his friends began to devise what circle there was to show him which he had not yet seen, what great house that he had not yet visited. And so it was with Count d'Orsay. . . . But never was Sybarite so little selfish as he. He loved extravagance—waste, even. He would give half a sovereign to a box-keeper at a theatre as a matter of course, and not of ostentation; but he could also bestow time, pains, money, and recollection, with a munificence and a delicacy such as showed what real princely stuff there was in the nature of the man whom fortune had so cruelly spoiled. He had 'the memory of the heart' in perfection."

Chorley's description of La Guiccioli, Byron's mistress, is rather peculiar. He found, he says, precisely what he expected:

"Sweet, artless, earnest, untidy, very guiltless of mind, with a pearly white complexion, a huge foot, and profuse hair—the color of a pale ripe nut—with all the gesticulation and *abandon* of an Italian woman, and something high-bred in spite of all."

Of Sydney Smith, Chorley speaks better than most writers:

"Sydney Smith was the only wit, perhaps, on record, whom brilliant social success had done nothing to spoil or harden; a man who heartened himself up to enjoy, and to make others enjoy, by the sound of his own genial laugh; whose tongue was as keen as a Damascus blade when he had to deal with bigotry, or falsehood, or affectation; but whose forbearance and gentleness to those, however obscure, whom he deemed honest, were as healing as his sarcasm could be vitriolic."

Another illustrious friendship which Chor-

ley formed was with the late George Grote. Of this eminent man he has left the following notice, which worthily attests the value he set upon intercourse with him:

"The historian of Greece, one of the few serious English men of letters who has made his mark all the world over, within the past half-century, was for many years indulgently kind to me. A more noble-hearted and accomplished gentleman than he who has departed full of years, and rich in honors, I have never seen. . . . He was a skeptic, as regards matters of religious faith, to the very core. But he was keenly alive to the truth, that to force extreme opinions, not called for, on those having other convictions, is an abuse of freedom of thought and of speech which no large-minded man will permit himself. . . . With all his vast stores of knowledge, and his habits of universal reading, were combined a taste for art, and a certain amount of practical accomplishment not common among scholars so profound and so ripe. He was a lover rather than a judge of pictures; he was an intelligent opera-goer, and had made some proficiency in learning to play on the violoncello. But in everything he undertook, whether it was of grave importance or of slighter pastime, his modesty was as remarkable as his earnestness and his courtesy."

With another celebrity, the late Lady Morgan, Chorley was well acquainted. Of this extraordinary woman he writes:

"One of the most peculiar and original literary characters whom I have ever known, was Sidney Lady Morgan; a composition of natural genius, acquired accomplishments, audacity that flew at the highest game, shrewd thought, and research at once intelligent and superficial; personal coquetties and affectations, balanced by sincere and strenuous family affections; extreme liberality of opinions, religious and political; extremely narrow literary sympathies, united with a delight in all the most tinsel pleasures and indulgences of the most inane aristocratic society; a genial love for art, limited by the most inconceivable prejudice of ignorance; in brief, a compound of the most startling contradictions, impossible to be overlooked or forgotten, though possibly to be described in two ways—both true, yet the one diametrically opposite to the other. Those whom she exasperated by her skepticism and her fearlessness of speech and action, could only dwell upon her frivolity and vanity, which were patent enough; those whose tempers were not heated by rivalry or antagonisms could discern beneath all these fopperies a solidity of conviction, a sincerity of purpose, and a constancy of regard which could not fail to win appreciation of, though they could not always insure respect for, their owner. . . . Her familiar conversation was a series of brilliant, egotistic, shrewd, genial sallies. She could be caressing or impudent, as suited the moment, the purpose in hand, or the person she was addressing. At times the generous, hearty nature of the Irishwoman broke out, strangely alternating with her love of show and finery, and the bitter

cynicism she showered on all practices and opinions which rebuked her own."

With Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Chorley appears to have been infatuated, not judging from what follows, but from other matter which we have not space to insert. Of this great poetess, he says :

"I have never seen one more nobly simple, more entirely guiltless of the feminine propensity of talking for effect, more earnest in assertion, more gentle yet pertinacious in difference, than she was. Like all whose early nurture has chiefly been from books, she had a child's curiosity regarding the life beyond her books, co-existing with opinions accepted as certainties concerning things of which (even with the intuition of genius) she could know little. She was at once forbearing and dogmatic, willing to accept differences, resolute to admit no argument; without any more practical knowledge of social life than a nun might have, when, after long years, she emerged from her cloister and her shroud. How she used her experiences as a great poetess, is to be felt and is evidenced in her *Aurora Leigh*, after every allowance has been made for an extreme fearlessness in certain passages of the story and forms of expression, and that want of finish in execution with which almost all her efforts are chargeable."

With this, space forces us to conclude our gleanings among Chorley's sheaves; and although we have gathered a few of what seemed to us to be the fattest ears, there is much golden grain left for him who reads the book.*

HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY, from the discovery to the present day. By Wm. L. Stone, author of "The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.," "Life and Writings of Col. Wm. L. Stone," etc. New York: Virtue & Yorston.

Forty years ago, the great authority, in New York, for anything relating to the history of the State, was Colonel Wm. L. Stone. He was particularly versed in the early colonial records. Some of the fruits of this were seen in his published works, *Life of Brandt* and *Life of Red Jacket*. These old Indian chiefs formed but the thread round which he wove the fascinating story of wild adventures in border life. The consequence was, that during his life he accumulated a vast amount of material, a great deal of which, at his death, was still unused.

* We are requested by the publishers to announce that an index of names, which through some inadvertence was omitted, can be obtained by application to Henry Holt & Co., New York.

More fortunate than most literary men, Colonel Stone left behind him a son who worthily bears his name, and whose taste has led him into the same line of study. Already favorably known to the public by his *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.*, he now gives us the complete history of his native city, as it never before has been written. In doing this, he has been able to make great use of the unpublished manuscripts of his father. Many of these were records of conversations held with some of the most distinguished public men of the day, who were identified with all the important political movements from the Revolution down to 1844. When we mention the names of Aaron Burr, Chancellor Livingston, Nicholas Bayard, Chief Justice Yates, John Jay, Robert Morris, Morgan Lewis, William Maxwell, Robert Troop, Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and Doctor Francis, it will be readily seen what a mine our author had from which to derive his materials.

The work is divided into three periods. The first extends from 1598, when some Hollanders, in the employ of a Greenland company (before the discovery by Hudson, in 1609), were in the habit of resorting there in the winter months, and goes down to 1674, when the New Netherlands, having again become New York, were under English sway, and the first governor, Lovelace, came out. The second period opens with a description of New Amsterdam as it appeared in 1661, and extends to the close of the Revolution, with all the exciting events which took place in the city during the time it was held by the British. The third period sketches the condition of New York when independence was achieved, and brings down the narrative to the present time.

This work is not, however, a mere history. All social events are treated of, and we have a picture of domestic life in those days of primitive simplicity. The author has incorporated from other writers narratives of some of the most striking events in the history of the city; for instance, an account of the grand Erie Canal celebration, written at the request of the Corporation of New York, by the late Colonel Wm. L. Stone; an account of the procession in honor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1788, and Wash-

ington's reception and inauguration ball in 1789, by the same author; and reminiscences of New York City, by the late Gulian C. Verplanck. We have, also, the great fires in 1811 and 1835, the reception of General Lafayette in 1824, and the "Trinity Church," "Five Points," "Flour," and "Stone Cutters'" riots, from the late Gabriel P. Disoway, the well-known antiquarian. He has thus secured narratives of events which otherwise would have soon been entirely forgotten.

As to the literary execution of the work, we can only say, that it is all that can be desired in a narrative of this kind. The author has brought out all the salient points of New York history with clearness and simplicity. It forms an elegant volume of nearly 800 pages, illustrated by twenty steel engravings and eighty wood cuts.

We have on this Pacific Coast many New Yorkers scattered about, and we doubt not they will be glad of the opportunity of procuring this history of their native city, with its pictures of public and private life for the last two centuries.

THE RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA, comprising the Society, Climate, Salubrity, Scenery, Commerce, and Industry of the State. By John S. Hittell. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.; New York, W. J. Widdleton.

This sixth and rewritten edition of the *Resources of California* comes to hand in good time, while so many European journals have hardly got over their last somewhat paroxysmal outbreak for or against emigration. A flood of letters, trustworthy or untrustworthy, from British emigrants in "The Colonies" and in the United States, has been deluging the London daily and weekly press and provoking much editorial comment of various kinds. So contradictory was the testimony brought out by the discussion, that the general conclusion arrived at seems to have been that too little was accurately known about the matter to come to any conclusion at all; and the want of a dispassionate and well-informed literature on a subject of so much importance was loudly regretted. Figures and facts procured by long, earnest, and personal observation are the things wanting; not the guesses at these—brilliantly expressed though

they be—of hasty and favorably or unfavorably prejudiced travelers, or of exceptionally fortunate or unfortunate settlers. And whether those that decry or those that exalt in excess a comparatively new country do it greatest and most-enduring damage it is hard to say; at any rate they both work together with deplorable effect toward creating distrust and misunderstanding with regard to it.

Mr. Hittell's book is the first that we have seen, approaching in any considerable degree to what we consider a fair, unsensational statement of all the facts, pleasant and unpleasant, known in California about California; set forth in a plain quiet English, and almost entirely free from those errors of the press and mistakes in the printing of proper names and figures, which are so perplexing in works of this kind, to be read by many persons unfamiliar with the subjects of which they treat. We shall give no quotations, no summaries of chapters, in dealing with *The Resources of California*; it must be taken as a whole. All who are interested in this State, all who wish to see its prosperity advanced by an influx of citizens of the proper class, all who believe that it can stand upon its simple merits and compete victoriously with other states and lands for the possession of the cream of European emigration, should see to it that this book be widely circulated in those influential quarters where blind and naked ignorance, indiscriminate puffery, and rabid abuse have been too long delivering their brawling judgments.

REPORT ON THE PROPERTIES AND DOMAIN OF THE CALIFORNIA WATER COMPANY, situate on Georgetown Divide, embracing the Mining, Water, and Landed Resources of the Country between the South and Middle Forks of the American River. By Amos Bowman. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This work, an octavo volume of some 225 pages, marks an era in the mining literature of the Pacific Coast. Books more voluminous and elaborate than this have appeared on the subject of mining; but they were prepared and put forth under Government auspices; this being the first very considerable volume on mining and kindred topics prepared by a single individual and publish-

ed by a private company. The various matters treated of are illustrated with cuts descriptive of mountain scenery, with numerous maps, sections of mines, mineral belts, and geological formations, and with topographical views of the country traversed, plans of ditches and reservoirs, tabular exhibits, etc.

This work, apart from the professional excellence of the service performed, is marked by a good deal of literary merit. The style is simple, terse, and lucid; technical and scientific terms and modes of expression, though often new, are always used with propriety, and there is little doubt that the book will be extensively read outside the mining public for whose enlightenment it is more especially intended. In the mountain meadows and stately forests, in the summer snow-fields, in the tracks of the glaciers, in the lake-beds and lofty basins scooped out by these slow-moving masses of ice in the volcanic flows and ancient craters, in the uplifted peaks and the deep fissured chasms with their fillings, in the Pliocene rivers, buried long ages ago, and in the innumerable other grand and curious objects, so fairly described by the author, the general reader will find much to interest him.

Mr. Bowman was one of Professor Whitney's most efficient aids on the State Geological Survey, having been one of the few that remained in that thankless and ill-requited service until the last. In this work we have the first geological section of the Sierra Nevada ever published with special reference to the veins inclosed in the auriferous slate formation; these metalliferous belts having never before been so thoroughly examined, nor their importance as future sources of wealth so fully established, as has been here done.

A complete map of El Dorado County, including strips of the country adjacent, forms a valuable appendage to this volume. This also was prepared by Mr. Bowman, much of it from original data, and exhibits, in addition to the topographic features, stratigraphic sections of the region covered by it. Having been projected on a large scale, the geography of the district embraced within the limits of this map is displayed with much detail, the smaller gulches and streams, the lower ridges and the minutest lakes, as well

as the higher mountains, and the larger rivers and bodies of water, having been accurately laid down upon it.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. By Lord Neaves, one of the Senators of the College of Justice in Scotland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE READING CLUB AND HANDY SPEAKER. Edited by George M. Baker (No. 1). Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York, Lee, Shepard & Dillingham.

THE COLUMBIAN SPEAKER. Selected and adapted by Loomis J. Campbell and Oren Root, Jr. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham.

These three collections are fairly good in their several ways. Anything Greek will probably throw a sufficient number of minds into a state of receptive, almost religious awe; the more especially as "the collection, or rather the collections, of small poems known as the Greek 'Anthology,' have long been an object of great interest to scholars." "Much studied and repeatedly edited," we hope, nevertheless, that such epigrams as the following, even though "said to be by Plato," may not be "often imitated"—subject, the statue of a frog:

"The servant of the Nymphs, who loves the showers,
The minstrel moist, who lurks in watery bowers,
A frog, in bronze, a wayfarer here laid,
Whose burning thirst was quenched by welcome aid.
By the hoarse monitor's amphibious tone
A hidden spring was to the wanderer shown;
He followed, nor forsook the guiding sound,
Till the much-wished-for draught he grateful found."

This is rather a poor specimen of the short Greek poems and epigrams; yet, after all, had Greece produced nothing better than this *Anthology*, her claim to poetic fame would be rather easily disposed of by other countries. In epigram, forced antithesis, and petty trifles of wit, the average Parisian can distance Homer or Æschylus any day; and it is a good sound maxim that advises the cobbler to stick to his last.

In the *Reading Club* and in the *Columbian Speaker*, Mr. Baker and Messrs. Campbell and Root have fairly attained their respective ends, and produced small volumes of good selections—Mr. Baker's being much the better of the two. Anything that introduces, even at second hand, the greater writers to

readers whose youth or whose means forbids their studying the originals at length, is better than nothing: more may come of it, and at any rate some good has been done, so far as it goes.

THE GODS, and other Lectures. By R. G. Ingersoll. Peoria, Illinois.

The book contains, as we are told by its publisher (who, by instinct—of Falstaff's kind—or for other reasons, has omitted to put his own name on the title-page), "lectures the most radical ever delivered in the United States. . . . The existence of the supernatural is denied." They are certainly radical enough, and dispose, in rather slangy English, of the very idea of the supernatural—of any power or thing beyond physical matter and force, and of all such exploded ideas as a God or an immortality. By one supreme *tour de force*, Mr. Robert Ingersoll gives one head to all the religions of all hearts and all ages, and smites off that head with the grim satisfaction of a Nero. Now truth, like light, differs in tint and effect to different eyes, and some are blind; but yet light *is*, and some cause for the religious instinct *is*. That there is no supernatural (in other words, nothing that can not be measured by rule of thumb), no "Eternal that makes for righteousness," and that present happiness is our prime rule of right and wrong, are propositions which stink in the nostrils of humanity like asafoetida. The truth-palate of what we unphilosophical mortals are accustomed to call our soul revolts at them, *therefore* they are false: for the palate of the soul is at least as voracious after its kind as that of the body; and neither of them requires to give reasons for its conclusions, nor apologies either.

Philosophism looks up over its glasses and tells us there is no supernatural—nothing that can not be measured by its rule of thumb—that all beyond is imagination only, prejudice, untaught fears or hopes, superstitions of the untrained mind. But the average soul of man answers, "It is false!" Prove it? O philosopher! thou that knowest so much science, canst thou prove that dirt is different in essence, in its ultimate monads, from beef-steak, or that the taste of either is not imagi-

nation and prejudice? There are, we know, certain Indian tribes, and certain children, and certain diseased civilized adults, and quite a number of hogs, that devour this dirt with gusto; yet the *rule* is, Eat dirt and your teeth are upon edge—geophagists to the contrary notwithstanding. O, positivists, "most radical" philosophes, our teeth are upon edge with *you*.

Pile "most radical" reasons, and physics, and metaphysics up in great wind-bags, and walk proudly about them, and say, "Lo! this great city which we have builded;" feed, if you will, upon your dry-bone and jelly-fish theories of utter negation; but invite no others to your feast, to the gourd-like shelter of your strong city. There never yet was a healthy human soul could thrive upon such garbage; it breeds leprosy and the plague in every moral vein and limb. Its eaters are the Simeon Stylites, the fakirs, and the bonzes of opinion; proud, no doubt, in an insane sort, of their pillars, withered limbs, and spiked cages, but O! what a ghastly sight for whole and healthy men to see! For with every man, sordid and base soever as he may be, there smolders in that clay tabernacle of his some embers whose spark was never caught from an earthly flame, something better than "greatest happiness" to lighten him through the black ways of temptation, something better than "most radical lectures" to warm and comfort him in the dark garden of his last passion.

"For so," as Carlyle has it, "under the strangest new vesture, the old great truth begins again to be revealed: That man is what we call a miraculous creature, with miraculous power over men; and, on the whole, with such a life in him, and such a world round him, as victorious Analysis, with her physiologies, nervous-systems, phisic, and metaphysic, will never completely *name*, to say nothing of explaining. *Wherein also the Quack shall, in all ages, come in for his share.*"

THE SOURCE OF SALVATION; a Catechism of the Jewish Religion. By Dr. Isaac Mayer. New York: D. H. Frank & Co.

We suspect that this work is hardly what it purports to be, and that the Aryan genius for metaphysics has cast the perplexing shad-

ow of its *Aberglaube* over Dr. Isaac Mayer, and over the simple *Glaube* of the great Semitic faith he sets out to formulate. This text-book is evidently modeled on, and does as a matter of fact contain, *verbatim*, much of the famous Westminster Catechism, now in use in the Scotch Presbyterian Church; the whole forming a strange compromise between Judaism, Calvinism, and Socinianism! To the members of these three denominations, and to Mr. Herbert Spencer, we recommend this tract as an interesting study in religious evolution, and in the bridging of theological "bloody chasms:" all the more as our own space forbids the taking up here of more than a point or two, particularly foreign to Hebrew ideas.

Section B, § 66, of the *Source of Life* occupies itself with inculcating the hopelessly fallen, depraved, untrustworthy nature of mankind; a doctrine which, whether true or false, is not Jewish. A key-note sentence of the Talmud (*Hagiga*) is the well-known "*Kool hamoon kekool shadai*" — "The voice of the people is the voice of God;" a statement hardly consistent, under any conceivable hypothesis, with the "total depravity" axiom of the estimable divine of Geneva.

In Section B, § 66, Doctor Mayer teaches that the "soul still increases in perfection after death;" a doctrine of several liberal creeds, but hardly proceeding from that au-

thority which declares (Eccles. ix: 4, 5, 10), "To him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die [and what bitter, hopeless sarcasm lies in this definition of all certain human knowledge]; but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward. . . . Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

"The Sabbath," says our new Gamaliel with the Westminster accent, "should be kept by resting from every employment and *recreation*;" a decree difficult to be reconciled by any un-Aryan and unmetaphysical rule of interpretation with those too often mis-translated words of the Hebrew scriptures; "*Wekaratha leshabath onaig*" — "Thou shalt name the Sabbath a *recreation*."

The book is loaded with what we take, viewed from an Israelitish stand-point, to be similar grievous misconceptions and explainings-away of the Scriptures and of the Talmud; and we fear Doctor Mayer need hardly hope that his *Source of Life* will please the progressive, much less the conservative party, in Judaism. Our rabbi has been disfigured among heretical Ammonites, and he had better "tarry at Jericho until his beard be grown."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

THE BIBLE REGAINED AND THE GOD OF THE BIBLE OURS. By Samuel Lee. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

HOW MARJORY HELPED. By M. Caroll. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE ANCIENT CITY. By Fustel de Coulanges. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD. By J. Lothrop Motley. New York: Harper & Brothers.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

UNITED STATES MINING INDUSTRY. By R. W. Raymond. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. By Lord Neaves. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

From Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco:

HISTORY OF GERMANY. By James Sime. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE NOTARY'S NOSE. By E. About. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Miscellaneous:

NOT IN THEIR SET. From the German of Marie Lenzen. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE ERA OF THE PROTESTANT REVOLUTION. By Frederic Seebohm. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

THE CRUSADES. By George W. Cox. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

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STUDIES IN THE SIERRA.

NO. V. — POST-GLACIAL DENUDATION.

WHEN Nature lifted the ice-sheet from the mountains, she may well be said, not to have turned a new leaf, but to have made a new one of the old. Throughout the unnumbered seasons of the glacial epoch the range lay crushed and sunless. In the stupendous denudation to which it was then subjected, all its pre-glacial features disappeared—plants, animals, and landscapes were wiped from its flanks like drawings from a blackboard, and the vast page left smooth and clean, to be repictured with young life and the varied and beautiful inscriptions of water, snow, and the atmosphere.

The variability of hardness, structure, and mineralogical composition of the rocks forming the present surface of the range has given rise to irregularities in the amount of post-glacial denudation effected in different portions, and these irregularities have been greatly multiplied and augmented by differences in the kind and intensity of the denuding

forces, and in the length of time that different portions of the range have been exposed to their action. The summits have received more snow, the foothills more rain, while the middle region has been variably acted upon by both of these agents. Again, different portions are denuded in a greater or less degree according to their relations to level. The bottoms of trunk valleys are swept by powerful rivers, the branches by creeks and rills, while the intervening plateaus and ridges are acted upon only by thin, feeble currents, perfectly silent and nearly invisible. In like manner some portions of the range are subjected every winter to the scouring action of avalanches, while others are entirely beyond the range of such action. But the most influential of the general causes that have conspired to produce irregularity in the quantity of post-glacial denudation is the difference in the length of time during which different portions of the range have been subject-

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ed to denuding agents. The ice-sheet melted from the base of the range tens of thousands of years ere it melted from the upper regions. We find, accordingly, that the foot-hills are heavily blurred, while the alps and a considerable portion of the middle region remain fresh and shining as if they had never suffered from the touch of a single storm.

Perhaps the least known among the more outspoken agents of mountain degradation are those currents of eroding rock called avalanches. Those of the Sierra are of all sizes, from a few sand-grains or crystals worked loose by the weather and launched to the bottoms of cliffs, to those immense earthquake avalanches that thunder headlong down amid fire and smoke, with a violence that shakes entire mountains. Many avalanche-producing causes, as moisture, temperature, winds, and earthquakes, are exceedingly variable in the scope and intensity of their action. During the dry, equable summers of the middle region, atmospheric disintegration goes silently on, and many a huge mass is made ready to be advantageously acted upon by the first winds and rains of winter. Inclined surfaces are then moistened and made slippery, decomposed joints washed out, frost-wedges driven in, and the grand avalanche storm begins. But though these stone-storms occur only in winter, the attentive mountaineer may have the pleasure of witnessing small avalanches in every month of the year. The first warnings of the bounding free of a simple avalanche is usually a dull muffled rumble, succeeded by a ponderous crunching sound; then perhaps a single huge block weighing several tons may be seen wallowing heavily down the face of a cliff, followed by a train of smaller stones, which are gradually left behind on account of the greater relative resistance they encounter as compared with their weight. The eye may therefore follow the large block

undisturbed, noting its awkward, lumbering gestures as it gropes its way through the air in its first wild journey, and how it is made to revolve like a star upon its axis while it pursues the grand smooth curves of general descent. Where it strikes a projecting boss it gives forth an intense gasping sound, which, coming through the darkness of a storm-night, is indescribably impressive; and when at length it plunges into the valley, the ground vibrates as if shaken by an earthquake.

On the 12th of March, 1873, I witnessed a magnificent avalanche from the face of the second of the Three Brothers, in Yosemite Valley. A massive stream of blocks bounded from ledge to ledge and plunged into the talus with a display of energy inexpressibly wild and exciting. Fine gray foam-dust boiled and swirled along its path, and gradually rose far above the top of the cliff, appearing as a dusky cloud on the calm still azure. Unmistakable traces of similar avalanches are visible here, probably caused by the decomposition of the feldspathic veins with which the granite is interlaced.

Earthquakes, though not of very frequent occurrence in the Sierra, are powerful causes of avalanches. Many a lofty tower and impending brow were left in delicate poise by the glaciers, and stood firm through the storms of the first post-glacial seasons. Torrents swept their bases, and winds and snows slipped glancingly down their polished sides, without much greater erosive effect than the passage of cloud-shadows. But at length, the new-born mountains were shaken by an earthquake-storm, and a thousand weak forms staggered and fell in one simultaneous crash. The records of this first post-glacial earthquake present themselves in every cañon and around the bases of every summit alp that I have visited; and it is a fact of great geological interest that

to it alone more than nine-tenths of all the cliff taluses are due. The largest of these earthquake taluses measure from 500 to 1,000 feet in height, and are timbered with spruce, pine, and live-oak over their entire surfaces, showing that they have not been disturbed since their formation, either by denudation, or accretions of fresh material.

The earthquake which destroyed the village of Lone Pine, in March, 1872, shook the Sierra with considerable violence, giving rise to many new taluses, the formation of one of which I was so fortunate as to witness.

The denuding action of avalanches is not unlike that of water-torrents. They are to be frequently seen descending the summit peaks, flowing in regular channels, the surfaces of which they erode by striking off large chips and blocks, as well as by wearing off sand and dust.

A considerable amount of grinding also goes on in the body of the avalanche itself, reducing the size of the masses, and preparing them for the action of other agents. Some avalanches hurl their *debris* directly into the beds of streams, thus bringing it under the influence of running water, by which a portion of it is carried into the ocean.

The range of rock avalanches, however produced, is restricted within comparatively narrow bounds. The shattered alps are constant fountains, but the more powerful mountain-shaking avalanches are confined to the edges of deep Yosemite cañons in a zone twelve or fifteen miles wide, and gradually merge into land-slips along their lower limits.

Large rock avalanches pour freely through the air from a height of hundreds or thousands of feet, and on striking the bottom of the valley are dashed into a kind of coarse stone foam. Or, they make the descent in several leaps, or rumble over jagged inclines in the form of cascades. But in any case they

constitute currents of loose-flowing fragments. Land-slips, on the contrary, slip in one mass, and, unless sheer cliffs lie in their paths, may come to rest right-side up and undivided. There is also a marked difference in their geographical distribution, land-slips being restricted to deeply eroded banks and hill-sides of the lower half of the range, beginning just where rock avalanches cease. Again, the material of land-slips is chiefly fine soil and decomposing boulders, while that of rock avalanches is mostly of raw stone.

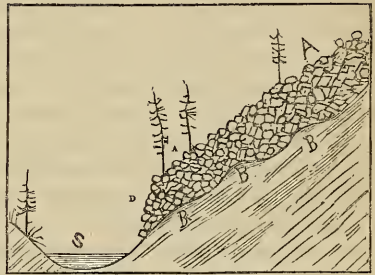


FIG. 1.

Let Fig. 1 represent a section across a valley in which moraine matter, A, is deposited upon the inclined bed-rock, B B B. Now, strong young moraine matter deposited in this way, in a kind of rude masonry, always rests, or is capable of resting at a much steeper angle than the same matter after it has grown old and rotten. If a poultice of acid mud be applied to a strong boulder, it will not be much affected in an hour or day, but if kept on for a few thousands or tens of thousands of years, it will at length soften and crumble. Now, Nature thus patiently poultices the boulders of the moraine banks under consideration. For many years subsequent to the close of the ice period very little acid for this purpose was available, but as vegetation increased and decayed, acids became more plentiful, and boulder decomposition went on at an accelerated rate, until a degree of weakness

was induced that caused the sheerest portions of deposits, as A B D (Fig. 1), to give way, perhaps when jarred by an earthquake, or when burdened with snow or rain, or partially undermined by the action of a stream.

It appears, therefore, that the main cause of the first post-glacial land-slips is old age. They undoubtedly made their first appearance in moraine banks at the foot of the range, and gradually extended upward to where we now find them, at a rate of progress measured by that of the recession of the ice-sheet, and by the durability of moraines and the effectiveness of the corroding forces brought into action upon them. In those portions of the Sierra where the morainal deposits are tolerably uniform in kind and exposure, the upper limits of the land-slip line is seen to stretch along the range with as great constancy of altitude as that of any snow-line.

The above-described species of land-slip is followed up the range by another of greater size, just as the different forest trees follow one another in compliance with conditions of soil and climate. After the *sheer end* of the deposit (A B D, Fig. 1) has slipped, the *whole mass* may finally slip on the bed-rock by the further decomposition, not only of the deposit, but of the bed-rock on which it rests. Bed-rocks are usually more or less uneven. Now it is plain that when the inequalities B B B crumble by erosion, that the mass of the deposit will not be so well supported; moreover, the weight of the mass will continue to increase as its material is more thoroughly pulverized, because a greater quantity of moisture will be required to saturate it. Thus it appears that as the support of moraine deposits diminishes, the necessity for greater support increases, until the concurrence of a cluster of minor causes finally brings on a slip.

Slips of this species are often of great

extent, the surface of the moving matter comprising several acres overgrown with trees; some coming to rest with all their load of vegetation uninjured, leaving only a yawning rent to mark their occurrence. Land-slides occur more frequently on the north than on the south sides of ridges, because of the greater abundance of weight-producing and decomposing moisture. One of the commonest effects of land-slips is the damming of streams, giving rise to large accumulations of water, which speedily burst the dams and deluge the valleys beneath, sweeping all the finer *detritus* before them.

The quantity of denudation accomplished by the Sierra land-slips of both species is very small. Like rock-falls, they erode the surface they slip upon in a mechanical way, and also bring down material to lower levels where it may be more advantageously exposed to the denuding action of other agents, and open scars whereby rain-torrents are enabled to erode gullies; but the sum of the areas thus affected bears an exceedingly small proportion to the whole surface of the range.

The part which snow avalanches play in the degradation of mountains is simpler than that of free-falling or cascading rocks, or either species of land-slip; these snow avalanches being external and distinct agents. Their range, however, is as restricted as that of either of the others, and like them they only carry their *detritus* a short distance and leave it in heaps at the foot of cliffs and steep inclines. There are three well-marked and distinct species of snow avalanche in the upper half of the Sierra, differing widely in structure, geographical distribution, and in the extent and importance of the geological changes they effect. The simplest and commonest species is formed of young mealy snow, and occurs during and a short time after every heavy snow-fall wherever the mountain

slopes are inclined at suitable angles. This species is of very frequent occurrence throughout all the steep-flanked alps, where it reaches perfection, and is also common throughout the greater portion of the middle region. The avalanches of the Sierra alps are the feeders of the glaciers, pouring down their dry mealy snow into the womb-amphitheatres, where it is changed to *névé* and ice. Unless disturbed by storm-winds, they cascade down the jagged heights in regular channels, and glide gracefully out over the glacier slopes in beautiful parallel curves; which action gives rise in summer to a most interesting and comprehensive system of snow-sculpture. The *detritus* discharged upon the surface of the glaciers forms a kind of stonedrift which is floated into moraines like the straws and chips of rivers.

Few of the defrauded toilers of the plain know the magnificent exhilaration of the boom and rush and outbounding energy of a great snow avalanche. While the storms that breed them are in progress, the thronging flakes darken the air at noonday. Their muffled voices reverberate through the gloomy cañons, but we try in vain to catch a glimpse of their noble forms until rifts appear in the azure sky, and the storm ceases. Then in cliff-walled valleys like Yosemite we may witness the descent of half a dozen or more within a few hours.

The denuding power of this species of avalanche is not great, because the looseness of the masses allows them to roll and slip upon themselves. Some portions of their channels, however, present a rough, scoured appearance, caused by rocky *detritus* borne forward in the under portion of the current. The avalanche is, of course, collected in a heap at the foot of the cliff, and on melting leaves the *detritus* to accumulate from year to year. These taluses present striking contrasts to those of rock avalanches caused by the first great post-

glacial earthquake. The latter are gray in color, with a covering of slow-growing lichens, and support extensive groves of pine, spruce, and live-oak; while the former, receiving additions from year to year, are kept in a raw formative state, neither trees nor lichens being allowed time to grow, and it is a fact of great geological significance that no one of the Yosemite snow avalanches, although they have undoubtedly flowed in their present channels since the close of the glacial period, has yet accumulated so much *débris* as some of the larger earthquake avalanches accumulated in a few seconds.

The next species of avalanche in natural order is the annual one, composed of heavy crystalline snows which have been subjected to numerous alternations of frost and thaw. A shadowed mountain side, 9,000 or 10,000 feet high, is required for their development, inclined at such an angle that loose fresh snow will lodge and remain upon it, and bear repeated accessions throughout the winter without moving; but which, after the spring thaws set in, and the mountain side thus becomes slippery, and the nether surface of the snow becomes icy, will then give way.

One of the most accessible fountains of annual avalanches is situated on the north side of Cloud's Rest, above the head of the Yosemite Valley. Here I have witnessed the descent of three within half an hour. They have a vertical descent of nearly a mile on smooth curving granite. Fine examples of this species of avalanche may also be observed upon the north side of the dividing ridge between the basins of Ribbon and Cascade creeks, and in some portions of the upper Nevada Cañon. Their denuding power is much greater than that of the first species, on account of their greater weight and compactness. Where their pathways are not broken by precipices, they descend all or part

of their courses with a hard snout kept close down on the surface of the rock, and because the middle of the snout is stronger, the *detritus* heaps are curved after the manner of terminal moraines. These *detritus* heaps also show an irregularly corrugated and concentric structure. An examination of the avalanche pathways shows conclusively that the annual accretions of *detritus*, scraped from their surfaces, are wholly insufficient to account for the several large concentric deposits. But when, after the *detritus* of many years has been accumulated by avalanches of ordinary magnitude, a combination of causes, such as rain, temperature, and abundant snow-fall gives rise to an avalanche of extraordinary size, its superior momentum will carry it beyond the limits attained by its predecessors, and furnish it with an opportunity of sweeping forward their several deposits into a single concentric mass. A succession of these irregularities will obviously produce results corresponding in every particular with the observed phenomena.

What we may call century avalanches, as distinguished from annual, are conceived and nourished on cool mountain sides 10,000 or 12,000 feet in height, where the snow falling from winter to winter will not slip, and where the exposure and temperature is such that it will not always melt off in summer. Snow accumulated under these conditions may linger without seeming to greatly change in many years, until some slowly organized group of causes, such as temperature, abundance of snow, condition of snow, or the mere occurrence of an earthquake, launches the grand mass. In swooping down their mountain flanks they usually strip off the forest that lies in their way, as well as the soil on which it is growing.

Some of these forest pathways are 200 yards wide, and extend from the upper limit of the tree-line to the bottom

of the valleys. They are all well "blazed" on both sides by descending trunks, many of which carry sharp stones clutched in their up-torn roots. The height of these "blazes" and gashes measures the depth of the avalanche at the sides, while in rare instances some noble silver-fir is found standing out in the channel, the only tree sufficiently strong to withstand the mighty onset; the scars upon which, or its broken branches, being the record of the depth of the current at that place. The ages of the trees show that some of these colossal avalanches occur only once in a century, or more seldom. These avalanches are by far the most powerful of the three species, although from the rarity of their occurrence and the narrowness of the zone in which they find climatic conditions suited to their development, the sum of the denudation accomplished by them is less than that of either of the others.

We have seen that water in the condition of rain, dew, vapor, and melting snow, combined with air, acts with more or less efficiency in corroding the whole mountain surface, thus preparing it for the more obviously mechanical action of winds, rivers, and avalanches. Running water is usually regarded as the most influential of all denuding agents. Those regions of the globe first laid bare by the melting of the ice-sheet present no unchanged glaciated surfaces, from which, measuring down, we may estimate the amount of post-glacial denudation. The streams of these old eroded countries are said by the poets to "go on forever," and the conceptions of some geologists concerning them are scarcely less vague.

Beginning at the foot of the Sierra glaciers and following the torrents that rush out from beneath them down the valleys, we find that the rocks over which they flow are weathered gradually, the more the farther we descend;

showing that the streams in coming into existence grew like trees from the foot of the range upward, gradually ramifying higher and wider as the ice-sheet was withdrawn—some of the topmost branchlets being still in the process of formation.

Rivers are usually regarded as irregular branching strips of running water, shaped somewhat like a tree stripped of its leaves. As far as more striking features and effects are concerned, the comparison is a good one; for in tracing Sierra rivers to their fountains we observe that as their branches divide and redivide, they speedily become silent and inconspicuous, and apparently channelless: yet it is a mistake to suppose that streams really terminate where they become too small to sing out audibly, or erode distinct channels. When we stoop down and closely examine any portion of a mountain surface during the progress of a rain-storm, we perceive minute water-twigs that continue to bifurcate until like the netted veins of leaves the innumerable currentlets disappear in a broad universal *thallus*. It would appear, therefore, that Sierra rivers more nearly resemble certain gigantic *algæ* with naked stalks, and branches webbed into a flat *thallus*. The long unbranched stalks run through the dry foot-hills; the webbed branches frequently overspread the whole surface of the snowy and rainy alpine and middle regions, as well as every moraine, bog, and *névé* bank. The gently gliding rain-*thallus* fills up small pits as lakelets and carries away minute specks of dust and mica. Larger sand-grains are overflowed without being moved unless the surface be steeply inclined, while the rough grains of quartz, hornblende, and feldspar, into which granite crumbles, form obstacles around which it passes in curves. Where the currentlets concentrate into small rills, these larger chips and crystals are rolled over and over, or swept forward

partly suspended, just as dust and sand-grains are by the wind.

The transporting power of steeply inclined torrents is far greater than is commonly supposed. Stones weighing several tons are swept down steep cañon gorges and spread in rugged deltas at their mouths, as if they had been floated and stranded like blocks of wood. The denudation of gorges by the friction of the bowlders thus urged gratefully along their channels is often quite marked.

Strong torrents also denude their channels by the removal of blocks made separable from the solid bed-rock by the development of cleavage planes. Instructive examples of this species of denudation may be studied in the gorges between the upper and lower Yosemite falls and the Tenaya Cañon, four miles above Mirror Lake. This is the most rapid mode of torrent denudation I have yet observed, but its range is very narrowly restricted, and its general denuding effects inappreciable.

Water-streams also denude mountains by dissolving them and carrying them away in solution, but the infinite slowness of this action is clearly exemplified by the fact, that in the upper portion of the middle region granite ice-planed pavements have been flowed upon incessantly since they were laid bare on the breaking up of the glacial winter without being either decomposed, dissolved, or mechanically eroded to the depth of the one-hundredth part of an inch.

Wind-blown dust, mica flakes, sand, and crumbling chips are being incessantly moved to lower levels wherever wind or water flows. But even in the largest mountain rivers the movement of large bowlders is comparatively a rare occurrence. When one lies down on a river-bank opposite a bowlder-spread incline and listens patiently for a day or two, a dull thumping sound may

occasionally be heard from the shifting of a boulder, but in ordinary times few streams do much boulder work; all the more easily moved blocks having been adjusted and re-adjusted during freshets, when the current was many times more powerful. All the channels of Sierra streams are subjected to the test action of at least one freshet per season, on the melting of the winter snow, when all weakly constructed dams and drift-heaps are broken up and re-formed.

It is a fact of great geological interest, that only that portion of the general *detritus* of post-glacial denudation—that is, in the form of mud, sand, fine gravel, and matter held in solution—has ever at any time been carried entirely out of the range into the plains or ocean. In the cañon of the Tuolumne River, we find that the chain of lake basins which stretch along the bottom from the base of Mount Lyell to the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, are filled with *detritus*, through the midst of which the river flows; but instead of the washed boulders, which form a large portion of this *detritus*, being constantly pushed forward from basin to basin, they lie still for centuries at a time, as is strikingly demonstrated by an undisturbed growth of immense sugar-pines and firs inhabiting the river banks. But the presence of these trees upon water-washed boulders only shows that no displacement has been effected among them for a few centuries. They still must have been swept forward, and outspread in some grand flood prior to the planting of these trees. But even this grand old flood, whose magnificent traces occur everywhere on both flanks of the range, *did not remove a single boulder from the higher to the lower Sierra in that section of the range drained by the Tuolumne and Merced, much less into the ocean*, because the lower portion of the Hetch-Hetchy Basin, situated about half-way down the western flank, *is still in process of filling up,*

and as yet contains only sand and mud to as great a depth as observation can reach in river sections. The river flows slowly through this alluvial deposit and out of the basin *over a lip of solid bed-rock, showing that not a single high Sierra boulder ever passed it since the close of the glacial period*; and the same evidence is still more strikingly exhibited in similarly situated basins in the Merced Valley.

Frost plays a very inferior part in Sierra degradation. The lower half of the range is almost entirely exempt from its disruptive effects, while the upper half is warmly snow-mantled throughout the winter months. At high elevations of from ten to twelve thousand feet, sharp frosts occur in the months of October and November, before much snow has fallen; and where shallow water currents flow over rocks traversed by open divisional joints, the freezing that ensues forces the blocks apart and produces an exceedingly ruinous appearance, without effecting much absolute displacement. The blocks thus loosened are, of course, liable to be moved by flood currents. This action, however, is so limited in range, that the general average result is inappreciable.

Atmospheric weathering has, after all, done more to blur and degrade the glacial features of the Sierra than all other agents combined, because of the universality of its scope. No mountain escapes submergence in the atmosphere, or fails to feel its decomposing and mechanical effects. The bases of mountains are mostly denuded by streams of water, their summits by streams of air. The winds that sweep the jagged alps assume magnificent proportions, and effect changes of considerable importance. The smaller particles of disintegration are rolled or shoved to lower levels just as they are by water currents, or they are caught up bodily in strong, passionate gusts, and hurled against trees or

higher portions of the surface. The manner in which exposed tree-trunks are thus wind-carved will give some conception of the force with which this agent moves.

Where boulders of a form fitted to shed off snow and rain have settled protectingly upon a polished and striated surface, then the protected portion will, by the erosion and removal of the unprotected surface around it, finally come to form a pedestal for the stone which

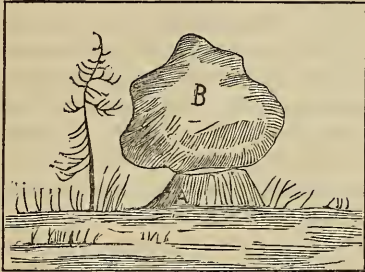


FIG. 2.

saved it. Fig. 2 shows where a boulder, B, has settled upon and protected from erosion a portion of the original glacial surface until the pedestal A has been formed, the height of which is of course the exact measure of the whole quantity of post-glacial denudation at that point. These boulder pedestals, furnishing so admirable a means of gauging atmospheric erosion, occur throughout the middle granitic region in considerable numbers; some with their protecting boulders still poised in place, others naked, their boulders having rolled off on account of the stool having been eroded until too small for them to balance upon. It is because of this simple action that all very old ridges and slopes are boulderless, Nature having thus leisurely rolled them off, giving each a whirling impulse as it falls from its pedestal once in hundreds or thousands of years.

Moutoneed rock forms shaped like Fig. 3 are abundant in the middle gra-

nitic region. They frequently wear a single pine, jauntily wind-slanted, like a feather in a cap, and a single large boulder, poised by the receding ice-sheet, that often produces an impression of having been thus placed artificially, exciting the curiosity of the most apathetic mountaineer. Their occurrence always shows that the surfaces they are resting upon are not yet deeply eroded.

Ice-planed veins of quartz and feld-

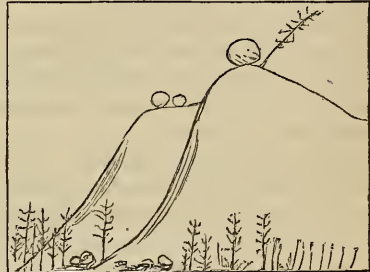


FIG. 3.

spar are frequently weathered into relief by the superior resistance they offer to erosion, but they seldom attain a greater height than three or four inches ere they become weather-cracked and lose their glacial polish, thus becoming useless as means of gauging denudation. Ice-burnished feldspar crystals are brought into relief in the same manner to the height of about an inch, and are available to this extent in determining denudation over large areas in the upper portion of the middle region.

This brief survey of the various forces incessantly or occasionally at work wasting the Sierra surface would at first lead us to suppose that the sum total of the denudation must be enormous; but, on the contrary, so indestructible are the Sierra rocks, and so brief has been the period through which they have been exposed to these agents, that the general result is found to be comparatively insignificant. The unaltered polished

areas constituting so considerable a portion of the upper and middle regions, have not been denuded the one-hundredth part of an inch. Farther down measuring tablets abound bearing the signature of the ice. The amount of torrential and avalanchial denudation is also certainly estimated within narrow limits by measuring down from the unchanged glaciated surfaces lining their banks. Farther down the range, where the polished surfaces disappear, we may still reach a fair approximation by the height of pot-holes drilled into the walls of gorges, and by the forms of the bottoms of the valleys containing these gorges, and by the shape and condition of the general features.

Summing up these results, we find that the average quantity of post-glacial denudation in the upper half of the range,

embracing a zone twenty-five or thirty miles wide, probably does not exceed a depth of three inches. That of the lower half has evidently been much greater—probably several feet—but certainly not so much as radically to alter any of its main features. In that portion of the range where [see study No. IV, in the OVERLAND for August of this year] the depth of glacial denudation exceeds a mile, that of post-glacial denudation is less than a foot.

From its warm base to its cold summit, the physiognomy of the Sierra is still strictly glacial. Rivers have only traced shallow wrinkles, avalanches have made scars, and winds and rains have blurred it, but the change, as a whole, is not greater than that which comes on a human countenance by a few years' exposure to common Alpine storms.

BILLY'S WIFE.

DON'T know Billy? Then allow me to introduce to you "an Irishman by trade, and a mechanic by the grace of God;" a perfect pet among the girls, as handsome as the day is long, and as good as he is handsome. That is Billy, or rather *was* Billy when first I knew him. He was the youngest of the squad of carpenters that worked on our new building, and altogether the most active and efficient of the party. They sent him to all the exposed positions, and he risked his life gayly every day. "There is a special Providence for fools and children," said he, "and I claim protection under the first clause of that law."

I was watching him one day at work on the top of the house, when his foot slipped, and he started head foremost for *terra firma*. When within ten feet of the bottom he touched some scaffold-

ing with his hand, "swapped ends," and lighted on his feet, like the tumbler in a circus, made me an elaborate *salaam*, and climbed up again to his eyrie full forty feet above my head.

Billy had not worked long for us when it became apparent that there was something on his mind. The jolliest of fellows among the men, he yet strove to get away from them in his leisure hours, and passed the greater part of Sunday out in the meadows, or under the trees. Even in the house he was addicted to reverie, and his absent-minded replies to remarks made to him gave rise to many a laugh. The query went round, "What's the matter with Billy?" but found no solution until I guessed it.

He was in love. The neighboring girls, laughing-eyed, dimpled-cheeked rustic beauties who came to visit me, could make no impression on his faith-

ful heart. Being myself a motherly individual of that type which Byron describes as "fair, fat, and forty," Billy took to me as naturally as ducks to water, and before long he told me all about it.

"The prettiest girl in all the world, Mrs. Brown," he said; "but that would be nothing if it wasn't for her goodness. To be sure she is two years older than I, but why should I care. She is so truthful and innocent, you can look clear down through her blue eyes into her very soul. She is a big girl: she weighs a hundred and fifty pounds." I judged it to be nearer one hundred and eighty. "But then *you* are big, you know, and the boss certainly made a ten-strike when he got you. I like big girls myself. If they are sweet and good, you can't have too much of 'em. I am like a Chinaman buying boots: I want the biggest I can get for the money. Then Alice is smart, I tell you; in fact, she is too smart to be tied to such a numskull as I am, and I can't tell what she sees in me to love; but there is no accounting for taste. She *does* love me, anyhow, in spite of my ignorance and awkwardness. God bless her! And I am wholly grateful to her for it. Yes, I am. The thoughts of it bring tears to my eyes often, though you wouldn't take me for such a granny."

And away he went singing in a rich, clear voice, "I'm lonely to-night, love, without you," and I passed in out of the moonlight to put Little Pickle to bed, thinking all the time of Billy, and hoping his girl would be as good and true as he believed. But somehow, without any particular reason, I felt sorry for him. I have a sort of old-fashioned pity for men, anyhow, thinking of my own good husband, and how he has struggled to support me and the children, until care and anxiety have furrowed his dear face and blanched his hair, while I have been so sheltered and protected that

time has left me almost untouched. "About as young as when I married you, Liz, and a heap better looking," he said last Sunday, when I had on my new blue and white calico for the first time.

Before long Billy got leave of absence, and went to Sacramento, whence he soon returned, bringing his wife. She was willing—even anxious—to help me with the house-work; and soon, with a big-hearted tyranny, she monopolized it all. Of course I could not rest in my easy-chair, feeling all the time that I was imposing upon her kindness; and so, after conferring with my husband, it was decided to pay her fair wages for her work.

She was a remarkably handsome woman, with a "head-piece" on her. Fifteen years older than Billy at least; *two* she called it, but he was young in years and in the machinations of our charming sex, and took her word on all subjects. I never saw a man so much in love in all my life; and though he made no effort to conceal it, there was nothing maudlin or sentimental in his exhibition of it. It was a love so trusting, so beautiful and honest, that it seemed to lift him out of the common meannesses and insincerities of humanity. Alice had been a widow—of that type which Philosopher Somebody advises a man to marry: her husband was in the State Prison for life. (According to Philosopher S., he should have been hanged; but in either case the object is attained, namely: to render it difficult to reproach No. 2 with the contrasted excellencies of No. 1).

About six weeks after she came, our boy brought out the mail, and handed Billy a letter. Without glancing at the superscription, he opened it, and read nearly a page, when he took up the envelope and looked at it.

"Alice," he said, "this is your letter. I opened it by mistake, but it is so queer I should like to read it, if you don't ob-

ject. Here, you read it first, and see what you can make of it."

"I don't understand it at all," she said, after glancing hastily through it. "It reads like a love-letter, and the signature is new to me. 'George Thorn-dike'—I really don't know any one of that name." Then she went to the stove and raised the gridiron on which the meat was broiling. In doing so, she held the open letter in such a position that the flames caught it and sprung up around her hand, so that she was forced to drop it into the fire. Was it an accident? She said it was, and uttered many regretful exclamations.

But three weeks after there was another letter in the same hand. It was given to Billy as before; but after looking at the address, he brought it to her.

"You'll let me read that one, won't you, Alice?" he said. "If any one chooses to persecute you with unwelcome letters, I ought to know it."

She opened the letter and read aloud the first few lines, and then closing it, she told Billy that supper was just ready to put on the table, and that he should see the note before bed-time.

"All right," he said; "but don't let it get burned this time, will you?"

She promised him, and he went to the table with the other men. As soon as he sat down she lit a candle and went to her room. She was only gone a short time, but when she returned she burnt the letter unobserved by her husband.

After supper, when the men had all gone, he asked her to read the letter to him.

"Why, Billy," she said, innocently, "I burnt it up; but I saved the signature, as you told me, and here it is."

Billy burst out into a tempest of suspicious anger and disappointment. "Why didn't you read that letter to me, Alice?" he said. "Your conduct convicts you of complicity with this fellow. I know now that you answered his last

letter, and that you know perfectly well all about the man who wrote it."

"Why, Billy," she said, "I read the letter to you, and you told me to save the signature, which I have done."

"Alice," he cried, turning as white as a sheet, and trembling all over; "my God, how you have deceived me! You are telling me a lie, and you know it. O, Alice, to think how I trusted you; and now——"

He sat down from very faintness, and wiped his cold face and shaded his eyes with a hand that looked palsied and dead.

I went to him and touched his curly hair caressingly. "She can explain it, Billy, no doubt," I suggested.

"Explain it," he groaned bitterly. "She can explain hell away, and darkness, and all the sin and hypocrisy of this miserable world. O, you don't know how this little thing throws light upon so many other things that were a mystery to me before. But I trusted her so; I took all for granted. I would have been ashamed to insult her by a suspicious question."

Pretty soon my husband came in and tried to comfort him. His confidence in Alice was unbounded, though I must confess that I had become distrustful of her honesty. That she was cognizant of my distrust she betrayed in many ways, but chiefly in the desire she manifested to dodge my eyes when they were fixed upon her. I had told Mr. Brown how I felt toward her, and he blamed me severely for it. "You women are always so unjust to each other," he said. Like most good men, he yielded in a great degree to that superficial charm of manner that women of extraordinary tact acquire by association with many men, and, without knowing it, he was evidently just a little bit infatuated.

"I know there is a plausible explanation of this," he said to Billy; "I am sure you have not been deceived in

Alice. If she isn't a good, true-hearted woman, I don't know of any." He should have said, "If she isn't a good-looking woman," etc.; but she had spun a web about him out of her graces and beauties, and he saw through it but dimly.

All this time Alice had not offered to explain, but stood like a statue by the dish-pan, and waited, as I supposed, for chance to throw some winning card into her hands, being perfectly well aware of the fact that her nimble tongue would not serve her now.

Mr. Brown walked toward her with the intention of urging her to say something in her own justification, when suddenly, with a most tragic scream, she rushed past us, and went out of the house. "Pretty well done," I said jealously to myself; "in all probability acting is your natural vocation, madam." It was a cold night—about as cold as ever comes in our genial climate—there would be frost before morning.

"O, Lizzie!" said Mr. Brown, "go after her and beg her to come back; she may injure herself in some way."

"Not the slightest danger," observed the cynical individual thus addressed.

He gave me a reproachful look, and started after her himself. He was gone five minutes, and came back without her. Billy and I were sitting by the fire in solemn silence, and he sat down between us.

"I could not find her," he said. "You go and hunt her, Billy. She will come when you call her. I am afraid she will do herself some harm."

"No," said Billy, "she is a woman to harm others, but not herself."

So an hour passed, and the night grew very cold. Even hard-hearted Mrs. Brown became uneasy. Not that I feared anything more serious than that Alice might make herself sick by being out so late, so that I should have the work to do. But what interest moves the heart

of poor humanity like a selfish interest? Thus prompted to generosity, I started after her. I went to the barn, and called her—called her until I was hoarse. There was no answer. At first I was vexed, then frightened. What could have happened? I came back into the house, and sent Mr. Brown. Billy still refused to go. "Let her have it out," he said. "He would not demean himself by running after her; he could wait by the fire as well as any place for the next move in the game." But being an Irishman, the one thing he could not do was to wait. He had not the grand genius of patience. I think that in a quarrel he would have been equal to the greatest flow of words that ever issued from a woman's mouth; but to hear absolutely nothing from the opposing counsel was too much for Milesian endurance. I doubt whether even the most phlegmatic of Dutchmen could sit quietly under the grand silent system of domestic warfare. If wives all understood this, their influence over their husbands would be without limit. But they are like the beasts of the fields—they don't know their own power." And what a blessed thing it is for men that they don't! So Billy became restless, starting at every noise, and casting frequent glances toward the door. At last he started up, and went out.

In about ten minutes I heard both searchers calling me. I ran out, and down the ravine, guided by the sound of their voices, and soon met them coming back. My poor old man was carrying the baggage in his arms, Billy being too much excited to render any assistance. "Bring water!" screamed Mr. Brown; "Alice has a fit; she is dying." I knew she was not dying. I believed she was making the fit, so I did not go for the water. The water was brought, however: for Mr. Brown, completely exhausted, was compelled to lay her down; then he ran and brought a pitch-

erful. "Sprinkle it upon her face," he cried.

I had an idea. In a moment it magnetized me into a sort of spasmodic activity. I took hold of the pitcher, and dashed its contents violently into her face. For a moment she had a terrible struggle for her breath (no affectation in that), then relapsed again into her—what shall I call it?—tantrums. She was stiff as steelyards, and looked like a big doll cut out whole from one piece of wood. Mr. Brown took her up again with infinite difficulty, and carried her into the house, where he dropped her upon a bed. I wanted him to stand her on her head in one corner, and prop her up with furniture, but did not dare suggest it. Immediately there was a clamorous demand for hot water and other restoratives.

"Here, Lizzie, take off her shoes and stockings, and bathe her feet."

Well, I declare!—and it seemed that I did not hear, for I went out and sat down by the fire. Pretty soon it was, "Lizzie, make mustard poultices for Alice's ankles." I would have refused, but that I had another idea, and complied. "Make them weak," said my beloved, from the sick-room; "mix them half flour."

Half flour, indeed! I had some vinegar that was simply pyroligneous acid very slightly diluted. I mixed it with that, and instead of weakening the effects of the mustard with flour, I weakened it with red pepper. Then my charmer asked me to put the poultices on her. Of course I could not take so delicious a job from him, and told him so. I am bound to admit that the hussy's feet and ankles were the prettiest I ever saw. I have no doubt but Mr. Brown thought so too.

This wonderful, unparalleled combination poultice had not been on more than two minutes before she opened her eyes—her charming blue eyes—and be-

gan to squirm. My dear, delightful husband rushed to the rescue and pulled the mustard off her, and in an instant she stiffened herself in another convulsion. All this time she had not lost color, and her pulse was unchanged. She knew perfectly well that I had no confidence in her acting, and rather suppressed herself when I was in the room. When I went out, and peeped through the key-hole, I could see her tearing at her bosom and hair, and trying to bite her two attendants. I hope they enjoyed the performance!

Poor Billy sat on the bed, trying to hold her hands, to keep her from hurting herself. He was all anxiety now, and all contrition. He begged her forgiveness in the most humble and pathetic way. He told her that no matter what she should do in the future, he would never ask her a question nor utter a reproach. Then she would roll her eyes up quite out of sight, and her one hundred and ninety pounds avoirdupois would settle an inch deeper into the mattress. O, dear! how I trembled for the springs.

"Will she die, Mrs. Brown?" said Billy, during one of these (literal) sinking spells.

"No danger, Billy," I sniffed.

"O, look at her!" he said, in an agitation so painful to witness, that I found it difficult to restrain myself from choking the suffering angel as she lay on the bed so conveniently before me.

"I would rather have died than have seen her so," he added, with a groan.

"Perhaps you will learn from this how to treat a woman," said Mr. Brown, sternly.

I could not stay in the room another moment without danger of an explosion. So I went out. But what relief could I gain by going out, unless I had some one with me before whom I could boil over in that high-pressure style suited to the effervescent state of my feelings.

"Mr. Brown, I want to see you a moment."

Mr. B. came. I did not take hold of one of the buttons of his coat, as I usually do in domestic conference, but stood apart, and looked at him with a look that would probably have passed muster as a good caricature of "the stony British stare" we read of.

At first I could not speak for something in my throat, that might have been Little Pickle's trap-ball from its size and shape; but I swallowed it, and began:

"Billy is not the only one who has learned something to-night. I have learned how a woman can crush a man in the very face of truth and justice, and cover up her own wicked, wicked ways, by practicing upon his silly sympathies. And I now give you fair warning, Mr. Brown, that whenever I want my own way, and can't have it on straightforward, honest principles, I intend to *have fits*. And when you see me in fits, I hope that *you'll know how to treat a woman.*"

Mr. B. is not a Scotchman, and it is possible to get an idea in his head without a surgical operation; but even the partner of his joys and sorrows will admit that it requires something little short of a mental earthquake to do it. In this instance, he looked at me, and kept looking, at first with a perfectly blank face, then with an expression of bewilderment, then amazement, then with awakening intelligence, and last with something like scorn in his eyes. He did not speak. Like Barkis, he is not overburdened with colloquial powers; but, unlike Barkis, when he does speak, it counts. As Aunt Becky used to say about him, "John Brown is a man of mighty few words, but what John Brown says, he generally says to the pint." Feeling, as I suppose he did, on this occasion that even he could not speak sufficiently to the "pint" to do justice

to the subject, he turned slowly and walked back into Alice's room.

Now there is no insult so galling to a woman as for her husband to refuse to listen to her when she has determined to give him a piece of her mind. To work up one's whole soul to a pitch of angry eloquence, and find no audience! Out of the bitter depths of my disappointment was born another idea.

Quite remarkable, I think, you will admit, for a little dumpling of a woman to have three ideas in one night; but then there was a strong head of steam on—fits are very stimulating—and the family brain was pushing ahead beyond its natural pace. Now this third idea was almost sublime in its audacity. I actually took it into my head not only to attend the pantomime in Alice's room, but to direct the performances—in short, to elect myself theatrical manager.

So I went and stood by her bed. She was no better.

"We'll put the poultices on again, Mr. Brown." She looked disgusted even through her fit. But I wet them with fresh vinegar, and newly sprinkled them with red pepper, and handed them over to Mr. Brown to "put on."

"Now, Billy," I said, "she will be better soon. When she begins to recover consciousness, you will observe that the corners of her mouth will be violently drawn down, while the outer corners of her eyes will be drawn upward. I have seen many such cases, and I know all the changes perfectly. After that she will remember how cruelly you have treated her, and will cry bitterly, and probably reproach you for your unkindness. Then she will begin to feel the poultices, and to beg us to take them off. After which she will drink a glass of wine and go to sleep."

It was a sweet thing to see how, as soon as the poultices began to make her think herself in—well, *warm*—she tried to shape her face in accordance with my

prediction. She cut this part of the performance short, however, and passed rapidly into the next act. Here she was at home. Such faces as she made in her effort to squeeze out a few tears may I never more behold. The pantomime ended here, however; her cries and screams were terrific, and more than made up in tragic and ear-splitting enunciation for her lachrymal deficiency. O, how she wriggled, and how that quintuple, back-action, double-reflex-combination poultice was pulling at the dainty cuticle of her so charming feet.

"She is getting better," said Billy. "O, speak to me, dearest!"

He had better have left this entreaty alone, for he soon found himself in the position of Ahasuerus, when he called for his satanic majesty, who presently came and made Ahasuerus wish he had called for somebody else. Such reproaches as she heaped upon his devoted head were enough to make his mother turn in the grave. After exhausting her vocabulary of abuse, she ordered us to take off the poultices.

"No," said that thoughtful Mrs. B.; "you will have another fit as soon as they are removed."

"O, *do* take them off, do!"

"No!"—gently and firmly.

BILLY.—"O, *do* take them off."

ALICE.—"O, do, *do*, DO!"

INTERESTED MALEVOLENCE.—"Do you want to see your darling dying before your eyes in another fit?"

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.—"Lizzie, they must come off; they are driving her wild."

ALICE.—"They are skinning me; they are killing me! Yah-h-h!" (prolonged into a roar like that of a brute)—"O Lord, I am dying!"

General rush for the foot of the bed. I held the clothes down firmly and told the men to stand back. Surprised at my vehemence, which was certainly impressive, as contrasted with my languor

in the warm-water stage of the performance, they gave way and stood back.

"O, my darling, try and bear it a little longer," said Billy, precipitating himself upon her breast in an embrace so violent as to cut another yell in two parts. Of course, she could not stand this; so she struck him such a blow in the face as made him think there were fifty mustard poultices in his eyes.

Then happened what I expected. She kicked the bedclothes up to the ceiling and sprung into the middle of the floor as nimbly as an athlete, tore the poultices off of her ankles, and rushed frantically after some water to stop the burning.

"She'll do," observed that one of the spectators whose malevolent disposition has been before alluded to. "If she should have another fit, Billy, locate the mustard plasters in a new position. I don't think there is any skin left where they have been. Good-night; I am going to bed."

Once domiciled under the canopy of my old-fashioned four-poster, with Mr. Brown beside me, he began to remonstrate with the wife of his bosom.

"Lizzie," he said, "I am ashamed of your heartlessness. How could you treat that poor suffering angel as you did? I should have thought the sight of her innocent baby-looking feet would have moved you to compassion, if nothing else. It is perfectly plain to me that Billy ought to be whipped for his cruelty to her in the first part of the evening. Dunderheaded Irishman! he is no more fit to be married to that gentle, refined creature than to an angel of light."

"Perhaps one of *your* sympathetic disposition would have suited her better," said Mrs. B., with withering sarcasm.

"You are trying to insult me, Lizzie; but let me tell you that if I was married to a woman like her—so sensitive to all disagreeable influences—I should be

tempted to keep her in a bandbox, and never let any of the worries of life come near her."

"The kind of a bandbox her first husband is in," I suggested. "Certainly, that would meet my hearty approbation."

"How is it, Lizzie, you women can be so cruel to each other?"

"Women of her stripe, sir," I said, "don't shine to dazzle other women. And while they concentrate all their rays upon you men, we from our shaded position can see clearly all that is going on and the motive that lies hidden from you."

"The baseness of your suspicions disgust me," he said. "Can it be that you are the woman I considered the most tender-hearted and the most credulous creature in existence only one month ago? What has changed you so? *Is it possible that you are jealous?*"

O, what a *blow* was there, my countrywomen! Much too close to the truth to be taken as a joke. As may be imagined, all the seeds of Satan lying so long dormant in Mrs. Brown's tender little heart took root at once upon this charge so monstrous—so (heaven forgive the lie) untrue. They not only took root, but achieved a growth so sudden and gigantic as entirely to eclipse all such prodigies as Jonah's gourd and Jack's bean-stalk. She started up in bed. It came into her head to have a fit, but she doubted her genius in an extemporaneous production of such magnitude, and concluded to put it off until she had time for a private rehearsal. The most tragic thing she could substitute was to throw the bedclothes on the floor. This had been a decided success in Alice's drama, but Mr. Brown arrested the movement and rolled himself up in them like a huge chrysalis. Baffled at every point, she wanted to fight; and was encouraged in this idea by remembering to have heard of some

woman who whipped her husband whenever she wanted to—after first tying him up in a sheet. Mr. Brown had already tied himself up. How accommodating, to be sure!

"Your last move was just exactly in my hand," she said. "I have now got you where I want you!" and she began pounding him with both fists. But she might as well have been beating the feather-bed for all the harm it did. At last, the chrysalis became convulsed as with an earthquake, and a voice, quivering with suppressed mirth and *pity*, too, issued from its depths.

"Don't hurt your dear little dimpled fists," it said. "I'll come out and let you whip me, if you choose; but remember that I had rather be kissed."

"Get Alice to kiss you! I dare say you would like that better;" and with this last shot there came again that something about the size of an apple-dumpling into her throat; and this time she could not swallow it. She did get real fits, and the gymnastic exercises she went through that night to get rid of them would make an article of twenty-one columns in a sporting journal, with "continued next week" at the end of it.

The demon of hysteria yielded to stimulants soon after midnight, and it was I, and not Alice, who got up before daylight to get breakfast for the men. Mr. Brown tried to help me. He did not know how to turn a batter-cake, and, of course, a great big thing like him, with No. 10 boots to stumble over, was awfully in my way. But I recognized the intention of his kind heart, and suffered the inconvenience thankfully.

For four days Alice laid in bed, while I did the work and Billy waited on her. There was nothing the matter, only that she could not wear her shoes and stockings. If I treated her cruelly, retribution followed me. I was taken sick almost as soon as she was able to do the

work again. In the meantime, she had poisoned Billy's mind against me to such a degree that he could hardly bear the sight of me, and she was using her influence with him to get him to leave us and go back to Sacramento, the place where she had formerly lived. One day, while I was still in bed, though convalescent, Mr. Brown told me that Billy was dissatisfied and intended going away immediately. In his settlement with him, he found a great discrepancy between the time as he kept it and the time as Billy kept it. Investigating the matter, we discovered that Alice had kept the time for him since their marriage, and had put in more days than there were between the date of his coming to us and the date of his leaving. Billy was surprised at this, and feared we would consider him dishonest. "It was a mistake in Alice," he said; "women are so careless, you know."

The next day they were sent to the nearest town in our bright new wagon, together with Billy's tool-chest and Alice's enormous Saratoga trunk. And that was the last of them for some time. When I got up about the house again, I found it stripped clean of every portable thing I had. Sheets, table-cloths,

towels, napkins, spoons, unmade material of every description, clear down to the feather off of Little Pickle's Sunday hat and her blue *grosgrain* sash.

It was Mr. Brown's turn to be angry now. For my part, I thought it was a good riddance at any price; and, of course, I soothed his ruffled feelings, after the manner of charming wives, by saying, "*Didn't I tell you so?*"

Did Billy know it? No, he did not. I ran across him in a street-car in this city only a few weeks ago. The gayety had all faded out of his frank, handsome face. He had in his lap a little girl about two years old; she was the very image of himself; and the only time his face relaxed from the habitual severity of its expression was when he looked at this child.

"And how is Alice, Billy?" I asked.

"She is gone to the devil, Mrs. Brown. She ran away with that fellow who wrote her those letters, before we had been in Sacramento a month. She took what money I had with her and my best suit of clothes. About a year after, she sent me this baby. It was a helpless little darling then, but I knew it was mine, and I felt to thank God for even a child to love. I have called it Lizzie."

GUIZOT.

DEATH has taken from the world the celebrated French statesman, historian, and philosopher, François Pierre Guillaume Guizot. He now stands before us, a figure in the annals of the past, to the study of which he had devoted the best part of his time. To narrate the incidents of his life would be to write the history of his country, in which history he not only has taken an active part as a minor figure, but which he has himself largely influenced, stamp-

ing his own name in indelible characters upon its pages. Let us here examine briefly a few tendencies of his famous historical works. He has praised and censured, weighed and criticised not one man alone, but men and generations of men, back into remote antiquity; his turn has come at last to be judged by others. History in this must repeat itself, and others will do to us even as we have done unto them. We may lack his manifold intellectual

attainments and vast grasp of mind, but still hope to bring to bear on the discussion the necessary arms of ardent and honorable students—an unbiassed opinion and perfect impartiality in our judgments; truth being indeed the sister of justice, as saith that ancient English family motto: "*Justitiæ soror fides.*"

The beginning and glory of the revival in modern times of the study of history belongs to the country of Guizot. In the seventeenth century, when the art of printing had been somewhat developed, the members of the Benedictine order in France undertook the publication of the writings of the fathers and of early historical annals. With the same scrupulosity, patience, perseverance, and learning with which, in the middle ages, they had by means of manual copying preserved the treasures of ancient literature from annihilation and oblivion, they proceeded in the revision, printing, correction, and publication of their books. These model publications produced their immediate fruit in France, by giving to the world such historians as Bossuet, Fleury, and others in long succession. With the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the present century, the study of history, as of every other science, received new life and vigor. But for reasons intimately connected with the origin and cause of that great advance which thought, investigation, and speculation made in the world, came also a marked change in the method of handling historical subjects. The stores of ancient records had been diligently examined, the materials for historical inquiry already laid before the public; mere naked facts, in one word, had been in great part placed beyond dispute. Men now began to think of writing summaries of the whole, of sketching rapid surveys of the long ages past, of tracing the working of ideas under the outward phenomena of

material accidents. Leading events were taken as beacons for guidance, smaller circumstances were made subservient to the former; all were made to partly vanish and run together in one great, all-embracing gaze cast on humanity; and the study of the philosophy of history was inaugurated in the world. The students of Germany, beginning with Herder and Kant, Hegel and Schlegel, entered with zeal into this noble competition with France, soon equaling and even surpassing her. They brought with them into the field conscientious and serious analytical research and that philosophical turn of mind peculiar to their race; and now the names of Niebuhr, Wolf, and Neander, Ranke and Mommsen, Alzog and Döllinger, throw a particular lustre on that science.

Guizot, in all his numerous historical works, has confined himself exclusively within the limits of modern history; that is to say, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present day. As far as the original sources can insure success, he was at home in all the questions he handled. He neither avoided nor shirked any difficulty. On the contrary, the more abstruse the point encountered, the more pains and the longer time he took to unravel the mysterious web of under-currents, tendencies, characters, and men. Of the many hints and conjectures he has thrown out with a profuse hand, of the many questions which he has asked himself, in the course of his lectures, many have been solved in a masterly manner, many left unanswered. But the latter show even better than the former how his mind was eager not only to instruct, but also to influence his hearers to individual exertions and lead them to private investigations. Seeing that constitutions are, as nearly as may be, the faithful expressions of the civilization and requirements of nations—in the books of law, in the regulations with which princes strove to rule their

subjects, in the statutes of parliaments and of diets made to protect subjects against the overpowering influence or tyranny of their rulers, he sought to read the customs and spirit of each age. This inductive method of proceeding enabled him to master the oldest and ever-living difficulty and the most obscure point in the history of the polity of nations, the mutual relations of subjects and kings. It also led him to view all his materials from a higher philosophical stand-point. He abandoned the consideration of facts, discussions on characters, controversies concerning exact dates, to treat of their ultimate results, meaning, and expression. He left to others the care of individuals and single periods in history, to write himself the best known and most popular of all his works, the *Histoire générale de la Civilisation en Europe*.

A new era seemed to have dawned for the famous old Sorbonne of Paris, when on alternate days with his two intimate friends, the profound Cousin and the eloquent Villemain, Guizot drew crowds of eager and admiring students to his brilliant course of lectures. But that very circumstance, which obtained for him most honor and spread far and wide the reputation of his name, led him also to commit many grievous mistakes. In moments of excitement he forgot oftentimes his character of historian for that of lecturer, omitted events which would shackle and interfere with premeditated philosophical conceptions of whole epochs of history, sacrificed truth itself if the diction of a graceful period or an effective conclusion might be injured by it. To us readers, no longer imposed upon by the dazzling presence of the academician, minister, and peer, unswayed by the pressure and opinion of the crowd, his faults are doubly glaring, and mar the effect that his assertions and arguments would otherwise produce.

But the first, great, leading, and abso-

lutely necessary principle in writing credible history is impartiality. The slightest taint of prejudice, the smallest particle of biased passion, the most recondite and distant shadow of party spirit, in a book, shakes at once the faith of a reader in the soundness and even honesty of its conclusions. A historian leaves the eminent position assigned to him by Lessing, that of "educator of the human race," and sinks to a mere paltry skirmisher of a faction, or must become satisfied with a place in the ranks of mere controversialists. If anyone's admitted object is to trace, from an avowed standpoint of party or creed, the origin and development of one single feature and idea in the fluctuations of human events, no one has a word to say against it. St. Augustine in his *Civitas Dei*, and Bossuet in the *Discours sur l'Histoire universelle*, applied themselves to prove how each circumstance in the lapse of ages was ordained to further the progress among men of the decrees of a superior Providence. And both works are noble monuments of talent and dialectical skill. The view taken by them of the final destination of humanity may be called in question, but no one can accuse the writers either of an unfair use of prejudice or party spirit: the moral and object of the works having been announced on the title-page. But in the historian, who divests himself of all national bias, who renounces the allegiance of all creeds or parties, and who, holding the scales of blindfold justice in his hands, would pass sentence on mankind, if we find any prejudices of commission or omission, our faith in him is instantly impaired, and neither his name nor reputation, age, merits, nor learning, can ever entirely win it back. Guizot has largely sinned in this respect.

The traditions of his family were connected with the history of the Protestant Huguenots, who, experiencing the sad

fate of all minorities, had been restricted in their liberties, and driven out of their father-land; all of which left their descendant little disposed to do Roman Catholicism justice. His earliest and therefore most lasting impressions and ideas were received in the age of philosophers of the great French Revolution, who regarded Christianity as inimical to the free use of the human intellect; and this again left him little disposed to view Christianity in any form with much complacency.

The period, as before stated, of his historical researches extended over the last fifteen centuries. Only in three of them do we find the Protestant religion existing as a great power; and here, by showing himself, where favorable to any, the partisan and defender of one special belief, he hurts his credit with the overpowering numbers of followers of other denominations, Catholics, Greeks, Jews, and Mahometans, who must look upon him as biased by the traditions of a sect. And whereas, in the whole fifteen centuries which he describes, Christianity, in its broadest sense, occupies, as a religion, the leading position, he, by insinuating its pernicious effect on the material and intellectual progress of nations, loses the sympathy of all who still believe in the divinity of that doctrine, and have seen no proof that it interferes with the truest mundane welfare or advancement.

From this two-fold prejudice, no one perhaps suffers so much as Guizot himself. He had proposed to himself the most noble and difficult of tasks, that of studying the diverse operations of human thought, as it has displayed itself over fifteen centuries, in every branch and in every degree of activity that man's powers or energies can reach. Slow or rapid may be the advancement, good or bad the end of the operations of intelligent beings in the world, but each particle of that vast machine must necessari-

ly work passively or actively, positively or negatively, to some end. Each individual, each political system, and each creed, brings also, of necessity, its contingent of force to roll forward the stone of civilization or to retard the progress of mankind. Had the French writer pointed out the manner in which Roman Catholicism or Christianity at large had at times fulfilled its civilizing duties and again impeded the march of progress, some might have denied the proofs, none could have impeached his historical method. But when he allows his prejudices to get the better of his reason, uses invectives instead of giving arguments, advances opinions which he is unable to maintain or is forced in other places to contradict, the result must be fatal to his ends. A few contradictions in so prolific a writer would be excused; whole strings of glaring and unmistakable inconsistencies cast a reproach of willful fickleness in judgment upon and even place in jeopardy the character for veracity of the man, whoever he may be.

Thus writing under the influence of his prejudices (for let us, by all means, always call things by their proper names), Guizot says in his lectures on *Feudality*: "The sentiment of this right (resistance to oppression) had been lost in the degeneracy of Roman society, from the ruins of which it could not again arise; as little, in my opinion, was it a natural emanation from the principles of Christian society." Surely this is hardly fair, as coming from the man who had before him the unceasing, if interested, resistance of Christian bishops and Christian monks against the tyranny of rulers and violators of women's most sacred rights, from St. Ambrose to Cardinal Wolsey, and who himself had witnessed the conflict of a Christian pope with a conquering despot.

In another of these lectures he says: "But the feeling of personal independence, the taste for liberty, showing itself

at any hazard, with hardly any other object than its own satisfaction—this feeling, I repeat, was unknown to the Roman and Christian society.” In spite of the pretended nonchalance of men who had become Christians, about personal liberty, yet Christians were the cause of the abolition of personal slavery in the world. So he admits in another lecture: “No doubt that she [the church] struggled obstinately against the great vices of the social state; for example, against slavery.” But in the next line, as if he were reluctant to establish without any restriction a fact which must necessarily excite in favor of the church the sympathies of all humanity, he adds: “It has been often repeated that the abolition of slavery in the modern world was entirely due to Christianity. I believe that this is saying too much; slavery existed for a long time, in the bosom of Christian society, without exciting astonishment or much opposition.” The premises do not seem to justify this conclusion. To proceed logically, he should first have seen whether the sudden abolition of slavery was possible, if the spirit of peace and order could allow the church rashly to enter on an enterprise which, without gaining the desired object, might have convulsed the world. The number of bondmen was immense. The system by which they were held was deeply rooted in laws, manners, ideas, and interests individual and social; a fatal system no doubt, but the eradication of which all at once it would have been madness to attempt, as its roots had penetrated deeply into and spread widely in the very bowels of society.

In glancing at European civilization, Guizot encountered necessarily the Jesuits. “Throw a glance over their history; they have failed everywhere—wherever they have interfered to any extent they have brought misfortune to the cause in which they have engaged.

In England they have destroyed kings, in Spain nations.” Now whatever may be said as to their political and religious morality, the credit, influence, and sagacity of Jesuits have passed into a proverb. Protestants and Roman Catholics of schools anti-Jesuitical have alike always confessed that the Jesuits were most formidable adversaries; it was always thought that the foundation of the order had an immense result: yet now we are informed that they have everywhere failed; that their support, far from being a succor, always brought fatality and misfortune to the cause of which they declared themselves the advocates. We will not say anything here of that bold stroke of the pen which settled the English question, but must remark that most persons conversant with the history of the Spanish peninsula believe that the battle of Villalar and the punishment of Padilla, by confirming and increasing the royal power, destroyed the last hope of the partisans of the ancient liberties of the commons. That battle took place in 1521, when Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, was still a knight-errant, fighting under the walls of Pampeluna. Philosophy, and eloquence, and Mr. Buckle can not well efface these dates.

“With the Jesuits,” Guizot says, “there is no *éclat*, no grandeur. They have performed no brilliant exploits.” In identically the same lecture, a few lines farther, he adds: “And yet nothing is more certain than that they have had grandeur; a grand idea belongs to their names, to their influence, to their history. It is because they knew what they did and what they wished; it is because they had a clear and full knowledge of the principles on which they acted, and of the end toward which they tended; that is to say, because they have had grandeur of thought and of will.” It requires a reader to have some command over his feelings, to pre-

vent him from smiling pretty broadly, after encountering such childish contradictions.

Guizot has not escaped the common fate of men of his age, and especially of his own countrymen, and throughout has shown himself too much a *doctrinaire*. It is a disease, resulting from inadequacy of character to the situation, and from unsettled opinions in times of violent political transition. We can do no better than borrow a passage from him, where in eloquent words he describes this fact: "We have lived for half a century under the empire of general ideas, more or less accredited and powerful, under the pressure of formidable, almost irresistible events. There has resulted a certain weakness, a certain effeminacy in our minds and characters. Individual convictions and will are wanting in energy and confidence in themselves. Men assent to a prevailing opinion, obey a general impulse, yield to an external necessity. Individuality, the inward and personal energy of man, is weak and timid. Amid the progress of public liberty, many seem to have lost the proud and invigorating sentiment of their own personal liberty. Such was not the middle age."

None can, however, find fault with the French writer, on this account. The opinions and bent of the passions of almost every man are formed and molded by the daily intercourse of his contemporary fellow-men. Only a very few select minds can rise superior to their age, and think, speak, act, as progress will necessitate generations of the future to do. Called to public life and to the helm of government, he brought with him the inflexible stubbornness of his doctrines on the political stage. A lengthy discussion of his career is foreign to our present essay. His unhappy country—torn by so many factions, disemboweled by fanatical partisans of men and theories, a prey to an unre-

lenting foreign enemy—can not wait for the slow, although sure, development of salutary systems, but wants a *man*, with the genius and the power to save it—from itself. Violent distempers require most speedy means of abatement. Guizot had the power, as professor for many years to the youth of France, as a prime-minister, deputy, and peer of the realm; but he lacked the genius. Guizot, therefore, was not *the man*.

The child of his age, constantly advocating progress and the civilization of the nineteenth century, he nevertheless despised the middle ages, and wrote in the year 1852: "We have at length entered upon an order of things which admits neither the oppression of the force which usurps power, nor that of anarchy which destroys it." And yet what is the history of progressive, modern France, if not a continual vibration between "anarchy" and the "usurpation of power?" Mr. J. S. Mill, whom no one will accuse of a retrograde inclination, deploring the false impression of the author in that respect, writes (*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1845): "When the history of what are called the dark ages shall be written as it deserves to be, that will be seen by all, which is already recognized by the great historical inquirers of the present time—that at no period of history was human intellect more active, or society more unmistakably in a state of rapid advance than during a great part of the so much vilified feudal period." And the lucid mind of Guizot, in another portion of the same book from which the last citation is taken (*Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement représentatif*), derides the pretentious doctrines of the age, saying: "It would seem as if reason, regard for justice, love of liberty, all that makes society dignified and secure, were a discovery of to-day, made by the generation which has last appeared."

And yet his name will and must occu-

py a prominent position in the literature and history of his nation and of the world. In the course of the long eighty-six years of his life, he had taken an active part in some of the greatest changes that have ever revolutionized Europe. In spite of the imperfections that have crept into his writings, the immense store of learning he possessed, the height to which his powerful intel-

lect has soared, the fluency of his eloquence, the disinterested intent of his public acts, the amiability of his manners, leave a deep, lasting, and honorable memory behind. And when the existence of his petty critics will be buried in merited oblivion, the knowledge of generations to come shall contemplate with admiration the illustrious and grand old Frenchman, Guizot.

"UNTO THE DAY."

Shall we count the reeds at our feet,
 Or the fluttering, falling leaves?
 Or number the golden sheaves
 Of the ripening wheat?
 Reckon the gathered flowers—
 And the moments, all too fleet?
 Enough to know them ours,
 To know them sweet!

Because that a cloud may lie
 Over the morrow's sky,
 Must we miss
 The glory that shines from this?

This love that is mine to-day,
 Will it go—will it stay?
 Must I question—must I weigh?
 Nay, love, for thou art blind!
 With wings of the wind,
 With speed of the morning fleet—
 Or, fluttering to rest,
 White dove to her white nest—
 I know not, nor divine.
 Enough to know thee sweet,
 To know thee mine!

SOME REFORMS IN OUR PUBLIC ETHICS.

AMONG all the events of modern times, there are few more worthy of our admiration than the growth of the United States. It has, indeed, been marvelous. With a rapidity equal to anything mentioned in oriental fiction, unknown regions have been explored, forests swept away, and waste lands reclaimed and covered with beautiful, happy homes. Not long ago, the inhabitants were content with dwellings made of skins and boughs; to-day, public and private edifices, rivaling in magnificence those of ancient Greece and Rome, minister to their necessities and luxuries. Not long ago, they depended for food and clothing on the flesh and skins of wild beasts; to-day, ships and freight trains laden with the products of the remotest climes proclaim their wealth, their splendor, and their taste. In short, the United States, from being the domain of a few wandering tribes of savages, have risen to a prominent position among the civilized nations of the earth.

It is, however, unnecessary to waste time in recounting the glories of this happy land. Every demagogue between Maine and San Diego has made them the theme of his discourse; and, while painting in glowing terms the advantages of being an American citizen, he has taken care to tell his audience that the source of their prosperity lies solely in their customs and in their laws. The people, it must be confessed, have listened to such tales with no unwilling ears. Having severed their connection with the mother country in a most violent manner; having then organized a government which guaranteed a degree of liberty previously unknown, and finding their experiments crowned with unpar-

alleled success, the actors in the Revolution, as well as their successors, were easily persuaded that all this success was owing to the perfection of their institutions.

American institutions have, undoubtedly, done much for the material, the moral, and the intellectual welfare of American citizens. They have not, however, done all that has been attributed to them; and, lest by giving them too much credit for the past we may be tempted to expect too much success from them in the future, it is wisest in their friends to show wherein they have failed. It is best to show that much of the success credited to laws and customs is due to the genial climate, the fertile soil, and the almost inexhaustible resources of the country. Much, also, is due to that ever-flowing tide of industrious immigrants, each of whom brings, in a greater or less degree, a knowledge of some business in which his country excels. Every immigrant may, on the whole, be many degrees inferior to the men with whom he comes in contact in his adopted home; still he brings some new ideas, and, while he has a great deal to learn from Americans, the Americans learn something from him. These are truisms, but they are truisms to which, in accounting for the progress of the country, we do not pay sufficient attention.

It is difficult to say which is most to be feared by the institutions of a country—the friend from whom they receive unmerited praise, or the enemy from whom they receive unmerited censure. In either case, the truth, in the course of time, becomes known, and is followed by a reaction which more than coun-

terbalances the temporary loss or gain caused by the falsehood. But if the friend, while admitting the merits, candidly points out the defects with the hope of remedying them, no such evil results are likely to follow. It is for this reason, and in no spirit of hostile criticism, that I wish to call the attention of the lovers of republicanism to the faults of some American, especially Californian, customs.

The most important function of any government is to afford protection to life and property. But, while affording protection to the individual, the government must give him liberty, as long as he does not interfere with the rights of others, to seek health, pleasure, or happiness in any manner he pleases. If it does these things economically it has strong claims to be considered a good government. If it fails in this, no matter what privileges it may confer, it does not fulfill its mission. Does the government of this country afford the necessary protection to the lives of its citizens? Is it administered with necessary economy? These are questions that merit the serious consideration of every lover of his country. I fear that the answer to each of them must be a very emphatic "No."

Let us glance first at the matter of economy. The gross extravagance practiced in every department of the State and General Governments is so generally acknowledged that it is unnecessary to resort to statistics for proof. In this respect we are behind almost every other civilized country; and, instead of gaining wisdom by experience, we are every year growing worse. This is not strange. The wonder would be if, with our customs, it were otherwise. In any department in which the *employés* are changed every year or two, it would be absurd to expect either economy or an approach to perfection. If a merchant, a banker, or a manufacturer followed the habit of

discharging his assistants after he had found them able and willing to perform their duties, and of engaging in their place a set of inexperienced men, would not everyone think him a fool? Unless he had an unlimited supply of money at his command, would not the result be bankruptcy? The affairs of the State are as complicated as those of an individual; and every public officer needs special training and special experience as well as the banker's clerk or the foreman in a factory. The public officer should, in fact, have more experience than the *employé* of an individual or a company, because usually he has to attend to matters of greater importance.

Notwithstanding the fact that public officers need experience, here, in California, after every election, about 500 new men, county officials, go into office. Multiply this number by sixty, and we have in the United States a nice army of 30,000 men trying their "prentice hands" at the administration of public affairs. Add to this the officers of the State and General Governments, and we have nearly as many more equally inexperienced. The men who go out of office are, of course, much better than those who take their places; because the former have now some experience, while the latter have none. Indeed, so true is it that they have no special qualifications for the office to which they have been elected, that in many instances, without any injury to the public service, the county surveyor might exchange offices with the county judge, the sheriff with the treasurer, the commissioner of roads with the county clerk, and the superintendent of schools with the constable. It is a very common thing to see a man, after his term has expired, elected to another office, in which the duties are wholly different. I remember, among other cases, where one acted successively as constable and superintendent of schools; and he was considered as well

qualified to arrest a thief as to examine a school-ma'am. Whether he was or was not successful in either capacity is another affair.

Keeping these things in view, we must conclude that the general public here are more intelligent and better educated than the office-holders in Europe, or that the duties of state and county officials here are often performed in a very insufficient manner. The latter alternative is a very disagreeable one; but, unfortunately, it is the only one that the evidence will allow us to adopt. In every department of the public service the results of incompetence, not from want of natural ability but from want of experience, occasionally crop out. Look, for instance, at the county roads of California. No small part of the taxes raised in every county is spent in their maintenance. Yet if you ask any farmer about the condition of the roads in his neighborhood, the answer very often will be that they are best where they have been let alone. During the summer months numbers of men may be seen mending the roads in various parts of the State. In many instances, in less than a month after the work is done, all traces of the "improvement" have disappeared. Is the disappearance owing to the great amount of traffic on the road? No. Is it owing to the action of torrents or inundations? No. My dear reader, unless you saw it, you would never guess the cause. The "improvement" has been *blown away by the wind!* Lest people unacquainted with the country might think we suffer from violent hurricanes, I must say that the wind in California seldom amounts to anything stronger than a pleasant breeze; but, perhaps, this is the only country in which people resort to the practice of mending their roads by filling the ruts and holes with dust.

Since public officers are, on entering on the discharge of their duties, inex-

perienced, it would be natural to suppose that they should work for small salaries. On the contrary, their salaries are two or three times as large as those that experienced men receive from private individuals for performing similar duties. Public officers can not afford to work for a moderate salary. No man would, without receiving a great advance in salary, leave permanent employment for a temporary job. If a clerk works for a company or for a private individual, while worthy of his position he usually retains it. But let him obtain a county, a State, or a United States office, and no amount of clerical ability will secure his re-election. If he has received his position by appointment, he is not sure of it a single day. There is in addition the expense of election to be made good out of his salary. This alone often amounts to a year's pay, and sometimes leaves the unsuccessful candidate a bankrupt. Having once tasted the sweets of office, the office-holder is extremely unwilling to resign them. If he fails to be re-elected, he does not readily return to his former occupation in private life. Even if he tried, perhaps the employment he resigned could not easily be obtained. Hence, he often remains idle until the next election, hoping that either himself or his party may again come into office. Let him be again elected, and he considers the public bound to reimburse him, not only for the time he is in office, but also for the time spent in waiting for it; and he generally succeeds in obtaining pay for the time he was idle as well as for the time he works.

Extravagance is not by any means the worst feature of the case. The tax-payers are rich, money is easily obtained, and we can yearly squander sums that would ruin a poorer country. Still, everyone will admit that the expense of administering public affairs is enormous, and everyone should endeavor to reduce

the cost within moderate bounds. But what is worse, is the injurious effect of this system on public morality. Owing to the difficulty attending an election or an appointment to an office, and to the uncertainty of retaining it for any considerable time, public officials are strongly tempted to appropriate the public money in a fraudulent manner; and it is a well-known fact, that they yield to temptation much more frequently than men who fill similar positions in private life.

If public officers knew that their position depended, not on a corner-grocery convention, nor on a gambling politician sent to Congress as the tool of a corporation, but on the faithful discharge of their duties, they could afford to work for half the salaries they now receive. When this comes to pass, and not before, we may reasonably expect honesty and efficiency on the part of public servants. Sheriffs, instead of "laying the wires" for the next election, would attend more to their duties, and probably establish some plan of prison reform, the result of which would be that prisoners would cease to be a burden to the State. Experience would enable every officer to reduce the amount of work in his department, or to perform it in a better manner. But now, every officer would prefer to see the quantity of work in his department increased rather than diminished; because the more work, the more fees, the greater the number of deputies he can employ, and the larger the number of voters who would feel interested in his re-election.

What is the reason that we so often change our public officers? In changing them do we act with either the hope or the desire of obtaining better men? Not at all. The power, as well as the inclination, of every officer to do his duty is injuriously affected by our system. We act only in obedience to a sentiment worthy of Attila or any other

blood-thirsty conqueror at the head of his barbarian hordes. "To the victors belong the spoils" is the key to our conduct. Attila, however, sought his "spoils" in strange lands and from strange races; but we obtain our spoils in our own country and from our friends and neighbors.

However careless and extravagant we can afford to be in pecuniary matters, human life is too precious to be wasted without cause, and nothing can excuse us for not affording it the necessary protection. Here our laws as well as our customs are wrong. The large number of murders committed yearly in the United States is owing to various causes. A very fruitful one is to be found in that false pride which impels people to redress their own wrongs, instead of appealing to the proper tribunal. Readiness to avenge an insult is considered by many to be a trait worthy of admiration; while the fact is, every indulgence in this habit brings us nearer to a level with the savage. Every member of a civilized community tacitly agrees to refrain from taking the law into his own hands; therefore, whenever he resorts without sufficient cause to physical force, he forfeits the honor of a gentleman and violates the most solemn obligation of a citizen. Matters would not be so bad if this tendency to become our own avengers were confined to the dregs of society; but, unfortunately, our social and political leaders are subject to its demoralizing influence. While senators, judges, and newspaper proprietors resort to the fist, the club, and the revolver, to redress their wrongs or to enforce their arguments, it is idle to expect those usually looked upon as vicious and degraded to have any respect for the majesty of the law. Surely, if the gentleman is justified in using his cane or his derringer, the hoodlum is justified in using bricks and cobble-stones; and if the latter is punished while the former is

allowed to go free, he knows very well it is not because his crime is greater, but because his influence is less.

The public press, usually considered a guardian and promoter of morality, instead of treating murder with the gravity it deserves, too often refers to the grossest outrages only with the desire to make them amusing to its readers. In almost every newspaper we occasionally find a story like the following :

"Smith and Brown got into a dispute a few days ago at Jones' store. They drew their revolvers, fired several shots, but neither of them was hurt. A stranger, whose name we could not ascertain, was buying clothing and provisions, when a stray bullet from Smith's revolver rendered the purchase unnecessary. The money he intended to spend in the store was enough to cover his funeral expenses."

With this ghastly attempt at facetiousness the subject is dropped. There is not a word of censure for the criminality of Smith and Brown, who are allowed to go about their business unmolested. There is not a word of censure for the criminal negligence of the county authorities who fail to make arrests.

There is another way in which the action of newspapers actually promotes crime. A love of notoriety is rather a prominent characteristic of Americans in general, and of Californians in particular. Here neither age nor sex escapes its influence. The young girl, entering her teens, is not satisfied unless her progress at school is recorded in the local papers. The old man, entering his dotage, is not satisfied unless his "golden wedding" receives similar publicity. This desire to be talked of may be rendered instrumental for good or evil ; but here it is caused to minister to vicious inclinations much more frequently than to virtuous ones. No sooner is a noted murderer arrested, than we are treated to a history of his antecedents. His good qualities especially are brought before the public. His sayings, his doings, his manner of eating, drinking, and sleeping, receive more atten-

tion than if he were a benefactor to his race. Even his vulgar amours form the subject of paragraphs and editorials in the daily papers. After his conviction, should such a thing occur, whatever is known about him is repeated. We are told what effect his arrival at the jail had on the other prisoners. We are told of the grace and beauty, the tenderness and devotion, the wealth and refinement, of the ladies who visit him in prison. If he has a family, the parting scene is depicted in most affecting terms. We are told of the grief of the broken-hearted wife, and the lamentations of the innocent children, rendered almost orphans by cruel, inexorable law. Or, perhaps, it is the bereavement of an aged and helpless parent that is brought forward to excite our sympathy. But we are told little of the void left in society by the death of the victim, little of *his* widow and orphans, little of *his* barbarous and untimely end. In short, we are told everything that would create pity for the murderer's misfortunes, but little that might create abhorrence of his crimes.

Thoughtless young men, living at a distance from the scene of the murder, are led astray by these foolish attempts to make the murderer a hero. They see that he receives much sympathy and notoriety, and generally but little punishment. They see that convictions are obtained with difficulty, while pardons are procured with ease. They come to look upon the murderer as one to be envied rather than abhorred, and the slightest temptation finds them in readiness to follow his example.

The fact that so many persons carry knives or revolvers leads to much bloodshed. In almost every other civilized country men are not allowed indiscriminately to carry deadly weapons. The power to punish law-breakers is, like the power to coin money, properly vested in the government. As the possession of

the counterfeiter's tools is considered evidence of intention to usurp one prerogative of the government, so should the possession of deadly weapons be considered evidence of intention to usurp another prerogative, and the latter misdemeanor, as well as the former one, should be repressed with a firm hand.

Owing to this custom, men to whom the crime of murder is hateful, and who go armed only in self-defense, often imbrue their hands in blood. When persons of quick temper get into a dispute, blows often follow. For purposes of attack or defense, they take up the readiest weapon; and, since that happens to be a knife or a revolver, they in a moment of passion commit a deed which, in a calmer mood, they could not contemplate without a shudder. Many who carry revolvers have not the least intention of using them, either for attack or defense. They have, unfortunately, a foolish ambition to be thought desperate fellows, with whom it would be dangerous to interfere. Each of these is a veritable Bob Acres, as deficient in courage as he is desirous of notoriety. But what we have to thank especially for so large a number of deeds of violence, is our failure to mete out prompt and impartial justice to criminals. There are three ways in which men are restrained from crime: first, through religious or superstitious belief, which leads them to expect punishment for their evil ways hereafter; second, that higher kind of education which teaches them that every crime against society reacts upon the transgressor, even though the law provides no special punishment; third, a belief that the government is able and willing to protect the just and punish the unjust, and that conviction and punishment speedily follow the commission of a crime. In whatever country one of these restraints is weak, the others should be proportionately strong. Here, during the last twenty years, the efficacy

of the first restraint has considerably abated, while that of the second has only slightly increased. To maintain an equilibrium, the third restraint should be more rigid than formerly. Instead of that, it has become relaxed; and, as it can be shown, with most deplorable results.

There are two ways in which our failure to inflict adequate punishment on murderers tends to make murders more numerous. Every one of that vicious class who are controlled by nothing but the fear of punishment, will, on every occasion, give way to their murderous propensities. In the next place, men to whom murder would, under ordinary circumstances, be abhorrent, will often think that they are justified in taking human life. If the law fails to avenge the murder of a kinsman, they think it only right to see to the murderer themselves. This custom prevailed some time or other in almost every country; and it will, to some extent, prevail wherever the criminal is not punished by the government. Feuds of this kind were often transmitted from generation to generation, and ended only with the extinction of the families that were parties to the quarrel. Everyone is familiar with cases in various parts of the United States in which the members of two hostile families, disregarding all legally constituted authority, have butchered one another, sometimes within the precincts of a court of justice.

A glance at the statistics will show more readily than anything else some of the effects of non-interference. In the year 1850, with a population of 23,191,876, we had 227 homicides in the United States, or nearly one homicide to every 100,000 living persons. In 1860, with a population of 31,443,321, we had 998 homicides, or three and one-tenth (3.1) homicides to every 100,000 living persons. In 1870, with a population of 38,558,371, we had 2,057 homicides, or five and

three-tenths (5.3) homicides to every 100,000 living persons. In 1850, with 227 homicides, we had twenty-one persons executed, or one execution to every eleven homicides. In 1860, with 998 homicides, we had fifty-nine persons executed, or one execution to every seventeen homicides. In 1870, with 2,057 homicides, we had thirty-one persons executed, or only one execution to every sixty-six homicides. Thus we see that the chance to escape being hanged for murder in 1870 was six times greater than in 1850; and when we find that the number of murders committed in 1870 was, in proportion to the population, six times greater than the number committed in 1850, we can not help being startled by the coincidence.

A comparison of the number of murders committed in one section of the United States with the number committed in another section still further illustrates the folly of allowing criminals to go unpunished. It is a well-known fact that the laws are better enforced in the Eastern and Middle States than in either the Western or Southern States. In 1871, the number of homicides in the Eastern States was one and two-tenths; in the Middle States, one and seven-tenths; in the Western States, four and five-tenths; and in the Southern States, where disorganized governments were unable to bring criminals to justice, it was eleven to every 100,000 living persons. California, though not so bad as other States, had eight homicides to every 100,000 of population.

With one exception, I have no criminal statistics of foreign countries to compare with our own. That one, however, resembles California in many respects. Like California, she received a large proportion of her population during the last twenty years. There, as here, the people are scattered over a large extent of country, engaged in farming, stock-raising, and mining. The people who went

there during the last twenty years were, like those who arrived here, bold, enterprising, and industrious, seeking homes and fortunes in a distant land. Here the resemblance ends. The immigrants there, on their arrival, found the country partially occupied by the most vicious convicts that were ever transported from the British islands. I refer to New South Wales, Australia, better known to many as the colony of which Sydney is the capital. All over the civilized world the Sydney convicts were notorious. They, with their children, still form a large part of the population of the colony. Under these circumstances, it would be natural to expect that crimes of violence would be much more numerous in New South Wales than in California. Yet, in 1870, with a population nearly equal to ours, there were only twenty-two homicides there to forty-five here.

The number of homicides here should be smaller than in the Eastern States; but, in proportion to the population, it is nearly seven times greater. It is easier to make a living here than in the Eastern States; and, all other things being equal, theft and robbery, which lead to murder, are most common in those places in which it is hardest to obtain the necessaries of life. Many will say that crimes of violence are so numerous here on account of the large number of desperate characters that have flocked here from other parts of the world. He who makes that assertion admits everything that I wanted to prove. Why should thieves and murderers come to California rather than to other countries? Simply because crimes are committed here with comparative impunity. That California should be so attractive to desperadoes is one of the things we should guard against. The influx of criminals is only a part of the evil, for *whatever attracts them repels the best class of immigrants.*

When we blame the government, of course, we must blame ourselves. We make the government, and it is to our own selfishness and want of patriotism that all these evils may be traced. To tell Californians that they are selfish and deficient in patriotism may surprise them. Still, the charge is true, and the worst of it is that conduct arising from selfish and unpatriotic motives is often attributed to clemency and love of mankind. Doubtless many of them are patriotic enough to forfeit their money, and, in moments of danger, to risk their lives, in defense of the country. But there is another kind of patriotism which prompts a man in his calmest mood to sacrifice his feelings to the welfare of the community, and of this they are sadly deficient. The following anecdote will illustrate this failing.

At one time I spent a night in the house of a farmer in this State, who in intelligence and wealth was superior to his class. A few weeks previously he had to act in the capacity of juror. Among other cases tried was that of a young man, charged with horse-stealing. "The evidence was conclusive against him," said the farmer, "and most of the jurors were for his conviction; but as I knew several of his friends, and as he was a young man, I thought it a pity to have him sent to the State Prison, and, by great exertion, I succeeded in having him acquitted." The farmer thought that he was acting from the most humane motives, and felt proud of his conduct. His story was scarcely finished when one of his sons came in and told him that a man was stealing fruit out of the store-room, a detached building a few rods distant. When the farmer heard this he jumped up, exclaiming, in fierce and excited tones, "Get me my rifle—get me my rifle!" When he had received his rifle we all ran to the store-room, but the thief had disappeared. We could hear his steps as he ran off,

but it was too dark to see him. The farmer fired several shots after him; but, so far as we could learn, none of them took effect. As we returned to the house, he expressed his regret at the escape of the thief; and, from his words and his actions, I have no doubt that he would have shot him if he could.

This is a fair illustration of the manner in which Californians refrain from doing their duty, and "lay the flattering unction to their souls" that they are actuated only by a spirit of clemency. They are too humane to send a man to the State Prison for a year, when the offense is committed against their neighbor; but they will shoot him, without hesitation, when the offense is committed against themselves.

Evils arising from so many causes can not be either suddenly or easily removed. However, instead of being appalled by the magnitude of the task, we should be incited to greater and more stubborn exertion. That all our exertion is necessary few will deny. Public opinion on some of the most important questions must be entirely remodeled. For instance, we must look upon swindling as feloniously disreputable, whether the sum taken is one dollar or one hundred thousand dollars, whether the victim is the government or a private individual. We punish a hoodlum who has stolen a few dollars from a drunken man on the "Barbary Coast" of San Francisco; but, in the same week, we find that our laws are unable to reach a public official who has embezzled thousands. Public opinion treats them as the law does. The little thief is despised, while the big one is but slightly less honored than before. While this kind of public feeling exists, every convicted hoodlum will be sorry, not for having stolen, but that he did not steal enough.

We must teach jurors that, in giving their verdict, it is the evidence and not their feelings that should be consulted.

They may feel flattered to think that they act from merciful considerations; but a closer examination of the matter would show them that mistaken lenity is as injurious as unnecessary harshness, and that it is more humane to protect the innocent than to pardon the guilty. We must clear the law of those technicalities that render its action uncertain, and that serve as loop-holes of retreat for clever criminals. Something must be rotten, when a convicted felon obtains a fresh trial again and again, until his money is spent or he is acquitted.

Every citizen should be taught that it is his duty to vote at every election. Indeed, the citizen who refuses to vote is no better than the soldier who refuses to fight. In the election of our county officers the primary election is the most important; and yet, with unpardonable negligence, we leave that entirely to politicians who are seeking offices for themselves or their friends. It matters little whether our county officers call themselves Republicans, Democrats, or Independents. It matters little whether they voted for Grant or Greeley at the last presidential election. But it is of the utmost importance whether they are honest or dishonest, competent or in-

competent to discharge their duties. If every party nominates its best men, it matters little which gains the victory. Hence the necessity of a full vote at the primary election. The influence of the pulpit and the press should be exerted to this end. The preachers are loud in their condemnation of the man who stays away from church, but they have not a word of censure for the man who stays away from the polls; yet, of the two, perhaps the latter negligence is the one fraught with most danger to the community.

Having induced the citizens to go to the polls, we must next teach them to use more discrimination in casting their votes. Everyone, at present, unfortunately thinks that he has a right to vote for his friend or favorite. I have no more right to vote for my friend, simply because he is my friend, than I have to steal a thousand dollars for him out of the public treasury. Citizens must be taught that the privilege of voting is a public trust, to be exercised for the public benefit; and that he who does not exercise it thus is guilty of as great a crime as the member of a firm who takes advantage of his position to defraud his partners and enrich himself.

WHO MURDERED KASPAR HAUSER?

ONE of the strangest stories of the century is that of Kaspar Hauser. Though nearly fifty years have passed since he was discovered (the verb is exact) in the streets of Nuremberg, and though every effort has been made to determine his antecedents, and detect his murderer, the mystery surrounding him remains as impenetrable as ever. Recently, little has been said or published of the enigmatic stray; but, for a quarter of a century (1828-1853), it is

doubtful if any single individual in all Europe was so much discussed, or awoke so great an interest and curiosity. The newspapers on both sides of the ocean were full of him; pamphlets and books were printed to sustain this or that theory of his birth and belongings; philanthropists, philosophers, and *savants* were aroused in his behalf.

I remember seeing at the theatre, when a mere child (it was ten or twelve years after his death), a drama called

Kaspar Hauser, founded upon the incidents of his life, which so impressed me that his surprising history has had an attraction for me ever since. I read everything I could lay hold of in relation to the subject, and, later, I formed a theory of my own, which I thought subsequent revelations might verify. On reaching manhood, I devoured a volume, *Kaspar Hauser an Impostor*, printed in Germany during his life; Lang's views, indicating that he had committed suicide; Feuerbach's *Crime against the Life of the Soul*; also parts of Daumer and Broch's books; and I know not what else, without being able to agree fully with any of the positions therein taken.

The known facts seem to have been equal to the wildest imaginings of a morbid romancer. On a certain night in May, 1828, a citizen of Nuremberg was struck by the appearance of a young and singular peasant, who, for all his self-possession, might have dropped from the sky the minute before. Upon being accosted, the stranger showed signs of alarm, and would have run away had he had the strength. He was extremely pale—livid, indeed—as well as emaciated, and had the wild look of a harmless lunatic. His lips moved, but no words came from them; he trembled like an aspen, and as the citizen approached he shrunk as if he expected blows. He was supposed at first to be deaf and dumb; for he held up a letter with a supplicatory gesture. The letter, addressed to a cavalry officer of the garrison, represented that the bearer had been left by his mother, when a babe, to the care of a common laborer, who had kept him closely confined, but had taught him to read and write, and instructed him in the Christian faith. The custodian had been ordered to release the boy when he was sixteen; and, the proper time arriving, he had conducted Kaspar to the outskirts of the town, and

abandoned him. The letter inclosed a note, purporting to have been written by the youth's mother, and saying she was a poor girl who had been ruined by a cavalry officer, the father of the waif. The natural inference was, that the military man to whom the epistle was addressed was the betrayer, especially as he was mentioned as an officer in Nuremberg. The soldier, however, pronounced any such imputation preposterous, and the whole thing an invention designed to conceal the boy's parentage and everything connected with him. His version of the affair was universally accepted; and the whole city set itself to work to ferret out the mystery.

As soon as the youth recovered from his terror, he found his tongue. But the sole information that could be elicited was that his name was Kaspar Hauser, that he had come from Ratisbon, and was anxious to enter the army. He seemed to have been deeply impressed with the duty of loving his father—almost the only moral idea perceptible in his mind. A handkerchief, bearing his initials, and a prayer-book (Roman Catholic) constituted his entire property. He could read very little, and write less, and was so delicate in organization that he could not partake of other food than plain bread—indicating, though he would not admit it, that he had been reared on that alone. Those familiar with the Bavarian peasantry will remember that they are hardy, stalwart, but extraordinarily awkward and boorish. Kaspar, on the contrary, had a lithe and graceful figure, small and shapely hands and feet, and the appearance of having gentle blood in his veins. This confirmed the Nurembergers in the opinion that his parents must be persons of position and affluence, if not of distinction. Still, none of them felt willing to do anything for him; for money in Germany is adhesive, and is not easily wrested from the hands of its owners. Kaspar was,

therefore, sent to prison as a vagrant. But the mayor, who felt a profound interest in him, often took him home, and, by frequent conversations and liberal persuasion, drew from the boy that he had been confined in a dark cellar, from his earliest recollection, and that he lived there in complete solitude; a masked man visiting him at night to wash and dress him, give him food, and teach him the little he knew. The same person, just before his release, instructed him how to walk; finally carried him to Nuremberg, and left him without a word, all the while carefully concealing his own face.

The sympathy with Kaspar steadily increased. Many persons went to Nuremberg to see him, and talk with him; but he was very reticent, and professed ignorance of all his past beyond what has been told.

Professor Daumer (he published *Revelations of Kaspar Hauser*, in 1859) secured his freedom three months after his commitment, and undertook his education. Under regular instruction, he did not show the intelligence which had been noticed in his conversation, and made but slender progress in his studies. He learned, however, to write, draw, and ride very well; having special fondness for being on horseback. An aversion to religious exercises was early noted in him, extending to the presence of priests of every grade. After he had been three months in the professor's family, one of its members found him, one day, lying on the floor of the cellar with the blood flowing from a wound in his forehead. He said he had been in the garden, when a masked stranger, coming upon him suddenly, struck him in the face with a knife, and would have killed him, had he not run away and hidden in the cellar. The most energetic endeavor to discover the would-be murderer proved abortive.

The youth was then sent to the house

of a magistrate, and attended, wherever he went, by two policemen. Four months after the change, they heard the report of a pistol in an outer chamber where they had left him, and, running in, found the poor boy prostrate and bleeding profusely. They supposed the shot had been fired from the outside through the window—it might easily have been done—but Kaspar declared he had wounded himself while handling a pistol. Some persons believed his story; others disbelieved it; the effect of the incident being to swell curiosity and deepen the mystery.

By this time, so many reports of an exaggerated and contradictory character had been widely circulated and crept into the newspapers, that Hauser had grown to be the loudest-roaring lion of the old Bavarian burg. Lord Stanhope, who went there in 1831, was so greatly concerned for the youth that he adopted and carried him to Anspach, intending to complete his education and fit him for the law. Kaspar's proficiency was small, and his ardor smaller. Nevertheless, his patron had hope of his development; and after employing the then renowned criminal lawyer, Feuerbach, to do his utmost in discovering and prosecuting the secret enemies of his ward, he was on the eve of going to England with him, when the boy was again furtively assailed. Kaspar said he had met by appointment in a public garden a stranger claiming to have a message of moment to deliver, who, advancing in a friendly manner, drew a dagger and stabbed him in the breast. The lad cried out and ran; but as nobody was within sight or hearing, the assassin got away. The wound was obviously mortal. The ablest surgeons were summoned; but on the third day the unfortunate fellow died, and his secret, if he had any, died with him.

Large rewards were offered by Stanhope and the King of Bavaria for the

apprehension of the murderer; but no further clue was found than a paper dropped in the garden, stating that the desperate ruffian had come from the middle part of Bavaria, in the vicinity of Ratisbon, the exact neighborhood of the date of the letter in possession of the wanderer when first found in the streets of Nuremberg. Interest in the extraordinary case still continues in Bavaria and other parts of Germany, where they have not yet relinquished the hope of bringing the facts to light.

Not long ago, I encountered in Nuremberg an old native of the mediæval city. He was very intelligent; had made a special study of what might be termed the Kaspar Hauser literature; remembered the boy well, and had had frequent interviews with him. He held divers theories of the matter; but had never been able to pursue any one very far without finding that it clashed with another. As he admitted, he had thought of the thing every day for forty years, and the more he thought, the more he was baffled.

On the spot, my own interest, always somewhat active, was newly aroused. Long talks with the ancient Bavarian strengthened my belief in the opinion I had long cherished—an opinion which, so far as I am aware, has never been put forward, although human ingenuity might seem to have been exhausted in the endless conjectures touching the eventful tragedy.

To my mind, the great mystery appears clear enough. The cause of it lies, as I conceive, in the determination of the Nurembergers and the general public to look away from the points indicated by the circumstances; to penetrate the darkness rather than to follow the light. From the first they were pleased to reject as a forgery the note of the poor, ruined girl, inclosed in the letter addressed to the cavalry officer, who was, in all probability, the boy's

father. The date of the letter was deliberately incorrect in order to mislead. The likelihood is that the mother of Kaspar lived very near Nuremberg—at Fürth or Erlangen, perchance—where her betrayer could easily have visited her. When the child was born, it must have been taken away at an early age by order of the father, who probably designed to have it murdered. His emissary—the man in the mask, mentioned by the lad—had not the heart to do the deed, but pretended to have done it. He kept the child, instead, in the dark cellar, fearful his falsehood would be exposed, and informed the mother, evidently standing in dread of the villain who had wronged her. Afraid of the father, especially lest he should destroy his offspring if he knew it to be alive, she forbore for awhile to see the boy; but employed the peasant to take care of him, secretly, as well as her poverty would allow. As Kaspar grew to youth, she and her agent perceived their increasing danger. She, with maternal fondness, delighted in him (unquestionably, after a brief period of his confinement, she clandestinely saw him), and thought his father would feel a pride in the boy, could he meet him face to face. She must have told Kaspar his history; inspired him with a love for his (invisible) father and with a reverence for religion. Who but a mother would have put a prayer-book in his garments, on the eve of his going away forever?

The lad was carried, as he had said, to the suburbs of Nuremberg, and was extremely reticent, lest he should bring his father or mother into trouble. When the former disowned him, he concealed his pain, and loved him still. Hauser's unwillingness to refer to his past proves this. He was intelligent enough to see that he must tell something to account for his emaciation, weakness, and bare ability to walk; and he told half the truth, than which nothing is

apter to deceive. Early impressed by his mother with the holy character of priests, and the sacredness of confession, he stood in awe of them. Fearing they might worm his secret out of him, he affected to hate their presence, and so was freed from their questioning.

The cavalry officer (I have understood in Nuremberg that, after the murder, he married a wealthy woman, to whom he had been long engaged) felt more resolved than ever to destroy his child, when the child had become an object of universal curiosity and interest, in order, as he thought, to prevent his own exposure. Undeniably, he became morbid; imagining that Kaspar's life stood between him and his dearest wishes, chief of which was marriage and the possession of a fortune. The first attempt to kill the lad was planned by the father, but undertaken by a hireling, though it is probable the truth was not then suspected by the contemplated victim. The second effort to murder must have been made by the officer in person, and the intending murderer have been recognized by the son, who screened his parent by an ingenious falsehood. The third assault, it is likely, was made by another hireling; and Hauser, knowing it would be fatal, feared, from his early religious impressions, to die with a lie on his lips, and must have supposed, moreover, that the bravo, if detected, would not implicate his father.

As nobody seems to have suspected the cavalry officer in the least, it is not strange that the ministers of justice got no clue. The dropping of the paper in the public garden is a transparent ruse. Did anyone ever hear of a murderer who vouchsafed, at the time of striking his victim, information to the public of the place of his residence? How could any mind be duped by so shallow an artifice?

The presumption that Kaspar was the son of the cavalry officer is rendered very strong by his fondness for horses, his excellent riding (directly inherited traits, no doubt), and his genteel appearance and bearing. Indeed, everything points to the sustainment of the theory I have advanced. How much more plausible it is, at worst, than the notion that the boy was an impostor, and deliberately committed suicide to defeat disclosure; or that he was the offspring of some great ruler who plotted his death in order to deprive him of the legitimate right of succession.

The greatest mysteries are those that lie nearest us; the deepest secrets those that stand open under our eyes. If the Nuremberg cavalry officer had been arrested, and a vigorous investigation held, when the first attempt was made upon Kaspar Hauser's life, the strange story, I am sure, would have been forgotten long ago; and the poor Bavarian youth have lost his chance of continued fame.

A CITY OF A DAY.

MEADOW LAKE is one of the strangest cities of America—one of the strangest in the world. It is the Californian Pompeii, the years of whose antiquity one can reckon on the fingers of one's hands; whose entombing lava is the summit snow-storm, which sometimes buries it twenty-five feet deep on the level; and whose annual exhumation is wrought by the summer sun. Of all the eloquent and melancholy monuments of that "dead-work" with which California and Nevada are so thickly strewn—work consecrated with human toil, human heroism and suffering, on which money, talent, and dauntless energy were so prodigally expended, and which all went for nothing—this is the most striking. This abandoned and desolate city, standing in the far solitudes of the summits of the Sierra Nevada, presents a spectacle sadder than Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," because not redeemed like that by the softening touch of tender associations, or mellow, pensive landscapes.

The popular and perhaps more appropriate name for this elevated locality is Excelsior, probably so called in allusion to Longfellow's well-known poem. Until 1858, nothing had been done in the way of prospecting the region, or of turning it to account in developing the mineral riches in the mountains lower down. Now and then a traveler or a solitary tourist, more adventurous than others, had passed over the Donner Lake or Henness Pass road, and brought to the dwellers in the sweltering lowlands of the Sacramento Valley almost incredible accounts of the rich natural meadows near the summit; of the vast forests of gigantic trees, the sparkling, ice-cold

streams, and the awful desolation which reigned unbroken amid the bare, beeting crags of syenite and granite. But men were content to remain below so long as no more brilliant inducements allured them, for in their minds this region was inseparably associated with a winter of almost polar rigor, stretching through seven or eight months of the year. Nor did they forget that somewhere thereabout occurred the fearful tragedy of Donner Lake, in 1846, when eighty-two immigrants were snow-bound at Starvation Camp, and remained a greater portion of the winter, until they were reduced to the awful extremity of cannibalism, and thirty-six died the most horrible of deaths.

Who but the California prospector, braving the wrath of the elements in his insatiable thirst for the precious metal, would ever have penetrated this fatal region? Yet even he did not come seeking gold directly, but only the water wherewith to extract it from placers lower down in the mountains. In 1858, the great South Yuba Canal Company constructed a dam 1,150 feet long, forty-two feet high, and at the apex fifteen feet wide, across a small stream tributary to Yuba River. This immense structure is built entirely of solid granite, without a particle of wood or cement entering into its composition. Thus was created an artificial lake or reservoir two miles long north and south, from 300 yards to three-quarters of a mile wide, and from ten to thirty feet in depth. This is Meadow Lake, from which this city of a day derives its appellation. In this reservoir, 7,000 feet above the sea, and a number of others in the vicinity, there accumulates a vast quantity of

clear, cold water, which is conveyed down in flumes and ditches to a hundred towns and mining-camps, cheering the hearts of the dwellers in the thirsty, sweltering foot-hills, and washing out every year many hundred thousands of dollars in gold. True, those lakes destroyed a beautiful and fertile body of grass, which flourished thick as a fleece, affording a grateful refuge to the flocks and herds coming up here in summer from the arid plains below; but the gold washed out is worth more than the cattle on many hills.

But the making of these great constructions, although it required the presence for many months of scores of men practiced in gold-hunting, resulted in no discoveries. Unconscious and unsuspecting, they trod hither and thither, they worked, they slept, they lived for years directly over ledges which have since been proved to contain fabulous riches. One reason for this was the fact that, unlike auriferous ledges elsewhere in the State, those of Meadow Lake do not crop out above the surface conspicuously; another was, that a great portion of the country-rock is granite, and it had been hitherto a favorite theory of Californians that gold never occurs in granite. And the theorists were as obstinate in their beliefs as was that old Cornishman of Grass Valley who persisted in declaring "Gold never cut grass—gold never cut grass," even after they had shown him the richest ledges, studded with free gold, protruding above the surface. So it fell out that, after all these wise doctors, these surveyors, engineers, and experts had come, and seen, and gone, it was reserved for a man as little learned in the arcana of geology as Marshall was in 1848 to stumble upon the great revelation.

In the year 1860, one Henry Hartley, an Englishman, with a hereditary tendency to consumption, and the love of bold adventure so characteristic of his nation,

wandered into these savage upper solitudes of the Sierra. He came simply in pursuit of health, and to trap the game which abounds here, when the snows of winter begin to prevail. That he had no thought of gold-hunting is shown by the fact that he abode here for three years, an absolute hermit, before he chanced upon any indications. Whenever not cooped up in his cabin, he trapped and skinned the fur-bearing animals, gliding about from one of his traps to another on his snow-shoes; and in the spring he descended into the Sacramento Valley with his hoard of peltries, sold them, lingered through the summer, and returned with his winter supplies to his mountain fastness upon the approach of the November snow-storms. In 1863, in the month of June, when the earth was uncovered—perhaps he may never have seen it bared before—he noticed several ledges about half a mile distant from the present site of Meadow Lake. He stooped down in surprise, almost incredulous, and beating with one stone upon another he hammered several to fragments, and shelled out a number of small, bright, yellow *chispas*. In the ensuing August, he returned to the spot in company with two acquaintances, to whom he had imparted his discovery, and they satisfied themselves abundantly of the richness of the find. In September they formed a company called the Excelsior Company, and staked off 2,000 feet on each of two parallel lodes, which they named Union No. 1 and No. 2.

The quartz which they found was stained on the surface a dark reddish-brown or chocolate, resulting from the decomposed pyrites with which it was highly charged. In many places the disintegrated sulphurets of the vein were resplendent with fine free gold, rich and yellow. These three men pounded up the stones and rudely assayed them with pan and horn-spoon—the prospector's

vade-mecum—until the richness of their discovery grew in their minds to a great and splendid certainty.

Yet progress was slow at first. The Excelsior Company was the only one organized in 1863; then came on the long, dreary winter, during which nothing was done or attempted. In the summer of 1864 the California Company was organized, staked off 1,700 feet on each of four ledges, and named them California, Knickerbocker, Indian Boy, and Indian Queen. But it was not until the summer of 1865 that the few adventurous spirits succeeded in attracting public attention to the new Dorado. The great war was over in the East, and men's minds felt relieved. The first impulse proceeded from Virginia City, Nevada. Wonderful rumors began to reach that city, of ledges which towered aloft in mid-air on the summit of the Sierra Nevada, and bloomed with golden blossoms like a cactus. Eight thousand feet above the sea, in a region where flowers failed the eye, Mother Earth had tricked out the granite with yellow posies more beautiful than any ever compassed by Parisian art. The imaginations of men were fired. The seed fell on ready soil, for the great Comstock Lode of Virginia City, richer than gorgeous Mexico, was then thought to be a failure; rich Montana was far away; many-cañoned Idaho was cursed with arctic cold; Humboldt, and Reese River, and Esmeralda were proved and branded frauds. Here, then, was a new and most timely outlet to the multitude of impecunious and adventurous souls, so long cabined, cribbed, confined to worked-out diggings. Surely, good Dame Fortune had heard their prayers, and granted them this new world to conquer.

From June until autumn they came. By hundreds and hundreds they were thronging over the arid alkaline roads from Washoe to Meadow Lake; some

with a piece of bacon a-shoulder, and more with none. Miners old and grizzled of hair, who should have known better, with pick, pan, and horn; miners young and foolish, with sixty pounds of blankets and grub a-lugging. Israelites with packs of pins and needles, sardines, tobacco, and pipes. Coaches packed within and black without with eager, excited men. Painted courtesans with the rest, refusing no bottle or cigar when offered by "the boys." Traders with wagons full of cheap goods; pale-faced, exquisite gentlemen—knights of the strap and the pasteboard; adventurers without a dollar, discounting the future for a breakfast, which they always contrived to get.

At first this region had been supposed to lie within the boundary of Nevada, but a survey showed it to be in California. In July, 1865, a public meeting was called—the first ever held on top of the mountains—the mining laws of Nevada County, California, were adopted by acclamation, the county recorder's office designated as the proper place for the entry of titles, transfers, etc., and the name Meadow Lake formally given to the town, previously called Excelsior and Summit City. Then, with a cheer for everybody, these swift legislators hastened away over the hills and mountains to locate their claims and record the same. In a few weeks there grew up a perfect forest of stakes, like a newly planted vineyard, containing notices written with a remarkable and very impartial variety of orthographies. Everything was claimed, staked, and recorded—boulders, ledges of poor granite, hills, oaks, hills, gulches. An acquaintance of mine who was there soon afterward and explored this rare field of botany, culling a specimen or two of the blossoms, preserved this:

"NOTIS.—we the Undersigned Clame this Ground and intend too wurk it

JIM
SQUEEDUNC"

It is said that during the summer of 1865 alone about 1,200 locations were made and recorded, covering in the aggregate more than 1,200,000 feet of the supposed auriferous ledges. They were registered on the books under glittering names, as Shooting Star, Montreal, Mohawk, Mayflower, Golden Eagle, Potosi, Phoenix, etc. Meadow Lake was surveyed and laid out as a town, covering a plat of 160 acres. It contained spacious streets, eighty feet wide, with the blocks divided into lots of sixty feet frontage and eighty feet in depth; and midway through the blocks ran broad, healthy alley-ways, sixteen feet wide. These streets were designated, as so often in California and Nevada, where the people have no time to think of names, A, B, C one way, and 1, 2, 3 the other. In the northern portion of this mushroom city was reserved a fine piece of ground for that indispensable requisite of every California city, the plaza.

In consideration of the extreme youth of the city, lots were held reasonably; the California Company offered them "for the small consideration of \$25 gold coin of the United States," on condition that the same should be inclosed and improved. With the close of the fall of 1865 the new city contained about 150 houses completed, and a number of others in course of construction. Among these were three commodious hotels, crowded day and night to repletion; stores, wholesale and retail, in numbers; butcher-shops, green-stores, saloons, and gambling-hells innumerable. It is supposed that over 3,000 people visited the place between June and October of that year, which months indicate pretty nearly the limits of the business season in that elevated locality. This was a very large number, considering the altitude and remoteness of the region.

There came now a temporary lull, as the autumn drew on apace. After all

the locations had been made, the stakes set, the names all handsomely written down in the recorder's books, and the fees paid therefor; after all the speeches had been made and the bumpers drained; after all the singing and the dancing was done and overdone, then the people began to try to think what to do next. Some of them hammered out specimens of their ledges, collected quills and bottles full of dust, and compared notes. Of course, there were no mills erected yet. In order to extract gold in the old pioneer fashion of California, one must have water which he can bring to bear upon it; but there they were on the top of all the world. They were up too high; there was where the water started from. They began to look a little blank. To occupy their leisure time before the snows should begin to fall, they would go out and move their stakes a little, then come in and talk the matter over again. There were no capitalists yet among them to erect mills. They said one to another, "Well, what's going to be done up here?" Besides that, the question of supplies was getting urgent. It is an expensive business for 2,000 or 3,000 men to go up on a mountain and bring up provisions to eat there. It would be a great deal more economical to eat them at the bottom. They began to look a little foolish. One by one they quietly stole away, after performing the little work required to hold their claims under the liberal mining laws of California, and went back down to Virginia City, to Sacramento, to San Francisco, to spend the winter among the cautious capitalists of those wealthy cities, in presenting the merits of their discoveries and securing funds with which to develop them. Before the November snow-storms set in on the mountains the throngs of restless adventurers had gone like summer birds, seeking a more genial clime. Only about 200 persons, including several families, remain-

ed behind, determined to spend the winter in watching their claims against intruders, and be ready to take the tide of fortune at its flood in the ensuing spring.

The winter of 1865-6 was one of unusual duration and severity. The first snow fell on September 24th. Then all was quiet until November, when those violent winds from the south-west, which are always the storm-winds of California, came moaning up over the mountains, bringing vast masses of dun and woolly clouds, the sure precursors of rain on the plains and snow on the mountains—for the clouds do not trifle in this land of the sun, but mean business when they do come. All through the long month of November, with scarcely the cessation of a day, the "beautiful snow" sifted down on Meadow Lake. On the summit the falling snow fills all the wide chambers of the air like a frozen fog, so that a man can not see a rod before him. From New Year's Day on, as often happens in the Pacific Coast climate, the sky was comparatively clear and calm—the interval between the early and the latter rains—and the thermometer, which seldom ranged low, sometimes for days together kept so well up that fire was unnecessary during the daytime. It is well known that the climate on the western slope of the Sierra is milder than that on the eastern slope at an equal altitude, for the soft, mild winds blowing off the great Japanese warm stream in the Pacific, and flying high over the Coast Range and the Sacramento Valley, touch the tips of the mountains with balmy influences. But March came in with a leonine roar like November, and all through March, April, and May, with few intermissions, the snow came down again; the narrow mountain trails were obliterated, and only the unintermitting passage of horses and oxen to and fro kept open the highways, treading down the snow. From

the 20th of May until the 1st of June there was one incessant snow-storm, day and night. The wide plains and the beautiful valleys below, lying rich and mellow to the sun, were in the full verdure of spring by the middle of March; but how different here, where the great pines and the larches, with their heads lifted among the clouds, shook their glittering panoply of icicles and sleet-drops as an Indian girl her beadery. On the mountains of California, winter yields his dominion almost in a week to summer, and it seemed as if, before handing over his sceptre now, he determined to assert himself in one last great effort to retain his empire.

Early in May, despite the snow-storms, the second rush set in strongly toward Excelsior, and it seemed as if there was a good probability that some aspiring youth might even yet justify the original name. In two months, May and June, over 4,000 people arrived! Every sleeping-place was full even to overflowing. Twenty, thirty, forty persons were sometimes crowded together in a vile room, very appropriately called a "corral." Men who happened to be belated walked the streets all night, or lay on benches if they were able to resist a low temperature; in the morning paid \$1 for a biscuit, a cup of muddy coffee, and a leathery mustang steak; then perhaps slept an hour or two on the sunny side of a house. For a lot sixty by eighty feet on any of the principal streets, \$1,500 to \$2,500 was asked, and not unfrequently paid, in gold coin. A small structure on C Street, eighteen by twenty-four feet, rented for \$200 a month. The possessor of a few corner lots counted himself a millionaire, and condescendingly hobnobbed with the San Franciscan who owned only a few blocks of brick buildings within a stone's-throw of the Bank of California. Four saw-mills had been running at the top of their capacity all the spring, and as soon as the

weather permitted some 400 or 500 buildings were knocked together with amazing rapidity, making about 650 in all in the city. A thin shell of boards, with "rustic" outside, paper inside, and a ceiling of "white domestic"—it is astonishing how little it takes to make a comfortable house in California.

But it is more astonishing how great and complete was the infatuation of the people. A young acquaintance of mine who was there explained thus: "I never should have gone into the thing if I had not seen the oldest and best merchants in the State of Nevada—men in whose judgment I had perfect confidence, who had often been in the forefront of excitements like this, and who ought to have been able to judge whether the town had any substance to it or not—going in up to their ears, investing for all they were worth. When I saw such men putting all their capital to the touch, I thought it was safe enough for me to follow."

In June, 1866, a stock board of thirty-nine members was established! In view of the fact that there was not a solitary mine which had yet a more substantial existence than the name engrossed on the recorder's books—not even a ledge sunk upon and its proportions developed—this transaction was as refreshing to men's heated brows as a Sierra breeze. Day after day, with countenances as solemn and as placid as a ham of bacon, these valuable members of society assembled together, and the secretary sonorously called "U. S. Grant," "Comet," "Confidence," "Mohawk and Montreal," "Enterprise," and the rest of the long list, and not a soul responded. Except for the pompous braying of that official, there reigned the silence of the grave. Like Cicero's priests of Rome, when they were behind the curtain, they looked in one another's faces and laughed. This stock board was the laughing-stock—which was the only actual stock dealt in—of the whole district. It was

regarded by everybody in Meadow Lake as a very broad and attenuated farce. A few sober and sensible men of the town regretted these proceedings of unmitigated fatuity, for they knew well, what the others could hardly have been ignorant of, that they would bring the new district into contempt, and confirm even greenhorns in the belief that the whole matter was intended for a swindle. It is difficult to explain or understand this thing, except as a piece of that reckless gayety and bravado with which Californians seek to smooth over a rough place and escape from a bad situation. For even thus early it is highly probable that there had begun to dawn on many souls a great and bright light, and that they were beginning already to meditate on the sweet uses of adversity. For a graceful and masterly retreat from an "almighty sell," commend me of all men to a Californian.

And what was the trouble? Simply this: there was plenty of gold there, but they couldn't get it out. There seems to be some substance, unknown to metallurgists, which is so combined with the sulphurets that it is impossible to separate it and reduce the precious metal to a form of availability. I repeat, that the amount of gold known to exist in the Meadow Lake district is very large, rendering its quartz almost unprecedentedly rich; but it is all as yet effectually locked up from the hand of man. The sulphurets show a value of about sixty dollars a ton, which is a good average. Then there is the free gold besides. It would be vain and useless to enumerate all the tests and processes which the eager and disappointed gold-hunters have tried in vain. The ordinary amalgamation process with quicksilver was defeated by the unknown substance above mentioned. The Plattner chlorination process, so successful in the great quartz-mines of Grass Valley, is here of no avail. All European meth-

ods tried have failed utterly, which is one illustration of the uselessness of attempting to apply the old-world rules here in general. And in their despair the baffled miners even tried a process which some charlatan or old wife had invented in a dream, and which was known as the Burns process; but that was as useless as the others. After all these ways had been tried over and over, to no purpose, there were cavilers who sneered at science and said there was no gold in the rocks. But it is generally agreed that there *is* gold there, plenty of it; only, as Mr. Pickwick would say, it is not gold *as* gold.

And so all the dreams and the black art, the science, the metallurgy, and the blow-pipe, were set at naught. One after another, as they abandoned hope, the discomfited gold-seekers abandoned Meadow Lake and went down the mountain. More than \$2,000,000 had been poured into that bottomless abyss of California known as "dead-work," to pay for mills, roads, buildings, mining, etc., not including those intangible and unknowable expenses inevitably connected with such a scheme as this—say \$3,000,000 in all. Eight quartz-mills had been constructed, carrying in the aggregate seventy-two stamps; and of all these only the U. S. Grant had yielded anything—about \$100,000—or say one dollar for every thirty expended.

What a world of work was here done in vain! Besides this town of 650 houses, which was more handsome and substantial than is the wont of mountain mining towns; and the eight quartz-mills, with their ponderous machinery, there were built the neighboring villages of Ossaville, Carlyle, Paris, and Mendoza, all of which together contained about a hundred houses more. Nearly a hundred miles of stage-roads were constructed; stations and stables built along them at regular intervals; wells dug; four saw-mills erected; forests lev-

eled widely around and converted into lumber; lines of stages established; caravans of huge mountain freight-wagons set in motion; and all the thousand-and-one appliances of civilized life provided. All this and ten thousand other things, done in one brief summit summer, give us an idea of the prodigious energy of the gold-hunter, which goes a long way toward covering up his follies and his crimes.

As the winter of 1866-7 drew on, there was a greater hegira than there had been the winter before, and it was final. All the miserable riffraff, the indolent, worthless, and profligate adventurers, who have no capital, no industry, no brains, and who expect to make their living by fleecing honest men; all the gamblers and the harlots; the old prospectors, weather-beaten and grizzled; the young greenhorns, out at the elbows, out at the purse, without the means to procure a meal of victuals; all the lily-livered counter-jumpers, measurers of tape and wearers of cheap jewelry; all the sutlers, thieves, pickpockets, and roughs, were gone. There was a mighty purging and cleaning of the mountain tops before they were given back as clean and wholesome granite to the pure embrace of the snow. There lingered behind only a few hard-headed and obstinate men, who clung desperately to the last straw of hope; or men of sensitive minds, who dreaded to go back to be "gaffed" by the ridicule of skeptical capitalists of San Francisco, whose money-bags they sought in vain to open for their schemes. The great and soothing solitudes of nature fell like a balm upon some wounded spirits, in which bitterly rankled the memory of defeat.

As was befitting this brief act of melodrama, the winter of 1866-7 surpassed even the preceding in the severity and continuance of its tempestuous storms. Fiercely the snow whirled in the howling winds for weeks and weeks together,

until it had heaped up a depth of twenty-five feet on a level, burying the unsightly and abortionate works of man out of view.

Of late, a considerable portion of the city has been burned down, but when I was there in the summer of 1872 it was comparatively perfect—not as a ruin, but as a deserted city, a standing monument of human folly; and I prefer to speak of it as it was then. In the summer of 1873, for a time there were ten inhabitants, but the only population that can be counted upon as permanent is Henry Hartley, the eccentric and adventurous Englishman who brought the place first before the public eye. In the season succeeding my visit, a resident of Grass Valley had the curiosity to visit the place in the dead of winter, a feat which he could accomplish only with snow-shoes. On these great runners, twelve or fifteen feet long, he scaled the savage summits of the Sierra, descended into the valley where lies Meadow Lake, glided through its empty streets on a level with the second-story windows, and hove-to before one of the commodious hotels. Peering through the chamber windows, he beheld sleeping apartments comfortably furnished: chairs, wash-stands, mirrors, and beds smoothed down with clean linen and heavy comforters, pillows nicely tucked and puffed by the chambermaid's hands for the guests that never came—all inviting to luxurious repose. He was tempted to go in and take a cozy sleep after his hard climb over the mountains, but the sepulchral solitude chilled his heart and blood. It was like the things beheld by divers who go down into the waters of the sea, and look through port-holes of sunken argosies into luxuriously upholstered rooms, where the green waters flow undisturbed, and the sea-weed creeps through the eyeless sockets of the skeletons. Not a living soul did he behold.

Here, just across the street from the room of the stock board above mentioned, is the handsomely furnished office of a stock-broker. If his vaults were plethoric with coin—and it is extremely doubtful if they ever were—they could scarcely be safer in the whole world, for old Boreas locks them fast and sure with snow. No burglars need be dreaded here. How strange and sad it seems, as we walk along these silent streets, to see the signs swing and hear them mournfully creak in the breeze. But all the trades-people are gone; all the busy, hurrying customers are gone; all, all, gone. And here is the office of the Meadow Lake *Sun* book and job printing establishment. On the bulletin-board facing the street we read, in display-type, "Briefs and transcripts executed neatly, promptly, and handsomely, in accordance with the new rules of the Supreme Court, at the most reasonable rates. Stock-books furnished to order." A melancholy sarcasm in that last sentence—melancholy because the writers of it were in first-rate earnest, whatever others may have been. The Meadow Lake *Sun* shines no more; doubtless it would shine, but there are none to illuminate. And here, on C Street, was the residence of G. A. Brier, reporter of the *Sun*, a building with the dilapidated and seedy appearance traditional to Bohemians. Here was the wholesale liquor-store of M. Flood & Co., on B Street between First and Second.

A great many of the flimsy roofs of great superficies are utterly broken down to the ground by the enormous masses of snow, which falls in this region to the aggregate depth of thirty or forty feet a year. In the town of Truckee, the roofs are sloped up sharp, like that ancient gothic of nature, the yellow pine; but here that precaution appears to have been neglected. Notwithstanding that, and notwithstanding their frailness, many have stood stoutly up through all the

storms. Here, by the edge of the lake, the timbers and boards of the snow-crushed houses lie sprawling in the water, which gently laps and wimples among them. Now and then a sudden flow of wind flaps the end of some loosened weather-board, which clacks to and fro against the house with a mournful and desolate sound, more blood-chilling than the silence. All through the heart of the deserted city broods the stillness of the tomb.

The one solitary inhabitant, Hartley, in his long winter sojourn, can move about only on his snow-shoes or Norwegian skates, so common in this alpine portion of the State, consisting of two narrow boards about fifteen feet in length, and slightly turned up at the ends. With his guiding-pole poised in his hands, striking first on this side, then on that, he attains a speed incredible to the dweller in the valleys. His flight down the mountain side is like the eagle's when it stoops upon the hare. The straggling squads of trees on the slope appear to be flying in his face. They flee by him, like frightened deer, in long, black lines. Before him there is a point

where they seem to open ranks to let him pass; behind him they leap together as the waters close over the diver. While the minute-hand of a watch creeps over a single space, he has sped from the mountain top to the valley, shoots like a falling star through the silent street of Meadow Lake, and skims across the lake. Swifter than the wild mountain sheep is this hunter, and he disputes its reign over solitude.

Two miles away to the south, the Old Man lifts his granite face, and looks down with sad and solemn mien on the swift mutations of human fortune. Pinacles, chimneys, needles of splintered syenite, racked and battered crags, yawning abysses, shattered precipices, all tell their story of the vast forces of the earth so wildly and wantonly expended; beneath them, and all around, the abandoned ruins speak eloquently of the Cyclopean energy of man, so sadly and so prodigally wasted. The grayish coloring of the Sierra summits imparts to the scenery an aspect of hoary and ancient desolation, and thus redeems these mushroom wrecks with an appearance of being the remains of some by-gone age.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN TOKIO, 1872.

FOR the first time in the history of the Land of the Gods, which according to popular belief extends back many millions of years, New Year's Day was to come in the middle of the eleventh instead of at the end of the twelfth month—six weeks earlier than usual. The little children, who had been counting the days before New Year's on their fingers, were in raptures when papa told them that by a decree of the good emperor, the happy New Year's Day was so soon to come; but many an old bald head was shaken when

it was told that the Son of Heaven, the *Mikado*, had been so deceived and led away by the hateful hairy foreigners that he had adopted their calendar, and thus disturbed the whole order of things in heaven and earth. Among the rural boors and gawks, blank consternation followed, eyes opened like moons, and mouths like gulfs. Had the moon and sun exchanged places, they could not have been more surprised. But for good or evil, the lunar calendar made way for the solar; and though men in the barber-shop, and maids around the

well-curb, argued that they had lost a month and a half out of their lives, they declared themselves no worse for it, having saved so much rice and clothes in the meantime. Some said outright that they believed the foreign calendar was the better, and that New Year's Day ought to be the same all over the globe. While Japan was shut out from the world, like an oyster in its shell, or wine in a sealed bottle, New Year's Day might come as of yore; but now that Japan was one of the civilized nations, the only proper day must be identical with that of the foreigners. The moon had long lorded it over the tides and the months, now let the sun have sway over these latter at least. So the good emperor, Mutsuhito, was lauded for having issued his decree adopting the Gregorian calendar, and for turning forward the hands of Time's old clock through forty-six days. Like a sensible man as he is, he rejected our absurd month and day names, the verbal relics of Roman and Saxon heathenism, and, as a good Quaker does and as the Japanese always did, he called the days "first day," "second day," etc. The new months, no longer to be measured by the moon, were not to be designated, as we old western fogies designate them, calling the ninth month the seventh, the tenth month the eighth, etc. The week-days in Japan were ordered to be called Sunday, Moon-day, Fire-day, Wood-day, Metal-day, Water-day, Earth-day; the months, first, second, third, etc. Japanese holidays are still as of yore the *ichi-roku*, or the first day of the month, and every sixth day in it, viz: 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, 26th. Our Sunday rest is not recognized by the Japanese. The emperor who could thus decree the change of calendar, and in the eye of the people, hurry old Time's hour-glass by a pen-stroke, made possible what an ancient proverb declared could not be—"a moon on the thirtieth day;" this proverb

being an expression equivalent to something totally impossible.

However much the country-folk disliked it, the Tokio people were ready for the change, and right merrily did they welcome it. The day before New Year's, though one of busy preparation, is as interesting in foreign eyes as the real day itself. All good Japanese, to prepare properly for New Year's Day, must be as busy as bees. The whole house must be cleaned from rafter to door-sill. All the thick, soft mats must be taken up, beaten, and shaken, and the pedestrian in the streets had better strap on a pair of goggles, and keep his nose and mouth shut to what the good Lord made him of. All the pots, kettles, and utensils of every sort must be cleansed and scoured, and the worn-out ones renewed. Everyone, except the beggars and lowest poor, buys a new coat and a pair of straw or wooden shoes. The *bimbo* or poor man takes his old coat out of pawn, and raises heaven and earth to get some cash, enough to buy some fish or condiments to give festal variety to the everlasting boiled rice, which is eaten three times a day in every house in Japan. Every shop-keeper must square his accounts, pay his debts, collect his outstanding credits, and be ready to lay all his business and care aside for a week. The official prepares for a two-weeks' rest. Only once a year is a universal Sabbath seen in Japan, and that is on New Year's Day. The shops are all shut, and no artisan will do work for love or money. Hence the day before New Year's is the busiest of the year.

I walked out on the O-dori, the Broadway of Tokio (for Yedo is no longer the name of the capital of Japan), on the last day of the year, to see the preparations. The street is always lively, but on this day it was crowded. The regular shops were blazing with toys, brilliant clothing, tempting sweetmeats, and shining lacquer-ware. The playthings

were, as they are in every land, miniatures and faithful mirrors of serious life. The doll-shops were each a little paradise of black-eyed babies, little ladies, and chubby Tom Thumbs of Japan. So life-like are the Japanese dolls, that they seem as if they had been born of live mothers and would walk out of their glass cases and come to you, if you stretched out your arms for them, or tempted them with a rice-cake. At the confectioners, candy fish, enough to stock an aquarium, were ready to float in sugary bliss down the throat of the urchins that eyed them. Candy "gum-balls," "sweet potatoes," "radishes," "cuttle-fish," "firemen," "tycoons," "junks," and "mermaids" lay piled ready for sale, beside sponge-cake in little mountains, and rice-cracknels by the million. The most tempting gems of lacquered work, cabinets, boxes, bows, etc., acted on the spare change of the folk out shopping like a magnet. The shops were full of customers, but the crowds attended most with eyes, hands, and purses, to the booths which were erected for miles along both sides of the centre of the street. These booths had sprung up like Jonah's gourd, and on New Year's eve were to wither like it. They were made of straw mats laid over a frame of wood, and tied together with rice-straw rope. In them were sold the symbols of New Year rejoicing. Most of the booths were *kazari-ya* for the sale of fresh green rice-straw, twisted like horns of plenty, or in long cables for stretching across gateways, or in oval loops, in festoons, or in heavy fringe. Other booths sold ready-boiled red prickly lobsters, oranges with long stems, ferns, or bamboo stalks. With these emblems, every house and temple throughout the empire of Japan is decorated.

Already the streets of Tokio look as though they had been suddenly transformed into a garden. In decorating for

New Year's Day, two pine-trees are set up in front of each high-class house, at a proper distance on each side of the gate, and a generous bundle of split firewood is bound around it for a base. The tall stalks of the spray-like bamboo rest against the pine, and rise far above it, so that the delicate bamboo and deep pine contrast their tints. All along the front eaves of the house, or from pine to pine, are stretched twisted straw cables, with fringes of straw and strips of white paper hanging down. The rice from the province of Higo is the most delicious in Japan, and miniature bags of it are piled up to typify wealth and abundance. Over the door is nailed a cylindrical piece of charcoal, an orange, pieces of sea-weed, sprays of fern, and an oak-leaf. Sometimes a persimmon, which in Japan is very sweet and as large as an apple, is added with the orange, or takes its place. "The fir-tree and the bamboo are emblems of long life, as is also the orange; the lobster typifies a hearty old age, strong though bent; the dried persimmon, very similar in appearance to and quite as sweet as a Smyrna fig, is emblematical of the sweetness of conjugal constancy; the fern long retains its verdure; the oak-leaf does not drop till the young leaves begin to burst from their buds; and the piece of charcoal denotes eternal stability." These emblems hang up for six days. On the seventh they are taken down and burnt as an offering to the local gods. According to the Japanese fitness of things, *ume*, *take*, *matsū*, the plum, bamboo, and pine, are the three most lovely and suggestive emblems of the vegetable world, and these three are almost always found growing together in pots, or painted on screens, cabinets, trays, ink-stones, or the other exquisite works of Japanese art which have won admirers in every land. In the old days of Japan, when New Year's came in February, the plum-trees were in blossom,

and the dwarfed trees in pots were set in each parlor, making clouds of bloom and shedding fragrance. The most ugly and rugged stocks, decayed almost to punk, were grafted full with branches that were trained in sinuosities like writhing snakes. In summer, with bare, curled branches, they reminded one of a pyramid of tiny Egyptian snakes. At New Year's time, a mass of bloom, their sinuosities hidden, the strings removed, they looked like a multiplication of Aaron's rod. Budding life on a blasted trunk is the delight of the Japanese. Alas! this year the plum-tree was not in blossom. Nature was too conservative, and would not hurry her results even if it were New Year's Day. No plum-trees graced the festivities of the first day of the first month of the 2533d year of the Japanese Empire, and the year of our Lord 1873. It was proof positive to many an old farmer and city conservative who mourned over the absence of their darling blossoms, that "the right way between heaven and earth" had been forsaken by the divine emperor. His Japanese Infallibility had made a mistake.

Besides the decorative emblems, every good Japanese begins the new year with a new shrine of pure wood for the abode of his household gods—the Japanese Lares and Penates—seen in every habitation. Fat and jolly these gods are, especially those of wealth and of long life, if we may judge by their pictures. The family shrine is usually placed over the inner door. Offerings of rice and wine are made daily, and lights are lit at night to burn until morning, and in many houses the sacred flame never goes out. Besides the new *miya*, the good Japanese buys a case for the sacred charm which the priest of his temple will give him for a fee. He nails it upon the outside of his house to keep away disease and misfortune. We saw many old couples with their new shrines

among their purchases. Some, bent with age, seemed jolly for the nonce, their wrinkles less hard, as they hobbled along like old Chronos, with their new *miya*, and their big fish, and rice dough for cracknels; which are the Japanese equivalents for turkey and mince-pies.

Men stood on the street corners who would take a cylinder of bamboo, and, with a few dexterous cuts, scrapes, and ties, would hand you a good though flat representation of a nosegay, in curled bamboo flowers. At one place, an artist in dough took rice paste, and, with fingers, blow-pipe, and a few daubs of paint, evolved from this novel protoplasm a cock, a dahlia, a pumpkin, a monkey, a "hairy foreigner" (Mr. Huxley), a *daimio*, a wagon, or a trumpet; all of fair size and wonderfully accurate likeness to their originals. At another corner, a man made sponge-cake with sugar paste inside, on a griddle, having himself, his batter, griddle, furnace, and fuel, piled-up cakes, etc., all on a platform two feet square. As for the eating-stands, displaying innumerable messes of every color and flavor in all hues of gravy, and sandwiches of lumps of rice covered with raw fish, they were countless. At many stands morsels of beef—the abomination of the passing priest—skewered on bamboo, were boiled in a stew, the water or juice of which was changed only once a week. The price of a stick of these meat-balls, with privilege of dipping twice in the juice, was 1 1-5 cent. At another place, that foreign curiosity, bread, was toasted on the street, and sold in slices at a half-cent each. Regular eating and "good square meals" are unknown to many of the street-coolies, and the number of their meals per day averages twelve or fifteen, being homeopathic in quantity, except rice, which is eaten by the pint. A perfectly regular life, with meals by the clock, would be misery to the street coolie. I once had a most devoted serv-

ant who had belonged to this class. His conduct was most exemplary for six months. He even cut off his top-knot, and put on foreign clothes. Suddenly he wished to leave; the regularity and respectability were too much for him, and he shortly after appeared on the street dressed as slovenly, and was as frequent and nomadic with his meals, as of yore.

The various venders of infallible specifics, and the whole tribe of petty wandering street-merchants, knew this to be their opportunity, and plied their eloquence and skill to the detriment of many a greenhorn's purse. The ropewalkers, the tumblers, the man whose children played theatricals, the fortune-teller with his bundle of bamboo splints, the man who swallowed a sword and ran long steel prongs into his nose, the adept at palmistry, the sellers of rat-poison and infallible cement, silver-plating powder, etc., were in their best spirits. The oculists, barbers, dentists, quacks, and all the indoor professionals, were radiant with work and orders. Everybody seemed to be going home with a package in his hand. As for the countrymen, they were in full force to see the sights. I can always tell the Japanese *inaka* when he comes to town. He stares at the foreigner as if his eyes had at last deceived him utterly. Why the foreigner should be a foreigner, and have ugly blue eyes, and brown hair like a dog, and wear hair on his face, seems to be explainable only on the theory that all foreigners are either descendants of dogs, or are the rejected models which the gods threw away before they wrought their perfect work on the incomparable children of Japan.

Before the new shrine for the house-

hold gods is set up, the devils in the house must be driven out. All the members of the household, from *paterfamilias* to the baby, arm themselves with rounds of parched beans, and then "go for" the devils in every room of the house; flinging the beans with a terrible racket into every crack and corner, and then directing their volleys toward the door. This mimic cannonade is continued until the house is cleared of the fiends. A sprig of holly is then stuck in either side of the door to prevent their entering again. Offerings of rice, fish, etc., are afterward made to the various household deities—the god of the kitchen and of the fire-place, the god of longevity, and the god of wealth. Then in the *tokonoma*—the raised recess, or part of the room always assigned to ceremonial purposes—are placed great round batches of rice dough laid on white paper, which look as if some American housekeeper had just finished kneading her sponge. Oranges and ferns are laid on top, and these are flanked by offerings of beans, roots, and other articles of Japanese diet, placed on white paper, on ceremonial stands. The master of the house presents his servants with new suits of clothes and with pocket-money, and gives them holiday for one or more days. The visiting-cards for the morrow are all written and ready, and those for distant friends and relatives have been already sent.

All then is ready in the household for the festal joy of the great day. The old lie down for rest, with memories of the past, and the young seek sleep as a bridge of dreams, to cross the slow hours that flow between the now and the happy golden morrow of a New Year's Day in Japan.

A DREAM OF DOUBT.

I.

I stood upon a mountain side,
 Beneath a pine—I could not rest—
 And saw the distant dim divide,
 With silvery morning at its crest.

How like, I thought, a fruit it is:
 Day ripening from the mold of night—
 The black and shapeless mold—to this
 Most perfect bloom of purest light.

And while I thought, of radiant gold
 I saw the graven apple flung
 By envious hands, and idly rolled
 The crimson-visaged gods among.

All this in clouds that wandering shaped
 The thought for me—as echo words.
 I saw the smoke that Ilium draped,
 And Paris with his scattered herds.

And as I dreamed, an odor stole—
 The spicy breath of redwood boughs—
 Upon my weak and troubled soul,
 Within its narrow, earthly house.

II.

And wondering I beheld in fantasy,
 Beyond the yellow shoulders of the land,
 Beyond the azure curving of the sea,
 Beyond the drifting reaches of gray sand,

A dusty caravan, that winding lagged
 Across a barren saddle of the hills
 Down to a dark and empty vale that sagged
 To dreaming Bethlehem and its shady rills.

And one lone fig made hands against the sky—
 The sky of morning—and the moving air
 Blew westward long gray beards, and far on high
 There beamed a star most wonderfully fair.

Then voices from the earth said: “Lo! ’tis dawn.”
 And angels in the heavens sung: “’Tis day.”

While far below peace-bringing Christ was born,
And naked in a manger sleeping lay.

III.

But when the night broke in the east with fire,
That melted all the dust of stars to gold
Poured pure and free, alive the hills became
With blazoned tents and the dread stir of war.
And then, illimitable armies met and crashed
With flashing steel that jagged the shining mail;
Till red, with blackening edges, ran the brooks
Down to the turbid lake of Galilee.
In horror, shutting out my sight, I said:
"O God! why should the hallowed day reveal
The thing we thought was hid?" But then it seemed
That once again I heard the apple rolled
With hideous clangor through the halls of heaven,
And tittering laughter behind doors, which mocked
This last most strange discomfiture of gods.

THE HISTORY OF AN EPITAPH.

"DE MORTUIS"—it is an old proverb, and one which runs very glibly from our lips, but I do not think we often observe its spirit. We plume ourselves—as we think over a hundred imaginary wrongs and short-comings of the deceased—on our charity, which makes its sole comment in this nicely turned sentence. Yet in the very words themselves is there not a patronizing pity more derogatory than open censure—a would-be partiality in the suppression of faults, which has for the memory of the departed much that is not kindness? I think so; and, therefore, in sketching Tom O'Donnell's career, I will speak, so far as I know it, the exact truth with regard to acts and motives—"nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice;" for in that way alone can I do his memory impartial justice, which I take to be the true spirit of the kind old aphorism, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

The poor fellow never lived to complete its third decade, so the word may be something of a misnomer. However, let it stand. And now, at the outset, I have to acknowledge a fact which may impeach in some degree my credibility as a biographer. I never personally knew the man the troubled story of whose life I am about to write. I never knew the particulars of that story until after I had looked upon his tombstone. An inefficient biographer, perhaps, kind reader; but the only one poor Tom is likely to have; so to my task, without further preface.

It was six years ago, in the fall of 1868, that I started out from the city for a purposeless saunter, and accident or Providence, call it which you will, turned my steps unconsciously to Lone Mountain; and, almost before I knew it, I was wandering among the graves, and reading the head-stones that marked the last resting-places of many of our foremost pioneers. I paused before one stone,

Tom O'Donnell's career, did I say?

less pretentious than many around it, but yielding to none in the floral emblems of loving care that decorated the lowly mound at its foot. My attention was attracted to it by catching the words engraved, "A native of the County Mayo, Ireland." "My own county," I inwardly exclaimed; and, looking again, I read:

"Sacred to the Memory of
THOMAS F. O'DONNELL,
A native of the County Mayo, Ireland,
who died at San Francisco,
July 24th, 1868.

'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands
mourn.'

"Only this, and nothing more." It was enough, however, to set me thinking. I knew who he was, well enough. That is, I had known his father while in Ireland, and had heard Tom's name mentioned, but at rare intervals, and in the tone of a subject which was tabooed from the family circle. To any inquiries which I made (I was but a boy at the time) as to his then whereabouts or occupation, I never received any satisfactory answer. Once his father impatiently told me that he had been wild, extravagant, good-for-nothing, and had left home forever. The mystery was solved now, at least in part, but I felt a deeper curiosity than ever to read the remainder. That line—such a strange line for an epitaph—"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," engaged my attention. Did it refer to his father or himself? Then whose hands testified their love for the memory of the exiled outcast from his paternal roof by the humble tribute of flowers (frequently renewed) which were strewed upon his grave? I could not tell, and speculations which in days gone by I had often indulged in on this subject were once more rife in my mind. Old Mr. O'Donnell was not, I should have fancied, the man to look with too severe an eye on any merely youthful peccadillo of his son, and this fact, coupled with his intense pride—a pride exaggerated beyond even

the limits usually allowed to the old Irish gentry—had made me fancy that either a dishonorable transaction of some kind or a *mésalliance* was the cause of the old gentleman's continued displeasure. Buried in thought, and with a feeling of grief which the circumstances scarcely warranted, I bowed my head on the wooden railing of the grave and meditated on the remote and recent past of him who had been lying there for scarcely two short months.

A step that I hardly noticed, a voice (as it gave vent to a half-suppressed exclamation of astonishment) that made me raise my head, broke in upon my musings. A woman, dressed in heavy black, was standing a few paces off. She had a basket of flowers in her hand; and I thought as I saw them, "Hence, then, are the floral decorations," but I did not speak.

She was very pretty—beautiful, I may say—though she looked care-worn. Her eyes were large and dark, and, looking out from the paleness of her face, had something almost unearthly in their brightness. They were fixed on me, as I raised my head, with a half-puzzled, half-searching expression, and I rose and stood aside from the grave, for I recognized in her, be she who she might, one who possessed a prior right to its sad solitude.

She withdrew her eyes as I passed her in the narrow path among the tombs; and when I looked back as I neared the cemetery gate she was still visible kneeling beside the lowly grave of Tom O'Donnell, and arranging on it the sweet tokens of her love and care.

I thought of her as I walked home; I thought of her all that evening, and sat up later than usual that night with her still in my thoughts—her, and him that lay in the lonely grave, whose life's misfortune had been my boyhood's mystery. Was she connected with this secret that had ostracized Tom O'Donnell from a

home where he was the pride of all who knew him? Connected with it!—might she not be the cause? The proud old father—the impulsive, passionate boy—the singular beauty of this woman, even in her evident weakness and sorrow, and the care she lavished upon the grave—all these might be accepted as proofs that my first assumption was correct—Tom O'Donnell was the victim of a *mésalliance*.

The duties of a physician in a populous and increasing city do not afford much leisure for meditation, and I soon forgot to speculate on my boyish mystery. Forgot, too, the sorrowing woman and the solitary grave, and thought only how to prevent the many vacant spots that lay around it from being tenanted by my patients. Perhaps I was reasonably successful, for my services began to be sought after, and I had but little time left on my hands. Of course, some of my patients died; there is no physician but loses a few in the course of a year's practice! It was more than a year after the scene in the grave-yard that the next incident connected with the mystery of Tom O'Donnell came under my notice.

I had just come home, thoroughly tired out after a hard day's work, and rendered superlatively wretched by the driving rain (it was December) which had contrived to find an entrance at various corners of my apparel, spite of all the precautions of umbrella and india-rubber. "Never mind, it all goes in with the day's work," was my comforting reflection as I settled myself before the blazing fire, when "tinkle-tinkle-tinkle" came a summons from the outer world.

"O, my prophetic soul!" I murmured, as my disinterested housekeeper calmly entered and informed me that a sick lady had sent for me.

"Where does she live?" I inquired, with an inward shudder, as a gust of wind rattled the rain against the windows.

"On Blank Street," was the reply—a reply that fairly froze the blood in my veins, for Blank Street was a dozen blocks off, and there were no probabilities of any easy means of conveyance within reach. However, "Needs must" (I need not finish the proverb)—and I proceeded to incase my outer man with such garments as are popularly supposed to be most efficacious in keeping out rain and cold.

"Who is the messenger?" I inquired.

"A small boy, sir," replied my housekeeper, "and wet enough he seems."

By this time I was ready, and ran down-stairs.

"A small boy, indeed!" I muttered, as the little fellow came out of the warm room, where the kindly old matron had ensconced him, and joined me at the door. He scarcely looked to me to be six years old, and was so light and delicate that the violent gust of wind and rain that whirled past as I opened the door fairly turned him round on the pavement. He was a plucky little fellow, though, for he bent his head resolutely to the blast the moment he recovered himself, and strode on step for step by my side.

"What is your name, my little fellow?" I asked, when a momentary lull in the wind admitted of conversation, for be it remembered our respective altitudes were so different that our voices had a good distance to travel.

"Tommy O'Donnell, sir," replied the boy, butting away resolutely through the blinding rain.

I was for a moment struck dumb with amazement. Could I have accidentally come across a son of Tom O'Donnell? But no. On second thoughts it was anything but likely, and the name in itself was too common to prove anything.

"And who sent you out in all the rain to-night, Tommy?"

"Mamma sent me. There was no one

else, and she is very sick. O, sir, will mamma die?"

"Not she, my little man," I replied, in as cheery a tone as I could answer, for I was quite taken with the affectionate child's pluck and simplicity. "Now tell me how old you are."

"Seven years old, sir; but this is the house. O, sir, please—please cure poor mamma!"

In a mean, ill-furnished room at the top of the house lay the dying woman. Dying—for she was in the last stage of consumption, and the cough that racked her every moment showed what ravages the insidious disease had made. She was far past those earlier stages of the malady which simulate a false health, and lend a romance to death by the fatal beauty in which they hide its first approaches.

The poor woman gave a feeble start as I drew near the bed; then she shaded her eyes from the flickering of the candle, and gazed at me. It was evident that she recognized but could not for the moment "place" me. Suddenly a light came into her eyes. "Ah, you are the gentleman I saw praying by poor Tom's grave in Lone Mountain Cemetery! Did you know him, sir? Did you know my husband?"

"Gently, my dear madam, gently," I said, in my most soothing professional tone; for in truth I wanted time to collect myself, being inexpressibly shocked to see poor O'Donnell's wife (I was now for the first time officially informed that he had one) in such a condition, and to encounter such a sad elucidation of my pet mystery.

"I will listen to you, sir, and be quiet, when you answer my question. Did you know my husband, Tom O'Donnell?"

"No, madam," I replied, "I did not."

"Then, why——" she burst forth, and then suddenly checked herself. Perhaps she remembered her promise to

"listen and be quiet" when I had answered her question; perhaps the cough that racked the depths of her chest was her only and sufficient monitor to silence.

I did all I could for the poor woman, but that was little enough. She was past all human assistance. I promised to send up something to ease the cough, and a few other things, positively necessaries to a person in her condition, but of which the room was destitute. Then I was about to take my leave, but she detained me.

"If you did not know Tom, why did you kneel beside his grave? I saw you there fifteen months ago, and I have wished to ask you ever since."

"It is a long story, Mrs. O'Donnell, and one I will tell you some day when you are stronger."

She shook her head impatiently. "You know, Doctor, as well or better than I do, that I can never recover. I must hear that now. It is a dying woman's whim."

So I told her all, amounting, indeed, to very little. My boyish curiosity, the stern interdiction of Tom's name in his father's home, my inquiries and bewilderment, and finally my discovery in the grave-yard. She heard me through very quietly, but her first remark was so irrelevant as to startle me:

"Do you find me much changed since you saw me in the burying-ground?"

"Yes, madam," I replied, flurried out of my self-possession, "so changed that, as you may have seen, I did not know you."

The ghost of a smile was on her lips as she answered me: "Well, changed as I am now from what I was then, even so changed was I then from what I was when Tom first knew me. Doctor, I can solve the mystery, or rather the dead can solve it. You see that book? It was poor Tom's only solace when he smarted many a bitter hour under a cru-

eler wrong than ever drove man to crime. Tom only suffered in silence and died. I suffer, but not in silence, and shall die, and my boy—God only knows his fate. O, it is true, ‘Man’s inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.’”

I took the book, and prepared to go. She stopped me again.

“I believe that after you have read what is written there your own heart will suggest the course to you, but I would like to have your promise. Will you write home and tell *his* father that he is dead, and that his grandson, my son, is an orphan? There is no use in my writing, for he will never break the seal of one of my letters, nor would he of Tom’s. Will you promise me this?”

I readily gave the required pledge, and called upon an old crone from one of the rooms below to sit with the sick woman. On reaching the door I was joined by my quondam guide, Tommy, who volunteered to accompany me and carry back the things “I had promised for mamma.” The rain had now cleared off, so I raised no objection. My thoughts were full of the scene I had just quitted, and I was consumed with anxiety to learn the real revelation, from Tom’s own lips, as it were, of the mystery that had baffled me so long. But one question and answer passed between my companion and myself:

“Do you remember your papa, Tommy?”

“O, yes; I remember him very well. But he was not so happy as mamma used to be then. He never seemed happy, but mamma was always happy until he died.”

“A well-told love-tale,” I reflected, “and tagged with an apt moral. The man is carried away by impulse to do a rash act, which he lives to repent of with all bitterness of spirit, but the woman takes trustfully the portion as she finds it, and can live, and live cheerfully, on the memory of his love.”

I sent Tommy back with the medicine I had promised, and a few other little articles which I fancied might prove acceptable in the destitution which reigned in the poor woman’s dwelling. And as I sat down and opened the manuscript volume that was to prove the reality of Tom’s sufferings, I could not help muttering a curse on the old man, wallowing in wealth at home, whose extreme pride had rendered such a state of affairs possible, and whose perverse obstinacy had prolonged the ordeal until human assistance was of no further avail.

Poor Tom! He undoubtedly had suffered much, yet the greater part of his book was filled with complaints that might have been evoked by far more childish grievances. He took his sorrows in a querulous spirit, and made the most of them. You could scarcely blame him, but you respected him less. His story, as I gathered it from the manuscript, may be shortly told.

Tom O’Donnell was the second son of a wealthy Irish gentleman, and was brought up in all the extravagant and wild tastes which the Irish gentry especially affect. It is not surprising, then, that he grew up into a headstrong youth, impatient of control, spendthrift, and, as always was his nature, impulsive and passionate. His father rather liked this. He called it high spirits, and vowed that the blood of all the O’Donnells coursed worthily through the veins of his second son. Tom was well inclined to believe any good he heard of himself, so the two got on remarkably well together, and when at eighteen he was provided with a commission in a crack regiment, it would be hard to say if father or son were the prouder. Tom joined his regiment, and had a few months of pleasant life enough in gay garrison towns. Then he received a short leave of absence and returned home, more perfect than ever in his own eyes, and apparently in those of his father also.

But the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, that was destined to grow until it obscured all this sunshine, was already in the horizon, and, like most clouds, it had its origin from the sea. Mr. O'Donnell's place is situated about twenty miles north of Newport. The neighborhood offers little attraction in the way of society, and it was scarcely to be expected that the dashing young cavalryman, fresh from the gayety of a garrison town, should content himself amid the rustic amusements of a country place, however splendid. At any rate, his father did not expect he would, and proposed endless schemes of recreation for the consideration of his favorite son. All were steadily declined by Tom, who seemed suddenly to have developed an extraordinary love for field-sports, and would spend days together on Achill Island, grouse-shooting, as he informed his father, though the bags that accompanied him on his return would have made the veriest tyro in hunter's craft blush for their emptiness. However, he seemed happy enough, and that was the principal thing.

It was at this epoch that the manuscript first introduced the name of Bessie Cotter. She was the daughter of an Achill fisherman, and of a beauty rarely met with even among the western Irish. Tall, dark, and splendidly handsome, her description fulfilled the ideal I had formed of what Mrs. O'Donnell *might* have been before "sickness, and sorrow, and childbirth pain" had crushed the frail flower of beauty from her life forever. Tom met her in the island on one of his earlier excursions. He was struck with her and admired her. He saw her again and again, and soon learned to love, or fancy he loved, her. For the girl herself, she was flattered and dazzled by the attentions of one so much her superior in station. She, poor child, in her innocence of the world, never dreamed that the words of love

breathed in her ear by the handsome young officer could have any tendency but one; and he, to do him justice, never held from the first day any but honorable intentions.

So the time slipped by, and the lovers inhabited an Arcadia of their own construction, and wandered hand in hand over the breezy heights of Slieve More, or along the giant cliffs where their voices were lost in the ceaseless roar of the Atlantic. The old, old story was fairly begun, and was gliding placidly enough through the opening chapters. From Tom's journal I should judge that this was the happiest period of his life. But a break soon came. He had to return to join his regiment; she, to the humdrum daily routine of a fisherman's daughter. The parting was sharply felt, but Tom swore constancy, preached patience, and promised to return as soon as possible, and make her his own. Then they would never part again.

But when, after a few months' absence, Tom, by making strenuous exertions, had obtained leave again—this time a very short one—he began to realize the magnitude of the task he had undertaken. He was no stranger to his father's disposition; he knew every turn of his pride, none the less perfectly that he often met with its reflex in his own heart. He knew the old man would rather see him in his coffin than mated to a low-born bride; and as we dread the unknown, so he was loth to provoke a wrath he had never felt. But Tom was a brave lad. He only postponed the announcement a day, while he went to Achill to nerve himself by the sight of her for whom he was to undergo the ordeal. The important interview took place in Mr. O'Donnell's study, and the manuscript candidly owns to the sinking of heart experienced by the writer as he made the dreaded plunge.

"I want to know, sir, if you can increase my allowance?"

This was leading up to the subject delicately, as Tom flattered himself. Certainly, his father was in no wise surprised at a pecuniary application from that quarter.

"Why, my boy, I don't see that you want it. Your allowance is pretty liberal. Still, if you find it insufficient, I have no objection to increase it a little."

"Quite sufficient for myself, sir; but what is enough for one is only half enough for two. I am thinking of getting married."

There was an ominous tightening of the old gentleman's brows, and his lips were pressed close together, as he said:

"Indeed! Is not this rather sudden? You might, perhaps, have consulted me at an earlier stage of the proceedings. However, having taken me into your confidence so far, it will not be indiscreet to tell the lady's name."

Tom colored violently. The manuscript, though explicit, is not, I feel convinced, candid at this passage. I am sure he then and there wished himself well out of the business, though he does not own it.

"I am not sure that my intended wife's name would convey any information to your ear," he replied, endeavoring to emulate the cold, cutting tones in which his father had spoken; "still, I have no objection to tell you. She is a Miss Cotter—Bessie Cotter."

"And who may *Miss Bessie Cotter* be?"—these words with a bitter emphasis.

"Father, before we say more, do not let us quarrel. We have never had an angry word hitherto, and I trust we may not have one now. For good or ill my word is pledged to this lady, my inclinations so direct me; in a word, she will be my wife in spite of all the world. And now—Bessie Cotter is the daughter of Michael Cotter, an honest Achill fisherman."

The old man's face, which had re-

laxed a little at his son's first words, hardened like steel as he proceeded; but at the last sentence, which disclosed the young woman's utterly plebeian origin, he sprung to his feet with a hoarse cry:

"By heavens, hear me! If you disgrace my name by such a marriage you shall not share it with me. I disown you, I disinherit you. You may go to any land you like, but my curse shall follow you. And as for the woman you are to marry, the vile——"

"Silence, sir! Though you be my father, you shall not vilify her in my presence."

Here the old man's mood changed.

"Tom, my boy," he said, "tell me you were joking. Tell me you will not do this dreadful thing." His voice was almost piteous in its tones.

"Father," replied the young man, much moved by this unexpected show of feeling, "I do not wish to deceive you. You have proof I would not deceive you, since I told you all to your face, when I might have married in private, and kept it long, perhaps forever, from your knowledge. I almost regret I did not take that course now, for you are harder to reason with than I expected. But, still, I will not deceive you. I will marry Bessie Cotter, as I have pledged myself to do, and I implore your consent, or at least forgiveness."

"Leave this room, sir, instantly, and this house within an hour, and never darken its doors again as long as I am master here!"

And thus was Tom O'Donnell driven out into the wide world, and his name was never mentioned in that household again, save at rare intervals when my juvenile curiosity brought it on the tapis; for my parents had not been resident in the county at the time of this disagreement between father and son, and I now, for the first time, learned its cause and the particulars.

It is scarcely necessary to prolong the story now. Tom went to Achill and married Bessie Cotter, and then he went to London and endeavored to support himself by his pen. But it would not do. He found, with all their economy, they were eating up the little capital acquired from the sale of his commission, and when that was gone, what remained? So, like many another unfortunate in their position, they drifted away to America, with a vague idea of bettering their condition somehow. This portion of the manuscript was very sad to read. A boy was born to them, but the unhappy father knew not whether to rejoice or mourn at the gift fate had sent him. "Poor child," he writes, "at least *his* father will never disinherit him." But the birth and incidental expenses consumed the last of their capital, and they drifted on with the tide into California, well-nigh penniless. Here Tom, the dashing dragoon, the pride of many an English ball-room, the delicately reared young aristocrat, went to work in the mines.

It is at this point that the manuscript contains the only upbraiding of Bessie, and to me her fault seems very venial. She had written to Mr. O'Donnell, stating their circumstances and imploring his assistance, but the letter had been returned to her with the seal unbroken. Tom had foreseen some such action on her part, and, preferring in his unconquerable pride to starve rather than ask help of and humble himself to his father, he had exacted a promise from Bessie that she would hold no communication with Ireland without his sanction. But in her, poor girl, pride and promise were alike subservient to the immediate necessities of a sick husband and a starving child. So she wrote to his father, only to receive in reply that most chilling of all assurances, dumbly but eloquently spoken by the intact seal, that her heart-wrung appeal had never

met the eye it was intended for, nor any other save her own.

The manuscript goes on through many weary pages, filled with complaints, yet breathing more eloquently of silent misery. I am happy to believe that such cases have been rare in our city, and that the aggravation of poor O'Donnell's case arose from his peculiar disposition. For work, though physically not well fitted, he was not too proud, but when sickness overtook him he spurned even the most delicately offered charity.

As I read on, I could almost feel from the altering tone that the end was drawing near, and the last few entries were perceptibly shadowed by approaching death—seeming to me like a message from the grave. He was evidently softened by the dark hour that was so near him, and the pages contained many self-reproaches. "Let Tommy go to my father, if possible," he wrote in the last entry of all; "he will love him for my sake, and will forgive me when I am dead. But Bessie, poor Bessie! what must become of her?" I sighed as I answered the question of the dead to my own mind, and thought, as I put the book aside, that real life had rarely afforded so strangely sad a romance.

I attended Bessie for a week longer (since reading the manuscript she had become individualized in my mind as Bessie, and I thought of her by no other name), and then I closed her eyes, and took the weeping boy to my own home. Another name was inscribed below that of poor Tom on the head-stone, and another victim of "man's inhumanity to man" slept by his side. The flowers on the grave are forgotten now; indeed, they had been neglected during poor Bessie's illness. But the head-stone which had first attracted my attention still stood there with its singular legend, a never-failing wonder to grave-yard loiterers.

But how to communicate the tidings to the childless old man who had caus-

ed all this misery (for his eldest son had died some months before). I was not so sanguine of his probable repentance as to believe he would welcome his grandson with open arms—the son of that Bessie Cotter whose fatal beauty had wakened the first and last difference between father and son. I did not like to write a long explanatory letter, for I did not wish to put myself more prominently forward in the painful business than was absolutely necessary to fulfill my promise to the dying woman; and in truth my feelings toward the old man were not the kindest. At length, having no wish to spare his feelings, I thought the simplest way to communicate his son's and daughter-in-law's death would be to have the tombstone photographed. On this idea I acted, and dispatched a copy to Mr. O'Donnell, merely penciling in the corner: "For particulars, apply to Dr. G——, San Francisco."

His letter came by the earliest possible mail. It was brief, but to me conveyed a world of meaning. I could detect the crushed pride striving to hide itself in every line. I could recognize the bitter repentance for an irrevocable past surging up to the surface here and there,

in spite of the strong will that struggled to keep it down. The note in itself was simple. It merely thanked me, and inquired into the particulars of "my poor boy's death;" asking also if he had left issue.

My heart smote me as I read the broken-spirited words of the old man, stricken by his own pride, and I wished that I had communicated the news more kindly. However, all this was done now, and all I had in my power was to write him a long explanatory letter, softening down the details of his son's death as much as possible, and consoling him by the mention of his grandson Tommy, who, I took it upon myself to state, was as like his father as could be; an assertion which, as I had never seen Tom O'Donnell, senior, the reader will admit to have been a pretty bold one. However, I drew my data from the fact that the boy was not like his mother, and eventually it proved that I had guessed "indifferent well."

Tommy O'Donnell is at home with his grandfather now, and, when I pay a long-promised visit to Ireland, I have received a cordial invitation to make the mansion of O'Donnell my home.

GONDA;

OR, THE MARTYRS OF ZAANDAM.

WHAT I am going to write is history. It is given without coloring and sensational drapery. It is the faithful record of a time when religious controversies too often became bloody. Those times have passed. Whatever may be our religious belief, we look upon those days as barbarous. Such they were, perhaps. Yet, there was a zeal then existing which now seems dead. Truth now seems to be of no particular importance; Mammon has become the

ruler. In appearance, this one of the powers of evil has got the supremacy. He has linked Christian, Jew, and Gentile in harmonious union. "Love one another" has, indeed, become the rule; but not for the sake of Christ. No, for the sake of Mammon.

It was in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The discovery of the New World had given a new stir to commercial enterprise. In Venice, in Gen-

oa, ships were building to bring European products to Mexico and Peru, in exchange for the rich silver and gold which came as an avalanche over Europe, just emerging from the iron middle ages and preparing for the effeminate age of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

Yes, the south of Europe was astir for gold and silver; but in the north, too, there was a spot full of enterprise and life. Though not indifferent to gold and silver, they looked out for more solid sources of wealth. In the east they had already set foot on the Cape of Good Hope, and in Batavia, the centre of Java, not to mention Ceylon and the coast of Coromandel; in the west they had already planted their standard in Rio de Janeiro, Surinam, and New Amsterdam.

That spot was Holland, the essentially commercial province of the Netherlands. And in Holland, not far from the metropolis, Amsterdam, a little to the north, was Zaandam, where thousands of hands were building ships, and thousands of men were ever ready to seek any quarter of the globe. It was here that, two centuries later, Peter the Great of Russia came to don the ship-carpenter's dress, and to learn—he, the autocrat of millions of subjects—the art of building ships. Not to London nor to Venice he went for this, but to Zaandam, the centre of Dutch activity. There he worked, and hammered, and received the ambassadors of France and England.

The river Zaan runs in a southerly direction into the Cy, a basin of the Zuyder Zee. There on the western shore was Westzaan; on the eastern shore, Oostzaan, two townships equally active in the construction of war and merchant vessels. Already in the fourteenth century the dam was constructed to unite the two towns, which, under Napoleon I., received the rights of a city.

Long before Luther made his pilgrimage to Rome, and began his warfare

against indulgences, those northern regions of the Netherlands heard the voice of reform. Simonis Mennon had already come from Frisia, and become the leader of those reformers who, under the name of Mennonites, live as a sect to this day, and are numerous in Pennsylvania. Yea, not many weeks ago, 600 of their followers came from far-off Russia, and landed in New York City, seeking under the American flag protection and prosperity.

Mennon's preaching stirred the minds of the thrifty Netherlanders, and soon the whole peninsula of northern Holland was in a blaze. But if the converts were many, so were the believers in papal supremacy, and hard and bitter was the conflict for many, many years.

It was in the spring of 1527. The trees were getting green, the wheat-fields began to sprout, the wharves were crowded—all gave sign of life and joy. Crowds followed crowds to the marketplace of Zaandam: some shouting, some laughing; some, but a few, silent and gloomy. In the centre of the place could be seen a high stake, surrounded by a layer of fagots, about three feet high. Near it was a heap of fagots. The crowd was soon removed to a distance round the stake. Sturdy-looking halberdiers kept watch, walking up and down the empty space.

"There they come," said one of the spectators—Skipper Rolan Jacobsz—holding his boy of ten by the hand. "There they come."

An elderly man, tall and slender, with grayish beard, downcast eyes, and arms tied behind him, walked slowly and wearily. On his right and left were two priests, each carrying a crucifix, which now and then they held up before the doomed man's face. In the rear followed some friars of a brotherhood, chanting in mournful voice. When near the stake, they stopped. One of the priests,

the Pastor Claes, of Westzaan, stood before the prisoner, and, holding up the crucifix, said in a loud voice :

“Recant, thou son of Belial! Give honor to the Holy Virgin and the Holy Church. May be thy miserable life will be spared. Recant!”

Jan Walen, with bended head and eyes closed, murmured words which no one heard—at least on earth.

“To the stake!” cried the priest, and in a few moments Jan Walen was bound, head and feet, to the stake.

“Once more, recant!” cried the persistent priest.

“Lord Jesus, forgive them!” said the doomed man. The words were spoken slowly, distinctly, but feebly.

The fire was lit, the fagots piled up, and the soul of Jan Walen fled beyond the reach of human hatred.

Thus died the first martyr to the reformed faith in the Netherlands. His powerful preaching had roused many souls sleeping upon what he held to be a couch of superstitious ignorance. Thousands were appalled by the cruel fate which had overtaken their leader. Some returned to the old ways, seemingly more secure; some in silence remembered the teachings of Jan Walen. The seed sown was not lost, and seven years later one of his disciples, Pieter Coster, of Zaandam, roused again the sleeping multitude by his eloquence.

This time the smoldering embers took fire with astonishing rapidity; but with desperate fury the dominant party withstood the revolt. The leader of it was speedily imprisoned. His trial was very short, and for the second time, in 1535, the stake and fagots were prepared on the market-place of Zaandam.

Not so glad and numerous was the spectator crowd this time. The reform in Germany had spread more or less in all directions, and the sturdy Hollanders of the new faith felt they were not alone. But nothing could save Pieter

Coster, the second martyr of Zaandam. With additional torture he was at last consumed by the flames.

Again Jacobsz stood among the approving multitude; again his son was at his side, this time no more a boy, but a young man of studious appearance, wearing a scholar's gown.

“Thou seest, Bartel, that's the end of all of them. It won't do to go against the Mother Church. Pastor Claes is the right man; I trust thou wilt be like him when thou art once ordained.”

The young man sighed. He remembered what he saw seven years before. At last he said, thoughtfully:

“Jan Walen asked forgiveness for them; this one said nothing.”

“Of course not! how could he? He was fainting with the torture, and gagged! How stupid of thee!”

Bartel did not answer. Perhaps a shudder ran over his slender frame.

Bartel Jacobsz was one of those sensitive natures which are strongly impressed, and are apt to dwell long upon the impression received. During his boyhood, Jan Walen's “Lord Jesus, forgive them!” had often and often recurred to his mind, and the martyr's parting words had taken deeper root than his father or even his teacher, Pastor Claes, ever suspected. All he had been taught about the followers of Mennon was that they were heretics condemned to hell-fire, devils under the appearance of men: but the last prayer breathed by one of them, while fagots were piled around him and the leaping flames singed his hair and beard, that prayer was a seed sown in good ground—it took root, and became a plant too strong for old Jacobsz, too strong even for Pastor Claes to uproot.

For while the young man studied, many were the questions which he asked his teacher, questions really to the point, but answered sometimes in an evasive

manner, sometimes impatiently, sometimes not at all. However, Bartel remained faithful to his vocation, and in the course of time was ordained to the priesthood. The priest of Oostzaan having been called to his last account, at the recommendation of Pastor Claes young Bartel was appointed to the care of the Chapel of Mary Magdalene. It was built in the thirteenth century, and yet stands. It was there that "Heer Bart," for as such he was henceforth known, preached many a sermon, of which the spirit was more like that of Jan Walen than of Pastor Claes.

Again seven years passed, during which the indomitable faith of the Mennonites continued the struggle. Again the leader, or one of the leaders, was put in prison, and Jan Hoorn was to be the third martyr to the new faith.

It was in 1542. Long and bitter had been the persecution, but as the number of "heretics" daily increased, the priesthood concluded that nothing but inexorable severity could crush the evil. Jan Hoorn was brought to trial, condemned to torture at the stake, and on the 12th of October the market-place of Zaandam was again crowded, this time with many sympathizing men—so many that a large military force was called to keep order and obedience to the law of "mercy and justice."

Jan Hoorn was a man in the prime of life; a widower, with a little five-year-old girl, left him by a wife who shortly after the birth of Hildegonda went to rest. From that time he gave himself entirely up to preaching what he considered the truth.

Slowly the procession moved on. This time Heer Bart, who as a boy had seen the first martyr, as a young man the second martyr, walked alongside the third martyr. In whispering tones they spoke: what they said no one could hear. But the martyr seemed to speak

most, and while his face was clear and eyes bright, the priest's eyes were dim.

The victim was tied to the stake. The hot furnace stood near. The iron nippers were red-hot. The *beul*, the executioner, approached and took the dreadful instrument of torture.

"Recant!" said Heer Bart, in a voice which seemed to quiver with emotion, and with trembling hand holding up the crucifix.

"Thou knowest I can not, Heer Bart," answered the martyr. "I am ready to die for my Lord and Saviour."

"Blasphemer!" cried Pastor Claes, who this time presided as judge, "blasphemer! we shall see! Arms first!"

The *beul* approached with the red-hot nippers, and with hissing noise the flesh was torn from both the arms.

The victim uttered a shriek of agony. There was an echo among the crowd, a wail of angry sympathy. They began to move, to press; but the halberds of the soldiers soon restored order.

"The legs!" cried Pastor Claes, "the legs!"

And the *beul* took fresh red-hot nippers, and tore the flesh away with a hissing sound; but this time there was no cry of pain: the martyr seemed to feel no more; his eyes were upon Heer Bart kneeling beside him.

"Heer Bart!" he said, softly; and when the unfortunate priest looked up to him, he continued in an audible and steady voice:

"When thou takest Gonda, as thou hast promised, remember the words, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.' Remember them: promise me."

"I do, I will," said Heer Bart, with choking voice.

"Light the fagots!" cried Pastor Claes, and soon the flames arose with crackling noise.

"Lord Jesus, they know not what they do!" exclaimed the martyr, and these were his last words—for soon the

flames surrounded him, and the spirit of Jan Hoorn was gone.

When Heer Bart with trembling step and quivering lip had passed through the crowd, there was a strange mixture of respect, anger, and anxiety among the spectators of the cruel scene.

"Heer Bart feels bad," some whispered.

"Why, he looks as if he were going to the stake himself!" said others.

And so it was. The priest was aware that he had witnessed a murder in the name of religion. The man whom he had come to confess and absolve had opened more of the truth according to the gospel to him, than he had ever learned in his studies with Pastor Claes. It was the martyr who had to absolve him from the unwilling crime of seemingly approving the murder.

Pastor Bart felt that he had led a sheep to the slaughter. And yet his priestly vow was binding. Could the Holy Church commit murder?

He reached the dwelling of Jan Haviksz, at Zaandam. A man of wealth, but giving more than his tenth to the poor. A man of studious habits, few words, simple manners. A father of a numerous family, whose wife was, like himself, quiet, somewhat reticent. They had the name of being God-fearing people, attended mass, observed feasts and fasts; but the rumor was that they gave often hospitality to those of the "new faith"—that they helped them in many ways. Yea, it was in their house that Jan Hoorn had been arrested.

Heer Bart lifted the heavy knocker. It took some time before the door was opened by Jan Haviksz himself. At the sight of the priest he was startled, but soon recovering from his surprise, he said:

"Come in, Heer Bart; glad to see you."

The priest was less composed. For

a few moments he stood speechless. At last he said, with somewhat trembling voice:

"Is little Gonda here?"

Jan Haviksz looked sternly at the priest, who with downcast eyes stood waiting for his answer. But knowing him as a man of charity, and wishing to be prudent, he avoided a direct answer by asking him to come in and take a seat.

What they conversed about, we can not tell. Heer Bart never mentioned it. But what followed, Gonda well remembered in after-life.

Jan Haviksz left the room, and found Gonda in the arms of his wife, who tried to soothe the orphan child. He whispered a few words, and took the little one by the hand, leading her to where Heer Bart was sitting in trembling expectation.

Gonda was a lovely child, about five years of age, of fair complexion, with thoughtful eyes. Tears were rolling down her cheeks when she stood before the priest, who took her in his arms, and with a husky voice said: "Gonda, I'll be a father to thee."

The child answered not, but looked up to Jan Haviksz, who said: "Yes, dear Gonda, Heer Bart will take care of thee; he promised so to thy father."

At the word "father," the child broke out in sobs, all the while nestling in the priest's arms.

That very evening a new life dawned for Heer Bart. When coming to his parsonage, his old and trusty Betje, the keeper of his solitary home, took charge of Gonda; carried her to her little bedroom, adorned with many pictures of saints; told her she was the Virgin's own little one, and Pastor Bart would care for her.

The child was quiet and thoughtful. Tears had ceased to stream—now and then a sob; at last she sunk on her knees, resting her head on the lowly couch..

Did she pray? Betje seemed to think so.

"Not here," she said, "sweet child, not here; kneel before the Mother Virgin."

And with that she took her little hand to raise her up, and lead her to a small statue on a pedestal, representing the Holy Virgin with the infant Jesus.

But Gonda did not move; her blue and tearful eyes looked up to Betje. "Mother is in heaven," she said, softly; "I say my prayers to God."

Betje was amazed; she left the room and went to Pastor Bart, whom she found reading his breviary.

"What is the matter, Betje?" he asked kindly, observing her almost bewildered look.

"She won't pray, Heer Bart," answered the somewhat irate matron; "what did you take her for?"

She then narrated the whole. The pastor was thoughtful; the words of the martyr came back to him: "Out of the mouths of babes," etc. He remembered his promise.

"What did she say? Repeat it once more."

"Well, she would not kneel before the blessed Virgin, only think!—and then she said: 'I say my prayers to God.' Impudent little thing! And spoke of her mother being in heaven! Most likely she thinks her father is gone there too! The little imp!"

Heer Bart soothed his angry matron; said he would look to it; a child was a child, and by degrees she would learn to understand.

"Just let her alone, I will make it all right; just let her alone."

That night Heer Bart, the pastor of Mary Magdalene Chapel, "said his prayers to God" without any other intercession than that of the Saving Name.

The martyrdom of Jan Hoorn was the beginning of a cruel persecution, where-

in, as Honig, the historian, says: "Many and many a faithful witness to the truth was sacrificed at the stake." During eight*years the rage was unabated, and the followers of Mennon fled to regions far away: west to America; east, to the steppes of southern Russia.

But Luther and Calvin had sown the seed in middle and southern Europe; in England, Cranmer and Ridley at the stake had lit a fire which no priestcraft could extinguish; and soon the city of Amsterdam, then the commercial centre of northern Europe, was astir in the stream of reformation.

Among the leaders—for where the human mind awakes from drowsy sleep, leaders will arise who by the strength of faith arouse the weak and doubting—among the leaders were Jan Arentsz and Jan Gabrielsz, two men of sturdy minds; the first a powerful preacher, whom to hear was to believe in what he said; the last a man of heavenly mind, however less ready to suffer and bear the cross than to preach salvation.

They did a great work in Amsterdam, and laid the groundwork of that stern belief in gospel truth which sustained the northern Netherlands in their struggle of eighty long years against the bloody dominion of Spain with its Inquisition.

But as yet the Spanish power was in the ascendant, and Philip's succession to the more liberal Charles V. gave ample scope to the domineering priesthood. With unabated vigor the reforming leaders were persecuted; they fled from Amsterdam, and found a refuge in the house of Jan Haviksz, at Zaandam.

In vain this noble but prudent advocate of sound religion tried to persuade his guests to abstain from public preaching. Jan Arentsz would not listen. "The Word! the Word!" he used to say—"they shall hear the Word!"

So on a Sunday morning he went forth and stood on the Zaandam. The hun-

dreds soon became thousands, who listened to the words which had enthralled the multitudes of the Amstel city. Louder and louder rung the voice of the man of God, more and more silent became the crowded multitude.

Among them stood a man in priestly garments. His glistening eyes were fixed on the preacher, his lips were parted as if to breathe the words which struck his ears. Behind him, and looking over his shoulder, stood a maiden, pale and thoughtful; her eyes were downcast, her lips trembling with emotion, her hands folded as if in silent prayer.

You guess who they were, and guess rightly. During those long and terrible years Heer Bart had faithfully performed his pastoral duties. The frightful scenes and martyrdoms had passed before him as so many flashes of light. The sweet child committed to his care had grown in stature and in grace, and since her twelfth year had been under the roof of Jan Haviksz. She saw the pastor often, and many were the prayers they prayed together. Gonda listened to the gospel preacher as one who had fed on the gospel all her life. The pastor listened as one who saw the chasm he had to pass—as one who began to realize the difference between truth *felt* and truth *spoken*.

The preacher had finished the closing prayer, ringing over the multitude, ringing toward the to us invisible throne of God. The people dispersed. Gonda took the pastor's hand, brought it reverently to her lips, and said: "Comest to see us this night, father?"

The priest could not answer. He pressed her hand, and went to his solitary home.

That afternoon, Heer Bart was in his chapel. He said vespers. When the people were gone, he knelt down and prayed long. He rose at last, and looked at the burning light indicating the Eucharistic Presence; he looked at the

statues of virgins and saints, and heaved a deep sigh. He went into the vestry, put off his ecclesiastical garments, once more knelt down to prayer; arose, looked round the room, and left.

Another Sunday came, and again Jan Arentsz spoke to thousands. The whole of Zaandam was astir. Not only religious but also political freedom became the topic of the day among the thrifty builders, and skippers, and merchants. William of Orange had joined the reform. His wife was the daughter of Coligny, the French admiral, who was butchered on the night of St. Bartholomew, when twenty thousand Protestants were murdered in Paris alone. The Dutch blood, slow but strong when moved by sense of wrong and oppression, began to stir; and when Arentsz' ringing voice appealed to freedom acquired by the blood of Christ, there rose a shout which may have rung as far as the Amstel city: "Free we are, and free we shall remain! Hurrah for freedom! *Oranjè boven!*"

The shout was heard, and not many days thereafter Jan Arentsz was arrested and carried off to prison.

"I thought so," said Jan Haviksz, the prudent host with whom the preacher and his companion Gabrielsz had found a refuge, "I thought so. We must not force circumstances, dear friends; let us abide our time."

"It may be so," answered Gabrielsz, whose placid mind was more inclined to patient waiting, "it may be so. They have gone to arms, they say. Herman says they are preparing a fleet, and he thought of joining them. Is that true?"

"Hush, dear sir, hush!" answered Jan Haviksz, in a low voice; "if my son has been foolish enough to talk of it, so much the worse, but pray don't let it pass your lips; only let us have quiet until the storm is past. Poor Arentsz!"

At this moment Heer Bart, who until

now had been a silent listener, arose; his eyes kindled, a flush came over his face.

"To-morrow, Sunday, I will take Arentsz' place, and preach the word of truth."

His friends looked on in amazement. They knew he had left his chapel, they knew he had joined the reform movement; but until now he had been quiet, seldom giving his opinion. But they little knew what struggle had been going on in that honest heart for many years; they little knew how the new spirit had slowly laid a deep foundation in that heart, and fitted it to become a temple of living stone.

"Thou wilt risk thy life," said Gabrielsz, "and then I shall be alone."

"My life is not worth more than that of Gonda's father," answered Bart. "On the very place where he suffered death I will preach the word of life."

He left the room, and in the hall was met by Gonda. He pressed her to his heart, and said:

"Sweet child, dost know something about Herman joining the fleet?"

Gonda blushed; it was the blush of chaste and innocent love.

"I do," she said; "he gives me choice, to marry now, or else he goes to join the fleet."

"And thou, what sayst thou?"

She took the pastor's hand in both her own, and looking steadily up to him, said slowly:

"I know thy purpose, father. I heard thy prayer last night. The door was ajar, I heard thy voice, and stopped. I did wrong, but could not help it. To-morrow thou wilt preach where Arentsz stood and made thee a confessor. Thou wilt suffer, but I will suffer with thee."

"And Herman?"

"He will go and fight with the arms of flesh, while thou dost so with the sword of the spirit."

"And thou?"

"I will remain with thee, father; aid

and help thee, and if need be die with thee."

The priest—for such he was and must remain, if vows have any worth—the priest gave her his blessing, and left.

Some way or other the rumor was spread abroad that Heer Bart would preach on the market-place of Zaandam. If Arentsz had drawn a multitude, still greater was the flow of eager listeners now. Some were strong reformers, excited to the utmost by the fate of Arentsz. Some were doubting, and anxiously awaited the coming events. Some were merely curious, and went to hear the popular pastor of Mary Magdalene. Some were angry and spiteful, and ready to raise the hue and cry against the "apostate priest," who, leaving Holy Church, went over to a set of fanatical reformers.

If the voice of Arentsz had been ringing and bringing conviction to many a wavering soul, the appearance of Bart—the man whom so many had known, who was so endeared to hundreds by his unceasing labors for good, who never spoke a harsh word, but often and often words of cheering consolation—yes, his very appearance on the roughly constructed scaffolding hushed all in deepest silence.

As a man who regretted with sorrow his long silence, with slow but deep-toned voice he spoke about the martyrdom of Jan Hoorn; his words when walking to the stake, his commending his only child to his care, his very last words when torn by the cruel irons. "Yes," he said, and his words rung over the thousand listening heads, "Yes, I did promise, and kept my word; and she became an angel in my house, and taught me what it was to pray. There she is; and even now, through her, the spirit of Jan Hoorn speaks to me, as when he died on this very spot for the faith I now confess."

Saying this, he pointed to Gonda, who stood not far from him. The martyr's daughter lifted her hands on high in prayer. There was a rushing and pushing among the electrified multitude; the indifferent awakened, the spiteful were abashed, the believers uttered a shout of fervent joy. At last there was a hush, and with eager faces they seemed to drink the words of Bart, the priest of St. Mary Magdalene; who, with the force of long-felt, long-kept, now at-last-uttered conviction, thundered forth with almost superhuman strength words of truth, words of long-hidden, long-fostered condemnation of vain and idle worship.

The multitude was struck as by a thunderbolt from heaven. Bart's words fell as flashing fire upon the hearts of hundreds; many, who came to scorn and condemn, were roused as from sleep, and joined in the "*Loof God*" ("Praise God"), which, as a roaring flood, poured from thousands of throats at the concluding words of the preacher.

"To the Oostzaan!" was the cry.

Yes, they wanted Pastor Claes to hear the words of truth. "To the Oostzaan!" it rung again and again. And Bart was literally pushed and dragged, until, at last, he consented to preach the word in the parish of the priest who taught him in early days, who ordered the torture of Jan Hoorn, the father of his Gonda. On went the stream of excited men until they reached the place where the chimes of St. Ann called the followers of Pastor Claes to vespers. On they went, until the whole square was filled and crowded, and the expectant multitude waited for the words of Heer Bart. Gonda had, as it were, made a vow. With woman's instinct, she foresaw what was sure to come: persecution, prison, and death. But to her Bartel Jacobsz was more than a father. Her life was bound up in his. If Herman Haviksz had her earthly vows, the man who took

her father's place had more. She followed him to the Oostzaan. She stood by him, when preaching and sending forth words of stirring love; words which opened, as with a mysterious key, the benumbed memories and consciences of hundreds.

Empty was the church of Pastor Claes, empty the houses of Oostzaan. The heart and life of the thrifty bee-hive was all around Heer Bart, who, with words of glowing eloquence, held the mass of human hearts in wondering admiration. All at once there was a yell, a shriek of horror, as if the evil spirit himself had appeared. Near the preacher stood Pastor Claes. Old and bent with the burden of years, the priest looked with glittering eyes upon the preacher, shaking his fist in powerless rage; and when Heer Bart paused a moment, he yelled aloud:

"Renegade! apostate! son of Belial! avaunt with thy blasphemies! Thou lying tongue! thou Judas! thou worse than Judas! —"

A growl, which only an excited multitude of human beings could utter, was the signal of a struggle such as once was seen, a thousand years before, when fanatical reformers broke into temples and crushed the images of saints, who seemed to take the place of heathen deities. The spirit of the iconoclasts, the spirit of life against the spirit of superstitious idolatry, took hold of the simple-minded Hollanders; and the stream of human beings, who had just listened with rapt attention to the spiritual teaching of Heer Bart, rushed with uncontrollable anger to the church of Pastor Claes. The doors had been left open for vesper service; in they rushed. "Down with the images!" they cried; "down with the pictures!" Many works of art in a few minutes were destroyed, when the voice of Bart was heard:

"Stop, brethren, stop! Not against marble and painting we make war. Let

them alone; they are guiltless. Stop, brethren, stop!"

The voice of Bart was heard, and the voice of a leader is powerful. As guilty they stood, and when he spoke it was as if the voice came from heaven:

"Thou shalt not adore them," said he; "thou shalt not worship them, for 'I the Lord am thy God; Him shalt thou worship.'"

And the multitude left the church, which, being closed, was saved from further destruction.

But when that night Heer Bart was resting from his labors, a loud knock was heard at the door of Jan Haviksz' dwelling. A strong patrol of halberdiers, guided by Pastor Claes, took hold of Bart and Gonda, and before the break of day had lodged them in the prison of the Amstel city. Not only heresy was laid to their charge, but exciting to rebellion and destruction of church property. The trial was short, and, through the active working of Pastor Claes, the sentence cruel. Heer Bart was to suffer at the stake, and Gonda to be flogged, branded, and confined for life. There were no appeals in those days; religious zeal and political strife knew of no delay, no mercy. Jan Arentsz had already suffered death, and the morning sun began to strike the market-place of Zaandam, when bands of Spanish soldiers cleared the crowd away, who, with frowning threats, pressed and pressed, increasing more and more.

The sun rose higher and higher. The time appointed for the execution had passed. There was a whispering among the feverish mass, a tormenting anxiety. Hours went by; nothing appeared. At last a guardsman was seen in full career; he handed a dispatch to the commanding officer, who at once gave orders to return to the Amstel city.

"Could they have changed the place of execution? Was Heer Bart yet alive?" Such were the anxious questions among

the astonished multitude. They remained unanswered, and with heavy hearts they left, each one for his home.

That very night a schooner might have been seen making full sail northwest, not far from Texal, and in the morning going west, crossing the North Sea, and bound for the shores of England. And who were in the small but dapper craft? Jan Haviksz and his wife, with Gabrielsz, the well-meaning but rather prudent preacher. And who was at the helm? Herman, the trusty lover of Gonda. With Dutch coolness and daring, he, soon after the arrest, had planned their escape. Among the many craft which belonged to his father, he chose the one which he knew fleetest and most secure. He prepared all, and chose his men, of whom he was as sure as of himself. Then he waited until the day preceding the execution. The jailer was gained by dazzling offers, and promise of safety in their flight. Thus, in the depth of night, the prison-doors were opened, and captives and jailer safely hidden in the little craft, which lustily pushed north through the Zuyder Zee, as Pastor Claes and the guardsmen knocked at the prison-gates.

In a few days they landed safely on British soil, and found sympathy and help. But Herman wished to return, and with his craft to join the *watergenzen*, which had begun to organize in Holland.

"Gonda," he said, "thou art my betrothed, but my country needs my arm, and Father Bart needs thine. So, to our duty—thou here, I there. I am sure thou thinkest so, too."

Gonda stood erect; a happy, proud smile was her answer, while extending her hand and laying it in his.

Many years they passed in exile—years of grief and sorrow; for Jan Haviksz pined away, far from home, and

never hearing from his son. His wife followed soon, and Gonda remained alone with Father Bart, who supported himself as best he could, and learned to prize the golden virtues of his adopted child in more than one respect. She cheered him and worked for him, and, though her beauty drew many to ask her in marriage, she clung to Herman, though absent and perhaps dead. Only once she heard from him, through an English crew, which met him in command of a small war-vessel, fighting bravely under the Dutch tricolor. But years passed, and the comely maiden had reached middle life, when letters came from Oostzaan—letters from the dear old country—letters brought by a merchant vessel, which, under the Dutch flag, securely carried its merchandise to England.

Surely, there was a change. They had heard of many battles, they had heard of Leyden's siege and relief, they had heard that the northern Netherlands had nearly thrown off the yoke, they had heard that the reformed faith had begun to triumph; they began to hope. But those letters! Ah! they were a gleam of sunshine in the pastor's soul. They came from a regularly organized church consistory; they pressing invited Heer Bart to accept the pastorate of the Reformed Church at Oostzaan. They forwarded the means of travel, they were full of loving reverence, they left no choice. Nor was the choice difficult. When the merchant vessel had taken in its cargo, Heer Bart and Gonda were among the passengers, and Gabrielsz

joined them—for now the well-meaning reformer thought it safe enough.

This was in the spring of 1578. Heer Bart and Gonda were soon installed in the old parsonage, and from the pulpit in Mary Magdalene Chapel the words came swift and powerful, though less so than many years ago on the Zaandam; for age had brought, with whitening hair and bended form, that need of reliance on the Saviour's breast which teaches humility and steady forbearance.

But among the crowded audience there was one who attended with his eye and ear, who seemed to drink the words which perhaps for many years he had not heard. His face was dark and sunburnt, his left arm in a sling, his dress that of a seafaring man. When, after the blessing, the many faithful came to shake hands with Heer Bart, he remained sitting, and it was only when all had left that he arose and walked up to the chancel.

Heer Bart looked at him, stared, trembled. At last he said, "Herman!"—then, opening his arms wide, pressed him to his heart, and thus remained long, while tears began to flow.

The stranger could not say a word. His father, mother, all passed through his memory. At last he said, almost in a whisper, "And Gonda?"

Heer Bart at once recovered his cheerful look, and smiling, said: "Ever waiting for thee!"

To this day the name of Bartel Jacobsz may be seen on the register of the church of Oostzaan as the first pastor in 1578.

ZOE'S FATHER.

CHAPTER I.

THROUGH the piles of Meiggs' Wharf, North San Francisco, one night, quite a number of years ago, the Tide hurried in an ill-tempered, fretful way. His darling Lady Moon had just hung out a glittering signal-lamp in her window away to the east, and our Tide had swum over the great green Hells-pont of the Pacific like a young Hero to keep his old love-tryst. The white favors of his white lady floating grandly about his head got tangled in the wharf-timbers, and torn and scattered in a provoking way, if one but considers the elegance and neatness so desirable in a lover. And, most horrible!—from the wharf above a string of scavengers' carts shot down into the water their filth and rubbish, which three or four ragged, miserable-looking fellows were raking over and tossing about—some in the water, some on land—talking little, but that little strongly and strangely flavored with oaths of considerable length and ingenuity.

With a sputter of disgust, our Tide rolled over and dived out far and deep, leaving a great wave in his wake that rushed high on shore, and up to the lower coat-button of Hamon Crowse, Negro; giving to that "colored" gentleman's swearing a marked tone of indignation and discomfort. Hamon was one of a motley group who, there in the clean white light of the moon, were engaged in turning over with rakes, hoes, and tools of that ilk, the dirty rubbish shot down at certain times on sea and shore at Meiggs' Wharf. Now and then something glittered, as the incoming water washed over the dirt raked down to its edge, and the muck-miner would instant-

ly stoop and pick up whatever it was—a spoon, knife, pair of scissors, and, not at all infrequently, a small or large piece of coin or jewelry that had got into some family dust-bin by mistake—and such mistakes occurred often enough to make it worth the while of habitually lazy and inopulent persons of Hamon's character to search this rubbish as described.

Hamon worked farthest from shore on a big, rich, reeking heap, supported by an abnormal elevation of the beach from the too-quickly demolishing action of the waves; and he seemed to succeed well, judging by the frequency with which his hand left the handle of his scraper, went down into the rubbish he turned over, and, coming up again, entered the big pocket of his coat or the old bag stacked on the top of the heap by his side. Inshore from Hamon, in a position at once less uncomfortable and more advantageous apparently as to results, there scraped away among the muck a tall, lean old man, whose trembling hands and bloated face bore witness of a drunkard's life and prophecy of a not far-off drunkard's death.

"What luck, boss?" said the younger, after some time, and as he, apparently routed by the rising water, came inland, passing the old man.

"Good enough—good enough, you son of a —;" replied the affectionate elder; using a term which, if it were not a title habitually conferred meaninglessly on each other among even the closest friends by the more vulgarly speaking population of the great West, might have been decisive in settling the young man's descent—at least from the mother's side. "Good enough."

"Then come along, Daddy, d—n it;

the water's risin' too high to do any-thing, an' I'm cold as h—l."

"There you're wrong, Hamon; there you're clean wrong. Hell's warm—warm as——" but here the old gentleman felt his favorite term of comparison to be tautological and a truism, so he stopped, and went on after a puzzled, semi-drunken pause—"as warm as your mammy Babylonia's temper."

At mention of this name Hamon's black countenance took an uncomfortable expression, and he looked anxiously into the old man's face. "Daddy," he said, "I want to tell ye somefin' private afore we go home to-night—if I was ony sure ye warn't drunk as a owl.—Let's go, anyway."

The two shouldered their wet bags—the old man grumbling and staggering, and turning round at intervals to curse bitterly and shake his trembling fist at another of the rubbish-searchers who had just hit him on the cheek with a rotten orange; and the Negro wallowed along up the beach, using his long ungainly legs and great flat feet like a man in much haste. A volley of oaths thrown after him by "Daddy," however, brought him to a halt; he waited uneasily. Then the two passed on together, crushing cinders, filth, and decaying abomination of all kinds under their dripping boots; the effluvium from which was enough to asphyxiate anyone but a scavenger.

"Daddy, Thaddeus Herrick, sit down here," said the Negro, when they came to the steps opposite the low shed where the bears, monkeys, and other animals belonging to the saloon-keeper at the corner were sleeping; "sit down and tell me if yer sober enuf to heah somefin'—somefin' about yer own daughter—about Zoe Herrick; do ye heah? *I'm* nuffin' to you, if I does call ye Daddy fur short, an' I ain't very pertickler, n'more'n you, 'bout most things 'at my mammy does; but Daddy, Thaddeus Herrick, if yer sober enuf to git yer own

daughter Zoe out o' mammy's house, git her out, right away—to-night; or, I tell ye, Daddy, yer daughter'll be—gone to h—l, like my mammy—like the other women on that street—like——"

Unusual a thing as it was for San Francisco, the heavens had been lit up at intervals by lightning during that evening, and the Negro's speech was broken off by a crash as if half the city were in ruin, while a vivid, long-enduring sheet of flame lit up both sky and earth until the moon was hidden by the light as at noonday. That light also showed old Herrick striking down Hamon, who fell as if he had been smitten by the paw of the great grizzly then roaring with fright and tearing at his bars in the shed. The thunder rolled again until every beast in the menagerie crouched and howled with terror; but through all the voice of Thaddeus Herrick pierced distinctly into the ear of the prostrate Hamon Crowse: "Speak of my own Zoe again like that, and I'll rake your black heart out and give it to the bears!"

"Let me speak; take yer hand off my throat," gasped poor Hamon. "Mr. Herrick—Daddy—massa," he added, as the grasp relaxed a little, "I'm tellin' ye ony the holy gospel truth; may God strike me dead with that lightnin' if I'm not. Listen, massa; Mammy Babylonia's been givin' ye more an' more whis-ky all this week jist to make ye good fur nuffin' when the time comes, an' she forced me to git ye out here a-rakin' to-night to keep ye out o' the way besides. Listen, massa."

The old man, with his white hair falling over his cheeks—still filthy with the pieces of the rotten orange that had struck him—knelt on Hamon's breast, his two hands on his throat, and his white hair touching the black face; and the Negro talked on earnestly in an almost inaudible whisper, made still more inaudible at intervals by the throttling through which it had to pass up and out.

CHAPTER II.

Down a low, narrow alley off Dupont Street, there flared a dirty oil-lamp inside a dirty box whose front and sides were of semi-transparent canvas, painted over with certain coarse letters, which read thus :

"MADAME BABYLONIA,

"Black Fortune-teller from Bagdad, Obi and Spirit Medium."

Madame Babylonia was in her room. She was generally in; for her huge, bloated, shapeless black body was an inconvenient thing to carry out, and her evil, hideous face attracted too much unpleasant notice in public. Besides, the interests of her transcendental profession were much furthered by the mystery and secrecy that seclusion gave. The incessant blinding lightning rendered the one dim candle almost a superfluity in her apartment. By this candle at a low table near the solitary window sat a girl, not more than fifteen years of age, with a beautiful though sad and worn face. She looked as if she had been reading, and had stopped to think or to watch the storm outside. At the opposite end of the long, narrow room, almost in darkness, as far as the feeble rays of the candle were concerned, there crouched on her hams, by a ruinous old stove, Madame Babylonia herself, the great Negro trance-medium, obi-woman fortune-teller, etc. As from time to time the storm lit up the place, a curious sight might have been seen; though the girl, Zoe Herrick, from her place at the window, paid no attention to it, perhaps from long familiarity with such things. A large box, the top and one side being of wire-netting, stood beside the stove, in which box a dozen or so of rattlesnakes writhed over each other and hissed as the Negress stirred up the charcoal in the stove, or teased them with a short stick, or laughed horribly as she succeeded in throwing a bit of the hot charcoal into the cage of a misera-

ble and blasphemous parrot, set on a kind of devil's altar against the opposite wall, amid a perfect thicket of ugly wooden fetiches, old bladders painted over with hideous faces, stuffed skins dusty and distorted, and the whole other paraphernalia of bones, herbs, and old metal that go to set up an obi-woman and fortune-teller. At last a prolonged and furious screaming by the parrot of its favorite sentence, "Git up and git, d—n yer soul," and a crackling and smell of fire, drew Zoe's attention to the spot where the half-drunken old woman had been pitching live coals, and the girl saw that some of the trumpery had taken fire. There was no alarm or fuss; she simply took a bucket of water, put the thing out, and returned to her seat, looking very pale and resolute as the momentarily brightening lightning showed her face.

The old harridan by the stove seemed struck by something she had seen, and she let the snakes and the profane parrot alone for a spell, to get on her feet with more agility than was usual with her. She walked up to the window and laid her flabby hand heavily on Zoe's shoulder. "Look a-heah, gal, what fur ye dressed an' got that bundle beside ye?"

"Because—because, Babylonia, whenever my father comes home to-night, I'll take him away; I'm going to leave you."

Babylonia staggered back as if the lightning had struck her. "Leave heah, to-night!" Then recovering herself, she howled out: "An' who may you be that's goin' to leave afore you pays yer just dues? Hev I kep' up you an' yer drunken old daddy ever since the war driv us out ov Virginny, and ain't goin' to get nuffin' for it?"

"Get nothing for it!" said the girl, shivering a little, and using wonderfully lady-like language for one who had been reared by a nurse like Babylonia Crowse

and a father like Thaddeus Herrick, with Hamon for a kind of big brother—"get nothing for it! Have I not worked for you ever since father left his old plantation home in the beautiful South—I, only a child, too? And my father, has not he worked—is he not working now for you—where he gets such lots of things that you sell and use? and—and—but there's something wrong about all this. I know there is; I have been told so at school, and the tall teacher has asked me to come and live with her. She will teach me many things I ought to know, and teach me to forget many things I ought never to have known. All this she tells me. It is true. God's lightning to-night, in this strange city, reminds me of the old storms on the plantation—and my own mother's face was so beautiful *then* as she held me to her breast and told me of the great God, who holds us all in the hollow of His hand and loves good children. I go from this house, this street; the curse of God is on it all. The mistress told me so, and I know it. O, I have seen—I am going when father comes home."

A loud knocking at the outer door here interrupted the girl. She cried out, "Father at last!" and turned toward the door. But the obi-woman planted herself heavily in the way. "Git into yer room," she thundered, "an' stay dar till I send for ye heah! 'Taint yer dad. Can't ye heah the strange voices, ye —? It's visitahs, *for me*," she added, with a villainous smile.

The girl picked up her bundle with a weary sigh, and, opening what seemed to be, and was, a mere closet, that served at once for her own and her father's room, passed in. The Negress drew a heavy screen across the closet door, and then, passing out into the passage, let in her visitors. They were two women, almost as fat and ugly as herself, but attended by a carriage, and

arrayed in costly and gorgeously vulgar apparel.

"Up to no good, that's sure, *them* uns *here* at this time o' night!" murmured the passing gray-coated policeman (special officer Horseleech); and he joined the party. But he walked on immediately; having had an explanatory interview with the three ladies, terminating in a manner apparently quite satisfactory to him. Then the two fat visitors, ordering their ill-looking coachman to wait, followed their black hostess into her black house; grumbling a little as they closed their purses with a vicious and simultaneous snap. Their faces brightened somewhat, however, as they heard the officer's departing step, and the cheerful notes of the "Ten Thousand Miles Away" that he whistled as he turned the corner, walking northward at a brisk pace.

CHAPTER III.

Yes, a very cheerful and well-satisfied officer was Mr. Special Horseleech as he passed up Dupont Street; and the accursed woman-souls of that San Francisco *Rue des Enfers* long remembered the night of the great thunder-storm as an occasion on which he was especially gallant, frolicsome, and lenient. Yet he was just for a moment a little bit put out when two wretched-looking men, turning into the street at a tremendous pace, ran against and nearly overturned him; besides making him drop one of two gold coins which he was tossing from one hand to another. Had he not been too anxious to pick up his coin from the mud immediately, lest it might be lost, and had it not taken him some time to find it, he would have stopped and perhaps arrested the men—one of them certainly walked as if he were drunk! "Well, well—we are in a good humor. Let them go to-night! I've found it."

Swiftly, swiftly, under the rolling thunder-music, passed the two ragged-look-

ing men down the street ; and, from their lattices, some of the hardened woman-souls, even out of the depths of their own hell of shame, pitied the awful haggard face of one of the two men, and wondered, for a moment, what cunning torture could be devouring his soul—he being a man—to account for that look. As for the wretch himself—and it was Daddy Herrick—every rouged face that shone on him as the lightning gleamed seemed to stir anew the already seven-times-heated furnace that blazed in his brain. “On, on! Hamon,” he yelled in perfect madness, as they turned into the alley at last and saw the coach. And the ill-looking coachman was waked from a sleep that came near to being his last, for he was dashed down half-senseless across his box by a blow from the heavy hoe held by Hamon; while the horses started off, dragging carriage and driver down the alley and round the corner so quickly as to produce the impression in the locality that an earthquake had been added to the other physical phenomena of the evening.

Hamon turned and rushed in, meeting and being trampled down by the two fat lady visitors of Madame Babylonia, now taking their leave of her mansion with an alacrity and activity wholly without parallel in their previous history. He struck, kicked, bit, and butted with his head as only a Negro can: the visitors continued their outward flight *sans* many portions of their apparel; Hamon rushed in—to prevent murder.

His mother and old Herrick were rolling on the floor in deadly conflict. She had an axe and he had a knife; but neither could use a weapon. Zoe lay, as in a swoon, across the dashed-down screen opposite the closet-door, and a slight smell of chloroform filled the room, strongest over a thick cloth which the poor child had evidently torn from about her head as she gave way to the influence of the drug. “Save *her*, Ha-

mon!” shouted Herrick; “carry her to that school-mistress’ house she used to talk of; wake up all the city, if you must—save her—take her away, and I’ll spare your mother; if you don’t, I’ll kill her! See!”—and the right hand of the old Virginian planter cleared itself from the clutch of the Negress by sheer maniacal strength, and flashed the knife high in air.

“Massa! see here; I lift yer own Zoe, I take her away, I swear to save her! but spare Babylonia—she is yer old servant—she is my mother!”—and the stout Negro was gone with his precious burden—gone to do all he promised—for he loved and pitied the poor child more than he loved his hideous mother.

His voice was heard outside to a gathering crowd: “A chile fainted—the nearest drug-store—a doctor!”—and the voice died away, seeking the assistance and protection the girl needed.

A great silence fell on the two faces that glared murderously into each other’s eyes inside. The woman’s look was only rage—rage at the uprising in one whom she had thought almost beyond the sting of insult and incapable of revolt, rage of baffled villainy, rage of cheated avarice; then something of fear was added to all this. For though the man had thrown aside the knife and torn away the axe from her, there came more into his face than rage; it was madness, that worst of madness—the drunkard’s. The light of the storm showed Babylonia this, though the solitary candle had been dashed down. She rose with a cry and ran toward the stove, on which the axe had struck when torn from her and thrown away by Herrick. He leaped after her with a low brute-like growl. She stooped; but he was upon her—his two hands were round her throat from behind; she could not breathe—not a cry. He tried to thrust her head into the stove. Suddenly something scintillated under his glaring

eyes—"Take her!"—and he forced the sodden, swollen, countenance of the obiwoman again and again against the wire netting on the box; it burst in—a terrible whirr—hiss—and, quick as the lightning that bit the water and the earth outside, a dozen deadly, gleaming, flat heads were dashed again and again against the bruised black face, against the throat, against the struggle-bared breasts of Babylonia Crowse—and against the hands of the maniac, who felt nothing and knew nothing except the fury of his hatred of the devil-woman that had plotted to sell and destroy the innermost, last, only darling of his heart, of his sinful, wasted life—his own, own Zoe. He dashed the woolly head down, he trod it into the box, he stamped upon it, he caught snakes by the heads and plowed their fangs through the black flesh long after it lay senseless below his feet.

He tried to stagger toward the door, but he fell. There was silence for a long time. The parrot commenced to pick up confidence at last, to feel lonely; it began to scream its old refrain. The

words awoke Herrick a little. "Yes, Polly, I'm going; my soul's all right. That's all right. This is more than D. T.'s and I savey. Tremens—tremendous snakes up there in heaven—white—somebody up there's got snakes bad, bad—so've I, and so's Madame Babylon-ia. Ya-a-ah!" he laughed huskily. "But my own Zoe's safe—safe." The cry of the parrot caught his ear again, and his head fell, as he murmured apologetically: "I'm going—soul's all right, I tell you—own Zoe been saved. If—if I only had the fellow that chucked that orange, by——"

Next morning, special officer Horseleech had special business to attend to in a certain house described by the newspaper reporters as that of "Madame Babylonia, Black Fortune-teller," etc.; and they removed her advertisement from their respective journals.

"Drunk—accident with snakes"—was the way Mr. Special Horseleech, for special reasons of his own, put the case to the coroner's jury; who found accordingly.

VIOLETS AND VIOLIN STRINGS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

*From Leo Otto Bergholz to his Friend,
Carl Zimmerman.*

NEW YORK, August 27th, 18—.

DEAR CARL:—It seems strange for me to be writing to you, so far away—you and I, who have never been separated before in all our lives for more than a week. You can not imagine the terrible feeling of loneliness and isolation which came over me the first day after landing. I had no baggage, you know, except my precious violin and one little satchel; it was well

for me that I had not, everything was in such a state of confusion. But I made the most of my poor English, which I find to be most imperfect here, where I am compelled to use it almost constantly, notwithstanding I find many Germans here. But I think it gives me a more terrible feeling of homesickness to hear the old beloved mother-tongue in this strange land, where nothing else reminds me of home, than to hear the cold, foreign tongue. I have taken a small room, so far up that I can only see the stars from my little window, and they

look down so coldly and unfeelingly at night from their far-off heaven, that I can not believe they are the same stars which smiled down so kindly upon me in our beloved Germany. I go morning and evening for my brown bread and beer to a German *Gasthaus*, on a street near by, though more often I carry it to my room, preferring rather to eat alone than in the strange, noisy company usually gathered there. I took the letters the Herr Professor gave me to the persons to whom they were addressed, though I had hard work to find them out. I doubt if I ever should have succeeded had it not been for a kind gentleman who lives on the first floor, Herr Hahneman. His name is German, but he himself speaks only English. He is also a teacher of music, so he told me. He gives lessons on the piano at the residences of the pupils; often he goes out early in the morning, and does not get home until late in the evening. He went with me himself to see the director of one of the largest orchestras, and I am to play to-morrow night for the first time. It is not much, but it is the stepping-stone to something better. By the advice, also, of Herr Hahneman, I have put out a little card: "Leo Otto Bergholz, Teacher of Piano and Violin." If I had the money, I should also put a similar card in the paper, but I have not now, and I must be very careful of my little means, or I shall soon have nothing left.

Write soon, Carl, and tell me about the class, and if the new professor of the violin is as strict and severe as the old professor was. Ah, Carl! those were happy days, after all. I often dream now that I hear the old chorus swelling out with its hundreds of voices, and the director standing in the midst of the excitement, calm and strong. There is nothing like it here. The people have not time for music. It is the most wonderful thing of all, Carl, to sit by the

window in Herr Hahneman's room (it is there that I am to receive the answers to my card, for no one could ever find their way up into my little attic) and see the people pass. They seem all eager to grasp something beyond their reach—the men, yes, and the women, too—and the children seem to have hardly time to grow and play. You will never see whole families here enjoying themselves together in the gardens after the day's work is done, if ever it *is* done. The gardens are called parks, and the little children go there with their nurses. But the poor little ones are not allowed to step on the green grass, only to run up and down the gravelly walks.

I write all this, Carl, that you may know how different everything is here from what it is with us. It is only when I shut myself up in my room and take my beloved violin that I forget where I am. Music annihilates time and space, and the familiar strains of Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven carry me back to our beloved Rhine—to you, Carl, and Marguerite. I touch your hands with my spirit, and feel your embrace as truly as if with the living lips. Sometimes I play on until late in the night, for I have no way of marking time except by heart-throbs, and then the stars shine less brightly but more kindly, and I think of what you said that last night, when we stood by the banks of the beautiful, shining river: "Whenever thou lookest upon the north star, Otto, remember that I love thee and am thinking of thee." Then I say to my violin, "He is, indeed, thinking of us both, and now thou art weary." You used to laugh at me, Carl, for talking to my violin as if it had a soul, but I was wiser than you. I know that it understands and appreciates all my moods and feelings. Now I never make a mistake in playing, I am hardly conscious of the mechanical part. Ofttimes I seem to revel in a delicious world outside of myself. I no longer

breathe; I am hardly conscious of existence. The walls of my little room seem to expand into infinite space, and the light separates into crimson, azure, and golden rays, all blended together with violet, which permeates them all, and is yet distinct. Herr Hahneman, to whom I told this feeling once, said it was because I did not eat sufficient nourishing food, and took me with him that night to a quiet place, where he gets his dinner.

August 29th.—I stopped, Carl, in my writing, for Herr Hahneman came for me to go to the opera. I took my little violin-case under my arm, feeling more glad and happy than I had felt before in the two weeks that I have been here. We were early, and my kind conductor left me at the door; he could not go in, as he had lessons to give that evening, but he promised to come for me when it was over. "Let nothing frighten you," he whispered, reassuringly. "It is your trial night; such playing as yours will soon command you a better place." When I entered I found the director—a large, powerful-looking man, with black, piercing eyes, which look one through at a glance—in a great passion. He did not notice me, and I took my place quietly. The rest of the players were sitting about, talking, laughing, and jesting in the most indifferent manner; no one seemed to notice the director much, only all took care to keep out of his way. At last I learned what it was that disturbed him so. The first violinist was not nor could not be there, nor had he sent word until it was too late to fill his place. It was five minutes after eight, and the opera was to have commenced at eight precisely. I did not hesitate a moment. I never thought of myself nor whether it were presumptuous in me or not; I walked up to the director, and said simply: "Sir, I will play the first violin for you to-night, if there is no one else." He looked at me, too surprised

at first, I think, to speak, while those standing by gave audible utterance to their sneers. "You?" said he, at last; "but I have never heard you play a note." Some of the others standing by, said: "It's too absurd." "He's but a mere boy, but with all the conceit of a German as regards music." That stung me, and I turned—you have always said that there was lightning in my eye. However it was, they cowed before my look, while I only said: "I have yet to learn that music and age are synonymous terms." "Silence!" thundered the director. With a wave of his hand, we all fell into our places—I taking that of the first violin. Every hand was ready, every eye fixed upon the music in front. There was a momentary hush, then a volume of sound poured forth. I can not even tell what overture it was that we played. It seemed to me that I was pouring forth my whole soul, now in a plaintive, lingering cadence of *Heimweh*, and now hurling defiance at them all who had accorded so poor and cold a welcome to me, the stranger, coming to them only as a humble interpreter of the great masters. There was not a break, or jar, or pause during the whole overture, and as the last strain died away in silence, there followed a reckless, passionate burst of applause which became more impetuous every moment. Then first I looked down and around upon the sea of faces before me. A confused blending of fair women and bearded men it seemed at first, for I could single out nothing, and the oppressive odor of the withering flowers was almost sickening to me. I dropped my eyes a moment. I was trembling with excitement, though my companions around me were sitting in the utmost nonchalance, talking to each other in whispering undertones, and casting curious glances at me every now and then. When we commenced again I was more conscious of myself, and I felt more the responsi-

bility of my position. We were playing an exquisite thing in B flat, in which occurs a violin solo. Then, indeed, I forgot myself again, and might have been alone in my attic chamber for any consciousness that I had of the presence of others; there might have been one or a million there. Then the whole orchestra took up the strain, repeating it, and tossing it back and forth on a liquid sea of melody. At the conclusion, again came the satisfied murmur of applause, less tumultuous than the first, because more heartfelt. Shimmering down on the heavily laden air, there fell at my feet a lovely bunch of English violets, distilling their delicate sweet perfume through all the odors of roses and lilies. I stooped, picked them up, and pressed them to my lips; then I raised my eyes, when—O heavens!—Carl, how can I tell you! *She* was there—the fair English “Violetta,” as we used to call her. I could not be mistaken in that perfect face, nor in those heavenly eyes. It was verily she, and no other, in one of the boxes, leaning forward, brightly smiling; and, was I too bold? it seemed as if she gave me a glance of recognition. I dared not look again. I shaded my eyes, as if from too bright sunlight, and after that I played as if inspired—that is, if I played as I felt. The director was more than satisfied when all was over, and congratulated me warmly on my great success—so he was pleased to term it. When I told Herr Hahneman what the director had said, he replied: “Your success now is assured; you will not lack for positions. It was a most fortunate thing for you that it happened so early, though I well knew that such a jewel could not long remain hidden.” But for myself, dear Carl, I care more for my little bunch of violets, all withered as they now are, than for all the applause of the universe, and if I never look upon those violet eyes again, that one gaze will linger with

me through all eternity. Dear, dear Carl, good-night to you and to all the loved ones. LEO OTTO BERGHOLZ.

From Leo Otto Bergholz to his Friend, Carl Zimmerman.

NEW YORK, September 10th, 18—.

Still no letter from you, dear Carl; and I pine like a transplanted flower for a breath from you and the distant fatherland. Every chord of my heart is bound there with a thousand ties. I well know that it is not yet time for a letter, yet every day I ask and always the same answer comes; then I fly home to my violin. You see I have already learned to call my little attic chamber home. I feel that I am nearer there to the stars, and somehow nearer you. Herr Hahneman wished me to change my room for a vacant one next to his, as more fitting my brightening prospects, but I said nay; and when he urged me to give my reason, I told him that my violin, on which I played so late at night, would disturb the other lodgers near by. “As if such music as yours could disturb anyone,” he said; “but have your own way. I shall be content if you consider this as your room, also.” I have never described to you my room, excepting that it was very small. In one corner stands a bed, not like our good old German beds, but still a very good one. Over that I have hung the pictures you gave me of Bach and Beethoven. On the little table rests my violin-case, and stacked up on the floor beside the table are the few musical works which I have been able to buy. There are, besides, two chairs and a little wash-stand. That is all. My only visitors here are a little mouse which comes out of the wall sometimes and listens to my music, and a spider that has woven a beautiful web across the corner. I have four pupils now—three learning the violin and one the piano—thanks to my success that first night. My three violin students I

teach in Herr Hahneman's room, and the rasping noises they make drive me sometimes quite frantic. The one upon the piano is a young lady. I go to her house twice a week. She is studying to make a teacher; but, poor thing, it will be very hard for her. Only think, Carl, she said to me the other day: "Professor Bergholz" (do not be astonished or laugh, dearest Carl; here in America everyone is professor) "I hate music, and, most of all, I hate classical music." I was aghast. "My dear young lady, why then do you study music?" She shrugged her shoulders. She is very pretty. "It is to be my profession; I am poor." "Ah!" I sighed, "and is there nothing else?" She interrupted me: "Certainly; but nothing pays so well as music, and is at the same time so respectable." She plays well and in the most exact time, scarcely ever making a mistake; but her playing is, after all, the ghost of music—no, I should say, the dead body of music, after the soul, the poetic spirit, has fled. Yet she does not altogether lack expression, for she is quick and imitative, and renders even some of Chopin's pieces exquisitely, but she is cold and heartless. She must be, if music does not move her. I can never again take the pleasure I did before in giving her lessons.

Every night since that first I have played first violin, and looked for the beautiful Violetta, but have looked in vain. I can not tell you how I have longed for one sight of her beautiful face. You used to say last summer that I was mad on that subject; if so, what would you say now? I was starving, dying, three nights ago, and it seemed that all who heard the tones of my violin might interpret the heart-rending cry of my soul, when again a little bunch of violets fell at my feet, brushing in their fall my violin strings. She was there, so radiantly, so divinely beautiful! I only gave one glance; that was all I

dared to give, lest I should become dizzy; but I saw that there was a stately lady in the box with her, and a gentleman sitting by her side. They had come in late, for I had looked for her early in the evening, when the box was empty. I carried the violets home with me; they are by my side, but they will not lift up their drooping heads. The other bunch I keep still in my violin-case. I played, for a long time after I came home, snatches from Chopin and Schubert.

And now I have something still more wonderful to write you. Yesterday I was sitting in Herr Hahneman's room after I had finished giving my last lesson on the violin. I was too tired to play myself. Those lessons always leave me so nervous and irritable that it seems like profanation for me to touch my own violin. Violetta had not been at the opera the night before, and I was wondering if she would be there that night, when I heard some one in the hall inquire, "Is Professor Bergholz in, do you know?" I stepped instantly to the door, opened it, and there before me, awful in her stateliness, stood a lady whom I recognized as having been with Violetta at the opera, and, peering eagerly out of the carriage standing before the door, was Violetta herself. What I did, what I said, I have not the most distant idea. I only know that the lady was in the room, standing, having declined my offered chair, and was asking me to come and give lessons to her niece, Élise Hége-man. "She has had the best teacher in Paris," said Mrs. Hége-man, grandly, "but she has somehow taken a fancy to learn of you." I said that I should be only too glad if my humble services could be of any, even the slightest, benefit to her niece. She appointed the time for me to come, the next week Tuesday; then the door closed. I heard the carriage roll away. They had come and gone like a dream, leaving me like one completely dazed in a

delicious ecstasy. I can write no more now, dear Carl. To-morrow the steamer comes again, bringing I hope with it a letter from you, with news of Marguerite, and Fritz, and all the dear ones. It seems so long, so very long, since I left you, and never a word over the wide ocean all this time, though I know that many thoughts have been wafted hither. With earnest wishes and prayers for your happiness, I am your loving friend,

LEO OTTO BERGHOLZ.

*From Élise Hégeman to her Friend,
Adèle de Courtney.*

NEW YORK, September 9th, 18—.

Do you think I have forgotten you, dearest Adèle, now that the broad deep waters of the Atlantic roll between us? No, indeed, I have not; though I can hardly say why I have not written, unless because I have not dared to confess to myself, much less to you, how terribly I am disappointed in everything, since I have left school. We used to dream such bright dreams then of what we would do in the future, or rather I did; now, I often wish that, like poor *mademoiselle* whom we used to pity so much, it had been my fate to be a teacher. She had a round of duties to fill up her time — monotonous it is true, yet it can not be more terribly so than my life is commencing to be. My five months of travel last summer quite spoiled me; and yet I am, no doubt, a most ungrateful person, for I have everything in the world to make me happy. Aunt Sophia's house is magnificently furnished; she ordered it refurnished throughout, last summer, while in Paris. I can have the carriage every time that I wish to ride, and we either go out or receive company every evening, and with all that I find time to be lonely.

Do you remember that lovely place in Germany where Aunt Sophia and I spent several weeks last June, and the young violinist who had the rooms opposite

ours? I remember once you wrote me to take care or I should lose my heart, I was so extravagant in my praises of him. At the opera the other evening, imagine my surprise upon discovering my German violinist in the orchestra. Even before I saw him I recognized the spirit which breathes through every note of his, thrilling one like an electric chain with sympathy for all that is good and beautiful. He played first violin, upon the identical instrument, Adèle, whose sweet strains so often moved me to tears three months ago. Once he played an exquisite little solo, and I, impulsive as ever, forgetting everything, tore from my hair the "inevitable violets," and threw them at his feet. As they fell he gave one startled look, and then dropped his eyes again. I do not think he recognized me. Aunt Sophia was greatly shocked, and read me a long lecture upon the impropriety of which I had been guilty. I have longed to go ever since, but some engagement has prevented, until Tuesday night. We were late. Entering amid the brilliant stormy overture, I heard only the sweet, plaintive notes of the violin borne along the waves of sound; now rising, now falling, dying almost quite away, forcing me to wait and listen with almost painful intensity for their re-appearance. Yet do you know, Adèle, that to me half of the effect of his playing would be lost could I not see as well as hear him? He seems to have been made for his violin, or that to have been made for him, so completely one are they. He handles the bow as naturally and as *çàressingly* as a mother does her child, never making one unnecessary movement, and has none of those affectations so offensive in some players. Mr. Gerald was with us, who is quite an amateur musician. He was in ecstasies over the whole performance, and through him I learned that the violinist's name was Bergholz, Leo Otto Bergholz—isn't

that a musical name?—and that he teaches the violin and piano. I am determined to take lessons of him, if that is really the case. This time I escaped auntie's censure by giving my violets to Mr. Gerald. You may think me very silly, Adèle, and doubtless I am; yet I was never so much interested in any person in my life as I am in this German violinist. Aunt Sophia is very hard to get along with, and at the same time very easily managed if you take her rightly. She is a perfect queen in her own circle; whatever she decides to be right and proper is unquestioned. I said to her this morning: "Aunt Sophia, I am getting perfectly rusty in my music; I wish there was some one of whom I could take lessons, if only to keep in practice." Aunt Sophia looked up from her laces which she was getting ready for the *nettoyer*: "I am sure, Élise, you play better now than any of your young lady acquaintances." "I might do that and yet not play very well," I rejoined. Nothing more was said, until Mr. Gerald, happening in to lunch, and speaking of music and lessons, said: "Take of Professor Bergholz by all means, Miss Élise; in less than three months he will be the rage, and after that he will probably not give lessons. That was enough to decide Aunt Sophia, and we drove to his rooms this afternoon to make the arrangements. I don't think Aunt Sophia has the slightest idea that I have ever seen him before. He is to come next Tuesday. I shall be afraid to play before him if he plays the piano at all as he does the violin. I can hardly wait.

Next month I expect Mr. Hugh Morgan, and I suppose we shall be married about the holidays. Aunt Sophia is continually urging me to commence on my wedding *trousseau*, but I am in no hurry; besides, I tell her that I have now clothing enough to last me ten years. Of course, I shall have to go through a great fuss, and have my life worried out

of me by dressmakers and seamstresses. It seems rather hard that I can not have at least one season of freedom before I become Mrs. Hugh Morgan; but I am nineteen, and papa's will says we are to be married before I am twenty. Quite the French way of doing things, is it not? You and I are used to such things, yet it might be quite inconvenient should one happen to love some one else; but then, on the other hand, it saves one an infinite deal of trouble.

You used to say that I was very beautiful. My glass tells me the same, but I would willingly exchange all my beauty, such as it is, if I might only be gifted in music, and go upon the stage. Don't think me crazy; I am in earnest when I say I think such a life would be beautiful and worth living for.

Toujours à toi,

ÉLISE HÉGEMAN.

*From Leo Otto Bergholz to his Friend,
Carl Zimmerman.*

NEW YORK, September 15th, 18—.

At last, at last, dear Carl, a letter from you! I wept, I danced, I leaped for very joy when I was once in my own room. I read it through once, twice, thrice, and even then could hardly believe that it was really your dear hand which had traced those messages of love. What touched me most was the little *Vergistmeinnicht* which Marguerite inclosed. Pale, sweet little Marguerite, I shall not soon forget your face! And Fritz, too, has entered his second class. He is very proud, I know, of that. You are all so well and happy; that pleased me most of all.

No, Carl, I do not have the pain now in my heart. I have never had it here. I am very well, and would be quite happy if you were all with me. I have now all that I can do. Lessons in the day-time, and I continue to play nights. I shall soon be able to send back the money I borrowed of the good doctor, for I live

very economically. I have had to buy myself some gloves, and Herr Hahneman says I must get a whole new suit as soon as I can, for here it makes a great difference how one is dressed. I wonder what they would think of the Herr Professor with his slouched cap and greasy gown!

Yesterday was Tuesday, and therefore, dressing myself with great care, I went to the house of Mrs. Hégeman. I had no trouble in finding the street or number. She lives in a grand house, and all the houses on the street are large and handsome. I rung the bell, and waited for some time. I thought there must be no one at home, though I was punctual to the hour, and was just turning to go down the steps, when a servant in dashing livery opened the door. I handed him my card, and without a word he led me through the hall into a back parlor, and left me alone. It was like walking upon velvet to touch the carpet, it was so thick and soft. The walls were hung with the most beautiful paintings. Standing across one corner was a grand piano, and on a bracket over it a marble bust of Beethoven. The piano was open, and I could not resist the temptation of sitting down and trying it. A piece of music lay half open on the rack; it was one of Beethoven's symphonies—the one which you and I, Carl, used to play as a duet for the piano and violin. The long-drawn strains, the beating, struggling movement, carried me away. I turned over page after page, and played on, unconscious that anyone had entered the room, until at the end I heard a soft clap of hands, and perceived the delicate perfume of violets. I sprung from the piano, but she cut short my half-uttered apology with, "It is for me, Professor Bergholz, to thank you for the unexpected pleasure you have given me." I wish I could describe to you just how she looked as she stood there before me in the

subdued light of the room, dressed in a robe of the simplest white, but so pure and thin that she seemed to float in a cloud-like vapor rather than walk. Her glorious dark hair was knotted carelessly at the back of her head, and her only ornaments were some English violets. In simplicity her dress and style were severe enough for the Grecian ideal; her complexion is dazzling in its whiteness and purity. Looking at her then and there, Carl, I resolved never to forget my position, never to meet her other than as a teacher should meet a pupil. The instant I found that I could not do this, I would stop and never see her any more. So I said, very calmly and coolly: "If you are ready, Miss Hégeman, we will commence the lesson." She seated herself on the piano-stool, and looked inquiringly at me. I opened a book of exercises, and pointed with my pencil. She commenced playing. For one hour I gave her nothing but finger-exercises and scales. I was pitiless, and called attention to every mistake in touch or position. During all the time we spoke not a word. Then the lesson was finished. She did not even look astonished, only said: "I am to practice these until Friday?" "Yes," I replied; "be very careful to follow out the suggestions I have given you." I bowed, and left her, astonished even at myself. I walked two blocks briskly before I was quite thawed out, and then I commenced counting the hours until the next lesson. Herr Hahneman was in the room when I entered. "Why, Bergholz, you look as if you had seen a spirit!" said he. "I've not only seen one, I've been with one; but don't detain me, for I have the music frenzy on me now!" and rushing to my room I seized my violin. Ah! Carl, you have often seen me, and can imagine the impetuous strains which followed until the first force of my pent-up feelings had spent itself; then the music gradually became slower and

softer, until it was as calm and sweet as a cradle-song.

Friday night, September 17th.—I have not been able to finish this letter, Carl, because I have been in such an impatient, restless state since I wrote the last line on Wednesday. When I have not been occupied with my lessons, I have walked some days miles, and yet I have never grown tired or weary. I see I have written days. You will smile, perhaps, as there have been but two, but they seem to me to have been years; yet when the hour approached to-day for me to go, my heart stood still, and I felt cold and hot flashes alternately come over me. Miss Hégeman was already in the parlor, waiting for me. "I beg your pardon, if I have kept you waiting for me." "O, no," she answered; "I just came in myself. We will wait a few moments; you must be fatigued with your walk." "I am ready now," I answered. She took her seat at the piano, and commenced playing over the preceding lesson. It was faultless. "You have taken a great many lessons?" I asked. "Yes, since I was six years old." She looked hardly thrice that age. I opened a book of *Études de Vélocité*, and she commenced playing them without a word; that was what pleased me, and, shall I confess it, at the same time piqued me. There is a strange, wonderful fascination about her very presence. I longed to ask her if she sung. I am sure she does, divinely, as she would do anything; but I did not ask. When the lesson was over, she asked me, as one asking a great favor, with the most charming air of hesitation, if I would play something for her. I could not refuse, though I felt that every moment I staid was imperiling my peace. I played that charming little *morceau* from Listz—your favorite, Carl—though it loses half the pathos on the piano; then a snatch from one of Mozart's sonatas, and I should not have stopped un-

til now, I think, had not the entrance of visitors arrested me. Then I left her, and was once more upon the street. It seemed as if the world were shrouded in darkness and the sun blotted out.

Two hours later.—I have just finished reading your second letter, Carl. O, how vain and unsatisfactory do these written words seem! How cold and lifeless do thoughts fall upon paper! You say: "Do not imperil your peace by thinking too much of the fair Violetta; think of your music, your art; you can not afford to think of love." Your advice comes too late. Violetta is already to me the embodiment of music, she aids and inspires me: for, Carl, I never played before—it seems to me now that I never lived. I do not understand what you mean about Marguerite. Is she not well? What was it in my letter made her sad? Tell her, for me, thanks again for the *Vergistmeinnicht*, and be very tender of her; she is but a fragile flower at the best. I shall write you again soon. Your friend,

LEO OTTO BERGHOLZ.

*From Élise Hégeman to her Friend,
Adèle de Courtney.*

NEW YORK, September 18th, 18—.

I have already taken two lessons of him; you know whom I mean. No school-girl ever trembled more at her first lesson than did I, the usually self-possessed Élise Hégeman, when I entered the parlor for *my* first lesson. He was seated at the piano, playing. I entered very softly, so that he did not know I was there until he had finished. I can not tell you how perfectly he played; it was as if the gates of heaven were open, and one could hear the echo of the divine harmony sounding through the spheres. The charm of his music lies in the expression. It is something to be dreamed of, but seldom realized. I was transported. You can imagine something of the effect, when I

tell you that his execution inspired me with such an awe of him and such a wholesome contempt of my own performances, that when I seated myself at the piano and he opened for me a book of finger-exercises and scales, I meekly, without one rebellious impulse, commenced playing, and continued through the lesson. But this man, so full of poetry, music, and passion when he is playing, congeals the moment he ceases. He is terrible in his icy coldness. Aunt Sophia was afraid that he might be presuming, being a foreigner and a German. She need have no fears. I really felt presuming myself when, Friday, I ventured to ask him to play for me after the lesson was over. He did so, however, very graciously, and left me in the seventh heaven again. He is certainly a most perfect gentleman; and even you, Adèle, would call him handsome—critical as you are on all points of personal beauty. He is not the least effeminate, as so many gentleman-musicians are. He impresses one with a sense of spiritual power; and his slender, tapering fingers, which at times produce a strain so soft that it is like the dream of a sound, have also, when needed, a terrible force and power in their rose-pink tips. Aunt Sophia came into the room to-day when I was taking my lesson. If she could read all I have written to you, I think it would be my last. It is such a comfort to be able to write you every thought—it is like having another self. I have read somewhere that as long as one can

reveal every thought to a friend, they need have no fear of themselves.

Aunt Sophia has a sewing-girl now, who is certainly one of the saddest-looking persons I ever saw. The would be quite pretty were she not so exceedingly pale—even her lips are blanched and colorless. She quite interests me. She is a German, and speaks English with the prettiest accent. Do you know, I like English a great deal better with a foreign accent?—it makes it sweeter and less brusque. Yesterday, I was in the room with her a long time while she was fitting my dress, and she told me a good deal of her history. She came to this country two years ago, expecting to meet her betrothed and be married; but she did not find him, as she expected, waiting for her when the ship landed, nor did she meet him afterward, and so was forced to believe him faithless. It was not until nearly a year had passed that she discovered, by chance, that he had died of a fever the week before the ship arrived. Wasn't that terrible? How true it is that there are tragic elements enough even in the most commonplace lives to make a thrilling romance. She said she only longed for one thing before she died, and that was to hear sung again an old German folksong. I mean to ask the professor to play one for me some time, when I feel a little better acquainted with him.

I wait for a letter from you with the greatest impatience, dearest Adèle. Until then, adieu. ÉLISE HÉGEMAN.

A CROOKED LIFE.

“Bill, it was often told me, and it’s true,
 An ill-shaped body holds an ill-shaped mind;
 But we were boys together, and you knew
 The hunchback’s temper. Yet, Bill, you were kind
 To me, the cripple. You were kind at school;
 You fought my battles when they called me ‘fool’
 And ‘humpy;’ yet I never could see why
 You took my part; but—there now, Bill, don’t cry—
 The time is short, and I have much to tell;
 It might have been far different, but—well,
 One boon is left—to-morrow I shall die.

“Bill, you remember how they took me first
 Up to the Hall there—me, the butt of all
 The village boys? They pitied me, you see.
 I had no parents; hungry and athirst,
 They took me in; they had enough for me.
 I loved them not; their charity was gall
 At first—for I, though crooked, yet was proud.
 But they were kind—I grew to love the place,
 I went to school; I studied hard, and learned.
 And then they made me keeper of the gate;
 But still I studied, and I gained apace
 In knowledge, yet my heart still cried aloud,
 ‘Make fair thy shape with knowledge;’ and I yearned
 To know all things and thwart my bitter fate.

“And then *she* came. O, Bill, *must* I go on!
 She came—the daughter—from a foreign school.
 I saw her enter, for I held the gate,
 And in her face such utter beauty shone
 That I bowed low, and kissed the dust whereon
 Her horse had trod; and she looked proudly down
 And coldly smiled, and, muttering ‘Poor fool,’
 Passed slowly on. Bill, had she deigned a frown,
 And bade me rise, she had not met her fate;
 But that cold smile and that ‘Poor fool’—these moved
 My fierce, distorted heart, and I—I *loved*
 With that cruel, biting love, akin to hate.

“Yet she was kind to me—she meant no ill;
 She brought me books, and many a winter night
 She came alone and talked, or read aloud;
 But I could give no thanks, my throat would fill
 When I would speak; I could not bear the sight

Of her cold pity. Though I loved her near,
I often wondered that she had no fear
To come alone—I think she was too proud.

“One night she came and brought me a new book,
And read aloud. I heard no word she said;
The old hate-love was strong in me. A look—
A cold kind look—came o’er her as she stopped,
And, speaking gently, said: ‘But one time more
I visit you; next week I shall be wed.
Will you regret your loss?’ Down on the floor
From nerveless hands the book she held was dropped,
As I, with eyes aflame and madman’s mien,
Hissed out: ‘You wed! No, never—by the God
Who made me crooked, never! For I love—
Yes, I, the crazy hunchback—dare to love
You, the great lady! Have you never seen
The hate-love in my eyes? Because I’m weak,
And lame, and hunched, must I be ever trod
Down in the dust for straighter men? Quick, speak!’

“Then she, though deathly pale, made answer slow:
‘You are ungrateful; I will say no more.’
Then, rising, she was passing to the door—
She, whom I hated, loved, and worshiped so—
When all the devil in me rose—a blow,
A madman’s blow—and all was silent. Bill,
Her murdered beauty lies before me still!
Yet it was bitter!—There now, Bill, don’t cry,
Relief is near—to-morrow I shall die.”

ETC.

Our Women, and Peignoirs and other Things.

If you have read through the *Atlantic*, and *Scribner's*, and the *OVERLAND* to this page, and have glanced through *Harper's*, and the *London Punch*, and the *Graphic*, and now, sitting in a too-easy chair, before a too-beaming fire, if you are lapsing into the satiety which follows literary debauch, deadly as what children feel after too much swinging, do not expect to be pleased with this little sermon; it will disappoint you. Go—go sweep the garret and look through its trunks, baskets, and boxes; go to the cellar and pick over the apples and potatoes; go clean the store-room; go to the market; go to the

grocery; go call on your disagreeable relations; go somewhere, anywhere, and get cold, hungry, tired. Leave this article, in which there will be nothing but weariness for you. But if you have dispatched a good day's work, if you have been long wishing for time to open a magazine, if you come from a thousand vexations, fatigues, and cares with a keen relish for a moment's reading—*parlons! parlons!* I have something to say to you.

It is this: while American women imitate French costumes in everything else, they too entirely overlook the *peignoir*—the one truly physiological garment that French ladies

wear. As its name signifies, it is simply a "combing-cloth," a loose, light garment, long or short, made of warm or cool material, round, square, or sack-shaped, according to the pleasure of the wearer, and is worn by Frenchwomen of mornings when they go about their houses lifting the lids of saucepans, scolding their *bonnes*, or playing with their children. Frenchwomen do not think it necessary to put on the saddles and bridles of fashion when they rise in the morning; they consider themselves perfectly dressed in a *peignoir* until the hour for making their toilet, and therefore keep their *physique* in excellent condition for supporting their costume comfortably when the time for it arrives. You remember the Countess Almaviva's dress during the first four acts of *The Marriage of Figaro* was of this sort because she was "*chez elle*."

Our fair Americans have a bad habit of attiring themselves in corsets and other appurtenances of fashion in the morning. The strongest and healthiest women can not endure close-fitting corsets, ponderous dresses, tight boots, and heavy braids of false hair, if assumed in the morning and worn all day; and for young and tender girls and weakly women to attempt the bearing of such burdens is very hurtful. Ladies who pride themselves on being "dressed" for breakfast are averse to exercise on account of the delicacy of their clothes as well as on account of the difficulty of moving easily in them, and so are doubly hampered. Now the *peignoir* is a perfect release for one-half of the day from the mortal coil of clothes. It gives back to women the grace and freedom of the old Greek costume for a short time; it is, in fact, all we have left in modern times of that most exquisite of garments ever seen on earth, that true offspring of Greek culture, the beautiful, the spacious peplum. It were well indeed if our maids and wives could adopt as a morning dress the Greek tunic itself, the all-graceful vesture that fell in so long, so divine a line of drapery from neck to feet, with the peplum above it. The peplum of a Phrygian lady, studded with stars and bordered with drops, would throw into fine relief the beauty of our delicate American girls, whose faces nearly approach the Greek type. And the Etruscan peplum, a wide, crescent-shaped

cloth, elaborately rich, with weights in its corners to make it hang gracefully, would be grand for our dowagers and matrons. Delightfully easy the Greek costume would be for a working-dress in hot, languid autumn-time; for instance, when people were cleaning house. The Spartan virgin's tunic, though it was open at the side from belt to hem (thus in truth "strutted the proud Hermione," whose modesty none dared impugn); or the tunic of Diana, girdled both at waist and loins in unimpeding folds, the tunic of her who was

— "Chaste of spirit utterly
Untaught, yet so even from her infancy"

—any of these would be a perfect morning costume for "our girls." And if they could wear sandals, too, so that their feet might have the same action as their hands, their steps would be agile enough. Tirelessly would they go up stairs and down, carrying pails of water, pails of whitewash, mops, brushes, baskets of clothes, or armfuls of babies. Such attire left the limbs untrammelled, especially the arms, whose articulation, to be free, requires great space.

Since most American women must spend their mornings in a foot-race against time, in a pugilistic encounter with Bridgets and broomsticks and other inert matter, it would be well if they could be dressed like Dianas and Atalantas. Their weariness is not of the flesh, but of the petticoat; they are crippled by their clothes. The "Woman with the Death's Head" that George Augustus Sala (Disgusted Sala he was then) saw everywhere in America, is a result of our female costume. Garments supported by the shoulders are the only ones in which beauty and strength can be developed. Women can never have the mythological grandeur of gait, the repose accompanying great strength, the dignity that is included in the idea of power, without wearing, in moments of exercise at least, some kind of loose raiment like the *peignoir*. Out of what nook of awkwardness, what cross-grained brain, could the Bloomer costume have been evolved? Why should we turn from mountains of picturesque to batten on a moor like that? One of the Greek isles, famous for its magnificent female costumes, still gives us marvels of invention and grace in costumes on

old coins, vases, and reliefs. There was nothing of the latest style about those old dresses; sincerely beautiful were they, and nothing more. They were of purple, linen, and silk; they were adorned with gold, emeralds, and pearls, and many a now-forgotten gem of green-yellow chrysoprasus or lemon-colored citrine. What a joyous life might women lead could they get rid of the trouble of being in the latest style, and could they indicate the different degrees of their rusticity or refinement in the antique way by different degrees of grace in the adjustment of peplum and tunic.

The hideous costumes worn at the Grand Duchess Marie's wedding, where each great lady's train was borne by six strong chamberlains, shows that Europe has not advanced in costume beyond what Tom Hood called "the foodle ages." The women there are villeins, born thralls, churls, serfs to fashion, and their slavery is the most abject on earth. Those Russian wedding-clothes of red velvet, and so forth, were as ugly compared with our Greek tunic as a very big and very Gothic modern throne is compared with a perfectly elegant and symmetrical Attic chair of state. As far as personal beauty and taste are concerned, Europe's thousand years of kings have not carried her half-way toward the height attained by the Greek republics in the thousand years of their democracy. And *our* women insist on hanging back with the women of Europe. We are not good enough nor smart enough for the old republican costumes entire, so there is an end of that matter. However, our dames can wear part of them; during those Ionic hours when they are busy with house affairs they can wear their hair in an artistic twist, and can be wrapped in the soft yet voluminous folds of the *peignoir*, and so be glad and free, and a delight to the eye.

It is wonderful that in the various trials of different dresses fashionable women have not hit upon one of the European peasant costumes for the moments when they should play the parts of peasants. For, work they ought, sometimes, no matter how rich and fashionable they may be; there are certain "impracticable hours" when every good American lady must shoulder her broom and show how rooms are swept, if her house is to

go on decently. In those hours it would be a happy conceit to dress as a Roman *contadina*; or if a brunette, in the yellow kerchief and black cross of a Belgian; or in the white linen cap, short jacket, and scanty skirt of a French farm-work woman (this for sweeping days); and the wearer's appearance would derive much sparkle, spring, and animation from the vigor of her morning exploitations in such easy raiment. Fashionable women are not, however, likely to think of such dress. "They change their fashions, they do not improve them," Beaumarchais tells us in his sharp, tart way.

It is republican and American to work about the house as Greek ladies did. Frances Power Cobbe, an English lady who labors under the delusion that she is a reformer, defines a lady as one who does not work and is a beautiful object. But a lady is no more than the equal of her lord, and nothing but plenty of work, or its equivalent, exercise, will make her healthy or beautiful. There are many refined ladies in America who study "the music of the future," and read Montaigne in the original, and yet are driven to make soft soap in the spring, to can fruit in the summer, and to stuff sausages in the fall—and long life and good health to them.

Good health is a talent, the same as a quick apprehension or a good memory, and to keep it requires good sense, at least sense enough to dress comfortably. Simpletons—who are disagreeable people to live with, in spite of Charles Reade's book praising one—are always in danger of becoming diseased; for they go to the one or the other of the two extremes of being too careless or too careful of their health. The stupid woman who places nothing but a cotton stocking between her foot and the shoe that rests upon the frozen pavement of winter, has the catarrh, the headache, the red nose, the tender feet, the weak eyes, and the irritable temper belonging to her imperfect order of creature; and the other stupid woman who sits in rooms heated to eighty, who fears to face a storm, and would as soon eat a plumb-bob as a plum-pudding, and who doctors herself with all kinds of queer medicines, has ailments worse than leprosy, has raging diseases whose names of "rhagian" terminations sound as if belonging to a past order of mud-and-

slime animals. Neither of these women knows anything of the glow, the exhilaration, the good circulation, the joy of winter walking, belonging to the better order of being, to the wise woolen-stocking- and -*peignoir* wearer and exercise taker.

Of old, it was known that long life was the reward of philosophy and of the study of the humanities. Democritus, who lived one hundred and four years, Plato, Buffon, Franklin, Goethe, Humboldt, and legions of other munificent spirits, show how life may be prolonged in joy and strength by intelligence. Persons recover from the effects of disease in proportion as they are mentally cultivated. To omit the cultivation of the mind is to endanger the bodily health. At the same time, to neglect the body is to diminish the mental power. It is disgraceful for a woman to grow old in self-neglect, without knowing what she would become by rendering herself vigorous in body. Many fail greatly in good thinking from ill health. To be well is the first duty of life; nothing else is so serviceable, so beautiful; on the other hand, nothing is so absolutely vile and intolerable as disease. We can not know intense joy without a strong bodily frame. The possession of a strong body in its prime gives us the greatest rapture that we can taste. Many women who might live in an ocean of happy days, live in torments on account of ailments born of laziness. Many women give over the gladness of energetic health to the Irish washerwoman to be enjoyed by her alone, and sink into languor and decrepitude—consent to be old, hundreds of years old, hundreds of thousands of years old; for when we are weary, then only are we old—for the sake of their clothes. For the sake of

“Smug routine, things allowed,”

they go about life “as a tired slave goes, adding stone to stone,” dreading to walk, dependent on horse-cars and hoisting apparatus for locomotion. This dislike of exertion shows a diseased condition of the muscles, a bad education, and a low race. But if our fair friends will not work, let them at least resign themselves to the luxury of wearing the *peignoir* of mornings, and they will soon find their general health improving.

Some women would not be content with the *peignoir*; such as have the monomania

for the superfluous would not. Those who want the things they see others possess, no matter what they are, would not enjoy a *peignoir*. The women who have their floors covered with tulips and roses as big as a warming-pan, and their mantel-pieces crammed with tawdry images instead of upholding “some vase shaped to the curl of a god’s lip”—their walls hidden with raw chromos in place of showing us the one picture of benignity and divine tranquillity we wish to see—could not perceive the charms of a *peignoir*. Such women are not satisfied until they have wholly incased themselves in tight garters, pads, tough ruffles like Russia piping, and belts like Scotch pig-iron, with countless innumerable other things. They insist on performing the duties of life in an imitation Parisian visiting costume—a costume intended for idleness, a costume in which it is destruction to move, and which makes quadrupeds of them, to quote Celia Burleigh, since they must employ their hands to hold it while walking. They set themselves against scientific facts, and refuse to believe that a light dress is a safeguard against illness and fatigue. Their self-satisfaction is the last doom of ignorance and folly. Their requiem must be

“The sad rhyme of those who fondly clung

To their first fault, and withered in their pride.”

Since our women have such an overmastering passion for the beautiful, it is strange that they have not developed better taste in dress, *peignoirs* aside. “Difference in taste is difference in skill,” declared Dr. Johnson. To Alice Carey’s question,

“What is it that doth spoil the fair adorning
With which her body she would dignify?”

the reply would be, ignorance, pure ignorance. American imitations of French fashions would not be the travesties they sometimes are, were our women students of form, size, color, and of art in general. All this sounds like scolding, but I say with merry Suzanne, “*Au diantre qui répond une mot.*” Just look at this photograph of a French actress; one glance will explode the fallacy that Frenchwomen are not beautiful—at least when dressed in a rich black dinner costume. The pose, the folds of drapery, are grand. The skirt, though long and full, affords an ample disclosure of the grand outline of the

thigh. She is of Junonian stature, yet she has suffered no compression at the waist, which fits, not moulds, the form—after the manner of Paris dressmakers who employ delicate, flexible whalebones in dress-linings instead of corsets. She shades her eyes with a large Spanish fan, an action that beautifully displays her nude harmonious arm; the black band across the shoulder is no sleeve, and the eye rests well content upon its pure contours. Her hands are not thin nor small, but “powerful, feminine, maternal hands.” Every lineament speaks of ease, of suffusive strength, of thought-sustaining health. This Paris actress was not originally better endowed than most of our women are, but she has studied the art of keeping herself in good condition, has made a business of cultivating physical beauty, and has thus secured her sumptuous form, abundant hair, beautiful teeth, and every other charm. She has remained young long, as all do who pay rational attention to the toilet. She has slept enough, and lived *sans* worry, particularly about her clothes, and her clothes have not wearied her at unsuitable times. With her, life is the festival which it only is to the wise. When she rises in the morning she does not lock herself into a corset and then put on two tucked and ruffled skirts and a puffed wrapper, in which it were impossible to take the wholesome exercise so necessary to make us sound, happy, able creatures. She slips in the glance of an eye into a *peignoir* of flannel, of lawn, or of silk, in which she can turn somersaults, if “so disposed,” and she passes the day in perfect indifference to her clothes until it is time to make her toilet.

Only let our women spend their mornings in a roomy dress like the *peignoir*, in which they can develop something of Homeric beauty, and they may be as superb as they please during the rest of the day. There never was any harm in splendid clothes—whatever may be said against them—though there may be harm in *ugly* ones, because an ugly thing is potent for evil. I say women can not dress too magnificently. While men spend fifteen millions a year for whisky and tobacco, they can have nothing to say about what women spend for dress, but must let them flock to spring openings, *matinées*, and other dress-glorifications, to their hearts' con-

tent. Birds of a feather flock together, and people who live in glass houses must not throw stones at them. MARY DEAN.

Tan Hermosa!

O proud, sad, Southern face, O eyes
Of God made perfect with what grace He knew,
The glory of His darkness in you lies,
The glory of His brightness shineth through.

A thought—the light spreads over thee, O face;
A word—thou flushest into warm eclipse,
And all the goddess fades into her place,
And all the woman speaks with fervent lips.

WALT. M. FISHER.

Early Republican Newspapers of California.

In the September number of the *OVERLAND* a mistake was made in calling the Marysville *Appeal* (the paper in which Mr. Avery began his Republican labors as editor) the first Republican paper in the State. It should have been the oldest Republican *daily* now published in the State. Quite a number of Republican papers preceded the *Appeal*. That paper began its career, with Mr. Avery as editor, in June, 1860, during the first Lincoln campaign; while four years anterior, during the Frémont campaign in 1856, and even earlier, the Republican cause was not without advocates in California. For the benefit of local history, and to give credit to whom credit is due, a hasty review of pioneer Republican journalism may not be here out of place.

The Honorable Charles A. Washburne, late United States Minister to Paraguay, edited and published, in 1855 and 1856, the *Daily Evening Journal* in this city—a paper decidedly anti-slavery and Republican. In the columns of this paper, Washburne, alone and unadvised, called the first Republican State Convention that ever assembled in the State; and he was sent by the convention (which assembled at Sacramento, on the 30th of April) as a delegate to the National Convention at Philadelphia, on the 17th of June. During his absence the *Evening Journal* died. Returning in August, he edited a weekly paper (the *Star of Empire*) here, until the election in November.

The *Daily Chronicle* was an independent journal, with Republican or anti-slavery lean-

ings, while edited by Frank Soulé. It commenced publication in 1853, and continued until 1857. It was a supporter of Frémont and Dayton in 1856. William H. Kingsbury was the ostensible editor during a portion of that year, and had his head broken by a man named Werth, for an article offensive to the Southerners. Werth was let off by justice with a small fine, it being regarded as rather a meritorious act in those days to pummel Republicans.

The *Telegraph*, a weekly paper, was started in San José in 1853, and it lived until the fall of 1860. F. B. Murdock, the present editor of the *San José Patriot*, had the sole control of the *Telegraph* during its eventful career. It was independently anti-slavery, though owned and edited by a man who was born in a slave State and of slaveholding parents. The *Telegraph* newspaper was one of the foremost, if not the very first, to give pronounced Northern sentiments to the people on this coast. On the 18th of March, 1856, Murdock hoisted in his paper the names of John C. Frémont and Francis P. Blair for the presidency and vice-presidency of the United States, and continued these names at the head of his columns until the steamer *Golden Age* arrived on the 14th of July following, bringing the National Republican nominations, when the name of William L. Dayton was substituted for that of Blair. The influence of this paper was much felt in that election. Frémont carried Santa Clara County, and three members were sent to the Legislature by its Republican vote.

The *Pathfinder*, a daily campaign paper, was edited by F. F. Fargo, in this city, in 1856. The two French journals—*Le Phare* and *L'Echo du Pacifique*—gave assistance to the Republican cause, as also did the *Locomotive*—a German paper—all published here during that campaign. On the arrival of the news of the nomination of Frémont and Dayton, the *Marysville Herald*—a daily journal, owned by Colonel Ransom, and edited by Louis R. Lull—hoisted the ticket and gave battle for it. In August, a few Republicans in Sacramento contributed to establish a daily, called the *Times*, and employed Cornelius Cole as editor. The *Gazette* about the same time appeared as a daily in Stockton, under the auspices of the Republican County Cen-

tral Committee, of which D. J. Staples was the ruling spirit.

In addition to the weeklies already named, there were published the following distinctive Republican papers: *El Clamor Publico*, Los Angeles; *El Dorado County Times*, Placerville, W. Wadsworth editor; *Granite Journal*, Folsom, George H. Baker editor; *Republican Banner*, Nevada, W. B. Ewer editor; *North Californian*, Oroville, C. G. Lincoln editor. John H. Purdy also published a paper here of Republican tendencies, called the *Pacific Statesman*. It was ephemeral.

Quite a number of papers were born into the journalistic world between the campaigns of 1856 and 1860, aiding the Republican party. Washburne revived the *Times* in 1859; W. N. Slocum, in the same year, edited the *Santa Cruz News*; Thomas Fitch edited something of a like kind here for a short time in 1860. The *Nevada Journal* had been doing service in the same field some years before. But it is not essential to extend the list.

These few reminiscences are jotted down only for correctness' sake, and to do justice to some pioneer Republican journalists of the coast, who bore the brunt of the battle, so far as pens were weapons, during the "rotten-egg era." We find from a list in the *Chronicle* of October, 1856, that there were at that time in the State advocating the election of Frémont, nineteen papers, including the weeklies issued from the daily offices of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Marysville Herald*, the *Stockton Gazette*, and the *Sacramento Times*. There can not well have been less than thirty Republican papers antedating the appearance of the *Marysville Appeal* in 1860.

Scientific Notes.

—A great gap has been caused in our scientific ranks by the death of Mr. Hiram G. Bloomer, curator of the museum of the Academy of Sciences. Those who are interested in botany will well remember Mr. Bloomer's immense fund of information upon his favorite science, and his desire always to impart the results of his large experience to others, while his courteous and kindly demeanor had

endeared him to a wide circle of more intimate friends. At a recent meeting of the Academy resolutions expressing the deepest regret for his loss were adopted, and a committee appointed to value his library and herbarium, with a view to their purchase. It is gratifying to add that their report, while valuing the collection at \$700, recommended that the sum of \$1,000 be appropriated for the same, in consideration of the eminent services rendered to the Academy by their late owner.

— Doctor Cooper recently read before the Academy of Sciences some valuable and highly interesting papers on the geology of California, and particularly with reference to the existence of coal-bearing strata in our State. Doctor Cooper is of opinion that California possesses no coal measures which would remunerate their owners for the trouble of working them.

—Telegrams have been received from Nagasaki, Japan, announcing the safe arrival of the Transit of Venus party, which left this city by the *Japan*, in August last. The party consists of Professor Davidson, Mr. Titman, Mr. W. S. Edwards, and two photographers. Previous to the occurrence of the transit, the party will occupy their leisure in the collection of specimens of natural history, and on their return our cabinets will doubtless be enriched by many valuable contributions.

—The Microscopical Society continues to do good service to the cause of science, and large additions have recently been made to the number of its members. At a late meeting a most interesting lecture was read by Doctor Harkness, on the white corpuscles of the blood, illustrated by a specimen of a frog, in which the circulation was clearly seen.

—Among the many entomological publications issuing from the American press, few deserve more favorable mention than a modestly advertised work by Herman Strecker, of Reading, Pennsylvania, entitled *Illustrations of Lepidoptera*. Mr. Strecker has already published ten numbers of his work, the plates having been all drawn and colored by his own hand. The insects delineated are *Rhopalocera* and *Heterocera* (butterflies and moths), and are admirable examples of the draughtsman's art, while many new spe-

cies are for the first time given to the world. Mr. Strecker deserves every encouragement for his spirited undertaking, and the low price of his work (only fifty cents per number) places it within the reach of all.

—The Entomological Society of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has started a publication called *Psyche*, for the purpose of recording captures of rare insects, the description of new species, and the noticing of all works on their science issuing from the European and American press. The conductor is Mr. B. P. Mann, of Cambridge, and among the contributors we find the names of Scudder, Packard, Edwards, Grote, and others.

Art Notes.

We were glad that an ample and spacious gallery had been allotted by the managers of the late Mechanics' Institute Fair to the exhibition of Californian art; we say Californian art, for except a few contributions from foreign artists, it was purely an exhibit of native talent, and, as such, it was highly interesting. Passing over works of minor importance, we may briefly notice the most prominent.

—William Hahn we must class among the foreign contributors, as he is a recent arrival, and his pictures, though some of them represent Californian scenery and characters, are thoroughly German in treatment and style. They evidence how much may be accomplished by plodding perseverance and thorough training where the artistic spirit is altogether wanting, though we doubt the expediency of applying so great labor to the attainment of such low results.

—William Keith, "the poet-painter," as he has been styled, represents more truly than any other the art development of this young land, which, like other phases of its development, is sturdy, though precocious. His inspiration is drawn solely and purely from its noble landscape, so full of scope for the painter's art in its magnificent distances, abounding color, and grandeur of mountain and plain. His "Californian Alps" is a grand and passionate poem in color. The composition is like a strain from the old lyric masters: the noble sweep of uplifted plateau and granite-ribbed hills to the dominant gla-

cier-crowned mountains is superbly dramatic. This picture, we are glad, though it goes to enrich a private collection, will remain in the State. Of the smaller pictures by this artist, the one that struck us most was entitled, "A View in San Mateo." It is pure and clear in color, and shines like a gem on the walls.

—All the works of Thomas Hill are strong and admirable in *technique* and fine in composition, but lack somewhat in subtler qualities of sentiment and imagination. "The Royal Arches" is the most satisfactory of his pictures, and is fine and rich in color, solid in treatment, and strong in effect. "The Notch in the White Mountains" is also good and true to the character of that part of the country. Two upright dome-shaped Yosemite pictures present in a masterly and pleasing manner the illusions of air and distance, but are not, we think, quite true as to the color of that region. A fine, large wood interior has the perspective well rendered, but would be improved if the two distinct groups of figures on opposite sides of the roadway were connected by some minor object.

—Some good portraits by Shaw, and some *genre* subjects and a head of Carlyle by Irwin, show great talent. Brookes had some studies of fruit, in which he is not so happy as in his fish pictures.

—We hazard the judgment that Californian art compares favorably with the exhibits in Boston, New York, and other American cities. Boston and New York can boast of no painters better than Hill and Keith, except De Haas, who distances them perhaps only by virtue of more years of experience; and many other of our local artists are of more than average talent. But as a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people, so with our artists, they meet with only scanty and grudging recognition at home. With but one or two exceptions, the millionaires of California do nothing to encourage art *at home*. Most of the pictures that adorn their galleries are purchased abroad. Had they sufficient culture and knowledge of art to buy discriminatingly, this would not be disadvantageous to native genius, for an occasional opportunity of studying the masterpieces of the Achen-

bach brothers, Lambinet, or Corot, could not but be of immense advantage to struggling artists whose poverty forbids them a visit to Europe. It is sadly true of the wealthy classes of *all* American cities, that, lacking ability to judge of works of art, they fall an easy prey to the hungry sharpers of Europe, who are well aware of this peculiarity of the American traveling public. And if secretly conscious of this deficiency of education, they endeavor to surmount the difficulty by buying a "name." Ten times its value is paid for an obsolete Koekkoek, or a bad example of Gérôme or Troyon, and they return exulting complacently over the possession of what they suppose must be masterpieces, for do they not bear the undoubted signatures of Troyon and Gérôme? In the simplicity of ignorance, they believe that those masters are incapable of creating any imperfect paintings, and are not aware of the difficulty of wresting a *real* treasure from the art circles of Europe, which as soon as they are produced become of national importance. Would that the mantle of the princely Medici had fallen on the shoulders of some of California's millionaires, that they might make San Francisco what the Medici made of Florence, a shrine at which the world pays worship.

—Joseph Roos, so long and favorably known to the picture-loving public of San Francisco, has opened a new art-store on Post Street, where he has a choice supply of artists' materials and some new and elegant chromos, engravings, and a variety of other things pertaining to art. Attached to the store is a small but tastefully fitted-up gallery containing an unusual number of good pictures. Among the rest we noticed a fine picture by Hill, entitled "A View from Point San Pedro," two Yosemite pictures, and a wood interior. "Mount St. Helena," by Virgil Williams, has some good points, but is lacking in atmosphere. A large picture by Hahn represents the interior of a Westphalian inn, wherein is seated a group, whose attention, as well as that of the serving-maid, is concentrated with evident curiosity upon the movements of a Jew who has just entered. Upon the table before this hungry new-comer, either by accident or design, has been placed a large dish of pork. The evident intention of the artist is to show

in the Jew's countenance a conflict between appetite and religious scruples. The picture, which in parts is well painted, and exhibits a certain coarse humor, is one whose *motif* will not please generally. Some catlike pictures by Lemon are bad in color and defective in drawing. Keith has three or four sparkling little pictures, and Irwin a fine portrait. Here is also an exquisite

French flower-piece—an excellent copy of a Knaus, the original of which is in the Louvre—and many other interesting pictures that will repay a visit to this gallery.

—Charles Nahl has just finished a little picture of “Humming-birds,” which ought to be put on public exhibition. It is as exquisite in finish as brilliant in color—“a gem of purest ray serene.”

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES. A Narrative of Personal Experience. By James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This work is founded on the personal experience of the author, and is consequently more interesting and valuable to those who really wish to learn something about German universities than has usually been the case with works on the same subject that have gone before.

The volume is divided into two parts; first the author's personal narrative, and then some general remarks. Mr. Hart found German no pigmy to tackle, but he attacked the citadel in a methodical, well-planned manner—not hurriedly, with a rush, expecting to become proficient in two or three months—and he was wise, for nowhere is the race oftener given to the tortoise than in the learning of foreign tongues. Mr. Hart abjured all “easy courses,” and at once settled down to hard work, with grammar and dictionary. His method we can recommend to the careful consideration of all those in travail with the most difficult of European languages. He writes:

“During the first six months of my stay in Göttingen, I read nothing that could be called a German book. It seemed to me profanation, as it were, to stumble through Goethe or Schiller, hunting up every other word in the dictionary, striving to seize the poetry of the original yet succumbing to every paltry irregular verb or preposition governing different cases. It was too much like parsing the *Paradise Lost*. I felt persuaded that it would be better in the long run to wait until I had developed myself into somewhat of a German before intruding into the sacred precincts of German art. The reader will have

the opportunity, in a subsequent place, of judging whether the experiment succeeded.

“So I settled down to an unmerciful ‘grind.’ For six long months I toiled over grammar and grammars. I wrote all the exercises in *Woodbury* and *Otto*, and a good many in *Ollendorf*, until this last grew insufferably tedious, and then mastered *Plate*. This work is not so well known in America as it should be; the author, principal of the Commercial Academy of Bremen, is thoroughly familiar with both languages, and has treated certain subjects, *e. g.*, the separable verbs, the passive voice, and the German substitutes for the participial phrase, better and more fully than the other grammarians. *Woodbury* I found chiefly valuable for the collection of idiomatic phrases illustrating the use of the German prepositions. Besides these English-German grammars, which I literally ‘swallowed’ word for word, I also consulted incessantly *Heyse's Schulgrammatik der deutschen Sprache*, a book written for the use of pupils in the upper classes of the gymnasia. But my hardest work was in translating from English into German. Here I tried my hand at all sorts of books and styles, from Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* to leaders from *The London Times*. My plan was to translate a few passages from one book, enough to seize the peculiarities of the author's style and diction, and then pass to another. In looking over my old copy-books and manuscripts, blurred and corrected in places so as to be scarcely legible, it is easy for me now to see that, notwithstanding the help of grammar and teacher, I wrote a good deal of rubbish—clumsy, un-German sentences that no native would think of putting on paper. But with all their imperfections, these exercises answered their purpose; they gave me a better insight into the peculiarities of the language than I could have got in any other way. There was scarcely an English idiom that I did not attempt to ‘upset’ into German after a fashion.”

Mr. Hart was formerly a student in an American university, he has therefore had rare opportunities to compare the two systems. He did not neglect to avail himself

of the chance, and the result of several years of close observation he gives us in the present work. Although the author, as an American, appears anxious to say all he in conscience can for the institutions of his country, yet nevertheless, the comparison is most unfavorable to the American system. Mr. Hart gives his grounds for arriving at this conclusion, and they are too numerous for us to repeat here; but the principal cause of complaint seems to be that our university students are treated more like boys than men; that their relation to their instructors is more that of school-boy to school-teacher than that of grown student to professor. There is much truth in this, but is it not also true that unfortunately too many of our so-called universities are in reality more of high-schools for young gentlemen than colleges for men? Verily, we ourselves can say that there can scarcely be conceived two beings more unlike than the dueling, drinking, yet hard-working German student, who lives his own master in his own chambers, attends what lectures he likes, and "cuts" what lectures he likes; who behaves himself as a man and a gentleman not because anyone in the world has the authority to make him do so, but because he is subject to the laws of courtesy and a sense of his own dignity—there is a wide difference, we say, between this man and the beardless, prank-playing stripling, liable at any moment to be called before the "powers" and severely rebuked, harassed with compulsory recitations, and emulous of "good marks."

A DANGEROUS GAME. By Edmund Yates.
Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co.

This novel, though by no means one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of its justly celebrated author, possesses a special interest for Americans, as illustrating the view which is taken of their country by a foreigner of intelligence and education. The scene is principally laid in New York, and the author is evidently topographically well acquainted with the localities he describes, but his knowledge extends no farther. Of the inner life, of the subtle workings of the spirit that moves society, he displays a lamentable ignorance. He judges America and Americans from the European stand-point, and endeavors to compass the

requisite variations by detraction and even ridicule. It is evident that Mr. Yates was cognizant of his weakness in this respect, and anxious to do justice, for he draws one American character—that of Alston Griswold—of such rare beauty that any country would be proud to own such a son. In constructive ability there is little to be desired. The plot, in itself eminently sensational, is well worked out, and the interest is sustained to the conclusion. The murder scene is described with a thrilling attention to details and a realistic air which is positively startling. We should not recommend this chapter as a soporific for any nervous subject. In a few minor particulars—notably in dialogue—Mr. Yates falls into a mistake common to many of his countrymen—that of imagining that the only requisite for drawing Irish character to the life is to make the Hibernian speak bad grammar. For instance, he puts the following words into the mouth of Mr. O'Gog, represented to be "a newspaper man" of eminence and ability in New York: "There are terrible thieves in *them* Liverpool taverns." It is scarcely necessary to draw attention to such an obvious *gaucherie* as this. An educated Irishman will speak as correct grammar as an educated man of any other nation, the authority of various English novelists notwithstanding. The main fault, however, of *A Dangerous Game* lies in the absence of an adequate motive for the crime on which the whole tale turns. It is scarcely reconcilable with even the worst estimate of human nature to suppose that a man in Warren's position will murder his most intimate companion for an insane love of that companion's wife, especially when his love has been previously repulsed and rejected with scorn. In certain dispositions such an ebullition of "emotional insanity" might be tolerated, but the character of Warren is not colored up to the part he is given to play. Otherwise the chief merit of the book lies in its character sketches, which are worthy of all praise. Bryan Duval, the actor-author, will be recognized by every theatre-goer, and the original of Miss Montessor is not far to seek. Though Americans, as a rule, will not read *A Dangerous Game* with approval, they will read it with interest, and give it a high place among the sensational works of the century.

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VIOLETS AND VIOLIN STRINGS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

*From Leo Otto Bergholz to his Friend,
Carl Zimmerman.*

NEW YORK, October —th, 18—.

DEAR CARL:—Much has happened since I wrote to you last. I have now more than I can do at even what would seem fabulous prices to us in Germany. I feel sometimes as if I could not be living a real life—that it must all be an Aladdin's dream, from which I shall be rudely awakened; especially do I feel this when I think of the low prices our dear old professor received. I have changed my room now to the first floor. I have an elegantly furnished suite of apartments opposite Herr Hahneman's. I found that it was necessary for me to do so, as I have violin pupils coming to my rooms at all hours of the day. My evenings are always occupied. If I do not play in the orchestra, I am usually invited to some private *musicale*. You see, dear Carl, there are very few fine musicians here;

music is not, as with us, a passion, though nearly every family has some kind of an instrument. The great masters, who are so honored and revered in Germany, are strangers here. The people never have those great musical festivals which are the bright spots of every year with us. Latterly there has been a great deal said about classical music. Americans have what they call rages for everything—I do not know how exactly to express my meaning in German—but classical music is now the rage. I first came to play at these private *musicales* through Violetta. Everything comes to me through her. I had given her five or six lessons, when she said to me, "Professor Bergholz, I am going to ask a favor of you." I bowed, thinking she was merely going to ask me to play, as usual, after we had finished the lesson. "We are going to have a little party to-morrow night" (she smiled), "which we are presumptuous enough to style a *musicale*. There have

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been several of them lately at the houses of my friends, but they have been musical parties with the music left out, and I wish something different, so I am going to ask you"—she stopped, embarrassed—"To play?" I said. "Will you?"—she spoke eagerly and entreatingly. "O! promise me that you will. It would make me perfectly happy." "If so small a service as that could accomplish so much, I should be churlish, indeed, to refuse." "Then you will come. I can not thank you enough." "There is no need, for it is I who am obliged. Do you wish the violin or piano?" "O, the violin, if you will be so kind. It is the only instrument made for you, and, it seems to me, for you only." "As violets are the only flowers for you," said I, looking full upon her. She always wears them in her hair. It was the first time I had ever forgotten the part I had assumed, and the faintest tinge of rosy red flushed her transparent skin. I was frightened lest my eyes had revealed more than I had meant, and I turned immediately to the music-stand. "Perhaps we might play a duet for the violin and piano." "O, no!" she exclaimed. "Do not ask me, for I could never, *never* think of playing with you." "Why not? It is not such a terrible thing, I assure you. I will select something which you will be kind enough to practice, and to-morrow morning, if you are disengaged, I will come and play it through with you once with my violin." I chose that delicious duo for the violin and piano, one of Beethoven's complete symphonies. It is very difficult, and I was surprised at the ease and perfect readiness with which she played it through the first time. There were only one or two faults in the expression. It was then that I asked her if she sung. She answered, without the least affectation: "Yes; I sing very well, my teachers have told me. I have promised to sing." "I will

not anticipate the pleasure of to-morrow by asking you now," I said.

Next morning we practiced the duet; the aunt was in the room, but we were, or rather I was, in paradise. The soft notes of the violin beat back responsive to the piano in perfect harmony. I had never before realized what wonderful control she had over the key-board. We might have practiced for years and not have been more perfect. She was pale with excitement when she struck the final brilliant chord. "That will do," I said. "Do not touch it again until this evening." Then I bowed my way out of the room, though I saw that the aunt had risen, as if to say something.

Half-past eight was the appointed time. I was detained at the last moment by a pupil, and it was nearer ten when I mounted the marble steps. The house was brilliantly illuminated, and I could hear the soft, muffled murmur of music. I can not analyze my feelings. I was at once curious and indifferent, agitated and calm, timid and unembarrassed, if you can conceive of such a contradiction. Then I found myself in the brilliantly lighted room. I had entered the back parlor, but the folding-doors had been thrown open, and the long mirrors doubled the effect. I laid my violin upon the piano, and had a moment in which to look around undisturbed. The rooms had undergone a wonderful change since morning; festoons of flowers hung from every possible place; vases with the most exquisite bouquets, or with perhaps only a single half-open bud of creamy buff, or the faintest possible dream of rose-color, stood on every bracket; while the loveliest dark-green ivy twined around the statues and airily disported itself along the white walls and round the solid gilt picture-frames. A heavy myrtle crown adorned the brow of Beethoven. The air was faint with sweet, ravishing odors. From the conservatory at the end of the hall, forming a musical

accompaniment to the conversation, I could hear the silver tinkling of a fountain. I had hardly time to give more than a passing glance, when Violetta came eagerly up to me. She looked more radiantly beautiful than I had ever seen her. She wore a long dress of silvery, shimmering silk, with violet trimmings and rare yellow lace, and natural violets in her hair; no jewels, no ornaments of any kind, except the faintest thread of gold round her neck, from which dropped a small cross with a tiny violet of amethyst upon it. "I have been so anxious, so fearful that you would not come," were her first words, taking my hand warmly in hers. "You are very late; no excuses, I beg, now that you are here. It is, perhaps, as well, for I have already sung, and was not as embarrassed as I should have been." "I am rightly though severely punished," I said. "If you think so, I shall sing again. That gentleman who is just sitting down to the piano is considered our finest pianist, as well by himself as others; one would know that by his air." He had dashed into a brilliant *aria* of Weber's.

We passed into the other room, where I was introduced to many people, who all, as it seemed to me, bowed and said the same thing; but that is because I am not used to American ways. We walked up and down the hall several times, she keeping up the thread of the conversation, in spite of frequent interruptions; then we passed into the conservatory. It was empty, yet something in the flower-laden air compelled us both to silence. To me it seemed as if from any lily-cup or rose-bud might spring her sister-spirit, or that Violetta herself would vanish from my side, wooed to her rightful home among the flowers by their sweet breath. I dared not trust myself to speak, lest my voice might betray my love. She was looking down at the flowers. At last she broke the silence.

"I am searching for a flower for you." "Ah! then," I cried, "pluck me one of these, if it is not sacrilege in me to wish to wear it." I pointed as I spoke to a box of English violets which were at my feet. She stooped down instantly and picked some. "You like violets, then?" "Like! I adore them." She did not blush, though I was startled at my tone, but said: "I am glad. They are my favorites, also; I never wear any other flower." We passed out into the hall. The music had ceased, and conversation had begun again. "Our duet will come next," she said. "I must leave you now; my aunt is beckoning for me. I have saved your violin solo until the last, because it is the best." When she had left me I seated myself in the deep-curtained bay-window. It did not suit me to talk; I shut my eyes, so that I could not even see. It may have been a moment or it may have been an hour that I sat thus; I only know that it was a blank until she came for me. I was conscious that our appearance at the piano caused a greater impression than anything else before. I looked at my companion to see if she was frightened. There was the slightest possible flush on her cheek, and her eyes burned with excitement. She nodded that she was ready. All I know of the effect is that there was a dead hush through all the rooms, and it seemed to me that we played even better than in the morning, if that were possible. A tall, handsome man joined us when we had finished and the murmur of applause had subsided. She introduced him to me as Mr. Hugh Morgan. He said a few courteous words about our music, to which I responded briefly, and then they left me, and I went back to my corner in the bay-window. A couple were seated on the opposite side, but they took no notice of me; they were looking at Violetta and her companion, who were walking down the room earnestly engaged in conversation,

for his proud head was bent to hers. "Are they not a handsome couple?" said one. "Exceedingly so; when are they to be married?" "I do not know; I believe sometime about the holidays. He is very proud of her." "Yes; they are well matched. It was an engagement made when they were children." "But not so absurd as those things generally prove, for I think that it will be a love-marriage, also. They do say that they are perfectly devoted." I heard no more, Carl, though they went on talking it seemed for ages. All my madness and folly became known to me then, and for the first time since I have been here I had those terrible pains in my heart. They did not last long, but they seemed like the pangs of death for a few moments. I longed for the time to come for me to play, that I might go home. When at last some one came for me, I was like one rudely awakened from a painful dream. I entirely forgot the selection from Bach I had intended playing, and, carried away by the wild sorrow which possessed me, I commenced playing coldly, brokenly, at first; then my passion increased, and I played with an ardor and fire that hurried me on faster and faster every moment; then it changed to long, sobbing, sighing notes, full of agony and pain, as if my very heart was breaking. It is the first time I have improvised since I left dear Germany, though I have often played snatches of the old masters woven together with modulations of my own. When I had finished, there was a breathless hush—the highest praise an artist can receive—and Violetta came toward me, her beautiful eyes suffused with tears. "How can we ever thank you enough for teaching us what real music is?" she began; but I interrupted her. "In my native land, music is inseparably woven into the lives of the people. If you wish, I will play you now the folk-song you asked me for once." "If I wish!"—reproach-

fully. This time I seated myself at the piano, and it seemed as if a thousand voices were calling to me, catching up, repeating, and echoing back the refrain. From the blue hills of Germany the echo sounded; from the vineyards, purple with the ripening grape, it came; pealing over the waters of the beautiful Rhine, it re-echoed—a pure, holy harmony, and, carrying me beyond myself, it brought me calm.

But why go on and repeat the experience of the days and nights, since they are all alike? Not a week passes that we do not—Violetta and I—spend an evening together. I have more invitations than I can accept. The lessons are no longer lessons. We play together; our souls commune. I feel that I have a power over her none other possesses. When I play she is *mine*. Herr Hahneman says that I am looking very pale and thin, that I work too hard; but it is not the work. Do you know, dear Carl, that sometimes I am insane enough to think that I will break away from it all, and go back to you again, and to Marguerite? It touches me pitifully when her little flowers come. Tell her I keep them all, and shall bring them back with me when I go, which, please God, I hope will be soon. With the best love of your most unhappy friend.

LEO OTTO BERGHOLZ.

*From Élise Hégeman to her Friend,
Adèle de Courtney.*

NEW YORK, October 30th, 18—.

MY DEAREST ADÈLE:—I must confess that I was a little provoked when I read your last letter. I am infatuated, am I? And, worse than that, I am wronging *him*, as well as myself? You dear little moralist, I wish I could make you see Professor Bergholz, as he is. My pen descriptions fail woefully. You say that every sentence of mine contradicts the preceding and following one. That is because I write you just the im-

pressions of the moment. I try to be faithful to both him and myself. I may wrong myself, but never him. He is devoted to music. I should as soon think of my piano feeling the emotion which we call love, because some one had been drawing out of it Schubert or Heine's passionate love-songs, as he. When Professor Bergholz is not occupied with his music, he is an iceberg—passionless, calm, unruffled. I admit that I myself am peculiarly impressed by his presence. He has touched by his genius deeper chords in my nature than any other ever did—than I was aware, even, that I possessed. When he is playing sometimes I am frightened at the feelings which possess me. It seems as if I could follow him through all the world. I am afraid oftentimes lest my emotions may be known to him, but my fears are totally unnecessary. I feel that he minds me no more than the mountain torrent does the wild-flower which blossoms by its banks. You say that it seems strange that he should be so very fond of violets, if it is not because I always wear them. That idea makes me smile. I should never have told you of that incident, dearest Adèle, had I not hailed it as a sign of his mortality. He never flatters like any other man, and that was why *I* was so flattered. It was very silly. I meant, when I sat down to write, not to mention Professor Bergholz or music, and here I am going on as usual.

Aunt Sophia complains that I will not interest myself in the unnumbered articles of all kinds which are being made for the great event. By the way, it is to come off—the wedding, I mean—the last of December. If you were only to be with me, Adèle—but that can not be. All my mornings are spent now either in shopping, or in the sewing-room, having dresses tried on and fitted. It is unutterably wearisome and distasteful to me. Aunt Sophia proposed my giv-

ing up my music lessons, that I might devote all of my time to such important matters. I gave such a decided negative that she has said nothing about it since, though she has taken an unaccountable freak lately to be present at the lessons. This does not alarm me, though I know it is a severe punishment to her, for sometimes we play for two hours when we are playing duets. Poor Aunt Sophia was so worn out to-day that she fell asleep in her chair!

Hugh is very devoted—a model lover. He is not forever hanging about me; that, I think, would disgust me. He has done everything proper for one to do—has made me some elegant presents. He is not at all musical; he says that I shall have music enough for us both. However, he is very good; has taken a box at the opera, and is always ready to accompany me. He made me quite indignant the other day; he spoke with such supreme contempt of musicians as a class, and of their mawkish sensibility. I did not make any reply, but that evening I quite devoted myself to Professor Bergholz. We were to play several pieces together at a *musicale* at Mrs. Delmond's. I say devoted myself, though I made it appear to everyone that he was devoting himself to me, and all the time we were carrying on a most interesting conversation on music, and the difference between the Italian and German schools. You know that I made quite a specialty of Italian music my last year. I have learned some German songs this winter. Professor Bergholz says that I sing them with the true German heart.

November 13th.—DEAR ADÈLE:—I never thought that two weeks would pass when I laid down my pen before I should take it up again, but it is even so. I was called out of the room for something, and the next day was a busy one. I can hardly call a moment my own now. Tuesday I was out shopping

all the morning, and in the afternoon Professor Bergholz was to come. I waited until past the hour, and he is always so prompt—but he did not come. I became impatient; still I continued playing, yet he did not come. I can not tell you how annoyed I was, though that is hardly the word I want; but I did not give up expecting him until dinner-time. I believe I was cross. You know I never could bear disappointments of any kind. That evening we all went to the opera. He was there in his usual place, looking very pale. I don't think he once looked at our box, for I tried in vain to catch his eye. Friday again he did not come, and I waited in vain. I was, to say the least, piqued. He might, I thought, have sent me word if he were sick. I passed a wretched day; I know I was irritable. Aunt Sophia says it is the excitement of having so many dresses made, and the disappointment in the trimming of one. At least, that was what I heard her telling a lady; perhaps she is right. I can't tell you how I felt when the next lesson-day, and the next, came and passed, and still no Professor Bergholz. It was not that I cared so much to see him, but I missed the excitement of the music; life was flat, dull, and insipid. Saturday morning, Aunt Sophia sent me out alone for some things that the seamstress wanted, and while waiting for them, I made a sudden resolve—a very foolish one, I suppose you will say, dear Adèle, but, you know, with me to think is to act—and before I had realized what I was doing, I had knocked at Professor Bergholz's door. Then a sudden terror of shame struck me, and I would have fled, but the door opened, and he stood before me, looking so pale, thin, and ghost-like, that I was immovable. "Great heavens! is it you?" he cried, taking me by the hand, and drawing me into the room. "I thought you were ill," was all I could stammer, feeling all the time like a great,

awkward school-girl. "I have been," he said, "but I am not—I shall be no longer." I don't know what I said or what he said after that. I only know that I got out of the house as soon as possible, and had James drive straight home. I rushed up to my room, locked myself in, and burst into tears—yes, I cried, Adèle—to think I should have been guilty of such a childish act. What will he think? or how shall I meet him when he comes on Tuesday? And what would Aunt Sophia say to such an escapade? I shall write no more now.

Your loving ÉLISE.

P. S.—He had a box of violets growing; I saw them. ÉLISE.

*From Leo Otto Bergholz to his Friend,
Carl Zimmerman.*

NEW YORK, November 26th, 18—.

I feel, dear Carl, that I deserve your words of reproof, but I am not false to my worship of music. I have accomplished much in the few months I have been here—very much, though I say it most humbly. I have sent my manuscript to the publishers of music, and you will yet, I hope, have cause to be proud of your unworthy friend.

I will not deny that there was a time when I did nothing, absolutely nothing, except teach pupils and play sometimes for myself, though more often whole days passed without my ever taking my violin from its case. I was beside myself—I acknowledge it. Then your letter came and awakened me. I resolved to throw off the bondage, and live hereafter for my violin alone. It was the very day for a lesson, but I did not go. I wrote a note saying that I was ill; that note I found to-day in one of my music-books, but it is just as well. I played in the orchestra that night as usual. Violetta was there; I felt her presence, though I did not see her. I knew that she was vainly trying to catch my eye, yet I did not look. I went home

that night and worked upon my neglected *sonata* until the rosy hues of morning flooded the sky.

I did not leave my room for the next week, nor yet the next, only as I was obliged to give my lessons; *hers* I did not give. I did not know how much I had longed for her—for the mere sight of her glorious face—until on Saturday morning I heard a timid, hesitating rap at the door. I opened it, and *she* stood there! It was as a crust of bread to a famishing man—a draught of pure cool spring-water to one dying of thirst. She had missed me, or she would not have come! She thought that I was sick, she said, and so came to ask.

I went again on Tuesday. She was waiting for me. I must have been looking very pale, for she said: "Are you quite sure that you are able to give me this lesson? You look very ill." She went from the room a moment, and returned with a glass of wine, which she insisted on my drinking. "You begin to look better—less like a ghost," she said, brightly. "I am not ill," I said; "only, I have been very busy, lately, finishing a musical composition." "How much I should like to hear it!" she said, earnestly. "I know it will be glorious. It must be such a beautiful thing to be able to compose music—to devote one's life to that; then, indeed, there might be something worth living for." An expression of utter weariness spread over her features. I was surprised into saying: "And you, have you nothing to live for? Pardon," I added, gently. "I did not mean to ask just that. You, too, who have such a marvelous power of entering into and interpreting the divine harmonies of others, must also be able to give utterance to those of your own, for I am very certain that you possess them." "It is kind to say that, but everyone is not gifted. Very few have the power of sympathy, and more often, it seems to me, that gift

proves rather a curse than a blessing to its possessor; for in proportion as we sympathize, we suffer."

She was idly turning over the music. "You have never sung for me alone," I said. "I will now, if you wish; what shall it be?" Then answering her own question, she began singing, "Consider the Lilies," which she had turned to first. She has a very sweet, powerful voice, especially on the high notes. I had often heard her sing at musical gatherings, but never with the naturalness of expression which she had this morning. I thanked her warmly when she had finished, and then we turned to the lesson. No allusion was made to her visit or to my absence; we took up the lessons just as we had left them off. To-day I gave her a longer lesson than usual. She was trying some of Chopin's preludes. When we had finished the lesson, she said: "Thank you for staying so long. You know I shall not take many more lessons, because—" "I know," I said, hastily. I could not endure to hear it from her lips. "We will make the most of what is left."

She meant that in four weeks she was to be married. I knew that long ago. I wonder if the ceremony is to be in the church? If so, I should like to write the organ prelude.

December 3d.—A week has passed. I have not written, for I have not been well. I can not walk fast any more, dear Carl, for it brings on the pain in my heart. After Christmas, I am going to take a long, long rest. If only I were to be with you at this visit of the "Christ child," as last year! It seems that Christmas can be nowhere else just as it is with us at home. The little brown cakes—I can smell their spicy odor now. The carols of the children haunt my dreams at night, and the Christmas-tree sparkles and gleams before me with its shining tapers and limbs bent down, laden with tokens of good will and kindly feeling.

The shops here are filled with Christmas toys and gifts, but I never stop to look at them, for I have no one here with whom to exchange gifts.

Herr Hahneman has just been in. "I have some news, Bergholz," he said, "or probably it is no news to you. One of your most beautiful pupils is to be married on Christmas Eve, in the church where I play the organ." "Then you will play?" "Why, yes, I suppose so, unless she should ask you." "She will not do that, but I will write the march for you to play when they enter the church." I shall write no more, dear Carl, until I have written that. At last there is an opportunity for me to pour out my soul to her in a language that she will comprehend, and she alone.

Christmas Eve, December 24th.—Did you ever know how long and yet how short three weeks might be? Long, when the hours of day and night are counted by pain; short, infinitesimally short, when one feels that then the light of love will expire, the day be quenched in darkness. I stopped writing to you three weeks ago, Carl, and commenced working upon the task which I had set before myself. I had over-estimated my strength. I wrote indeed, with feverish energy, and tore up the manuscript no less rapidly than I wrote. The music was cold, dead, and all so sad! Work as I would, the minor chords would creep in until it seemed like a funeral dirge, when I wished it to be so bright and joyous—nothing of sadness to mar her joy! Sometimes I almost gave up in despair.

I only gave Violetta two more lessons, and those were hours of bliss fraught with agony. At the last one, she said: "I have to thank you, Professor Bergholz, for all that I really know or appreciate in music. I should like to ask you one last favor." "For you to ask is for me a command," I said. "I would like so much if you would write

for me the shortest little piece to be played on Christmas Eve, since you can not yourself be present." She had already asked me, and I had told her that I could not be there. "I have promised my friend Hahneman to write for him. He is the organist at the church; but I can get nothing which exactly suits me for an occasion where all should be perfect," I answered. "It is because you are too critical." "It may be so. I will make another effort, since you wish it." And I did, but nothing pleased me until yesterday. I gave the manuscript to Herr Hahneman this morning. He looked it over, and said: "It is glorious! What a pity that everyone will be so occupied in looking at the bride that they will forget to listen to the music. The violoncello notes are strongly marked. The effect will be beautiful." He wished me to go over to the church and play it for him, that he might, as he said, catch the very spirit; but that I could not do. I can hear it ringing in my own brain better than any organ can interpret it for me. I have such an indescribable feeling of oppression at times, that I can do nothing. It is an effort for me even to write this, dear Carl, yet all day my thoughts have been in the father-land, and I could not let the night pass without sending you a Christmas greeting. You will think I have grown morbid, Carl, yet I can not resist the conviction that I shall never live to see another Christmas Eve. I am *so* young, too! I had thought to do so much!

The streets are being lighted now. From my window I can see the happy, hurrying crowd of passers-by. At eight, Herr Hahneman told me, they were going to enter the church, and he was to commence playing the voluntary. The cuckoo-clock has just sounded the quarter. I wish now that I had gone; I should have had one last look. It is very cold without and within; the fire is burning dimly. I can hear strange mu-

sic in the air, voices as of some one calling me.

You wrote me no word of Marguerite in your last. I have placed the *Vergist-meinnicht* with the violets. I can write no more, dear Carl. I have not touched my violin to-day; now I must play—

*From Élise Hégeman to her Friend,
Adèle de Courtney.*

NEW YORK, December 21st, 18—.

MY DEAR ADÉLE:—I have neglected you of late, indeed! I have done nothing that I wished to do, and truly I shall be glad when it is all over. It is fatiguing, all this, and I never have a moment to call my own. Aunt Sophia always has something for me to do, or, failing that, some place for me to go. Even Hugh complained last night that he could never see me for a moment without interruption. However, we shall see enough of each other, I suspect, in the years that are to come.

I took my last music lesson last week. Professor Bergholz is really ill, though he will not admit that he is sick, only that he has been working too hard. At the last lesson he played more for me than he ever has before. I told him that I was in no mood for playing; I had been harassed all the morning. I never heard such music as he brought from the keys. I invited him to be present at my wedding when he was here the time before. I shall never forget the expression of his face when he exclaimed to me that it would be impossible. Adèle, I thought for a moment that your suspicions were right, that he really loved me; but the next moment I saw how foolish such a thought was. You will say "And what would it have been to you if he had?" Alas! it could be nothing now; it might have been a great deal once, had I dreamed of such a thing ever being possible. But enough of this. I have great respect for Mr. Morgan, and Aunt Sophia says that is

all that is necessary to make a happy marriage. I must tell you that Professor Bergholz has promised to compose an organ voluntary for me. I summoned up courage to ask him the last time he was here.

Christmas Eve.—Such a busy day as this has been! All the morning gifts came pouring in, though I have distinctly expressed my feelings on the subject several times. I think Aunt Sophia was more interested in them than I was. A little after noon the bell rung and a small box was left, without any name or message. I must admit that this excited me more than anything had previously. I opened the box, and what do you think I found? The most lovely bracelet! I can not give you an idea of its beauty or of the delicate workmanship. Imagine violets of amethyst set in a band of unburnished gold, with stems and leaves of pearls! I never saw anything so perfect. Aunt Sophia could not find words to express her admiration. She has no idea of the donor; but I knew, the instant I saw it, as well as if the name had been written there in letters of gold. "Evidently, it is some one who knows your passion for violets," Aunt Sophia said; "but it is strange that he did not send his name; perhaps it was Hugh." "Perhaps," I answered, and left her.

I am all ready now. I have sent everyone out of the room, that I may be alone. I wish to write a last good-by to you—the last words you will ever read from your loving Élise Hégeman. In a quarter of an hour we shall start for the church. We have our reception to-night at ten; to-morrow we shall spend quietly here with Aunt Sophia, and in the evening start for his home in Virginia, and after that take our wedding trip. I have a horror of these parades of newly wedded couples. If I am equal to the task, I will write you just a line to-morrow, and tell you how

everything passed off. Dearest Adèle, I wish that you were here! The pressure of your warm lips would take the chill from those of your friend, ÉLISE.

Christmas Morning.—Dearest Adèle, I must write, though no words of mine can ever give you the slightest idea of that wonderfully beautiful music which rolled down the aisle—its greeting of welcome, with a tender, exulting cry of joy such as St. Michael might have uttered after he had slain the dragon. Strain after strain of gladness thrilled along our pulses, but with every strain a note like the faintest pianissimo of the violin entered with such painful, tender emphasis, casting a subdued shadow over it all, and filling me with a dreadful presentiment of sorrow. I think no one ever heard such music before at a wedding. To me, it seemed as if I were walking over breaking hearts. I was so pale they thought I was going to faint; but so far from that, every sense seemed to be doubled. I heard distinctly every word, felt every rustle in the air, made

the responses without mistake, while through it all that tender heart-breaking cry was sounding in my heart, and a cold horror as of something unknown thrilled me through and through. All the evening those plaintive notes haunted me like the perfume of a crushed flower, and all the time I had to endure and listen to the joyous congratulations of friends. O, to be away from it all! The brilliant, flashing lights blinded me; the flowers gave forth a deathly, sickening odor. The ringing laughter and gay jests seemed a horrible mockery. Today I go about as if in a dream; try as I will, I can not banish the presentiment of evil which hangs darkly over me. Heaven help me, should it prove as I fear!

Pity me, Adèle, pity me; for my heart is breaking. Herr Hahneman has just left me. I can never endure again the perfume of violets. They must grow alone over *his* grave. Leo Otto Berg-holz is dead. Your most unhappy
ÉLISE MORGAN.

COMMERCIAL CORPORATIONS.

COMMERCIAL corporations, of which kind we propose to speak, were instituted by our English ancestors under the authority of an Act of Parliament or by the king's letters-patent. Under such guarantees the corporators necessarily possessed exclusive privileges, having, in fact, a monopoly in some particular branches of trade or manufacture, which operated greatly to their advantage by excluding competition. Because of such advantages, these corporate privileges, in the early history of English trade and commerce, were eagerly sought, and possibly for these reasons seem to have been granted with some reluctance and in comparatively few instances. There can be no doubt, however, and history fully attests, that these corporations served a most useful purpose in stimulating into life and activity, during the infancy of the industrial arts, many branches of trade, commerce, and manufacture, which would otherwise have languished. England unquestionably owes much of her manufacturing prosperity and her commercial supremacy to the fostering care of these institutions. They acted upon her infant industries very much as our patent laws act in stimulating American invention. At a time when individual

capital was too scarce to undertake great enterprises, it was thought wise to encourage associated capital; hence these commercial corporations.

Our colonial ancestors inherited the bold and adventurous commercial spirit of the mother-land, which in due time began to manifest itself in erecting and establishing the industries of our new country. After we became an independent nation, and the establishment of a commercial and industrial policy became a necessity, the question very naturally arose, What shall be done to inaugurate those great enterprises requisite to meet the wants of a growing country? The scarcity of individual capital made it necessary for men to unite their moderate means in order to erect those costly manufacturing establishments and organize those great navigation companies which have worked such wonders in our industrial career. Our iron, cotton, and woolen mills, and many other great industries; our steamboat and navigation companies; our great railroad system—the grandest in the world—are all, or nearly all, products of associated capital. The cost of such great enterprises, to say nothing of the risk, is too much for individual effort; hence associated capital and associated effort.

Naturally, therefore, the question arose in these associations, How is the proposed business to be made secure and its steady prosecution insured against those accidents and impediments incident to humanity? Partnership associations might bring together the requisite capital; but partnerships are subject to sundry legal impediments which might at any time prove fatal to such great enterprises. A partner might die, and his death would dissolve the firm; his interest in the concern must go into the hands of his administrators, and the business of the firm might perhaps be suspended, at any rate interrupted, until

the law disposed of his effects. Besides, a partner might bind the firm by his signature to the fortunes of some alien enterprise, or embarrass it by his failure, so that the whole purpose of the concern would be suddenly defeated. And again, in order to realize the requisite amount of capital, it would be necessary for so many persons to associate that the writing of the name of each partner, necessary in legal proceedings, would involve much labor, entail expense, and be very liable to errors which would vitiate all proceedings; and when we add that, in legal proceedings, it might be necessary to hunt up the names of administrators or executors, of heirs or legatees, it will become apparent, without enumerating other impediments, that partnerships could not meet the requisites of capital associated for the purposes indicated. Such uncertainties and accidents would be fatal to the great industries proposed. The wants of society do not cease their demands and pressure to accommodate such interruptions. It became necessary, therefore, to devise some means by which society might reap all the advantages of capital associated in partnerships, without the accidents, interruptions, and inconveniences to which partnerships are amenable. It was perfectly natural, in this condition of things, that the American legislator should turn to the history of English commercial enterprise, in whose energetic spirit the modern commercial corporation originated. Human sagacity has hitherto devised no means so well adapted to the requirements of the commercial spirit as these simple institutions. Commercial corporations alone respond to those needs which partnerships, for reasons already stated, can not meet. They combine all the advantages of associated capital, without which American society, stricken with the fatal paralysis of inaction, must have stood still. They are really and simply, in

this country, partnership associations, freed from those legal disabilities, impediments, and inconveniences to which the ordinary partnership is amenable. Their principal advantages, as compared with partnerships, are: uninterrupted succession; the use of a corporate name by which it may transact business, sue and be sued; the advantage of many persons acting directly by the agency of a single will; the exemption of the institution from liability on account of the individual action of any of its members; its freedom from legal liability except in its corporate capacity; and, finally, the privilege of adopting rules by which its own members, in their corporate capacity, shall be governed. It will be seen, at a glance, that these attributes, combined with the associated capital, are quite as advantageous to society as to the corporation itself.

It is obvious, in view of what we have said, that these artificial institutions were adapted to meet the wants and necessities of our awakened and improving society; that they are, in fact, the children of that commercial spirit which distinguishes these modern, active, energetic, and progressive ages, from the semi-barbarous times of our remote English ancestors. They furnish one of the evidences, of which the philosophic student of history will find many, that a free and enlightened people will always find some means to meet the demands of their own progressive civilization. These institutions, therefore, were not forced upon society; on the contrary, the wants of society, its growing trade and commerce, forced them into public use. They were the result of the necessity of co-operation. Such is their origin in this country.

Early in the history of American legislation in regard to these institutions, however, objections were urged to the exclusive or monopoly feature which belonged to the English corporations. In-

deed, that spirit of jealous liberty so characteristic of the American people, and which is the great conservator of our freedom, made American legislators reluctant to grant even the semblance of exclusive privileges to any citizen or association, except in the case of inventors, who are allowed a monopoly for a limited number of years. That feature in the English corporation which gave the incorporator a monopoly in trade was, accordingly, generally excluded in our American charters. Still, there was manifested much reluctance, by many worthy public men, to grant corporate privileges at all; and, stimulated by this reluctance, and actuated by a desire to promote the public good, ingenuity set earnestly at work to devise some substitute for these commercial corporations. Limited partnerships were encouraged, silent partners were guaranteed certain peculiar privileges, in some of the States; but finally, after much earnest though vain effort, it was ascertained that, in the present state of human knowledge, it is impossible to devise any scheme so eminently calculated to respond to the great, growing, and pressing necessities of the country, as capital associated under certain corporate franchises. Such, we are justified in saying, was the verdict of the thinking, active, patriotic men of the country. Accordingly, corporations were adopted as one of the features of our American political economy. It is not to be disguised, however, that notwithstanding these facts, the democratic spirit which is so conspicuous in our civilization, continues to exhibit dissatisfaction and a certain irregular opposition to the granting of corporate charters by the different legislatures; so that it may be confidently affirmed, that nothing but the imperative and overruling necessities of our progressive civilization, and the acknowledged usefulness of the institutions, finally coerced this opposition

into compliance. Society could not afford to stop, in its onward career, to gratify mere scruples. No doubt much of this feeling of opposition was inherited by our colonial ancestors among other prejudices against the mother country—prejudices which continued to operate with more or less force in American legislation for many years subsequent to the Revolutionary War. But, as our own country advanced in the history of the present century, enterprises of immeasurable importance and transcendent magnitude, involving all that makes a people socially, politically, commercially, and nationally great, enlightened, and happy, presented themselves for consideration and action. What was to be done? It was seen at once, by every enlightened man, that only by the use of associated capital, under corporate franchises, could these grand enterprises be achieved. There was no other way possible. In the presence of such necessities, hesitation would have been a crime against the age. Fortunately, our legislators felt the spirit of the age, capital was invited to associate, corporate franchises were freely offered, our country took up the glorious march of progress, and we can now, with a glow of pride, point to the magnificent results. Nor can we, in this connection, forego the temptation to call up that scene in the United States Senate, when glorious old Tom Benton, discussing the then hoped-for transcontinental railroad, inspired by the grandeur of the theme, with his prophetic genius all aglow, raised his arm, and pointing to the west, exclaimed: "There is the East; there is India!" And we are permitted to live in an age when this grand prophecy is fulfilled, after the prophet is dead!

It now became evident, as already remarked, that the employment of these corporate agencies in prosecuting the great enterprises which are the distinguishing features of the age and country,

was indispensable. Associated capital alone could respond to demands so mighty, far-reaching, and all-pervading. These corporations were at work, at the behest of society, rapidly doing what it was now manifest no other agency, in the present state of human knowledge, could perform. None of the ages of the past had ever seen man engaged in such a conflict, conquering the great powers of nature and bringing them into subjection to his will, his use, and convenience. And when it was found that these corporate agencies were so useful and indispensable, it was resolved that they should be made to conform to the spirit of our American institutions. Accordingly, with an enlightened policy in advance of any former age or any other country, our legislators in many of the States conceived the idea of passing general corporation laws, under which any body of men, for any lawful purpose, might associate and form a corporation, uniting their capital with the view to the achievement of any worthy enterprise. Thus, by this grand stroke of policy, every semblance of monopoly is eliminated from these institutions, and their useful attributes remain; all their monopoly features are wiped out, and thus are they reconcilable with the democratic principle in our civilization. This was a grand achievement, so quietly done that perhaps its value is not fully appreciated except by the philosophical student of history. Happily the enlightened men of California, who came here fully imbued with the spirit of the age, adopted this policy for our young and vigorous commonwealth. Accordingly, our corporate associations have all the simplicity of mere partnership associations, with the stability of corporations—all the advantages of associated capital, without any of the objectionable features of the old English corporations. We have republicanized the idea of the king's letters-patent. None of our corporations,

under our general corporation law, partake of the monopoly character. We refer here to corporations under the general corporation law, to distinguish them from certain special corporations created by our last legislature. At that session the question of legislative control of railroad tariffs was very fully discussed, and it was finally concluded that such control was impracticable. These discussions also led to the recognition of an important principle in the economy of railroad management—namely, that railroad companies, in order to maintain their credit and answer all the useful ends of their creation, should be assured of stability in their franchises and exempted from legislative interference touching their tariffs. It was because the good faith of the State in these respects had been questioned, and from apprehensions that the legislature might hereafter interfere, that four special acts were passed conferring rights upon corporate associations to build as many different lines of railroads. The only object of this special legislation, as freely stated at the time in the legislative body, was to secure these associations from future legislative interference with their tariffs. It was openly stated, and was unquestionably true, that, owing to late agitations, the credit of railroad companies had been so impaired that these new lines could not obtain the necessary credit and could not be built, unless they could obtain a guarantee that their income should not be interfered with by attempts at legislative control of their tariffs. No other benefits, it has been declared, over those to be had in the general corporation law, were gained by these special acts, and there was nothing else to justify their passage by the legislature or their approval by the governor.

But to return. It is now proposed, in certain quarters, after these corporate institutions have answered such useful

ends, after they have accomplished so much for the country, to strike at the integrity of the whole by first assailing railroad franchises. It is proposed, by arbitrary legislative enactment, to wrest from railroad companies the control of their own property, to filch from them the rewards of their enterprise, to ruin their invested capital, and virtually to confiscate their property. Such legislation will, of course, stop all further improvement by associated capital. And what do these destroyers propose instead of these corporations? Nothing. Destruction alone seems to be the aim of their ambition.

Let us, in closing this essay, attempt to give a brief and comprehensive illustration of the important agency which associated capital, under corporate franchises, has exercised in the great work of American progress and civilization. It has constructed the grandest system of railroads in the world, consisting of more than 70,000 miles, costing about four billions (\$4,000,000,000) of dollars; but their real value in transacting the business of society and in developing the resources of the country is far in excess of this sum, vast as it is. For besides these railroads, the great manufacturing establishments of the country, the great iron-works, the cotton and woolen mills, the great steamboat and navigation companies on our rivers, lakes, and oceans, representing hundreds of millions more—our insurance, banking, and mining companies, and indeed most of our great institutions of learning—all these, and much more, are the product of associated capital under corporate franchises. What would our country have been to-day without the wonders achieved through the agency of these corporations? Let the reader imagine, for a moment, that all that has been done by these corporate agencies had been left undone—what should we have, in such case, to be proud of or in which

to glory? In view of all these vast achievements, in the presence of all this grandeur and glory, let the destroyer pause, let him reflect. If the agencies that have done all this do not deserve respectful consideration and care, pray tell us what does? The whole controversy in reference to railroads may be summed up in these few words: If the

railroads serve the public cheaper and better than any other means of transportation offered, they should be fostered and their further construction encouraged; if they do not, they will not be used: but as long as they afford transportation upon such terms, it appears difficult to see how they thereby wrong anybody.

THE ORIGIN OF MINERAL COAL.

STANDING one day upon the deposit of asphaltum, on the seabeach a few miles west of Santa Barbara, and looking out upon the ocean where a short distance from shore the same material in a liquid state was still ascending to the surface of the water from the depths below, the striking resemblance of the substance to coal suggested the thought that perhaps here was a coal-bed in actual process of formation, requiring for its completion only the heat and pressure to which all coal-beds have been subjected. The constituent elements of asphaltum render such an idea not improbable. Referring to Dana, we find that the elementary composition of wood, asphaltum, bituminous coal, and anthracite is as follows, impurities excluded:

	<i>Wood.</i>	<i>Asphalt.</i>	<i>Bit. Coal.</i>	<i>Anthr.</i>
Carbon . . .	49.1	81.6	82.2	94.04
Hydrogen. .	6.3	9.6	5.5	1.75
Oxygen . . .	44.6	8.8	12.3	4.21

By the above table it will be seen that asphaltum not only contains the elements of which coal is composed, but has them in nearer proportion than wood, and so combined that the physical appearance of asphaltum is almost identical with that of coal. Would not the heat, under great pressure, to which the coal-beds have been exposed, and

which has produced the metamorphism of the rocks, so eliminate the volatile portion as to convert it into coal? Brown coal and caking coal resemble asphaltum in this, that the former is partly soluble in ether, oil of turpentine, or benzole; and the latter partially melts and runs together in burning. In New Brunswick there is a bed of coal concerning which there was once litigation, the question of title turning on the point whether the substance was coal or asphaltum. May not such coals be regarded as a stage of bitumen in its passage to pure coal? It is universally conceded that bituminous coal has been changed to anthracite by heat, anthracite always being found in the vicinity of igneous rocks, while bituminous coal invariably occurs in places remote from such rocks. Experiment might determine the question whether the derivation of coal from asphaltum was possible. The various phenomena of the deposits of the former clearly indicate such an origin. It is almost inconceivable how vegetation could have produced a bed of pure coal as thick as the Mammoth of Pennsylvania. The following is a section of the Mammoth at New Boston, Broad Mountain Basin, commencing at the top (copied from *Coal, Iron, and Oil*, by Daddow & Bannan):

	<i>Ft. in.</i>
Coal.....	6 6
Coal and slate in thin alternate layers.....	4 0
Coal.....	4 0
Coal and slate in thin alternating layers.....	2 0
Coal.....	9 4 ⁷
Slate.....	0 6
Coal.....	6 6
Slate.....	0 5
Coal.....	5 3
Slate.....	0 3
Coal.....	12 0
Slate.....	0 5
Coal.....	4 0
Slate.....	0 5
Coal.....	6 6

only the bark is coal, the interior being invariably stone; as if the tree had been surrounded by the coal-material in a fluid state, and the bark had been saturated with it. Sir Charles Lyell mentions the discovery of six fossil trees in the coal-fields of Lancashire, "the exterior trunk of each being marked by a coating of friable coal, varying in thickness from one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch." In a colliery near Newcastle, "not less than thirty *sigillariae*, from four to five feet in diameter, were visible within an area of fifty square yards, the interior being sandstone and the bark having been converted into coal." Prof. Bowen, speaking of fossils in the coal near Pottsville, Pennsylvania, says: "I found numerous stems of plants and limbs of trees in the coal, and everywhere surrounded by it; but the stems and fragments of trees were themselves converted into slate." He further says: "I have observed on more than a thousand occasions the solid limbs of trees, imbedded in the slates of the coal veins, converted into sandstone, iron pyrites, or slate; but never in a solitary instance was the woody structure changed into coal. And whenever they occur in the coal itself, which is very rarely the case, they still maintain their slaty character. But while the interior is always slate, sand, or clay, the outside is as invariably coal." Mr. Daddow, a practical miner and engineer of mines, states: "I have rarely seen a fossil plant in the midst of a coal-bed, or within the coal, but whenever found in this condition, it is not coal, but slate or bone." The figure of a specimen of anthracite, as it appeared under the microscope, may be seen in Dana's *Manual of Geology*. The microscope revealed two important facts: one, that the piece under examination was of vegetable origin; the other, that it had been converted into *silica*, with fine, thin partings of coal, which was evidently due to a substance

It will thus be seen that the Mammoth at this place has a thickness of over fifty feet of pure coal, with several slate partings varying from three to six inches in width. Scientists assert that it would take twelve feet of solid vegetable matter to make one foot of anthracite. This mass of coal would, therefore, have required more than 600 feet in depth of compact vegetable *débris*. Where was the soil in which it grew? Underneath the whole? That seems incredible; and very probably the intercalated layers of slate show no evidence of a continuous growth up through them from the soil below. Could they themselves have been the root-bed, when in a state of sand or mud, of the trees and plants out of which the overlying stratum of coal was formed? Three inches of soil produce over sixty feet of solid vegetable *débris*! Or five inches, 144 feet! It is very improbable that such an immense growth, over a vast area, ever took place in any manner. And the purity of the coal—it being free from sand or other earthy sediment—precludes the idea of its being an accumulation by drift.

The fossils of the coal-beds and accompanying strata have been regarded as proof of the origin of coal; but viewed from this stand-point, their presence there appears to have been merely accidental. Of the trunks of trees found in the coal, or in close proximity thereto,

that had penetrated the pores or interstices of the wood. Fragments of charcoal, with the woody structure as perfectly preserved as in freshly burned pieces, are often found in the very heart of solid coal; and films of charcoal, from the thickness of a knife-blade to a quarter of an inch, with fragments of woody-looking substances all mashed up together, sometimes occur between the brighter laminae of the mineral coal. Must not this charcoal have been inclosed as wood by a fluid substance since turned to coal? The occurrence of petrified wood and charcoal in the midst of mineral coal is of itself very strong evidence of a different origin of the mineral coal. For how otherwise could these fragments have escaped from becoming mineral coal also? The fossils of the coal-beds, therefore, instead of proving, would seem to disprove the theory of the vegetable origin of coal. The vegetable tissues sometimes detected in coal appear to bear testimony in the same direction. The laminated structure of coal, and other phenomena of the deposits, are pretty conclusive evidence of a liquid condition of the coal-material at the time of its deposition. If derived from vegetation, the woody matter must have passed through a process of decomposition and complete liquefaction, wholly destructive of all vegetable structure.

The bituminous character of mineral coal seems specially to reveal its origin. Bitumen issues from the earth as a hydro-carbon oil. On exposure it becomes inspissated, and eventually hardens into a solid, called asphaltum. But a good deal of oil remains in the solid substance, giving it an inflammable character and bituminous odor. This hydro-carbon oil is a characteristic ingredient of all mineral coal. It is the distinguishing feature of the numerous varieties; the proportion gradually diminishing as the coal approaches the state of pure carbon,

which it nearly reaches in anthracite. Coal formed from bitumen, which had overspread the land, covering up ferns, and calamites, and sigillariae, would, of course, contain fossil plants, and that under precisely such conditions as we find them. Substances of a loose or porous texture, becoming saturated with bitumen and subsequently changing to coal, would retain their vegetable structure. Bitumen, intermingling with the rock-forming sediment, would form bituminous shale, or "bony" coal, according to the predominance of the siliceous and calcareous or bituminous material. In some cases the bitumen of the rocks may have come from the coal strata by evaporation. An artificial stone, similar in all respects to natural bituminous limestone, has been made in San Francisco by a process, in which a mixture of common pulverized limestone and asphaltum is subjected to superheated steam under great pressure. Water is the result of a chemical union of two gases—oxygen and hydrogen. May not this hydro-carbon oil, in like manner, be the product of a chemical combination of carbon in a gaseous state with hydrogen? If such be the case, it is evident that the condition of the earth in the carboniferous age must have been favorable to the production of this substance in great abundance, and the immense coal deposit of that period, if attributed to that source, may easily be accounted for.

When we consider the great thickness of the coal-beds, the purity of the coal, its laminated structure, its bituminous character, the numerous varieties of coal representing the gradual transition from asphaltum to anthracite, and the fact that the vegetable remains recognized in the coal are unlike it in character and appear to have been inclosed by it as a solid is surrounded by a fluid, there seems to be wanting but a single example of the conversion of asphaltum into coal, to settle the question of its origin.

IN SANTA MARIA: TORCELLO.

Some cherry-trees grow here, and here
 An old, old church, so purely chaste,
 So honest, of such simple taste;
 So quaint yet sacred and severe
 Her pictured Hell, with flames blown high,
 In bright mosaics wrought and set
 When man first knew the mystic art;
 Her bearded saints, as black as jet;
 Her quaint Madonna, dim with rain
 And touch of pious lips—that I
 Gazed long, then came and gazed again,
 And loved, and took her to my heart.

Nor monk in black, nor Capuchin,
 Nor priest of any creed is seen.
 A sun-browned woman, old and tall,
 And still as any shadow is,
 Steals forth from out the mossy wall
 With massive keys to show you this:
 Comes slowly forth, and following,
 Three birds—and all with drooping wing.

Three mute brown babes of hers; and they
 O, they are beautiful as sleep,
 And on the pouting lips of these
 Sweet birds the everlasting seal
 Of silence that the God has set
 On this dead island, sits for aye.
 I would forget, yet not forget,
 Their helpless eloquence. They creep
 Somehow into your heart, and steal
 Your coins, as little birds that day
 Stole fruits from off the cherry-trees.

So helpless and so wholly still,
 So sad, so wrapt in mute surprise,
 That you do love, despite your will,
 And cultivate and feed your love.
 A little maid of ten—such eyes,
 So large and lovely, so divine—
 Such pouting lips, such folds of hair—
 Stood by me all that perfect day,
 And turned her melancholy eyes
 So constant to my face, that I
 Did find her little soul and mine
 Stood very near together there.
 Yet not one soft word did she say:
 What could she have been thinking of?

THE CABIN AT PHARAOH'S FORD.

IT was not imposing; it was not pretty. It was hardly equal in either of these respects to the prevailing type of Kansas cabins in those days; and why Parson Brewster, a minister of the gospel and a man of more than average intelligence, should have made himself such a home in such a place was one of the ethical marvels of the settlement. But there it stood, or sat, on the bluff-slope, a few steps from the brink of the Neosho River, in sight of the ford, and surrounded on three sides by a stingy growth of hazel and dogberry bushes. It was constructed of unhewn logs, chinked with the most commonplace black soil, and roofed with clumsy slabs of cotton-wood, out of which sprouted singular little clusters of green and hungry twigs as the summer came on. The parson construed this last-named fact to be a sort of special providence, and reverently thanked God more than once for touching his humble abode with "a sign that could be seen of all men;" but his neighbors, being better acquainted with the subtle chemistry of the tree-sap, knew that the parson had simply cut his slabs at the wrong time of the year. The cabin had one door, looking eastward, down the river-bottom, over clumps of stones and through narrow paths between the trees and decaying logs, to where the dim perspective was lost in the darkness of a sudden turn of the stream to the north. There was no window, because the parson had made no calculation for any in the plan of his dwelling, and the omission was not observed until the logs were all up and ready for the roof, and it was too late to introduce the necessary opening. There was a loose slab in one corner of the

roof, however, which in pleasant weather partially did the office of a window, for, by pushing it aside, considerable light could be added from above to that which came in at the open door below. "It's just as well," the parson used to remark, "and there is an excellent precedent for it: the window in the ark was in the top, and looked straight up to Him who held the waters in the hollow of His hand." And so the quaint little cabin at Pharaoh's Ford came to be known in those parts as "Parson Brewster's ark."

In spite of its architectural oddity, this diminutive modern ark was sometimes a rather pleasing thing to look at. For instance, in the early dawn of that beautiful summer, after the spring rise of the river had been subdued to a conservative flow that felt its way carefully over the pebbles as if loth to disturb them, and the trees had taken on the deep and sultry green which was almost a glow in its peculiar richness, and the pent-up life at the heart of the cotton-wood slabs in the cabin's roof had begun to seek its way to the light in scores of little twigs bearing just leaves enough to hide their nakedness, there was something about the place that seemed to clothe it with a rude charm; and the wide-open door was at once an invitation and an interdiction to the sensitive passer-by. Nor was it much, if any, less alluring in the first stage of that succeeding autumn, when the rains, and winds, and early frost had washed and chilled the foliage into a crisped and jagged splendor, and the river was shuddering with apprehensions of ice and snow, and the languid twigs in the cotton-wood roof-slabs lay like tattered guidons about the awkward chimney and under the

blue curl of smoke that ascended like incense to mingle with the haze and the clouds. It must be confessed, however, that the scrawny bushes which grew immediately about the cabin did not add any particular grace to the scene, at any season. But there they were, and had been from the first, and the parson resolutely refused to be persuaded that their removal was a thing to be desired. "When God appeared to Moses with a message," he used to say, "it was not in a great tree, but in a common little bush like one of these; and whenever God has anything to say to me, He will say it just as easily and as forcibly through these bushes as he would in a grove of cedars of Lebanon." There was no combating such an argument, and so the bushes remained.

The inside of the cabin was neat, but by no means gaudy, unless the piece of yellow calico that hung in front of the three shelves which held the household crockery, or the illuminated print of the crucifixion which was fastened to a log with a rusty nail at the top and pushed into a crevice between two logs at the bottom (and which had been torn through the loins of the Saviour and the head of the soldier with the spear, and fastened together with stitches of pale-blue thread), could be considered as coming within the meaning of the term. The furniture was mainly of the parson's own manufacture, and therefore not specially noticeable in the way of artistic design or finish; for, whatever might be said in praise of the parson's skill in constructing sermons and unraveling scriptural mysteries, he was an emphasized failure as a carpenter and furniture-maker. There was but one room, and a fire-place. I say "and a fire-place," because it was merely an adjunct of the house proper. In fact, it might be said that the house was a part of the fire-place, rather than that the fire-place was a part of the house; for the parson,

having a horror of chimneys that would not draw, had built and tested his fire-place the first thing, and added the house to it afterward. There was a cellar beneath the floor, but no one would have suspected it, for the only entrance there-to was under the two flat stones that made the hearth; and, unlike most modern cellars, it had an underground passage connected with it, and the passage led off in the darkness to a rock, which, being rolled back, disclosed a manger filled with wild grass, in the parson's dug-out stable, only a step or two from the edge of the river. This passage ran under the parson's garden-plot—a little clearing in the hazel thicket—to which he had given, peculiarly enough, the name of "Gethsemane;" and the passage itself he had named "The Sepulchre"—"out of regard to the fact," he used to say to himself in his musings, "that the rolling away of that stone in the stable has so often been a resurrection." It can do no harm, at this remote day, to say that all this pertained to the concealment and flight of fugitive slaves.

So much for the appearance, appurtenances, and surroundings of the cabin at Pharaoh's Ford. I think I have mentioned everything of interest or strikingness that was ordinarily to be seen about there, with just a single exception; and I hesitate to complete the picture, for to do so I must introduce a young lady, and my unhandy pen makes but indifferent work with such objects. But it will not do to skip her, and indeed I have no inclination to be either ungallant to the young lady or neglectful of the duty I owe to my readers. Be it known, then, that Parson Brewster did not live entirely alone there in his cotton-wood ark by the Neosho. He had for a companion a daughter whom he called Hannah, and who looked to be about sixteen at the time of which I am writing. When I say that Hannah was handsome, in face and in form, I but

state a fervent truth in a very flat way; albeit she usually dressed in a loose, short frock of coarse cotton cloth, did not possess a single piece of jewelry, had never seen a corset, and went bare-footed through half the summer. She sometimes twined a water-lily in her hair, or fastened a prairie-rose at her throat; but I am sure this was only a kind of involuntary manifestation of her femininity, and not an expression of personal vanity. There is still something of Eve in every one of the sex. Parson Brewster was accustomed to assert that the doctrine of innate depravity is fully proved every day in the crimes and trickeries of men; and is not the story of the fig-leaves reproduced more or less clearly in every feminine nature? But this has nothing specially to do with Hannah, whose shapely limbs and well-cut features were an integrant part of the ragged and tangled beauty of Pharaoh's Ford, like the statuesque sycamores that interlaced their boughs about the river-crossing, and the larkspurs and columbines that struggled up from beneath the stones and through the tufts of fragile grass in the background of hills and gullies. She rarely left the cabin, and as seldom talked with those who came there. Sometimes the passers-by would hear through the closed door a wild and tremulous singing—usually a fragment of some old hymn; and then such as were acquainted with the truth of the matter knew that poor Hannah was in “one of her spells,” as the parson expressed it. For the unfortunate girl was subject to periodical aberrations of reason, during which she sung and cried almost constantly, and frequently became so crazed that it was necessary to chain her like a savage beast to her bed until the fever lulled and the brain was released from its consuming torture. Then her beauty, totally eclipsed for days and days by that great cloud of pain, would shine out again and touch

her countenance with a fair lustre that was fresh and strong, and yet seemed just ready to fade away. All but the eyes—alas! all but the eyes. They retained and wore always a pitiful suggestion of the terrible glare that burned and flashed there in the periods of madness.

It was a very uncommon thing for any other of womankind than this strange girl to be seen about the cabin. The nearest house was several miles away, and the small sweet courtesies of tea-parties and afternoon-calls did not obtain in the neighborhood of Pharaoh's Ford to any marked extent. Possibly they never do in localities where millinery is only a vision or a memory, and corn-bread is a prosaic reality the year round. Occasionally, the wan features of a “mover's” wife would peer out from the lifted cover of a passing wagon on the way to some outlying settlement, or journeying back to “the States;” and there were a few instances of scared and hurrying Negro women wandering in after night to beg a few morsels of food and be piloted across the river. One of these came once in a raw storm of rain and sleet, with a half-clad babe in her arms; and Hannah remembered long afterward that her father took the queer little thing on his knee and bent his head over it as in prayer, and that then the woman went and laid with it overnight in the manger at the mouth of “The Sepulchre.” And that was all. The visitors there were men, as a rule, and the coming of a woman was the exception. Hannah observed, too, with that keenness of instinct peculiar to her sex, that the conversations and discussions of these men related entirely to matters in which men alone seemed to be concerned, and that they rarely so much as mentioned the name of a woman. And yet she knew by their friendly allusions to one another's personal affairs, and by their tender kindness to her at all times,

as well as by the warmth of the greeting which her father gave them whenever they came, that they could not at heart be cold or bad. Very likely they had no room in their natures just then for anything but a zealous sense of devotion to a single idea—the idea that had lodged at the very core of their reflections, molding and moving them with all the heat and force of a great passion.

That was a memorable year in Kansas, and the councils and consultations that Hannah Brewster heard in the ark at Pharaoh's Ford were neither accidental nor purposeless. The Bogus Legislature, as it was called, had enacted a set of statutes for the Territory which actually made it a felony to so much as speak, write, or print a sentence in denial of the right to hold slaves therein, and disqualified as jurors in the trial of such cases all persons "conscientiously opposed to holding slaves;" while the enticing, persuading, or assisting of Negroes to escape from the Territory was declared to be grand larceny, for which the punishment provided was death! The acts of this legislature were indorsed by the Federal officials of Kansas, and ratified by the Federal authorities at Washington, and Federal troops were at hand to uphold and enforce them. The anti-slavery sentiment of the Territory was divided, as it had been from the start, on the point of respecting or defying laws forced upon the actual inhabitants by fraudulent elections and the menace of administration bayonets. The general feeling was probably in favor of making a virtue of what seemed to be a necessity by yielding a tacit obedience. But this feeling did not prevail, and never had prevailed, except in a feeble way, among those who were accustomed to take counsel together at Parson Brewster's; and these obnoxious laws, instead of dimaying or discouraging them, wrought their courage to a higher pitch, gave increased fervor to

their enthusiasm, and apparently inspired them with renewed faith in the success of the work in which they were engaged. I fancy they were inclined to hail the bogus statutes as something akin to a blessing. In fact, the parson was heard to say "the finger of Providence was plainly visible in the matter," inasmuch as it was sure to bring on a crisis, and force men to take a stand on one or the other of the two sides of the controversy—"the sheep on this hand, the goats on that," as he put it.

The idea of openly resisting the laws, however, was something which even these men were not yet thoroughly persuaded to accept. Impulse favored it, but principle, as well as policy, argued against it. Such a step would be combating one wrong by committing another; and they could not quite reconcile their consciences to that kind of morals. Then, again, to precipitate a conflict of that character would be to place themselves in a treasonous attitude, and thus to furnish their adversaries with the coveted excuse for treating them as public enemies; and that prompting of worldly prudence, which is often a better monitor than the most exalted spirit of valor, made them hesitate to assume a position so emphatic in its meaning and so equivocal in the way of results. Parson Brewster alone declared for prompt and undisguised resistance, both as a duty and as an expedient; and he spent many a night trying to convert the others to his view of the situation. His arguments were mainly addressed to the moral perceptions, and his illustrations were usually drawn from the Scriptures. "This is God's work that we are engaged in," he would say; "and when God puts stumbling-blocks in our way He expects us to make stepping-stones of them." These bogus laws could not be obeyed or accepted, he urged, without at least a seeming betrayal of moral trust; and he would vehemently add: "Let us not

play Jonah or Peter with this call to duty, but rather whet our knives and gather our fagots like Abraham, trusting God to raise up rams enough to save our Isaacs from the sacrifice." Then he would tell them the story of Phineas thrusting Zimri and the Midianitish woman through with a javelin, so turning away wrath from Israel, and winning for himself a perpetual covenant of peace from Jehovah—"he and his seed after him; even the covenant of an everlasting priesthood." All of which was but slightly to the purpose, perhaps, viewed from ordinary stand-points; but it was the parson's way of handling such things, and possibly it was more effective with that peculiar audience of his than a different course would have been. It is certain, anyway, that they usually listened to him with close attention, there being only one reported instance of a real interruption, and that was when Copitt, from over on Gopher Creek, stopped him by venturing to say something about a Balaam going the wrong road without an ass to show him his error, to which the parson replied that he heard the bray distinctly, but did not see the flaming sword. An awkward pause ensued, and a stillness that was disturbed only by the creaking of a broken branch on the elm-tree under the cabin-eaves and a whisper of rustling in Hannah's frock as she turned on her stool in the corner to see what the silence meant. Then the parson slowly resumed his discourse, and Copitt seemed specially eager to catch every word. It is certain, also, that while his Scriptural illustrations may sometimes have tired his hearers just a little, he never failed to interest and in-spirit them as he came to the close; for his perorations, apparently by accident, but really, I suspect, by design, always related to the wrongs and woes of those "held in bonds." More than once he made the stoutest listener tremble with compassion and indignation; and Han-

nah, often as she heard the story, invariably hid her face in the folds of her gown and sobbed through it all. He would picture the sinfulness of slavery and the sufferings of the enslaved like one who had himself been both slave and master. His pictures were not always true to nature, perhaps, but they were always striking and always touching, and he felt them to be possible, if they were not living realities. So he would show his little coterie of listeners the wounds and scars that came of overseers' scourgings, the inhuman selling apart of mother and child, the rude shelter and coarse food and coarser garments, the constant fear, the smothered longing for freedom. His words often held the very snap and sting of the whip in their intensity; and sometimes a whole volume of pathos and bitter agony would be crowded into half a dozen of his sentences—as when he would depict a man learning the alphabet at the peril of torture, or reading the Bible in dread apprehension of his life, and dying at last, alone and in squalor, without so much as the poor boon of a prayer. "And they tell us this is a divine institution!" he would exclaim, with a hiss and a sneer; and then, after a moment's pause, he would add: "So is hell a divine institution—but who wants to support it?"

I do not know exactly how or precisely when it came about, but before the summer was half gone Parson Brewster's view of the situation was the view of all those who frequented the ark. And not only in the neighborhood of Pharaoh's Ford, but throughout the whole Territory, the Free State settlers gradually came to a realization of the fact that they must either abandon their homes, their purposes, and their honest convictions of right and wrong, or defend them by a resort to force; and they very generally concluded to stay and "see it out." Then came the secret recruiting of companies of "guards" and "rangers" on

one side, and the summoning of companies of sheriff's and marshal's "deputies" on the other; then the occasional burning of a house or the driving out of a troublesome abolitionist or an overzealous operator of the contrary faith; then a formal skirmish at long range, here and there, in which there was more of tactics than shedding of blood; then the concentration of several squads of companies at a given point, and the throwing up of little earth-work forts; and finally, an actual state of war, with spies and scouting, and weary marches, and midnight ambuscades, and the clash and shock of substantial battle.

So the blue-and-green summer wore away into the bronzed pomp of October. The half-stripped trees no longer offered safe obscurity to lurking horsemen, and the report of a rifle woke an echo like a cannon-shot. But the horsemen were still abroad—ragged, grim, and quick of eye and ear; and there was yet a purple film of powder-smoke in the rim of the clouds that indolently floated over Pharaoh's Ford. The open country thereabout was a desolate waste of bleached grass and weeds, with here and there a stunted patch of corn or a few rows of absurd cabbages. There had been considerable planting done in the early spring, but little cultivation followed. Agriculture in Kansas that summer had been a mere diversion. The real business of the time was history-making. Not only were there no crops raised by the settlers living adjacent to the ford, but the road to the Missouri River had been blockaded for months by the pro-slavery forces, and no supplies could be obtained from "the States." They had contrived to subsist in a poor way during the summer on such stock and grain as they could gather and bring in when on their scouting expeditions up toward the Kansas River, where farming was a comparatively safe pursuit for those who were

thoroughly loyal to the territorial government. But these forays had now not only become extremely hazardous, but also slenderly profitable in the way of booty, for on their last trip they had been able to "press" nothing better than a diminutive stack of not very good wheat, which they carried away in the sheaf, thrashed by hand-power, and ground in a couple of rheumatic old coffee-mills; and they tried to make themselves believe, no doubt, that the flat, speckled, and clammy cakes into which this primitive flour was baked—looking like huge linseed-poultices—were really fine eating. And then winter was fast approaching, too; and altogether the outlook was of a kind to induce some right sober thinking, and the speediest possible movements in the direction of meeting or averting what threatened to be a conquering calamity.

It may have been this matter which brought half a dozen of the settlement "captains" to the cabin in the waning of that reposeful autumn afternoon. That their business was of special importance, at least, was apparent when the parson requested Hannah to "go and stand in the yard a little while." This was an ordinary precaution there when questions of particular moment were to be considered—not that anyone doubted Hannah's fidelity, but the parson thought it best for her not to hear anything which might bring her trouble should she ever, by any chance, be called as a witness in a court of justice. Hannah herself did not exactly understand it; and sometimes she wondered, in her girlish way, as she stood out in the grass and the silence, gazing aimlessly up through the trees to the sky, what it was that they had to say or do that she might not hear or see it. But she made no complaints, and asked no questions.

They must have talked there together fully an hour, Hannah thought, and then they came out—all but her father, who

stood by the half-open door and called her in; then taking her by the arm led her to her bed, and lifted the chain that lay always on the floor beneath it. She well knew what that meant. He was going away, and feared or fancied that the madness might come upon her during his absence. It was the work of only a few moments; then he closed the door behind him and was gone; while she, securely shackled and left alone in the gloom and quietude of the cabin, leaned against the wall of logs, and peered out through a friendly chink into the whimsical fascinations of the twilight.

It was a lovely evening. The setting sun had left a rapture of amethyst in the heavens, and a dreamful mist hung like an enchantment over the river. A vagrant cloud moved leisurely out now and then above the trees, and drifted away and was lost in the shadow that crept up to meet it from the distant narrowness of the valley. There was no sound or sign of man, beast, or bird, and no louder noise than the loosing and falling of the stained leaves, save when a bit of dead bark dropped from the log on which Hannah leaned, or a shifting of her position disturbed the chain about her limbs. It was a scene to impress an emotional nature for a life-time. But Hannah's thoughts were busy with practical things, and probably the sense of utter aloneness that pervaded it all was the only poetical feature in it that reached her mind as she watched the light fade and the air grow thin and cool—for as the outlines of the landscape melted away, and the darkness came on, she shut her eyes and slept.

It was a sleep perplexed with visions—some beautiful, some ludicrous, some terrifying. One moment the dreamer would be sitting down at a table loaded with the choicest food, and the next she would be standing in the woods eating

acorns and wild berries. Then a smooth and sunny river—so much clearer and brighter, she thought, than the sombre Neosho—would go gladly flowing past; and there were pleasure-boats on the bosom of it, filled with merry-faced boys and girls, who knelt in rich heaps of flowers and laughed. Then the river would sink swiftly into the earth out of sight, and tall trees would move by as in procession, with chains hanging from their branches, and blood oozing out on the crisp grass from their roots. Then a low level plain would appear, with groups of bearded men in grotesque costumes, dancing a confused quadrille, and stopping at intervals of a few seconds, with their hands to their ears, as if to catch the sound of some ghostly melody. Then the river would rise up again—a little darker than before, Hannah fancied, but still so limpid that she could count the toes on the blue-veined feet of the children who sat on the bank with their slender legs immersed to the knees, and swinging to and fro in the water. Then, as she watched, the river lost its sparkle; soon a sheet of ice was over it, and the feet of the children were frozen there close and stiff in the roughened edge of it. Then the ice rose slowly and steadily from the centre of the stream like a peak, and turned to stone, with little rills of water trickling out of yellow fissures in its sides, and on the summit stood a monster harp of gold, upright in a splendor of light and verdure. Then there was a flutter of invisible wings in the air; spectral fingers struck a chord on the harp-strings, and a subdued and tender chorus of many voices was borne out above the world. And then there came a sound of real singing from the profound hush of the cabin where Hannah dreamed—faint at first as to the words, but not weak enough in volume to quite disguise the air of that grand old hymn,

“From Greenland's icy mountains;”

then a little fuller and a little louder ; then a deep strain that the eager ear could catch entire—

“Bows down to wood and stone ;”

then a pause as of pain or for breath ; then a sustained clearness, strongly and measuredly swelling into thorough distinctness—

“Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;”

and then the harp disappeared in a dazzling gush of brightness, the peak tottered and fell, the song was smothered, and nothing was left of it all but a few deceitful echoes that lingered among the cobwebs and wasps'-nests in the slabs of the cabin roof.

It must have been after midnight when Parson Brewster returned to “the ark,” bringing with him two restless and shuddering Black men, whom he hastily thrust under the hearth-stones and into the cellar. And, as he had feared or foreseen, he found Hannah tossing and wailing in a fever of madness. She did not know him when he spoke to her, and when he touched her hot head she shrieked. As he stood watching her, and pitying her, and wondering what he might do to soothe and relieve her, he heard a trampling of horses, then a halt, and in a minute more the cabin-door was opened, and a crowd of ten or twelve men entered without so much as the civility of rapping.

“Don't trouble yourself to offer us cheers,” said the one who appeared to be leader and spokesman of the party—“we don't mind standin'.”

The parson was confused and alarmed, but he did not betray his real feelings as he turned to the speaker and inquired, very pleasantly, “Is there anything I can do for you?”

“Wall, yes, I 'low thar is,” the spokesman answered. “We're kind o' cruisin' round on the hunt of a gang o' cut-throat abolitionists as hes a nest in these parts, and goes out at nights a-burnin'

houses, an' a -runnin' off niggers, an' a -killin' law-abidin' citizens. I say we're kind o' cruisin' round fur to git to fall in with them cusses ; an' we jest thought we'd trouble you to tell us whar they roost.”

“I do not understand you,” the parson replied, with the faintest possible quiver in his voice. But he did understand, and his blood ran cold as he thought of what was coming.

“Taint a bit o' use, you know,” the spokesman continued, “to deal us any foolishness, 'cause we aint in no *partic'lar* good condition fur to put up with it.” As he said this, he drew a dragon-pistol from his belt, and put his finger to the trigger.

The parson was fully collected now, and he answered with perfect coolness and quite firmly : “If the laws have been violated, as you say, there is a way to vindicate them, decently and in order. There are judges and sheriffs ready-made, and witnesses of a certain kind are neither scarce nor expensive. As for me, I have all I can do to attend to my own business.”

“Wall,” said the spokesman, with significant emphasis, “I rayther *guess* thet's a kind o' waddin' as won't go down with this battalion. I tell ye what 'tis, old man, ef you keer anything *partic'lar* about your health, you'd better not be sassy, 'cause these is mighty sickly times.”

The parson looked him straight in the eye, without saying a word.

“Wall?” the man added, inquiringly.

“Well?” repeated the parson after him.

There was nothing more said. But two of the men stepped forward at the beck of the spokesman, and led the parson unresistingly out of the door, where his arms were rudely pinioned to a board placed across his shoulders in the fashion of a cross, and he was marched off up the road with the muzzles of five or

six grim-looking pistols held unpleasantly near his head.

"Now, old man," said the leader of the party, as he called a halt in the margin of the wood at the top of the hill a few hundred yards south of the cabin, and carelessly threw his bridle-rein over a convenient sapling, "you've put us to consid'ble trouble; but we don't hold no malice agin ye on account o' that. Only we haint got no time fur to hev ye pester us much more, ye know. We want *you* fur to tell us whar we kin find them cusses as we're a lookin fur, an' then *you* can go. Ef ye don't tell us, it's *barly* like as not we'll have to yank ye up to that limb."

The moon had gone down some time before, and the damp fog which had since been gathering was now so thick and so heavy that the expressionless sky seemed almost to reach the earth. But there was yet light enough to show the tall form and rugged features of the parson as he straightened the habitual stoop in his shoulders, and raising his bared head with a kind of scornful haughtiness, answered: "Whatever work your master, the devil, has for you to do, you must do without help from Jacob Brewster. I am not a Judas!"

There was a brief consultation between the leader and a few of the company who stood nearest to him, and then a lariat was unloosed from one of the saddle-bows and thrown over a limb of an adjacent tree.

"We've concluded to swing ye," said the leader with tantalizing unconcern, as he tied a noose in the end of the lariat, and looked questioningly toward the parson. The remark elicited no response.

It took little time to lead the parson under a limb and adjust the noose about his neck, and four stalwart fellows stood with their hands on the other end of the lariat, waiting for the word of command. They had not long to wait. "Pull!"

said the leader, as he stepped back and glanced up at the limb, as if to measure its strength; and in a minute more the parson was dangling convulsively in the air, with his anguished face upturned to heaven like a reproach. Then they lowered him gently, and as his feet touched the ground again he fell limp and senseless, and lay groaning as if in the last agonies of death. But he was not dying, and the moist earth and cool breeze soon revived him; he sat upright, and would have stood erect but for the burdensome board across his shoulders, which swayed him to and fro, and would not let him rise.

There was another hasty consultation a few steps from where the parson sat looking uneasily around him, and three of the party started briskly down the hill toward the cabin and the river. There was not a word spoken while they were gone; and when two of them returned, they came leading Hannah between them. Then the noose was quickly re-fastened about the parson's neck, and he was drawn slowly and carefully up again, and swung and struggled there like a great blundering apparition. And Hannah clapped her hands, moved eagerly forward, and half laughing, half crying, sung, with trembling shrillness:

"Rock-a-by, ba-by,
In the tree-top;
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock."

As she sung, the swinging form was lowered, and there was a moment's pause in the lurid stillness; then it was raised again, faster and more violently than before. Suddenly a bright light burst out at the foot of the hill, pierced through the fog, and sent a pensive shimmer over the gray head up among the boughs.

"O, that's Jesus Christ!" shrieked Hannah; "take him down—take him down!" And she sunk on her knees, and covered her face with her hands. The light paled, a cloud of smoke

arose, and then the roof of the burning cabin fell with a crash, and a red sheet of flame rolled grandly up, blazed a moment like a meteor, then broke into sparks and was gone. But it lasted long enough to disclose to the strained eyes of the parson two crouching Black men on the farther side of the river hurriedly pushing their way up the bluff. And it was no doubt the memory of this sight that possessed his fading senses when he feebly whispered, as they dropped him with a thud to the earth once more, "Thank God! That makes thirty-one—one for every State."

The fog still clung like a curse to the river, and obscured the white waste of

ashes that lay where the cabin had stood. But out on the hill it was lifting a little now, and the discolored and distorted face that Hannah saw closely as she bent over it in the leaves, startled her to her feet, and she stood speechless and motionless as the dead man before her. Just for a moment, it was. Then she stooped and kissed the cold livid lips again and again, pressing the old gray head to her breast with piteous moaning, as the troopers mounted their horses and rode rapidly out of sight. And beyond it all, above the fog-banks, and the bluffs, and the tree-tops, in a cloud-rift away off to the north, was the glimmer of a star.

JOHN STUART MILL AND MRS. TAYLOR.

AS we lay down the deeply interesting biography of John Stuart Mill, we can not help wondering whether the volume will raise or lower him in the general regard, and what is the place that will be finally assigned him in the world of letters. His own estimate of himself can not be accepted at all. He did not know enough of children to judge his own attainments in childhood, nor enough of religion to comprehend the extent to which he was defrauded in being brought up without it, or even to see that he was defrauded at all, nor enough of women to understand Mrs. Taylor and the influence which she exerted over his life. So he underestimates the precocious acquirements of his childhood, and overestimates Mrs. Taylor by confounding that which she was to him with that which she was absolutely and to all the world; while as to Christianity, he passes it by and despises it altogether, as unworthy of serious consideration.

The great sincerity and evident hon-

esty of the memoir, as far as it goes, can not but command respect. That he was so brilliant a scholar, and that he devoted himself as he did to the cause of human progress, challenges the utmost admiration. On the other hand, a certain self-exaltation runs through the story, which is implied, not expressed, and which assumes what it by no means actually states. One can not help feeling, also, his lack of candor in regard to his religious sentiments. That he should have kept these back through life, absolutely refusing to declare what they were when urged even by those whose interest in them was that of a constituency which he was about to represent in Parliament, and that he should have left his atheism to be learned in an autobiography published after his death, to say the least hardly savors of the heroic. Religion is, to be sure, a private affair, as he urges, but there is no question of public interest which may not infringe upon it: therefore, as no one knew better than John Stuart Mill, the request of his con-

stituents that he should declare his religious sentiments was perfectly reasonable, especially where Church and State hold such relations as in England; and the reason which he assigned for refusing was not a reason, but an excuse. And so, when the interest of the story sufficiently abates to allow the judgment to cool, one asks one's self such questions as these: Was he, after all, a man of simple, courageous candor? Was his judgment any nearer infallibility than that of other men? Was he the true philosopher which he thought himself, and which so many believe? And—what about Mrs. Taylor?

The last question illustrates and involves most of the others; for in his association with Mrs. Taylor he found, as he himself considered it, not only his greatest happiness, but the blossom of his intellect, the perfect joy, and blessing, and crown of his existence; while she was, he thought, a creature immeasurably superior to any of the sons and daughters of men. To understand his remarkable attitude toward her, a brief survey of some of his previous life may be helpful; and to understand his life, one must go back to his father.

The elder Mill was a member of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and was a licensed preacher in its ministry. He owed his education to the benevolence of some Christian ladies of Scotland, who paid his expenses through the Edinburgh University, from a fund raised by their exertions for the education of young men for the ministry of the Scotch Church. After receiving his license, Mr. James Mill made up his mind that he "could not believe the doctrines of that or of any other church," and so gave up preaching and religion together. The problem of evil was too much for the young student. His nature was fierce and strong, and so was the reaction which set in upon him. He found no halting-place even in deism, but fell

back into the most complete, most melancholy negation. Nothing can be known; nothing of the origin of things, nothing of a God. No omnipotent being holds the world in hand; or, if omnipotent, he must be wicked to permit so much evil. Christianity is the greatest enemy to morality. The God of the Bible is a mere demon. Thus James Mill.

It was as if those ladies who gave him his education had sought to light a beneficent taper, which turned out a rocket, and flew from their hands, fizzing and hissing as it went. The consciousness that he had rewarded their kindness with a result so undesired and so wide of their intent, could not have added to his satisfaction. But, as he despised all feeling, especially of the intense sort, it is probable this did not often annoy him. This was the father who brought up and molded John Stuart Mill—training, pruning, and shaping the helpless soul of the son after a theory of his own. And had he taken his little son John Stuart at three years of age, and dislocated his spine, or broken his limbs, in the fashion of some unnatural monsters whom we read of, it would only have been an outward symbol of that which he undertook to do to the child's inner being. The Chinese have a way of inclosing a child in a porcelain vase, leaving the head out that it may grow, while the body is dwarfed, and stunted, and made to assume the shape of its inclosing envelope. No figure is strong enough for our purpose. It is simply shocking to watch the persistent pains taken by this industrious, terrible parent to maim, cripple, and suppress the moral half of the beautiful nature on which he tried his cold-blooded psychological experiments.

One can see the grim, stern, fiercely skeptical Scotchman, with his much knowledge and his little wisdom, his worship of logic and his scorn of emo-

tion, his narrow philosophy and his bitter hatred of Christianity, industriously laboring to stamp his own image on the helpless, pliant soul of the little innocent child. There is such pathos in the story, and in the son's unconsciousness when telling it, that one pauses, sorrowful, amazed, and indignant. Especially must they feel thus who have ever yearned over those sweet tender questionings and revealings of childhood, whereby the spirit first tries its wings and seeks to rise toward the divine. Remorselessly were these immortal promptings nipped in the bud by the elder Mill; carefully was the son kept too busy to leave room for many such. Who made the world? No one can tell. Was it God, as some say? Then, who made God? must be the next question, and so back to—no one knows what. If any God is at the head of affairs he must be either too weak to prevent evil, or too wicked to wish to prevent it. As to the Christian religion, it is a curse to mankind; as to the God of the Bible, He is a demon.

And thus the whole great subject was settled, and apparently settled forever, for John Stuart Mill. There is no evidence that he accorded Christianity importance enough ever to re-open or very earnestly to reconsider that portion of his father's instructions. He did reconsider them in other particulars, changing and in some cases reversing the lessons of childhood by the light of his maturer judgment. But to Christianity, notwithstanding the great power which it has been in the world for 2,000 years, notwithstanding that it has made rationalism itself possible, he remained to the end of his life profoundly and unphilosophically indifferent. "I looked upon it," he says, "as something which no way concerned me." Thus, despising religion, fed on heathen literature, with Socrates for his highest ideal, in a world which had no God, and only a blank,

dead wall for a spiritual horizon, the child grew up, more a heathen than the heathen themselves. For they did seek after a knowledge of God, did hope in a hereafter. But this soul seems to have been utterly vacant of all such desire; utterly and persistently incurious and indifferent as to these the greatest possibilities of humanity.

There is one most singular omission in Mr. Mill's narrative. He never speaks of his mother. No most distant allusion, no most casual statement, mentions her existence. But for the necessity of the case one would be left to doubt whether he ever had a mother. The inference is inevitable—she had no hold on his affections. His young life was as bare of love for human beings as it was of faith in a Divine Being. This seems an incredible statement, but it is abundantly borne out. His father's plan of education kept him from all schools and all companions; therefore his affections were never called out toward playmates. Having been the eldest, he was made to teach his brothers and sisters, and was held responsible by his father for their progress as well as for his own—a process not apt to make him tenderly attached to them, particularly as his father was exceedingly impatient and very severe. They are dismissed from his autobiography with perhaps less mention than we have given them here; evidently they formed no part of his real life. His father was the presiding deity of his existence, and a deity who ruled by fear. The son never felt at ease in his presence, confesses that he did not love him, and was continually subject to his fierce impatience for not being able to contain and digest all the knowledge which was poured into his distended intellect. So the boy absolutely loved nobody. He had no conception of the feeling. The elder Mill's idea of education was how best to make "a reasoning machine." To this end the intel-

lectual powers were to be stimulated, and the moral powers repressed; the affections were to be starved, and the intellect crammed. Never was a theory more thoroughly carried out. The poor child could have had as little time as temptation for the exercise of his affections. At three years of age beginning Greek, by seven he had read Herodotus, Xenophon's *Cyropædia* and *Memorials of Socrates*, some of Diogenes' *Laertius*, part of Lucian, the first six dialogues of Plato, and others; while in English he had also read Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon, Watson's *Philip II.* and *Philip III.*, Hooke's *History of Rome*, a translation of Plutarch, Millar's *Historical View of the English Government*, Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, and many more.

Was there ever such a catalogue of books read by a child of seven! And those walks with his father! Fancy a little fellow of five or six years walking every morning before breakfast, and instead of a chase after butterflies, or a scamper for a wild-flower, or a run and a leap for nothing in particular—fancy such a little one carrying notes in his small hand written out from his previous day's reading, to which he occasionally refers as he converses on Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History* or Millar's *View of the English Government!* And yet John Stuart Mill declares that his intellect in childhood was by no means remarkable, and that he accomplished nothing intellectually which could not be done by any ordinary child; which only shows how little he knew of children. At eight, he began Latin and also the instruction of his brothers and sisters. By twelve he had read nearly all the classics, and had completed, let us hope, as far as he was concerned, the education of the juniors of the family. He studied the higher mathematics; he was introduced to logic; he learned philosophy from Bentham, who was an intimate

friend of his father. It was only that commercial philosophy, to be sure, which teaches that duty is to be ascertained by its consequences; which reduces right and wrong to a sum in arithmetic—"the greatest good of the greatest number;" which subjects morality to the dry-measure of expediency. A very proper philosophy, however, for a mind trained to recognize *no* standard of right and wrong, and, for such a mind, a positive advance.

The delight with which John Stuart Mill accepted it shows that he rejoiced over it as a rest for the sole of his intellectual foot. He had found a clue through the labyrinth, though a poor one. Duty as a great moral law, right and wrong as expressing a great inherent difference in moral quality, he might not attain, he could not appreciate; but it was something to have found some mode of distinguishing them. His own joy on the discovery is touching. "When I found scientific classification applied to the great and complex subject of Punishable Acts under the guidance of the ethical principle of Pleasurable and Painful Consequences, I felt taken up to an eminence from which I could survey a vast mental domain, and see stretching out into the distance intellectual results beyond all computation. As I proceeded farther, there seemed to be added to this intellectual clearness the most inspiring prospects of practical improvement in human affairs. When I laid down the last volume of the *Traité*, I had become a different being. The 'principle of utility,' understood as Bentham understood it, and applied in the manner in which he applied it through these three volumes, fell exactly into its place as the key-stone which held together the detached and fragmentary component parts of my knowledge and beliefs. It gave unity to my conceptions of things. I now had opinions; a creed, a doctrine, a philosophy; in one among

the best senses of the word, a religion ; the inculcation and diffusion of which could be made the principal outward purpose of a life. And I had grand conceptions laid before me of changes to be effected in the condition of mankind through that doctrine."

And thus it was that, at sixteen, John Stuart Mill passed from under the deadly shadow of negation. He at last "had opinions;" at last he had found something worth "inculcating and diffusing." With characteristic energy, he at once set about inculcating and diffusing it. He established the Utilitarian Society, he assisted in founding the *Westminster Review*, both exponents of Benthamism. To a person of his tastes his life at this period must have been delightful. It was full of intellectual interest, and led him into intimate association with many of the ardent and foremost young men, as well as older ones, of his day. His appointment to an office under the East India Company gave him independence, while it did not absorb too much of his time. He was a reformer, and much enjoyed the character. He read, he wrote, he debated, he was a leader among the choice spirits with whom he associated.

But suddenly a change fell on him. At twenty-one, without warning or premonition, a great, hopeless blank came over his life. A despair of existence set in. He found himself joyless, hopeless, helpless, a spiritual bankrupt. The moral portion of his nature seemed to him to have collapsed. He was capable of no feeling whatever. Everything had ceased to charm—he had nothing left to live for. For months nothing broke the dreariness which now enveloped existence. He found no relief, though he sought it carefully, and finally asked himself whether he could and would bear it much longer, returning answer to himself that he did not think he could possibly bear it more than a

year. His feelings were dead, he feared, and there is something infinitely pathetic in his speculations on his condition and its causes. It was the last protest of his defrauded moral being before it should finally sink from inaction. What it needed was the bread of life. What it dumbly sought was God. But he knew of no such Being, and so he went hopelessly on. Instinct told him that his father could not help him; he knew of no one who could. But before the year expired, which he had set as his limit of endurance, he began to experience a gradual reaction and relief. Soon after, he became acquainted with Mrs. Taylor, and found in her the stimulus for his affections which carried him through the remainder of his life.

The estimation in which John Stuart Mill held Mrs. Taylor is one of the most remarkable developments of his mind and character. He first met her when he was twenty-five years of age. She was twenty-three, and the wife of Mr. Taylor. For twenty years they maintained a Platonic friendship which was "the joy and blessing of Mr. Mill's life." What it was to Mr. Taylor, does not appear; but we have hints from other quarters that it did not enhance his happiness. At the end of twenty years, Mr. Taylor died, and soon after, Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Mill were married; to be parted in seven years more, by the death of the former. She was buried in Avignon, and there Mr. Mill built a cottage, to be near her grave, and lived there much of the year; and there he, too, died and was buried.

A certain perfume of chivalry has hitherto hung about Mr. Mill, owing partly to his championship of woman-suffrage, and partly to rumors of his deep devotion to the memory of his wife. But on reading his autobiography a portion of this disappears. It is somewhat disappointing to find, on a closer view of the subject, that it was the wife

of another man who for so many years was "the joy and blessing" of his existence. Of course a man who recognizes no divine sanction for marriage can not be expected to perceive any moral objection to interposing himself between a husband and wife. But to the ordinary apprehension, even looking at marriage as only a commercial bargain, such an act does not appear scrupulously honorable.

According to Mr. Mill, Mr. Taylor's fault was, that he "did not possess the intellectual and artistic tastes which would have made him a companion" for Mrs. Taylor. One would presume this to be a delicate waiving and veiling of the true reason for their separation, and so it probably is. That the true reason lay in some serious defect in Mr. Taylor's temper or morals is incompatible with Mr. Mill's patronizing eulogium of Mr. Taylor, who was, we are told, "a most upright, brave, and honorable man, of liberal opinions and good education, and a steady and affectionate friend to Mrs. Taylor, for whom she had a true esteem through life, *and whom she most deeply lamented when dead.*" Considering all the circumstances, the italicizing which we have indulged in is not unnatural. From other sources it is stated that Mr. Taylor's life was rendered very unhappy by the association between his wife and Mr. Mill, as would have been natural, indeed, to "a most upright, brave, and honorable man." The pangs which such a man must have suffered in the course of twenty years—the restraint which an honorable, reticent gentleman must in those circumstances have imposed upon himself—can never be estimated.

His wife lived for the most part in a quiet part of the country with their young daughter, and occasionally in town with himself. Mr. Mill visited her equally in both places. It was the endeavor of all three that no scandal

should arise from this intimacy. Mr. Taylor was, of course, the only one who could prevent scandal; he had but to utter one complaint, to give one ill-omened glance, and his wife's good name was gone forever.

But, although a man of such "unartistic tastes" as to be unfit to be her companion, he seems to have possessed a nobility of soul which enabled him to stand by and watch over her while he saw another preferred before him; a sort of slow fire which few husbands would endure, and which he bore with a courage and silence that command respect and sympathy. As a matter of course, Mr. Mill sets forth no such view of the affair. Perhaps he conceived that, on the highest-happiness principle, it was increasing the aggregate of bliss in the universe that a small nature of "unartistic tastes" should suffer, if thereby his larger soul found "the joy and blessing of its existence." The bland tone of superiority and patronage with which Mr. Mill tells this part of the story is beyond characterization. It finds its climax in the merit which he assumed, the great virtue which he implies, in the fact that he and Mrs. Taylor were willing that Mr. Taylor should live out his appointed days. "Ardently as I should have aspired to this complete union of our lives at any time in the course of my existence at which it had been practicable, I, as much as my wife, would far rather have foregone that privilege forever, than to have owed it to the premature death of one for whom I had the sincerest respect, and she the strongest affection."

What Mrs. Taylor really was it is difficult to decide, amid the colored lights which Mr. Mill is always burning around her, the incense of adulation in which he envelopes her. The effect is odd to take some of his complimentary sentences in this connection and translate them into plain English. "I was greatly

indebted to the strength of character which enabled her to disregard the false interpretations liable to be put on the frequency of my visits to her while living generally apart from Mr. Taylor, and our occasionally traveling together," is the delicate phrasing whereby we are informed that she set at naught public opinion on a question vital to the instincts of most women. He tells us that one of the sources of her attraction for him was, "her complete emancipation from every kind of superstition"—meaning that she rejected revealed religion; "including that which attributes a pretended perfection to the order of nature and the universe"—meaning that neither did she believe in natural religion. Belief and opinion are treated in this generation with a wide and wise liberality which it would be a misfortune to diminish. But it is something new to find infidelity and atheism rated among the chief charms of a model woman.

Of Mrs. Taylor's intellectual powers, so lauded by Mr. Mill, we have but one specimen, namely, her article on the enfranchisement of women. It is a strong, thoughtful, occasionally verbose composition, not superior to many which have been given forth by American women on the same subject. But Mr. Mill protests that this production must not be considered a fair sample of her intellect. *That* must be looked for in the works supposed to be his, but which were written between them. "Not only during the years of our married life, but during the many years of confidential friendship which preceded, all my published writings were as much her work as mine." Rising with the subject, he asserts that "she contributed to them their most valuable ideas and features;" that she "continually struck out truths far in advance" of him, and that the chief of his work was to "build bridges" and "clear paths" up to her advanced position as a thinker. In much of this one can not

escape the impression of a mutual-admiration partnership, to which the daughter of Mrs. Taylor was admitted in due course. It is evident by the minute instructions which Mr. Mill gives for distinguishing and disentangling the share contributed by Mrs. Mill to those joint productions, that he thinks this is a labor of discrimination which will give much employment to future critics. But when her daughter, too, is included in this literary parentage, one is in some sort bewildered. The solemn charge to whom it may concern has in it something provocative of a smile: "Whoever either now or hereafter may think of me and of the work I have done, *must never forget* that it is the product, not of one intellect and conscience, *but of three!*"

The affection which Mr. Mill evinces for his wife is most tender, and appeals to the deepest sympathies. But, reading his estimate of her immense importance as an intellectual factor in the vast product of human progress, and especially remembering how every compliment which he pays her is also a compliment to himself, sympathy gives way to surprise, and surprise to incredulity. Is this the man of letters, the logician, the philosopher, who thus discourses? Was Mrs. Taylor's indeed a greater intellect than that of Plato, or Milton, or Shakspeare? Was she greater than all these combined? Hear Mr. Mill (the italics are ours):

"So elevated was *the general level* of her faculties, that *the highest poetry, philosophy, oratory, or art seemed trivial* by the side of her, and equal only to expressing *some small part* of her mind." Again: "*Nothing* which she could have written would give an adequate idea of the *depth and compass of her mind;*" and, "If mankind continue to improve, their spiritual history *for ages to come will be the progressive working out of her thoughts and realization of her conceptions.*"

Men have been blinded by affection, and bewitched by womankind; men have sounded woman's praise abroad in prose and verse, in sense and nonsense, until, first and last, every perfection has been ascribed to the sex. But in his ascriptions to Mrs. Taylor, John Stuart Mill out-Herods them all. It was left for him, the philosopher and the logician, to claim for the woman of his heart an intellectual superiority to all other women and men combined—all poets, philosophers, orators, and artists—and place her on an elevation so high that they seem "trivial" to his vision, by the side of her. His amazing laudations of her are so exaggerated as not only to counteract themselves, but to infuse a certain doubt of his judgment as applied elsewhere. Contemplating her, he is filled with wonder, love, and praise. Her intellect seems to him little less than divine; and he falls down and worships her, casting his crown at her feet. The truth is, that Mrs. Taylor was, as he himself said, his *religion*. And here is the key to all which is strange in the phenomenon. The elder Mill had so brought up his son that no ennobling conception of God, no grand idea of immortality, no great refreshing thought of the divine and the infinite, ever fed his hungry spirit. He was forced to live on the husks of logic, on the low-diet of philosophic expediency.

And how those teachings were avenged! What would the elder Mill have said, had he lived to see his "reasoning machine" prostrate before Mrs. Taylor?—to read that the result of all his labors was to form a mind which acknowledged hers as its superior? Yes; here, we believe, is the key. John Stuart Mill revered no Creator, indulged no expectation of immortality, put no faith in the divine, prayed no prayer, and gave no thanks, from the cradle to the grave. How bare was such a life few, happily, can imagine. Nor, as we have seen,

does he seem to have known the stirrings of affection for any human being, until he loved Mrs. Taylor. It was she, therefore, who first woke to life the unconscious soul within him, who first revealed to him the infinite powers which lay dormant and unsuspected in his benumbed moral being. Under her touch the torpid spiritual faculties of this ill-used, defrauded, beautiful nature began to stir at last, and the cramped spirit to rise and stretch its wings. The experience was such a surprise, such a delight, such a bewildering "joy and blessing," that to account for it he could only ascribe a wonderful superiority to her who wrought it. Was not she the being who had been able to lay hold of his inner, higher nature, and to evoke therefrom unsuspected powers and possibilities? The original instinct and reverence for the Highest and the Best awoke in his soul, to prove that it had not heretofore been dead, but sleeping. Thinking that it recognized in her this divine ideal, it gave to her its highest worship; and henceforth the starved spirit fed on its love for her as on bread from heaven.

And was it not such to him? At least it checked the marasmus which had set in from a diet of negations and expediences, and preserved him alive for something better. And, so far, it was a boon to him; even though philosophy did have to hide its diminished head, and logic to blush, and all the sages to stir on their pedestals at the contempt cast on them by a votary hitherto so loyal. For the soul must obey its own laws; one of which is that it can be fed only by faith in something higher and better than itself. The elder Mill forbade his son thus to grow by feeding among the lilies of divine truth, and so the yearning spirit found other worship, and made of Mrs. Taylor its divinity, and of its love for her its religion. Peace be to both father and son! We may trust that the eyes of both see clearer now.

SHACKLE-FOOT SAM.

HE had one leg shorter than the other, and he stepped with a hitch, and a twist of the shorter leg. He was a tall, good-looking, good-natured man, about twenty-seven years of age; but his good nature was not of that sort which "suffereth all things." On the contrary, while he would stand almost any chaff or nickname from his fellows, an attempt to patronize him, or as he phrased it, "put on dog over him," brought out the bitter word, soon to be followed, if necessary, by the more bitter blow, the knife, or the revolver.

He gave himself the name by which he was best known. One night, when he was brushing himself up before the looking-glass, to attend a memorable dance in Montana, some one said to him, as he stood on his long leg before the mirror:

"Hello, Sam! going to the dance?"

"You bet your bottom dollar. May be you think I can't dance!"

"Certainly, you can dance—why not?"

"Wall, some thinks as a feller can't dance, if his legs aint the same length; but when I git onto a dance-floor, with a neat-steppin' gal, I can jest make this old shackle-foot git up and spin!" said he, swinging his short leg back and forth as he spoke.

"Can you waltz?"

"Wall, that does git me a little—to do it neat; but, if the gal's a good one, I can swing round mighty lively, for a shackle-footed cuss."

Thus, by often referring to his own infirmity, he became known as "Shackle-foot Sam."

Several of us were out on a prospecting trip in south-eastern Nevada, and Sam was of the party.

The mountains in this part of Nevada, as is now well known, are either dry and loose on the surface, or dry and solid naked rock—at all events, whatever else these mountains may be, they are usually dry; and the foot-hills, which lead from the valleys up to these mountains, are also dry—dry as powder—during most of the twelve months of every year. Yet, while this is commonly the condition of the mountains and foot-hills, there are, during some winters, deep snows, and during some summers, terrible dashes of rain—perfect cloudbursts; and the water from these snows and rains, in the course of centuries, has cut the mountains into cañons and plowed the foot-hills with long, dry, sand-bedded washes. The ridges between these dry washes are dotted over with a few trees of the short nut-pine and the sprawling juniper, and covered more thickly with the aromatic bitter Indian wormwood, or black sage, mingled with bowlders and loose fragments of rock.

The foot-hills and the mountains are not pleasant riding-ground for any sort of conveyance, nor even practicable for any but a steady horse, mule, or jack-ass; therefore, we were all walking toward camp, round the curved side of a steep, loose surface of mountain.

Shacklefoot Sam was in front of the line of five persons, walking and talking as if the slippery side-hill was not troubling him in the least; while the rest of us were struggling along, now sliding out of line with the movement of the loose, flat, small stones, and now climbing, by clinging to the sage-brush, back into line. Our leader, ahead by a few steps, called out, as he turned facing us:

"Come on, boys! I'm hungry as a

wolf, and it's a good ways to camp yit."

"O, yes! Mighty easy to say, 'Come on!'—but everybody aint like you."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, we aint all cut bias."

"O! you mean that my short leg is up-hill, this time. But you're mistaken if you have any idea that I was cut out for this style."

"Wasn't you born that way?"

"Not much!" said Sam, as he trudged along in good humor. "Not much! I was launched jest the purtyest pattern in five counties in old Indianner. I'll bet my old ma'am is tellin' it till yit, if she's alive—God bless her!—what a purty baby I was."

"How'd ye git warped so?"

"I'll tell ye, when we git to camp and git some grub—come on, boys!—but I'm too hungry for that old yarn now."

So struggling along the steep slope, across the rocky heads of sand-washes, and climbing down the sharp rocks into the deep cañon, we got to camp, where, by the willow-fringed water that creeps from the high snowy summit, lay our blankets, saddles, and cooking utensils.

"Here we are, boys!" said Sam, with a handful of dry "rabbit-brush." "Somebody give me a match, and we'll have some supper in no time. Pete, cut some bacon—and while we go after this hash, some o' the rest o' you'd better see where the stock is." He blew up the fire until it answered with a blaze; then, taking the coffee-pot, he hopped down the bank to the water and instantly back again with the pot filled, ready for boiling the universal decoction.

"Doc.," he said to me, "did y'ever make bread?"

"Yes—a little."

"Wall, there's the flour in the sack—and the salt; the yeast-powder's in a can in the flour-sack. You make some bread, and Dan and me'll git a lot o' wood to make a jolly fire after supper. The old man, here—he's tired; he can

act as chairman." And away he went, hopping and twisting, with the axe on his shoulder and Dan at his heels.

That supper, in a city or a well-regulated family anywhere, would have been a failure; but exercise and the open air make a compound sauce which renders "sad" bread, stale bacon, and black coffee, a very desirable feast.

Their appetites appeased, each man reversed his tin plate, to keep the "deer-mice" and beetles out of it, and then—pipes. The man in the mountains who smokes not is a cause of especial observation.

"Now," said Dan, "we've got a contract to hear how Sam got lopsided."

"Yes, yes. Go ahead, Sam."

"Wall, boys," said Sam, dipping a fresh coal of fire into his pipe, "this yarn I'm goin' to tell you aint no joshin'. It's true. But it aint very interestin' to you, if you never did any hard hoss-ridin'; because in that sort o' case you can't see the pint."

"If we don't see it, that's our fault."

"Wall, to begin: I came to California when I was a chuck of a boy, and the fust job I got hold of was herdin' stock on the Waugh-keen plains, along with a lot o' Spaniards. Old Manuel took a likin' to me—showed me how to throw a rope and ride a broncho. I liked it, and got so well up to it that I was kind o' bashful without a hoss under me; and the more he showed the devil in him, the more I loved him. Manuel learned me all the fancy tricks: such as makin' and lightin' a cigarette, while your hoss is tryin' to git you off by jumpin' stiff-legged like a buck; or keepin' half-dollars between your shoe-soles and the stirrups, till the hoss wears himself out buckin'."

"Vy," asks Dutch Pete, "how you git dem half-dollars in dem stirrups? Dat vot I likes to know."

"There! you see, I was afraid you wouldn't sabe. When a broncho is

lassed, he is fust choked down, then a hackamore is put on him. Know what a hackamore is, Pete?"

"No, I tidn't."

"Wall, a hackamore is a Spanish halter, that is made so as to slip when a rider pulls on it, and draws a hoss's nostrils together and shets his wind off."

"It's a *jaquima*," said the old man; "an invention of the Moorish Arabs."

"Then," continued Sam, "he is blindfolded with a leather blinder, and allowed to git up. As long as the blinder is on him, he will stand still to be saddled and fairly mounted; then, when the rider is fixed in his seat, the blind is raised, and the fun commences. While the blinder is over the hoss's eyes, the half-dollars are put in the stirrups; and, on a real devilish hoss, a feller has to look sharp if he keeps them there. I kep' on at the business as I growed up and got stronger, until I thought I was about as good a buckayro [*vaquero*] as ever swung a lass-ropo at a rodero [*rodeo*]."

"I went to all the roderos I could git away to go to, and rode for fun or money. Once, I bet twenty dollars with a miner that I could ride a mule he had, for fifteen minutes, without gittin' off him. Stakes put up, and I mounted Mr. Mule. Wall, that mule did everything but fall backward. He jumped, bucked, kicked, bit, run backward, and at last laid down and rolled. But I stuck by. I was on top, whatever side was up. Then he got stubborn and laid still, and wouldn't git up. So I jest sot there till my time was out, and took the coin."

"I tell you these things—and I kin prove them—to show you that I was a purty good rider. I liked the business, and I liked California; but one day a man came down from Nevada, and bought the herd—hosses, brandin'-irons, and all, and brought the whole outfit over the Sierras into the sage-brush. Old Manuel and me come with him;

and I staid with him, till I got my ridin' spilt by this leg. Old Manuel went back the fust winter. Snow and sage-brush didn't suit his taste. But I got along fust-rate with the boss, and he made me boss No. 2.

"One day he says to me, 'Sam, there's a lot of our big steers that I see are workin' up into the foot-hills too far to the north, and I'd like if you'd take a hoss and drive 'em down.' 'All right,' says I, 'but we haven't got a hoss fit to go up there; it's a mighty rocky place, you know, and there's none of our stock that's shod but your mare and Lightnin'.' 'Well, ride Lightnin',' says he. 'He'll break his fool neck, up there,' says I. 'Let him break it, then,' says the boss; for he was no slouch on a hoss himself, and set 'em deep, for an old man. 'All right,' says I; 'Lightnin' goes.' Now, this hoss Lightnin' was crazy."

"Grazy!" said Pete. "A hoss crazy! Mine Got!"

"Yes, crazy. A regular ravin' maniac of a hoss, if ever there was one. He was afraid o' his own shadow, and everything else but a cow or a steer. But he was a good one to go, and he could stop at full speed, and turn quicker than a flash. But you couldn't git near him, if he wasn't blinded; nor git off o' him without danger, if he could see you. If you put any sort o' bits in his mouth, he would rare up and fall back with his rider. But put a hackamore on him, saddle, mount, start up a wild steer, and Lightnin' would follow him a-flyin', and stay with him, over anything and everything, till the steer was lassed and let go agin. That's the sort o' hoss Lightnin' was! He had jest that one sensible pint about him—what they call a minny-maniac, I reckon."

"Yes, an inverted one," said the old man.

"I knew for sure that hell would pop, if I went up in the brush, and rocks, and gulches with Lightnin'; but there

was no show to go back on it; 'cause if I didn't go, the old man would look at me as if I was a yaller dog, and jest take the hoss and go along by himself. He was a good old man, but a little hard. Wall, I got ready with my hoss, and lass-ropes, and canteen o' water. As I was puttin' my foot in the stirrup, I says to the boss: 'So-long. If you don't see me agin soon, you can jest say I'm struck by Lightnin'.' 'It won't be the fust hoss I've lost—with a man on him,' he hollered after me, as I lit in the saddle and threwed up the blinder. I felt in my bones what he meant, but I was flyin' away as fast as one hoss could make time with one man. It might be a joke, but the boss wan't much on the joke. I was hot—fitin' hot. 'D—n you and your fool hoss!' says I, grittin' my teeth and sendin' the rowels into poor Lightnin'. You'd ought to seen him go—seen him jest git up and git, like a skeared cat! It was like ridin' a wild eagle through a thunder-storm. I'm not, and never was, to my notion, one o' the kind that stays hot long, when I'm in the wrong. So I soon minded that it was not the critter's fault. He hadn't said or done nothin' more'n usual, afore I tickled him with the dew-claws. Then I was sorry. 'Whoa, boy—poor old boy!' says I, pattin' him on the neck. I might jest as well pat the smoke-stack of a locomotive, a-comin' down to Truckee with a broken brake on a greased rail. He was no family hoss for a picnic! If I hadn't been headed up hill, I'd been a gone fawn-skin over the first reef o' rock-croppin's.

"So long as he was on the up grade, and not among the scraggy timber o' the foot-hills, I had a little the bulge on him; but we were headin' right straight for the meanest lot o' brush, timber, and bowlders in the whole range, and it would be a mighty short time, if somethin' didn't break, before we'd be into it.

Into the brush we went, on ground a little if anything on the down grade—away went my canteen, like a bright fallin' star. I got a good-by glimpse of it jest as a lot o' dry twigs took me across the face and eyes—out went the light—on went the hoss, jumpin' right and left, round trees and over brush, makin' the blue jay-birds skirr out with a wail and a squawk from their homes in the trees. On and on went that palpitatin' devil under me, while I was tryin' to git the bark and pine-spills out o' my eyes. It was heavy work for both of us; but it begun to tell on the crazy broncho, and he slowed down a little, as if he was about to let up and stop. I begun to git my eyes open agin, and could see far enough ahead, by glimpses through the trees, to know that we were coming near the cattle. I sabbed the hoss, and knowed well that he would soon git his second wind; and then good-by, Sam, if he got near a steer that would run. We struck a spot where the trees were only a few, on smooth ground. I reached out my hand to his ears, and dropped the blinder over his eyes. O' course, he made two or three crooked jumps, and stopped stiff-legged as a four-legged wash-bench. 'O-u-p-h!' says I, as I dropped off; 'I wish I was home!'"

"Yah, und py tam, I vouldt gone home, yoost as straight like a shinkle!" said Pete.

"Wall, I rubbed my eyes, and prospected my beauty for damages—pretty bad scratches, but no great injury. Canteen gone, and no water—sinch loose, and hoss in a foam. You know what a sinch is, do you, Pete?"

"Yah! Dot big pelly-pandt, maidd out mit hairs und two iron rinks."

"Jest so. Wall, I rested a minute—no use restin' long, for I knowed hell was bilin' in that hoss—and sinched him up tight. Mounted, lifted the blinder, headed for the cattle, and away we went. I tried to swing him round the stock

and I would have done it, if an infernal big, mouse-colored, long-horned, long-legged Mexican steer hadn't raised his wild head and tail, and struck in in front of us. 'Samuel,' says I to myself, very solemnly, 'it's time for prayers!' And I tried it on, but I got mixed, in the excitement, and made some bad breaks; and the steer fell over a brush-heap, without stoppin', and Lightnin' after him, on knees and nose, also without stoppin'. The excitement ruptured my religious services so that I couldn't connect—and away we clattered. It was gittin' mighty interestin'. That steer was fresh and knowed the range for twenty miles, over foot-hills and gulches, up grade and down; and Lightnin' froze to him, flank and shoulder, step and step, till the pair looked like two wild demons off on a spree. Turn and turn, over and under the scraggy brush, down banks and up, this way and that, and quick as thought. They kep' time so true to each other, that I minded afterward sayin' to myself what I heard in the theayter once:

'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts what beats as one.'

And jest then I noticed the steer gain on us very sudden, and I see the white end o' his tail go out o' sight, like a mector behind the hills. 'Precipice, by ——!' says I; and then I didn't know nothin'.

"After awhile, I don't know how long—but not long, though—I felt mighty comfortable and sleepy-like, but sort o' chilly; and I was a-dreamin' o' coastin' down hill, with all the old home school-boys, on sleds in the snow. 'Whoop-ee! Go it, boys,' says I. 'Keep the railroad a-goin', and let's git warm. It's a derved cold night!' And then I laughed, because I see big Sandy McClaklan go heels over appetite down the track, slidin' on his lip—and his sled after him; and the laughin' warmed me, and I woke up. Wall, I stretched my arms, and

opened my eyes; then shet 'em agin mighty quick, for the big, round, afternoon Nevada sun was too many for 'em. Then I went back over the ground to camp, and brought all the facts up to the last sight I had o' that wild steer's tail goin' over the cliff. Then I begun to feel sick; but I heerd a snuffin' kind o' groanin' somewheres close by. 'That's old Lightnin',' says I, and I went to sleep agin, the purtyest kind. I remember sayin' to myself, 'If this is dyin', it's the downiest sort of a send-off.' I waked up agin, and opened my eyes; the sun was behind the hill-tops, and I was cold as a clam.

"I rubbed my hands together like dry biscuits, and listened—all still, but the crickets. I moved one leg—all right! Then I tried the other leg—no go! Then I looked around, and leaned upon one elbow; for I was down on my side. I was below a forty or fifty-foot precipice, in the sand-wash, among boulders o' quartzite as big as mules, and thick as punkins on rich ground in October. I was on one side of a big boulder, and I could see, stretchin' past the other side, poor old Lightnin's head, with his eyes glazed over, and the blood oozin' out o' his nose; about ten feet off was the steer, lyin' on his side, with his eyes movin' and his tongue out—moanin' about once in ten minutes. 'Wall,' says I, 'this train's off the track and down the bank, in a general average smash-up. Verdic'—nobody to blame.' But my leg begun to ache like a whole set o' bad teeth, and I knowed I had to git out o' that somehow, or somehow else. 'Down the wash,' says I, 'in the sand, I'd crawl, if I was headed that way; but I'm not headed that way.' Then, says I, after I'd thought and groaned awhile, 'There's nobody holdin' you—you're boss o' this contract.' So I screwed round in the sand on my elbows, like a wounded sarpiant, and started. I went about ten feet—weak-

ened on it, and passed into another o' them sweet little sleeps. Woke up agin, and reckoned up my progress. Umph! ten feet, about. 'Wall, ten feet beats a dead man,' says I, and started up agin, crawlin' in the sand-wash. It was bully sand to crawl in!—dry and nice—if I'd been good on the crawl. This time I got on fust-rate for a new hand. I must have made as much as a hundred feet, or over; but I couldn't tell, because o' the bowlders and a bend in the wash. •

"I knowed it must be about four miles to where the Pahrangat road crossed this wash down in the valley, and to that place I was bound to go, or die a-wigglin' for it. I begun to warm up a little, inside o' my clothes, and moved on. But I hadn't gone far, when I heerd, close by and in front o' me, that 'whizzer-izzer-izzer-iz-z-z!' that means pizen. 'Down brakes!' says I, 'because this train can't back.' Threwed a handful o' sand over the brush ahead o' me—'whizzer-izzer-izzer!' says the snake. 'Git!' says I, and throwed more sand; and he came out into the wash ahead o' me, and rared his head up. I rared my head up. We looked at each other, and I tried to look as pizen as he did. 'Whizzer-izzer-izzer!' says he, swayin' his head from side to side, with his neck bowed up and his tongue forkin'. 'You be d—d!' says I; but I missed him with the rock I throwed. Before I could git another rock, he moved off out o' the wash, to the right-hand side, still a-ring-in' the bell in his back-action. I showered sand after him till I could hear no more o' his pizen noise, and then I moved on.

"I didn't feel the pain in my broken leg any more for a long time after I fust heerd that snake, because I was more interested in rattlers than I was in the pain. But, you bet your life, I kep' a mighty sharp lookout for them fellers, until it got so dark I couldn't see. After

dark I crawled on, showerin' sand ahead o' me, as a warnin' to snakes.

"It was near midnight—afore it or after it—when I got to the road. O, wasn't I dry in the mouth, though—and sore all over! Guess not!—it must have been some o' them old fellers whose picters I used to see at home, in *Fox's Book o' Martyrs!*

"'Wall,' says I, when I landed in the road, 'here we are; but this aint no fust-class hotel. If som'n don't come along soon, we might as well have stayed and camped with Lightnin'. If I had a fire, I'd take the chances right here, o' git-tin' out, yit; either as fust man in a funeral, or chief orator at a hangin'—anything's better than dyin' without society.' I rolled over on my back in the road, to give my tired arms a rest; but it was terrible work, gittin' the game leg turned. And there I laid, lookin' up at the stars and listenin' to a solemn old owl, till I fell into a mean sort o' sleep, from which I waked up cold and shiverin'.

"This road was broken through the sage-brush, and right where it crossed the wash the brush was high and strong—about the biggest sage-brush I ever saw; but as sage don't grow close enough together for fire to run through it, I couldn't set a fire at the side of the road, and follow it up before the night-wind toward camp, as I allowed to. But a fire I must have, o' some sort. So I drew myself up in sittin' fashion, on one hip. I didn't git up the fust time I tried, nor for a good many times; but I made it at last, though. Most any change o' posish was a comfort, when I'd got over the aches o' makin' it. I hunted through my pockets, and found a few matches that had been there a long time—there was plenty in my *cantinas* on the saddle—and scratchin' one to a light, I carefully fired a big dry sage. Then I had a fire, and was at home—as long as it lasted; but it didn't last long. It was about to go out, and I tossed a brand of

it into the next sage, and gittin' over and down on my elbows agin, I crawled along the road after it. And so I worked on till sunrise; and at sunrise, I went to sleep, like a snake, in my own trail. I would have jined church for a drink, or half a drink, o' water; and I knowed there was a big spring down in the middle o' the valley, about two miles away. But I knowed, jest as well, that I could never crawl there and back, over the brush; and that anyhow it would be mighty unhealthy for me around that spring, when the cattle came to water.

"I was sleepin', or tryin' to sleep, when I thought I heard some one talkin'. Not right off I didn't jump up; but with all the soonness I was boss of I stood as nigh on one end as I could git, and listened. 'Bully for me! It's Injuns—Shoshonee squaws,' I said. Then I listened a little more, and hol-

lered: 'Hello-o! Sequaw! Kim-ma! Me—one White-a-man—heap sick.' I listened agin—all silent. Jest as I was about to give a desperate howl, I heerd, 'Hoo-ee-ah!' I answered, 'Hoo-ee! Kim-ma!—me heap—h-e-a-p sick.' Then I waited till the squaws—three of 'em—came trampin' through the brush, into the open road, each with a willow-work bottle o' water on her back. 'Water—me heap now ketch 'em—quick!' I said to the one in front, and reached out my hands, like you do for a baby. She swung the bottle down off her back, and helped to hold it for me, while I swallowed the best drink, and the biggest, that ever I tasted.

"I got the squaws to go for the old man; and the old man came in a wagon for me. I laid in bed sixteen weeks, and came out with a pair o' crutches and the name o' Shacklefoot Sam."

STUDIES IN THE SIERRA.

NO. VI.—FORMATION OF SOILS.

NATURE has plowed the Sierra flanks more than a mile deep through lava, slate, and granite, thus giving rise to a most lavish abundance of fruitful soils. The various methods of detachment of soil-fragments from the solid rocks have been already considered in the foregoing studies on glacial and post-glacial denudation. It now remains in this connection that we study the formation of the variously eroded fragments into beds available for the uses of vegetable life.

If all the soils that now mantle the Sierra flanks were spread out in one sheet of uniform thickness, it would measure only a few feet in depth, and its entire removal would not appreciably affect the configuration of any portion of the range. The largest beds rarely ex-

ceed a hundred feet in average thickness, and a very considerable proportion of the whole surface is naked. But we have seen that glaciers alone have ground the west flank of the range into soil to a depth of more than a mile, without taking into account the work of other soil-producing agents, as rains, avalanches, torrents, earthquakes, etc. It appears, therefore, that not the one-thousandth part of the whole quantity of soil eroded from the range since the beginning of the glacial epoch is now left upon its flanks.

The cause of this comparative scantiness of the Sierra soil-beds will be readily apprehended when we reflect that the glacier, which is the chief soil-producing agent, no sooner detaches a soil-fragment than it begins to carry it away.

During the long glacial winter, soil-material was poured from the range as from a fountain, borne outward by the mighty currents of the ice-sheet, to be deposited in its terminal moraines. The only one of these ancient ice-sheet moraines which has retained its principal characteristics unaltered down to the present time, is that magnificent belt of soil upon which all the majestic forests of the Sierra are growing. It stretches along the west flank of the range like a smooth-

and variable. Furthermore, its continuity is interrupted at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles by the river cañons which cross it nearly at right angles. For, at the period of the deposition of the main soil-belt as a terminal moraine of the ice-sheet, long finger-like glaciers extended down every one of these cañons, thus effectually preventing the continuance of the main terminal moraine across the cañon channels.

The method of the deposition of broad belts of terminal-moraine soil will be made plain by reference to Fig. 1, which represents a deposit of this kind lying at the foot of Moraine Lake, made by the Bloody Cañon glacier in its recession, toward the period of its extinction. A A are the main lateral moraines extending from the jaws of the cañon out into the Mono Plain; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, are concentric belts of terminal-moraine soil deposited by the glacier in its gradual retreat.

These soil-belts or furrows are twenty or thirty yards apart. After belt number 1 was laid down, the glacier evidently withdrew at a faster rate, until a change of climate as regards heat or cold, or the occurrence of a cluster of snowier years, checked its backward motion sufficiently to afford it time to deposit belt number 2, and so on; the speed of the dying glacier's retreat being increased and diminished in rhythmic alternations of frost and thaw, sunshine and snow, all of which found beautiful and enduring expression in its ridged moraines. The promontories P P are portions of a terminal soil-belt, part of which is covered by the lake.

Similar fields of corrugated moraine matter occur farther down, marking lingering and fluctuating periods in the recession of the glacier similar to the series we have been studying. Now, it is evident that if, instead of thus dying a lingering death, the glacier had melted suddenly while it extended into the Mo-

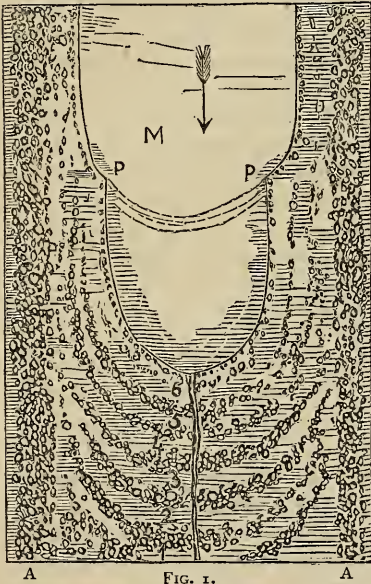


FIG. 1.

flowing ribbon, waving compliantly up and down over a thousand hills and hollows, at an elevation of from 4,000 to 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. In some places it is more than a hundred feet deep and twenty miles wide, but it is irregular as a sun-wasted snow-wreath both in width and in depth, on account of the configuration of the surface upon which it rests, and the varying thickness and declivity of the ice-sheet at the period of its deposition. The long weathering and the multitude of storm-washings to which it has been subjected have made its outlines still more indefinite

no plain, these wide soil-fields could not have been made. Neither could the grand soil-belt of the western flank have existed if the ice-sheet had melted in one immense thaw while it extended as a seamless mantle over all the western flank. Fortunately for Sierra vegetation and the life dependent thereupon, this was not the case; instead of disappearing suddenly, like a sun-stricken cloud, it withdrew from the base of the great soil-belt upward, in that magnificently deliberate way which is so often characteristic of nature—adding belt to belt in beautiful order over lofty plateaus and rolling hills and valleys, wherever soil could be made to lie.

Winds and rains, acting throughout the ample centuries, smooth rough gla-

furrows between the several ridges are leisurely filled up by the inblowing and washing of leaves and the finer material of the adjacent ridges. As the weathering of the surface bowlders goes on, the crumbling material which falls from them collects about their bases, thus tending to bury them, and produce that smoothness of surface which characterizes all the more ancient moraine-fields of the Sierra. The great forest soil-belt of the west flank has not been hitherto recognized as a moraine at all, because not only is it so immensely extended that general views of it can not be easily obtained, but it has been weathered until the greater portion of its surface presents as smooth an appearance as a farmer's wheat-field.

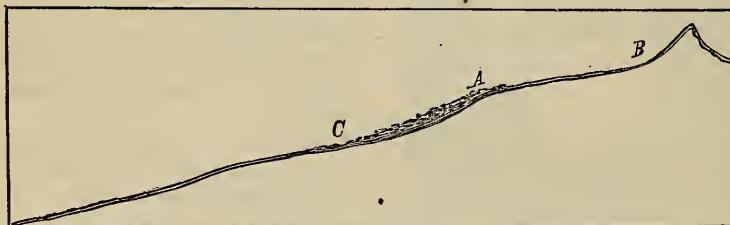


FIG. 2.

cial soils like harrows and rollers. But this culture is carried on at an infinitely slow rate, as we measure time. Comparing the several moraine-fields of Bloody Cañon, we observe that the ridged concentric structure (Fig. 1) becomes gradually less distinct the farther we proceed out into the plain, just as the plow-ridges in a farmer's field become less distinct the more they are harrowed. Now, the difference in time between the deposition of contiguous moraine-fields in Bloody Cañon is probably thousands of years, yet the difference as regards smoothness and freshness of aspect corresponding to this difference in time is in some instances scarcely discernible. In the field represented in Fig. 1 these leveling operations may be studied to excellent advantage. The

It may be urged against the morainal origin of the forest belt that its sections exposed by freshet streams present a quite different appearance from similar sections of more recent moraine-beds unmistakably such; but careful inspection shows the same gradual transition from the bowlder roughness of the one to the crumbled earthiness of the other that we have already traced between the superficial roughness and smoothness of moraines according to age.

Under certain conditions moraine bowlders decompose more rapidly beneath than upon the surface. Almost every section of the forest belt presents specimens in every stage of decay, and because those that are water-rounded and polished are more enduring than others, they occur in comparatively great

er abundance as the soil becomes more ancient. The position of the soil-belt is given in the ideal cross-section of the range (Fig. 2). *Its upper limit nearly coincides with the edge of a comparatively level bench, A B, extending back to the summit peaks.* Upon this lofty, gently inclined bed the waning ice-sheet lay nearly motionless, shallowing simultaneously across its whole breadth, and finally broke up into distinct ice-streams which occupied the present river cañons. These have left their lateral moraines in the form of long branching ridges of soil, several miles apart, extending from the summit ice-wombs down to the main soil-belt, into which they blend and disappear. But if the ice-sheet had maintained its continuity to the very end of the glacial epoch, soil would evidently have been laid down in one continuous bed all the way back to the summit, because under these conditions every portion of the surface in succession would have been loaded with terminal moraine-belts pressed one against the other like plow-ridges. Under the conditions which prevailed toward the close of the great winter, the separate glaciers as well as the ice-sheet shallowed, became torpid, and died away simultaneously throughout all this upper region; no terminal moraines are therefore to be met until we reach those of the small residual glaciers which took shelter in the loftiest and coolest shadows of the summit peaks. Nor will this state of things be wondered at, when we consider how slight is the difference in elevation and climate between the upper and lower limits (A and B, Fig. 2) of this bare alpine bench, as compared with that of the slope (C A) beneath it, upon which the soil-belt lies.

The effect of shadows in determining the formation, size, and distribution of glacial soil-beds must not be overlooked. When the seasons grew warm and the long crooked glaciers were driven from

the sun-beaten summit bench, thousands of small residual glaciers, from half a mile to two or three miles in length, lingered on through many a century in the shelter of frosty shadows. Accordingly we find the moraines of these hiding glaciers in the highest and coolest recesses, shaped and measured with strict reference to their adjacent shadows. A considerable number of these interesting shadow-moraines are still in process of formation, presenting a raw and rubbish-like appearance, as if the boulders, mud, and sand of which they are composed had been newly mined from the mountain's flank, and dumped loosely from a car. Ancient shadow-moraines, delightfully gardened and forested, occur in all deep Yosemite cañons, trending in an east and west direction; but their first forms are so heavily obscured by thousands of years of weathering, that their shadow-glacial origin would scarcely be suspected.

In addition to these broad zones, and fields, and regularly deposited moraine ridges, glacial soil occurs in isolated strips and patches upon the wildest and most unlikely places—aloft on jutting crags, and along narrow horizontal benches ranged one above another, on sheer-fronted precipices, wherever the strong and gentle glaciers could get a boulder to lie. To these inaccessible soil-beds companies of pines and alpine flowers have found their way, and formed themselves into waving fringes and rosettes, whose beauty and sweet confiding gracefulness manifest themselves in exquisite relief upon the massive ice-sculptured walls.

Nothing in the history of glacial soil-beds seems more remarkable than their durability in the forms in which they were first laid down. The wild violence of mountain storms would lead one to fancy that every moraine would be swept from plateau and ridge in less than a dozen seasons, yet we find those of the

upper half of the range scarcely altered by the tear and wear of thousands of years. Those of the lower half are far more ancient, and their material has evidently been shifted and reformed over and over again, until their original characteristics are almost entirely lost.

The fresh glacier-formed soils of the Sierra are subject to modifications of various kinds. After the coarse, unbolted moraine-soils derived from granite, slate, and lava have been well watered and snow-pressed, they are admirably adapted for the ordinary food and anchorage of coniferous trees, but further manipulation is required to fit them for special grove and garden purposes. The first and most general action to which

when journeying southward to join the Nevada Creek, is deflected to the west by the right lateral moraine of the ancient Nevada glacier, and compelled to creep and feel its way along the outside of the moraine as far as to where it is caught between the moraine and an escarpment which advances from the Clouds' Rest crest. When halted here, it spread into a pool and rose until it was able to effect its escape over the lowest portion of the barrier. Now this stream, which in ordinary stages is about five feet wide and a foot deep, seems to have flowed unflinching in one channel throughout all the long post-glacial centuries, but the only erosion the moraine has suffered is the removal of sand, mud,

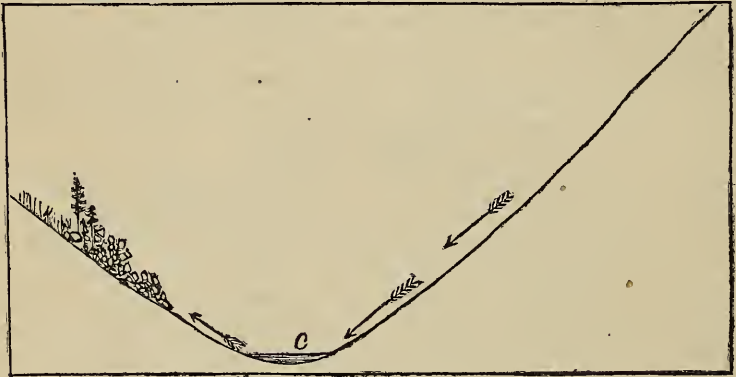


FIG. 3.

virgin soils are subjected is that of slow atmospheric decomposition, which mellows and smooths them for the reception of blooming robes of under-shrubs and grasses, and up to a certain point augments their capacity for the support of pines and firs. Streams of rain and melting snow rank next as modifiers of glacial soils. Powerful torrents waste and change the most compact beds with great rapidity, but the work done by small rain-currents and low-voiced brooks is very much less than is vaguely supposed. The brook which drains the south flank of the Clouds' Rest ridge,

and some of the smaller boulders. The large stones are jammed into a kind of wall, and are merely polished by the friction of the stream, and bid fair to last for tens of thousands of years. The permanence of soils depends more upon their position and mechanical structure than upon their composition. Coarse porous moraine matter permits rains and melting snows to percolate unimpeded, while muddy and impermeable beds are washed and wasted on the surface.

Snow avalanches are another means of depositing soil, and they more resemble glaciers in their methods of soil for-

mation and distribution than any other of the post-glacial agents. The century avalanche sweeps down all the trees that chance to stand in its path, together with soils of every kind, mixing all together without reference to the size of their component fragments. Most of the uprooted trees are deposited in lateral windrows, heads downward, piled upon each other, and tucked snugly in alongside the clearing; while a few are carried down into the valley on the snout of the avalanche, and deposited with stones, leaves, and burs, in a kind of terminal moraine.

The soil accumulations of annual avalanches are still more moraine-like in form, and frequently attain a depth of from forty to fifty feet. They are composed of mud, sand, coarse granules, and rough angular blocks, avalanched from the mountain side, and sometimes water-washed pebbles also, derived from the channels of streams.

Thus, the largest of the Clouds' Rest avalanches, in rushing down their magnificent pathway of nearly a mile in vertical depth, on their arrival at the Tenaya Creek (Fig. 3) dash across its channel and up the opposite bank to a height of more than a hundred feet, carrying all the pebbles up with them that chance to be in their path. Spring freshets bring down a fresh supply of pebbles and boulders from year to year, which the avalanches patiently add to their moraine, until in a few thousand years these washed pebbles form a considerable proportion of the mass. Trees over a hundred years old occur upon the upper portions of some of these avalanche-beds, showing that no avalanche of sufficient power to disturb them had occurred since they began to grow. The lower portions of these beds are, on the contrary, in a raw formative condition, and about as plantless as the shining boulder-beds in the bottoms of rivers.

Stone avalanches have, again, their

share in depositing soil. The observer among beetling Yosemite cliffs occasionally sees a single boulder eight or ten feet in diameter whizzing down the sky like a comet, tailed with two thousand feet of dust. When these huge soil-grains strike among other boulders at the end of their course, they make a sound deeper and heavier than thunder; the ground trembles, and stone-spray is whirled and spattered like water-spray at the foot of a fall.

The crushed and pounded soil-beds to which avalanches of this kind give rise seem excellently well adapted to the growth of forest trees, but few of them are sufficiently matured to be available, and whenever trees venture upon them they are in constant danger of their lives. These unplanted beds occur most commonly at the base of cliffs intersected by feldspathic veins, the decomposition of which causes the downfall of additional material from year to year. On the contrary, the rougher and far more important soil-beds resulting from earthquake avalanches are formed almost instantaneously, without being subsequently augmented in any appreciable degree for centuries. The trees, therefore, and various shrubs and flowers which find them tolerable or congenial dwelling-places, at once take possession of them, and soothe their rugged blocky features with a mantle of waving verdure.

At first thought no one would suppose that in a tumultuous down-crash of rifted rocks any specialization could be accomplished in their deposition. Both the suddenness and the violence of the action would seem to preclude the possibility of the formation of any deposit more orderly than a battered rubbish-heap. Every atom, however, whether of the slow glacier or swift avalanche, is inspired and governed by law. The larger blocks, because they are heavier in proportion to the amount of surface

they present to the impeding air, bound out farther; and, because obstructions of surface irregularities have less effect upon larger blocks, they also *roll* out farther. The small granules and sand-grains slip and roll close to the cliff, and come to rest on the top of the talus, while the main mass of the talus is perfectly graduated between these extremes. Besides this graduation accomplished in a vertical and forward direction, beautiful sections are frequently made in a horizontal and lateral direction, as illustrated in Fig. 4. A B is a kind of natural trough or spout near the base of the cliff, directed obliquely downward, into which a portion of the avalanche stream F falls, and is spouted to the left of its original course. Because the larger boulders composing the spouted portion of the current move faster, their momentum carries them farther toward H, giving rise to the talus E, while the finer material is deposited at D. Again, the blocks sufficiently large to bound out beyond the deflecting spout form the rough talus C, while the smallest fragments of all, namely, the fine dust derived from chafing, float out far beyond, and settle in thin films silently as dew.



FIG. 4.

In portions of cañon walls where diagonal cleavage is developed, inclines

such as A B (Fig. 5) are common. If two boulders in falling from the heights

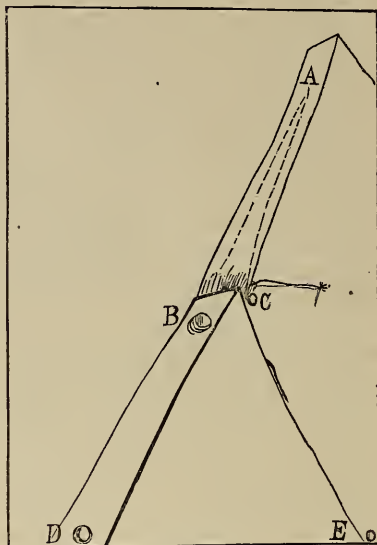


FIG. 5.

above should strike glancingly at A, the greater mass or more favorable form of the boulder B might cause it to bound sufficiently far to reach the second incline, which would carry it toward D; while the smaller boulder, C, falling short, might fall under the guidance of a third incline, and be shed off toward E: the two boulders finally coming to rest a hundred yards or more apart. By these means the most delicate decompositions of stone torrents are effected, the various resulting soils being delivered at different shoots and spouts, like the bran, shorts, and fine flour of a grist-mill. The ages of the oldest trees growing upon these soils furnish data by which some approximation to the time of their formation may be made.

The first post-glacial earthquake sufficiently severe to produce large avalanches occurred at least three centuries ago, and no other of equal power has occurred since. By this earthquake alone, thousands of acres of noble soil-

beds were suddenly and simultaneously deposited throughout all the deep cañons of the range. Though thus hurled into existence at a single effort, they are the most changeless and indestructible soil formations in the Sierra, excepting those which were launched directly into the channels of rivers; scarcely one of their wedged and locked bowlders has been moved since the day of their creation. In striking contrast with these terrible demonstrations of mechanical energy, made in the deposition of earthquake soils, is the silent and motionless transformation of solid granite into loose fine soil-beds by oozing water and the tranquil play of the atmosphere. Beds eight or ten feet deep occur on mounts Watkins and El Capitan, on the edge of the Yosemite Valley, where the decomposition has been effected so calmly that the physical structure presents no conspicuous change; the quartz, mica, and hornblende retaining the same relative positions as when solid, yet so perfectly disintegrated that, like sand, it may be cut into with a spade. But these unmoved beds created on the spot are of a small relative extent, and as yet play an insignificant part in the support of Sierra vegetation. The main body of the smaller soil-fragments, weathered loose by the atmosphere, are transported and redeposited by winds and rains. Magnificent wind-rivers sweep the high Sierra, carrying large quantities of sand, dust, and mica flakes, besides larger fragments in the form of rough grains. These are distributed in smooth undulating fields and patches, adapted to the wants of the dwarf *Pinus flexilis* and many of the most precious of Sierra shrubs and flowers. Many of the smaller alpine wind-beds are exceedingly beautiful, nestled away in the lee of rough beaten rocks, their edges waved and embroidered, and their surfaces delicately tinted and ruffled like the garden-plats of children. During the post-gla-

cial eruptions of the volcanoes of the Mono basin, winds distributed showers of cinders and ashes upon all the soil-beds of the adjacent Sierra. Hundreds of square miles of area are thus sprinkled on the upper basins of the San Joaquin, Merced, and Tuolumne rivers; the copiousness of the cinder showers increasing the nearer the Mono volcanoes are approached as a centre.

The numerous domes and castellated rocks distributed over the ridges and divides of the middle region abound in garnet, tourmaline, quartz, mica, and feldspar crystals, which, as the mass of the rocks decompose, are set free and fall in minute avalanches, and gradually accumulate until they come to form belts of crystalline soil. In some instances, the various crystals occur only here and there, sprinkled in the gray gravel like daisies in a sod; but in others, half or more of the encircling talus seems to be made up of crystals, tilted at all angles, and laid open to the sun. And whether in the mild flush of morning or evening, or in the dazzling white of high noon, they manifest themselves as the most gloriously beautiful soil-beds in the range.

Those soil-beds of the Sierra that have been compounded and laid down by streams of water, are to be regarded as little more than reformations of glacial deposits; for the quantity of soil material eroded from solid rock by post-glacial agents is as yet hardly appreciable. Water-beds present a wide range of variability both in size and structure. Some of the smallest, each sustaining a tuft or two of grass, have scarcely a larger area than the flower-plats of gardens; while others are miles in extent, and support luxuriant groves of pine-trees 200 feet in height. Some are composed of mud and sand-grains, others of ponderous bowlders.

Glaciers are admirably calculated for the general distribution of soils in con-

sequence of their rigidity and independence of minor inequalities of surface with regard to level. Streams of water, on the contrary, are fitted only for special work. Glaciers give soil to high and low places almost alike; water-currents are dispensers of special blessings, constantly tending to make the ridges poorer and the valleys richer. Glaciers mingle all kinds of material together, mud particles and rock blocks a hundred feet in diameter; water, whether in oozing currents or passionate torrents, constantly discriminates both with regard to size and shape of material, and acts as a series of bolts and spouts for its separation and transportation.

Glacial mud is the finest mountain meal ground for any purpose, and its transportation into the still water of lakes, where it is deposited in layers of clay, is the first work that the young post-glacial streams of the Sierra were called upon to do. Upon the clay-beds thus created avalanches frequently pile tangled masses of tree-trunks, mingled with burs, and leaves, and rocky *detritus* scraped from the mountain side. Other layers of mud are deposited in turn, together with freshet-washings of sand and gravel, from season to season for centuries, until at length the basin is filled and gradually becomes drier. At first, the soil is fit only for sedges and willows, then for grasses and pine-trees. This, with minor local modifications, is the mode of creation of the so-called flat and meadow soil so abundantly distributed over all parts of the range.

Genuine bogs in this period of Sierra history occur only in shallow alpine basins, where the climate is sufficiently cool for the growth of sphagnum, and where the surrounding topographical conditions are such that they are safe, even in the most copious rains and thaws, from the action of flood-currents capable of carrying stones and sand, but where the water supply is nevertheless

sufficiently constant and abundant for the growth of sphagnum and a few other plants equally fond of cold water. These dying from year to year—ever dying beneath and living above—gradually give rise to those rich spongy peat-soils that are the grateful abodes of so many of the most delightful of alpine plants.

Beds of sloping bog-soil, that seem to hang like scraps of broad green ribbon on cool mountain sides, are originated by the fall of trees in the paths of small creeks and rills, in the same climates with level bogs. The interlaced trunks and branches obstruct the feeble streams and dissipate them into oozing webs and stagnant pools. Sphagnum speedily discovers and takes possession of them, absorbing every pool and driblet into its spongy stems, and at length covers the muddy ground and every log and branch with its rich rounded bosses.

Here the attentive observer is sure to ask the question, Are the fallen trees more abundant in bogs than elsewhere in the surrounding forest?—and if so, then, why? We *do* find the fallen trees in far greater abundance in sloping bogs, and the cause is clearly explained by young illustrative bogs in process of formation. In the first place, a few chance trees decay, and fall in such a manner as to dam the stream, and flood the roots of other trees. Every tree so flooded dies, decays, and falls. Thus, the so-called chance-falling of a few causes the fall of many, which form a net-work, in the meshes of which the entangled moisture is distributed with a considerable degree of uniformity, causing the resulting bog to be evenly inclined, instead of being cast into a succession of irregular terraces, one for each damming log.

Black flat meadow deposits, largely composed of *humus*, are formed in lake basins that have reached the last stage of filling up. The black vegetable matter is derived from rushes and sedges

decaying in shallow water for long periods. It is not essential that these beds be constantly covered with water during their deposition, but they must be subject to frequent inundations and remain sufficiently moist through the driest seasons for the wants of sedges. They must, moreover, be exempt from the action of overflowing flood-currents strong enough to move gravel and sand. But no matter how advantageous may be the situation of these *humus* beds, their edges are incessantly encroached upon, making their final burial beneath drier and more mineral formations inevitable. This obliterating action is going on at an accelerated rate on account of the increasing quantity of transportable material rain-streams find in their way. For thousands of years subsequent to the close of the ice-winter, a large proportion of the Sierra presented a bare, polished surface, and the rain and thaw streams that flowed over it came down into the meadows about as empty-handed as if their courses had lain over clean glass. But when at length the glacial hard-finish was weathered off, disintegration went on at a greatly accelerated speed, and every stream found all the carrying work it could do.

Bogs die also, in accordance with beautiful laws. Their lower limit constantly rises as the range grows older. The snow-line is not a more trustworthy exponent of climate than the bog-line is of the age of the regions where it occurs, dating from the end of the ice epoch.

Besides bogs, meadows, and sandy flats, water constructs soil-beds with washed pebbles, cobble-stones, and large boulders. The former class of beds are made deliberately by tranquil currents; the latter by freshets, caused by the melting of the winter snow, severe rain-storms, and by floods of exceptional power, produced by rare combinations of causes, which in the Sierra occur only once in hundreds of years.

So vast is the difference between the transporting power of rivers in their ordinary every-day condition and the same rivers in loud-booming flood, that no definite gradation exists between their level silt-beds and rugged boulder deltas. The ordinary power of Sierra streams to transport the material of boulder soils is very much overestimated. Throughout the greater portion of their channels they can not, in ordinary stages of water, move pebbles with which a child might play; while in the sublime energy of flood they toss forward boulders tons in weight without any apparent effort. The roughly imbricated flood-beds which are so commonly found at the mouths of narrow gorges and valleys are the highest expressions of torrental energy with which I am acquainted. At some time before the occurrence of the grand soil-producing earthquake, thousands of magnificent boulder-beds were simultaneously hurried into existence by one noble flood. These ancient boulder and cobble beds are distributed throughout the deep valleys and basins of the range between latitude 39° and $36^{\circ} 30'$; how much farther I am unable to say. They are now mostly overgrown with groves of oak and pine, and have as yet suffered very little change. Their distinguishing characteristics are, therefore, easily readable, and show that the sublime outburst of mechanical energy developed in their creation was rivaled only in the instantaneous deposition of the grand earthquake beds.

Notwithstanding the many august implements employed as modifiers and reformers of soils, the glacier is the only great producer. Had the ice-sheet melted suddenly, leaving the flanks of the Sierra soilless, her far-famed forests would have had no existence. Numerous groves and thickets would undoubtedly have grown up on lake and avalanche beds, and many a fair flower and shrub would have found food and a dwell-

ing-place in weathered nooks and crevices. Yet the range, as a whole, would seem comparatively naked. The tattered alpine fringe of the Sierra forest, composed of *Pinus flexilis* and *P. aristata*, oftentimes ascends stormy mountain flanks above the upper limit of moraines, upon lean, crumbling rock; but when they have the opportunity, these little alpine pines show that they know well the difference between rich, mealy moraines and their ordinary meagre fare. The yellow-pine is also a hardy rock-climber, and can live on wind and snow, but it assembles in forests and attains noble dimensions only upon nutritious moraines; while the sugar-pine and the two silver-firs, which form so important a part of the grand forest belt, can scarcely maintain life upon bald rocks in any form, and reach full development only in the best moraine beds, no matter what the elevation may be. The mass of the Sierra forests indicates the extent and position of the moraine-beds far more accurately than it does lines of climate. No matter how advantageous the conditions of temperature and moisture, forests can not exist without soil, and Sierra soils have been laid down upon the solid rock. Accordingly we find luxuriant forests 200 feet high terminated abruptly by bald glacier-polished pavements.

Man also is dependent upon the bounty of the ice for the broad fields of fertile soil upon which his wheat and apples grow. The wide plains extending along the base of the range on both sides are

mostly reformations of morainal *detritus* variously sorted and intermixed. The valleys of the Owen's, Walker, and Carson rivers have younger soils than those of the Sacramento and San Joaquin—that is, those of the former valleys are of more recent origin, and are less changed by post-glacial washings and decomposition. All the soil-beds remaining upon the Sierra flanks, when comprehended in one view, appear like clouds in a sky half clear; the main belt extending along the middle, with long branching moraines above it, a web of washed patches beneath, and with specialized meadow and garden flecks everywhere.

When, after the melting of the winter snow, we walk the dry channel of a stream that we love, its beds of pebbles, dams of bowlders, its pool-basins, and pot-holes, and cascade inclines, suggest all its familiar forms and voices, as if they were present in the full gush of life. In like manner the various Sierra soil-beds vividly bring before the mind the noble implements employed by nature in their creation. The meadow recalls the still lake, the boulder delta the gray booming torrent, the rugged talus the majestic avalanche, and the moraine reveals the mighty glaciers silently spreading soil upon a thousand mountains. Nor in all these involved operations may we detect the faintest note of disorder; every soil-atom seems to yield enthusiastic obedience to law—bowlders and mud-grains moving to music as harmonious-ly as the farewhirling planets.

NOVARRO.

Fair seas grown silver under dappled skies,
 Brown shores in evening shadows waning slow,
 While on broad hills the reverential pines
 Stand with sad faces bent to watch us go.
 How the seas call, and toss their misty hands ;
 How the winds sweeten with a breath of fir
 Blown from the far woods ; how the grasses stir
 With their low sympathies, and wordless signs !
 Alas ! we mar the wave-perfected sands,
 And turn sad feet to where the Ino lies !

Broad, lifted sails ; a stormy, quivering keel !
 The rocks slip past, the riven surges beat,
 The still shores darken, all the sacred trees
 Wave low farewells, the grassy slopes repeat
 Their dim song woven by the northern wind ;
 And the smoke-curtained mills lie low and dun
 In the great trees, the red sword of the sun
 Smites from the warm west through the smoky seas,
 The air drops flame, the leaning hills behind
 Draw back from rush of fire and ring of steel !

Wind-trembling, moaning deep ! we turn to thee
 With the hill-dust above our tired eyes,
 Now let us feel thy heart throb sweetly low
 With thine illimitable ministries,
 And thy calm musings of eternal things ;
 Or lean above the music of thy smiles
 To hear the palm-song of the pleasant isles.
 Were it not well to drift forever so,
 And dream forever under shining wings,
 Above thy yearning minstrelsies, dear sea ?

All night our vessel pants through fields of foam,
 All night the steersman holds the trembling wheel ;
 We round Arenas, with the holy light
 Set on the gray rock as a crystal seal ;
 We hear the blind waves storm her silent base,
 But her lamp turns in noiseless ways of peace,
 And strong men sailing over treacherous seas
 Gaze out across the danger-circled night,
 And feel a far gleam touch them in the face
 With all the love of land, and light of home.

Dim seas of dreaming, full of under calls,
 And faint, far sighs, more clear than silver reeds,

Sweep round us, lost ones, in unmeasured night,
 Yet glad with wonders audible, and needs
 Made beautiful with speech! Uplifted wings
 Shade the dark seas, and bear us swiftly through
 The shadows of the star-sown fields of blue,
 Fed by cloud-rivers with continuous light,
 And chords of song, and of diviner things,
 Drawn sweetly down in starry water-falls.

So we sail southward, by glad breezes blown
 All the still hours; we pass the Farallones,
 Encircled with unceasing lines of spray,
 And brooding ever with perpetual moans
 And wings of sea-birds.—Lo! the riven Gate,
 With the sun on the walls of Alcatraz!
 Through the twin cliffs with straining sail we pass,
 And round to moorings in the peaceful bay,
 Where on her sand-hills, girt with queenly state,
 The mistress of the western seas lies lone.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

NO. XIII.—THE PATWEÈNS.

ON the middle and lower Sacramento, west side, there is one of the largest nations of the State; yet its members have no common government, not even a name for themselves. They have a common language, with little divergence of dialects for so great an area as it embraces, and substantially common customs; but so little community of feeling that the petty subdivisions have often been at the bitterest feud. For the sake of convenience and as a nucleus of classification, I have taken a word which they all employ—*patweèn*, signifying “Indian,” or, in some dialects, more properly “person.”

Antonio, chief of the Chénposels—a very intelligent and well-traveled Indian—gave me the following geographical statement, which I found correct, so far as I went: In Long, Indian, Bear, and Cortina valleys, all along the Sacramento, from Jacinto to Suisun inclusive, on

Cache and Puta creeks, and in Napa Valley, the same language is spoken, which any Indian of this nation can understand throughout. Strangely, too, the Patweèn language laps over the Sacramento, reaching in a very narrow belt along the east side, from a point a few miles below the mouth of Stony Creek, down nearly to the mouth of Feather River. In the head of Napa Valley, from Calistoga Hot Springs to the Geysers, inclusive, are the Ashochemies (Wappos), a separate tribe; and in Pope and Coyote valleys was spoken still another language.

The various tribes were distributed as follows: On the bay named after them, the Suisuns, whose celebrated chief was Solano. In Lagoon Valley were the Malaccas; on Ulatus Creek and about Vacaville, the Olulatos; on Puta Creek, the Lewyts. (These last three names were given to me by a Spaniard, and I

could find no Indians living by whom to verify them, further than that the aboriginal name of Puta Creek was Lewy.) Napa Valley was named for its aboriginal inhabitants. On lower Puta Creek the Indians were called by the Spaniards, on account of their licentiousness, Putos, and the stream, Rio de los Putos. On upper, middle, and lower Cache Creek respectively are the Olposels, Chénposels, and Weelacksels (all three names accented on the first syllable), which signify "upper tribe," "lower tribe," and "tribe on the plains." In Long Valley, just east of Clear Lake, are the Lolsels or Loldlas. *Lol* denotes "Indian tobacco," and *sel* is a locative ending; hence the name means "wild-tobacco place," applied first to the valley, then to the people in it. At Knight's Landing are the Yodetabies; in Cortina Valley, the Wicosels (north tribe). At Colusa are the Corusies (corrupted to the present form), whose most celebrated chiefs were Sioc and Hookileh. At Jacinto was a little tribe whose name I do not know, and on Stony Creek the Patweèns intermarried with the Wintoons, and were called by the latter Noyukies.

If all the vast plains from Stony Creek to Suisun had been inhabited by Indians, the population would have been very great; but for several more or less obvious reasons they were not. In winter there was too much water on them; in summer none at all, and the aborigines had no means of procuring an artificial supply. More than that, there was no wood; and the portions overflowed in the rainy season breed millions of accursed gnats in the early summer, which render human life a burden and a weariness. Hence they were compelled to live beside the water-courses, except during limited periods in the winter, when they established hunting-camps out on the plains. Nor could they even dwell beside the Sacramento, save on

those low bluffs, as at Colusa, where the tule swamps do not approach the river. At a point about four miles below Colusa there are indications, in the shape of circular excavations, that they once had somewhat substantial dwellings far from water; yet these may have been only permanent hunting-camps. They also had temporary camps in winter along the edge of the tule swamps, for the purpose of hunting wild fowl.

But along the streams the population was dense. General Bidwell states that, in 1849, the village of the Corusies contained at least 1,000 inhabitants. In Spring Valley, on the Estes Rancho, a cellar was lately dug, which revealed a layer of bones six or eight feet below the surface, lying so thick that they formed a white stratum all round the sides of the cellār. At Vacaville great numbers of bones have been discovered in various excavations. Señor Piña, who was in the country ten years before the discovery of gold, states that on Puta Creek the Indians lived in multitudes. They had an almost boundless extent of plains whereon to hunt game and gather grass-seed; before the streams were muddied, salmon swarmed there by myriads; and the broad tule swamps in winter were noisy with quacking and screaming water-fowl.

In addition to the modes of gathering and preparing food heretofore described, the Patweèns had some different processes. On the plains they gathered the seed of a plant called "yellow-blossom" (probably *Ranunculus Californicus*), crushed it into flour with stones, then put it into baskets with coals of fire, and agitated it until the chaff was all burned out and the flour scorched, then made it into *pinole* or bread as black as charcoal. The seed of the wild sunflower, alfilerilla, clover, and bunch-grass was treated much in the same manner. The Corusies, and probably others, had an ingenious way of captur-

ing wild fowl. They set decoy-ducks, carved and painted very life-like, and when the living birds approached, they rose from concealment and scared them in such a manner that they flew into nets stretched above the water. The Suisuns fashioned clumsy rafts of tule, with which they cruised about in pursuit of water-fowl. When wild clover came into blossom they frequently ate it so greedily as to become distressingly inflated with gas (a condition which, when superinduced in cattle by the same cause, the farmer calls "hooven"), and amusing scenes ensued. One remedy was a decoction of soap-root administered internally, and judicious squaw-mothers generally kept a quantity of it ready brewed for any indiscretion on the part of their children. The most frequent treatment, however, was to lay the sufferer on his back, grease his belly, and let a friend tread it. A gentler way was to knead him. The Spaniards assert that the Solano plains were well covered with wild oats, as early as 1838, but the Indians did not make extensive use of them then. It was only later that they came to understand their value. Along the Sacramento lowlands they gathered many blackberries.

On the plains the adult males and all children up to ten or twelve—or about the age of puberty—went naked, while the women wore only a narrow slip of deer-skin around the waist. In the mountains, where it was somewhat cooler, the women made for themselves short petticoats from the inner bark of the cotton-wood. In making a wigwam, they excavated about two feet, banked up the earth outside enough to keep out the water, and threw the remainder on the roof. In a lodge thus covered, a mere handful of sprigs would heat the air agreeably all day. In the mountains, where wood was more plenty, they frequently put on no covering of earth. Some have thought that the mountain

lodges were made more sharply conical to sustain the weight of snow in winter. In the Sierra this consideration might have had its influence, but hardly in the Coast Range. The simplest explanation is, that the Indians used that material which was nearest to hand.

Among the Lolsels, the bride frequently remains in her father's house, and the husband comes to live with her, whereupon half of the purchase-money is returned to him. It is often the case that two or three families live in one wigwam. They are very clannish, especially the mountain tribes, and family influence is all-potent. That and wealth create the chief, with such limited power as he possesses. For instance, among the Lolsels the chief was Clitey, but his brother at one time became more powerful than he through his family alliances, created an insurrection, involved the tribe in civil war, and expelled Clitey and his adherents—nearly half the tribe—from Long Valley to the head of Clear Lake. They remained there several years, but when the Americans arrived they intervened and procured a reconciliation. A man who is wealthy sometimes purchases "relatives," in order to augment his family influence; and one who has none at all does the same to secure himself protection. This clannishness begets conspiracies, feuds, and secret assassinations. The members of a powerful family among the Corusies have been known to assemble in secret session, during which they appeared to determine on the death of some one who was considered dangerous, for immediately afterward he was shadowed and soon disappeared. The Lolsels and Chénposels were noted for the savage vendettas that prevailed among them, and which have been prosecuted even to this day.

No scalps were taken from the slain in battle, but the victors often decapitated the most beautiful maiden they had captured, and one held up the bloody

head in his hand for his comrades to shoot at, to taunt and exasperate the vanquished. Men who had quarreled about a woman or any other matter, if they did not get satisfaction in vociferous cursing, would fight a duel with bows and arrows.

These Indians undoubtedly committed infanticide before the arrival of the Americans, but less frequently than now. When a Corusie woman died, leaving an infant very young, the relatives shook it to death in a skin or blanket. They did this even with a half-breed child. Occasionally a squaw destroyed her babe when she was deserted by her husband and had no relatives. The sentiment is universal among the California Indians that it is the father who must support the children, and this sentiment justifies the act here mentioned. The maternal instinct was generally as strong in the savage bosom as with a civilized woman. In Long Valley a squaw who was about to give birth to an infant was so strongly threatened by its American father that she consented to destroy it. But the neighbors interfered, collected a sum of money and a quantity of supplies, and presented them to her on condition that she should preserve its life, to which she gladly consented. Afterward they bought the child of her for \$10, and it lived with one of the purchasers eighteen years. When he was quite young, the boy stole a pair of shoes from his guardian, and the latter tried in vain to make him confess the theft. He then told him the Great Spirit would write on a piece of paper and tell him how wicked this boy was. He held a piece of white paper close to the fire (he had written on it with skimmed milk), and in a few seconds there appeared words on it. The boy was greatly terrified, confessed the theft, and after that grew up to be an ornament to his race.

Parents are very easy-going with their children, and never systematically pun-

ish them. They teach them to swim when a week old by holding them on their hands in the water. I have seen a father coddle and teeter his baby in a fit of the mulligrubs for an hour with the greatest patience; then carry him down to the river, laughing good-naturedly; gently dip the little, brown, smooth-skinned nugget in the waves all over, and then lay him on the moist, warm sand. The treatment was no less effectual than harmless, for it stopped the perverse, persistent squalling at once.

The Patweëns present the traditional California Indian physique, and I had good opportunities among them to make studies of it. There is a broadly ovoid face, in youth almost round, and in old age assuming nearly the outlines of a bow-kite. The forehead is low, disproportionately wide, thickly covered with stiff, bristly hair at the corners, and often having a sharp point of hair growing down in the middle toward the nose; not retreating, but keeping well up toward a perpendicular with the chin, and frequently having the arch over the eye so strongly developed as to be a sharp ridge. The ciliary hairs sparse, very seldom spanning across over the nose. Beard and mustache very thin, often almost totally wanting, and carefully plucked out. The head small, often found to be startlingly small when the fingers are thrust into the shock of coarse hair enveloping it. It is so depressed that the diameter between the temples, judging by the eye, is as great as that from base to crown, if not greater. This gives the forehead its great width. Small as the skull actually is, when a widow has worn tar in mourning, and then shaved her poll to remove it, the hair, growing out straight and stiff for two or three inches, gives her the appearance of having an enormous head. The eyes well-sized in youth, often large and lustrous, but at a great age becoming smoke-burnt and reduced to mere points, or else swollen,

bleared, and disgusting. No incurvation of the eye-slit, as in the east-Asian races. Probably there is no feature so characteristic in this race as the nose. So slightly is it developed at the root and so broad at the nostrils, that it outlines upon the face a nearly equilateral triangle. Perfectly straight like the Grecian, it is yet so depressed at the root that it seems to issue from the face on a level with the pupils of the eyes. Owing to the great lateral development of the nares, their longer axes frequently incline so much as to form nearly one and the same continuous line. In this case the outer axial line of the nose is generally foreshortened, so that the eye of the beholder is directed into the openings of the nostrils—a repulsive spectacle. The color varies from a dull brassy or brassy-bronze to a hazel, brown, and almost jet-black. In young women the breasts are full and round, but after they have borne children they hang far down, flabby and hideous. This may be partly accounted for from the fact that they wear no dresses to assist in staying them up. In walking, the Indian throws more weight on the toes than an American, which is probably due to his stealthy, cat-like habits. There is a tendency to walk pigeon-toed, especially when bare-foot, but it is by no means universal. As to the body, the most noticeable feature is the excessive obesity of youth, and the total, almost unaccountable, collapse with advancing years. This is attributable in part to the watery and insubstantial nature of their food, into which so little grain or flesh enters; and it is this phenomenal shrinkage which causes them to become so hideously wrinkled and repulsive. I have seen nonagenarians who, it seemed to me, would scarcely weigh sixty pounds. Their frames are small, although the skull is exceptionally thick; their hands and feet might well be the envy of a belle, being so small as to seem out of all proportion to the gross

bodies seen in youth, and coming to their proper relative size only when age has stripped off the puffy mass of fat. It is due to the smallness of the frame that the inevitable collapse is so utter and astonishing. An aged squaw of the Sacramento, with her hair closely cropped; the wrinkles actually gathered in folds on her face, and smutched, together with the hair, with a coating of tar; her face so little and weazen, and her blinking pin-head eyes, is probably the most odious-looking of all human beings. On the other hand, take a Patweèn girl of the mountains, at that first climacteric when she is just gliding out of the uncomfortable obesity of youth, her complexion a soft creamy hazel, her wide eyes dreamy and idle, and she presents a not unattractive picture of vacuous, facile, and voluptuous beauty. California herself is a type of her children; at one time in the year one of the most gorgeous lands the sun looks down upon; at another, the most shrunken and withered.

In connection with the above, I will present some extracts from an article entitled "The Chinese and Japanese: A Comparison of their Physical Types," by Ed. Madier de Montjoie, published in the *Revue Scientifique de la France et de l'Étranger*, of January 10th, 1874, and translated for the *New York Medical Record*, of March 16th. I will simply premise that a great portion of the foregoing description was written many months before this article was published:

"Finally, I will add that in China, to a moderate extent, and particularly in Japan, there are brown complexions so copper-colored as to approach almost to the color of oxide of iron, or of red ochre, and which remind me of the Indians whom I have seen in North America. In China we find, by way of exception, although frequently, heads of such an exaggerated ovoid shape that, were it not for the height of the nose, they would remind us of the Aztecs. . . . In adding that in the great mass of Redskins the root of the nose is scarcely developed, and that although in Japan and China the absence of the

prominence of the nose, as far as to the inferior half, is the universal rule, it seemed to me that in Japan this rule is a little less universal in this sense, that we sometimes find a slight prominence of the nose on a level with the iris, especially in individuals of light complexion. . . . Redskins have, like the Chinese and Japanese, well-rounded, almost feminine forms, combined with the greatest athletic development. They have, like the Chinese, the pectoral muscles very little developed; the muscles of the arm less powerful than those of the leg. Their nose, much more bony, more curved than that of a very large majority of the Chinese, differs less from that of many Japanese; the contour in every respect more ovoid. . . . I have said that among all individuals of the yellow race the pectoral muscles are little developed. I beg you to remember that these muscles pass around, under the arm, upon the back. These muscles sustain the breast of the female, and maintain it in its place. It is the weakness of these muscles and their small development which seems to me to explain the admirable roundness of the mammæ among all the yellow oriental women, and its frightful flabbiness as soon as they are old. At these two periods of life, the bosoms of the women of the yellow race are very beautiful, and afterward extremely ugly. The same is true of the women of the Redskins. . . . Finally, permit me, in conclusion, to explain myself in a familiar manner. My formula is the result of long experience, and because it is not scientific may not find favor: An individual who can wear bow-glasses easily does not belong to the pure yellow race."

In this article, M. de Montjoie is led into some capital errors from the fact that, whatever portion of North America he visited, he appears to have seen only the copper-colored aborigines, and no California Indians, *who are by no means copper-colored, but brown or yellow*. Having also seen only the haughty, aquiline beaks of the Algonquin races, and not the straight noses of California, he appears to lay undue stress upon the exceptional cases in Japan where the nose developed prominence in the inferior half. Aside from these few points where M. de Montjoie goes out of his way to catch at casual resemblances between the orientals, especially the Japanese, and the Redskins (whom he took to be alone representative of America), the article is extremely interesting and valuable for the unmistakable analogies which it points out between the Chinese and the Californians.

In Long Valley I saw a phenomenon in physiology. Clitey, the chief, eighty years old, perhaps, was turning white in spots. The process had been going forward slowly for several years, not by any sloughing off, but by an imperceptible change from black to a soft, delicate white. The old captain appeared to be rather proud of the change than otherwise, hoping eventually to become a White man. When asked by the interpreter, J. F. Hanson, where he expected to go after death, he replied that he did not know, but he intended to follow the Americans wherever they went.

From the foregoing account it will be guessed that the Patweens rank among the lowest of the race. Antonio told me that his people who could not speak English had no name or conception whatever of a Supreme Being, and never mentioned the subject, and that they never spoke of religion, a future state; or anything of the kind. But this must be taken *cum grano salis*. The Lolsels speak of a divinity whom they call Kemmy Salto, which signifies literally, "The White Man of the Sky;" but this is too manifestly a modern invention, made to please their patron, Mr. Hanson. Neither is there any ceremony that can be called religious. They have dances or merry-makings (*ponoh*) in celebration of a good harvest of acorns or wild oats, or a plentiful catch of fish, *accompanied with feasting*, in which latter respect they, as well as all the Sacramento and Sierra tribes, differ from those of the Coast Range. The Coast Range nations, especially from Eel River northward, partake of only ordinary messes on these occasions, and have moral harangues by the chiefs; but the eastern nations make feasting the prominent matter. There is a ceremony of raising the dead, and another one of raising the devil; but both are employed for sordid purposes, the farthest removed from religious feeling. When the dead are to

be raised, there is first a noisy powwow in the sweat-house, and then a number of muffled forms appear, before whom the women pass in procession in the darkness, with fear, and trembling, and weeping, and deposit gifts in their hands. This ceremony was formerly observed merely to assist them in keeping the women in due subjection; but in these days it enables the men, without using coercion, to extort from their female relatives the infamous gains of that prostitution to which they have driven them. In raising the devil there is a still greater ado. About the time of harvest, they go out and kindle fires on all the hills around at night; they whoop, halloo, and circle together, as if driving in game to the valley; finally they chase the fiend up a tree, and throw shell-money underneath it to hire him to take himself off. Sometimes he makes for the sweat-house, fantastically dressed, and with harlequin nimbleness capers about it awhile, then bows his head low and shoots into the entrance backward. He has now got possession of their stronghold, and, literally speaking, the devil is to pay. Presently, they summon courage to follow him in, and for awhile there prevails the silence of the grave, when a pin could be heard to drop. Then they fling down money before him, and dart out with the greatest agility. After a proper length of time, he steals out by a trap-door, strips off his diabolical toggery, and re-appears as a human being. The only object of this egregious foolery appears to be simply to assist them in maintaining their influence over the squaws.

A widow wears tar on her head as long as she is in mourning, sometimes two or three years, sometimes as many weeks. When she removes it, it is understood that she wishes to remarry; but if an Indian makes advances toward her before the removal, she considers herself insulted, and weeps.

The knowledge of medicine is a secret with the craft; to learn it a young disciple pays his teacher all that he possesses, and begins life without anything. But he quickly reimburses himself from his patients, charging them from \$10 to \$20 for a single dose. For a felon, a Corusie doctor split a live frog and bound one portion on the affected part, which cured the same. When a person is manifestly sick unto death, the Corusies sometimes wind ropes tightly around him to terminate his sufferings. They have the sweat-house heat and the cold plunge afterward, as usual. This, and sucking or scarification, and a few simples culled from the fields and forests, with divers incantations, constitute their *materia medica*.

A mixed usage prevails in disposing of the dead, but most are buried. Those living near Clear Lake are somewhat influenced by their western neighbors in favor of cremation, but on the plains burial was and is all but universal. The Corusies thrust the head between the knees, wrap the body with bark and skins, and bury it on its side in a round grave. Previous to interment, the body is laid in state outside of the sweat-house, and then each of the relatives in turn passes around it, wailing and mourning, and calling upon the deceased with many fond, endearing terms; then ascends the dome of the sweat-house, smites his breast, faces toward the setting sun, and waves the departed spirit a long, last farewell: for they believe it has gone to the Happy Western Land.

Of legends, there are not many to relate. It is a nation not very ingenious or fertile, though occasionally there is a clever head. An old chief in Napa Valley was once pestered with questions about the origin of things by some Americans of that description who appear to think the aborigines know more touching earthquakes, floods, volcanoes, and various telluric phenomena than our

own scientists. Turning, he pointed to the mountains, and asked, "You see those mountains?" He was informed that they saw them. "Well, I'm not so old as they are." Then he pointed to the foot-hills and asked, "You see those foot-hills?" Again, he was informed that they saw them. "Well," he added with simple gravity, "I'm older than they."

The Corusies hold that, in the beginning of all things, there was nothing but a great turtle cruising about in the limitless waters, but he dived down and brought up earth with which he created the world. The Lewytos related that there was once a great sea all over the Sacramento Valley, and an earthquake rent open the Golden Gate and drained it. This earthquake destroyed all men but one, who mated with a crow and so repopled the world. The Chénposels account as follows for the origin of Clear Lake: Before anything was created, the old frog and the old badger lived alone together. The badger wanted a drink, and the frog gnawed into a tree, sucked out and swallowed the sap, and discharged it into a hollow place. He created other frogs to assist him, and together they finally made the lake. Then he created the little flat white-fish, and it swam down Cache Creek and turned into the great salmon, pike, sturgeon, and whatever other mighty fishes there are in the waters. The Chénposels also relate this:

THE GREAT FIRE.

There was once a man who loved two women, and wished to marry them. Now, these two women were magpies (*atchatch*), but they loved him not, and laughed his wooing to scorn. Then he fell into a rage and cursed these two women who were magpies, and went far away to the north. There he set the world on fire; then made for himself a tule boat, wherein he escaped to the

sea, and was never heard of more. But the fire which he had kindled burned with a great burning. It ate its way south with terrible swiftness, licking up all things that were on the earth—men, trees, rocks, animals, water, and even the ground itself. But the old coyote saw the burning and the smoke of it from his place far in the south, and he ran with all his might to put it out. He took two little boys in a sack on his back, and ran north like the wind. So fast did he run that he gave out just as he got to the fire, and dropped the two little boys. But he took Indian sugar (honey-dew) in his mouth, chewed it up, spat it on the fire, and so put it out. Now the fire was out, but the coyote was very thirsty, and there was no water. Then he took Indian sugar again, chewed it up, dug a hole in the ground in the bottom of the creek, spat the sugar into it, covered it up, and it turned to water, and the earth had water again. But the two little boys cried because they were lonesome, for there was nobody left on earth. Then the coyote made a sweat-house, and split out a great number of little sticks, which he laid in the sweat-house over night. In the morning they were all turned to men and women; so the two little boys had company, and the earth was repopled.

I deem it probable that this legend has reference to that ancient, vast eruption of lava from the north, recently described by Professor Le Conte, which spread over so great a portion of northern California. There is a Pit River legend much to the same effect.

The subject of shell-money possesses some interest, and as I have had opportunities of studying it most among the Neeshenams of Bear River, I shall speak of it as it is there seen. Their common white money is called *hawock*, and is made of the bivalve shell known as *Pachyderma crassatelloides*, found on

the coast in southern California. It is now manufactured extensively by Americans with machinery, and sold to the aborigines. But the latter, in making it for themselves, before they had iron implements, used flint. It is cut into flat, round disks or buttons, varying in thickness according to the shell, and from a quarter-inch to an inch in width. These are strung on a string made from the inner fibre of the bark of a kind of milkweed (*Apocynum*), and generally all the pieces on a string are of the same size and value. The largest pieces on a string are usually estimated at twenty-five cents, and the smallest at five cents, though different Indians place different values on them. They are subject to all the evils of a "fluctuating currency." Thus, a string containing 177 pieces was sold for \$7.00; but an Indian, knowing my desire to secure a specimen, charged me fifty cents for an inch button. The old Indians sometimes have several hundred dollars' worth of this shell-money laid by, on which they gamble. The younger or civilized ones, and Americans living in the vicinity of rancherias, while they do not esteem it at all for itself, often have it for use among the old Indians. Thus, I have known a White man buy a pony for \$15 gold, and sell it to an Indian for \$40 shell-money. By keeping this latter he could exchange it with Indians for gold or silver, in small quantities at a time, dollar for dollar. An Americanized Indian, although know-

ing he can buy nothing with it from the store, sometimes has the bulk of his wealth in this shape, to remove from himself the temptation to squander it all at once, as he would if it were gold. When he wants a little spending-money, he can exchange it at any time with an old Indian who has American money.

This may be considered their silver or common circulating medium, while that which answers to gold among us is made of the red-backed ear-shell (*Haliotis rufescens*), and is called *uhlo*. (Mr. R. E. C. Stearns, to whose kindness I am indebted for the identification of the shells, suggests that this word is corrupted from the Spanish *aulon*. This is possible, although the Indians accent the first syllable, and give it a sound somewhere between *uh* and the German *ö*.) This money is in oblong pieces, varying from an inch to two inches in length and about one-third as wide, being cut out in such size as the curvature of the shell will permit. Two small holes are drilled near the end of each piece, and they are by these attached to a string, hanging edge to edge, and are worn on gala-days as a necklace. Being polished and brilliantly colored, they form an ornament very seductive to the savages' eyes. The larger pieces generally rate at \$1 each, and a string of ten—the usual number—at \$10. But they are too large for convenient use, and the Indians generally seek to exchange them for the less ornamental white buttons.

BANCROFT'S NATIVE RACES.

CALIFORNIA has acquired the right to feel some pride in her literary record. Creditable as the list of authors identified with this coast is, it is yet not so long that the labors of any conscientious literary man should be suffered to pass unnoticed. When an addition is announced which, in the magnitude and scope of the work done and in the preliminary research required for its execution, not only surpasses all that has hitherto been attempted here, but bears comparison with any literary or historical undertaking carried forward by private enthusiasm and individual zeal in any part of the world, it becomes a pleasant duty to bestow upon it careful and appreciative consideration.

The Appletons of New York and the Longmans of London announce the simultaneous publication in America and Europe of a work in five large octavo volumes, on *The Native Races of the Pacific States*, by Hubert H. Bancroft, of San Francisco. The first volume, of 800 pages, devoted to the manners and customs of the wild tribes, is already in type, and will be given to the public early in December. This will be followed by an account of the civilized nations of Mexico and Central America; in the third volume the mythology and languages of both savage and civilized nations will be discussed; the fourth will be devoted to monumental archæology, ruins, and other material relics of the native races; while the fifth and concluding volume is intended to throw light on the primitive traditional history and origin of the American aborigines, and to include as well a copious index to the contents of the entire work. The volumes are promised to succeed each

other with only the intervals necessary for press-work and binding, a very large part of the whole matter being already in type.

So ambitious a literary enterprise will excite attention among thinking men everywhere, and even our west-coast thinkers, busy for the most part in the development of mineral, agricultural, and commercial resources, will give serious thought to an undertaking which, if ably conducted, must contribute to the result for which they toil. This western continental border is now in an era of development, of transition from the irregularities of youth to the steady labor of manhood. The truth is recognized that material prosperity is not the only good worth working for. He who writes a good book to represent us and our country in the libraries of the world, serves us no less efficiently than he who opens a mine or builds a railroad. Moreover, the man who devotes his energies and his money to the preparation of a work devoted to the interests of his country is entitled to a hearing, that it may be determined whether or not the metal he has mined, and smelted, and wrought have the genuine ring.

Hence the questions: Has this new author ably and conscientiously done his work? is it worth investigation in the pages of a magazine "devoted to the development of the country?" To relate what the author in question has done, and how he has done it, is what the writer of this article proposes. He is intimately acquainted with the history of Mr. Bancroft's enterprise from its beginning, has carefully read the first volume of the work, and is somewhat qualified by personal experience among Indian tribes to

judge its merits so far as certain portions of the territory treated are concerned.

Before attempting an analysis of the important work undertaken by Mr. Bancroft, it will be interesting to glance at a few prominent works of an analogous character to which men of literary tastes have dedicated their lives and fortunes. The author of *Mexican Antiquities* is a notable example. We learn from a biographical sketch of his life, that Lord Kingsborough's *penchant* for Mexican antiquities was produced by a sight of the original Mexican manuscript described by Purchas (*Pilgrimes*, vol. iv), preserved in the Bodleian Library, where his lordship was a student. From the time he first saw it, he appears to have devoted his mind to it, and to have thought of nothing else. Augustin Aglio, an excellent and well-known Italian painter, was employed by him to visit Rome, Vienna, Dresden, and other places, to search for and to make copies of Mexican manuscripts, and, after his return, to make drawings of them on stone. After having expended upward of £30,000 upon this work, he got into difficulties with some of the persons with whom he dealt. Had he lived, there is no doubt but that he would have devoted his life and fortune to the development of the ancient history of America, which had become with him a monomania.

William Henry Prescott, our own gifted countryman, had early conceived a passion for historical writing. In 1819, he determined to devote the next ten years to the study of ancient and modern literature, and to give the succeeding ten to the composition of a history. He accordingly applied himself to the study of French and Italian literature. About 1825, Mr. Prescott began to study Spanish literature and history. He made, at great expense, a collection of materials, and, before beginning to write, was able with the assistance of his

friends in Europe to secure, as he says in the preface to the history, "whatever can materially conduce to the illustration of the period in question, whether in the form of chronicle, memoir, private correspondence, legal codes, or official documents." Among these, there were various contemporary manuscripts covering the whole ground of the narrative, none of which had been printed—some of them but little known to scholars. He accumulated one of the finest private libraries in America, being especially rich in Italian and Spanish books, and various works relating to early American history.

Henry Thomas Buckle, upon the death of his father in 1840, inherited a considerable fortune, which enabled him to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. He collected a large library, read continually, and made copious notes. He acquired some knowledge of many languages, among which were French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Russian, and Danish. His reputation rests upon his *History of Civilization in England*, the first volume of which was published in 1857, and the second in 1861. These two volumes contain only a portion of the introduction to a comprehensive work which he had in mind. Their literary merits were at once recognized, but the theory on which they were based elicited much discussion.

Monsieur l'Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, a French traveler and archæologist, with the exception of intervals employed in visiting Rome and Paris, was from 1848 to 1863 almost uninterruptedly engaged in exploring the United States, Mexico, and Central America—acting sometimes as chaplain of the French embassy in Mexico, and as teacher of Indians in Guatemala. In 1864, he went to Mexico as archæologist of the French scientific expedition. While in these countries, he collected a large and valuable library of rare books

and manuscripts, and particularly many rare grammars of Indian languages, a catalogue of which he published in 1871. His principal works are, *Histoire des Nations Civilisées du Mexique et de l'Amérique Centrale avant Chr. Colombo*, 4 vols.; *Collections de documents dans les langues indigènes pour servir à l'étude de l'histoire et de la philologie de l'Amérique ancienne*, 3 vols.; *Monuments anciens de Mexique*; and others.

In Mexico, Señor Joaquín García Icazbalceta has a large and very valuable collection of rare manuscripts and books, mostly relating to Mexican history, the principal ones of which he has published at his own expense, adding thereto copious notes.

José Fernando Ramírez, Curator of the National Library of Mexico, also had a valuable and extensive collection of rare books and manuscripts. He published several important works.

In all these instances, the lives and fortunes of the authors named were dedicated to the work undertaken; but in most of them the design was limited to the illustration of some theory of civilization or period of discovery or conquest.

Without previous literary experience, with but limited opportunities for the mental training necessary for such an undertaking, a citizen of California has designed, and, so far as he has gone, successfully accomplished, a work which, in the completeness of its design, the judicial accuracy of its statements, the intrinsic value of the data obtained, and the importance of its bearing upon all the great questions involved in the progress of the human race, at once places his name in no unenviable position on the list of those great and good names to which the world has already rendered homage.

Hubert H. Bancroft is a native of Ohio, descended from a New England family, and known since 1856 in San

Francisco as an enterprising business man, senior partner in a book and publishing establishment. That he cherished an ambition to be known as a writer rather than as a publisher and seller of books was suspected by few. Yet soon after starting in business his tastes led him to commence in a small way the collection of printed matter relating to his adopted home. The taste once indulged, gradually assumed strength; in ten years his library had taken from commercial pursuits more than half his attention; during the past five years, it has monopolized the whole. Exactly what were his ideas and aims during the first years of his new work, we know not; though men were not wanting who sought his motive in some deep-laid scheme for pecuniary gain. Thus do we grow up with a man, meet him habitually in the familiar intercourse of business or acquaintanceship, yet know him little or not at all. In too many cases, when some individual among us is of more than ordinary worth, the community is either utterly indifferent to his labors and aspirations, or after heartily repressing, hindering, and baffling his highest purposes in life, finds out his merit only when he is dead, and pays a percentage of its debt of honor and praise to his memory. Mr. Bancroft followed his favorite path with ever-increasing ardor, but into his biographical zeal he seems to have infused a healthy leaven of business common-sense, for he successfully avoided the shoals of bibliomania. Perfect sets of Hulsius and DeBry, rare specimens from the press of celebrated printers, large paper editions and uncut leaves, ever held a secondary place in his affections. Nothing relating to his specialty was ever rejected; but the main object was always to secure books containing actual information, to form, as he expressed it, a "working library." The State of California naturally formed at first the basis

of the collection, but with the expanding ideas of the collector the territory was extended to what he terms the Pacific States—namely, western North America from Behring Strait to the Isthmus of Darien, west of the Rocky Mountains in the north and centre, but including in the south the whole of Mexico and Central America. Every book, pamphlet, map, or manuscript, printed or written within the limits of this broad territory, or whose contents, if produced elsewhere, related in any way to the Pacific States, was sought out and purchased with no reference to its importance or worthlessness, and very little to its cost. Mr. Bancroft, as a dealer in books, enjoyed some special facilities for this peculiar work. Agents in all parts of the world were ordered to purchase everything that offered. Two years were devoted to personal search for material in the principal European cities, with rich and unexpected results. Within a few years, several large libraries, rich in Pacific Coast matters, were sold; that of the Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, alone—the fruit of Señor J. M. Andrade's life-work as a collector—yielded to our San Francisco library 3,000 volumes, many of them rare works that might else have been sought for years in vain.

As a result of all his efforts—a result little anticipated at the outset—Mr. Bancroft found himself, in 1869, possessed of a library of 16,000 volumes, including pamphlets but exclusive of briefs, together with thousands of maps, and files of over 500 newspapers published within the territory. Large additions have been made since; for instance, during the past month, 500 volumes, collected by Porter C. Bliss, Secretary of the United States Legation in Mexico, during a residence in that country, were added to the library. So far as pamphlets and trashy ephemeral publications unknown to bibliographers are concerned, or va-

rying editions and translations of well-known books, a life-time of research would, of course, leave any collection on so broad a subject far from absolute perfection; but it is now exceedingly rare that mention is made of any useful book of which some good edition is not found in its place on the shelves. The library is a monument of enterprise and careful study, and is doubtless unequalled and unrivaled in the specialty to which it is restricted. To attempt anything like an enumeration of the treasures accumulated is, of course, impracticable here. I trust to a rough classification to give an approximately adequate idea of their number and nature.

First, I may notice a large mass of unmitigated trash, containing not a particle of information, yet valuable because it has not been elsewhere preserved, and will some day constitute a unique and curious *souvenir* of our literary past. Second, books and manuscripts, valueless except by reason of their age and rarity. These include many rare specimens of early American printing, such as a Zumárraga *Doctrina Christiana* of 1546, a Papal Bull of 1568, a Molina *Vocabulario* of 1571, and altogether perhaps fifty or sixty other works printed in the sixteenth century, many of them containing, however, linguistic information of importance. The manuscripts include autograph letters of King Philip II., Bishop Zumárraga, and of several hundred secular and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the early times. Third, the standard works of the Spanish conquerors and historians—Cortés, Bernal Diaz, Mendieta, Motolinia, Sahagun, Torquemada, Las Casas, Acosta, Peter Martyr, Oviedo, Gomara, Duran, Herrera, Betancourt, Remesal, Beaumont, Cogolludo, Villa Gutierre, Burgoa, Clavigero, etc. Of all these, the Bancroft library has a good edition, or in some cases a manuscript copy; of most, the original and the best editions; of many, all the

editions and translations. Fourth, works devoted to the native races and their primitive history—Garcia, Ixtlilxochitl, Camargo, Tezozomoc, Boturini, Veytia, and Leon y Gama. Fifth, the standard collections of voyages and of historical documents, among the earlier of which may be mentioned Grynæus, Ramusio, Hakluyt, and Purchas; and of more modern collections, Churchill, Pinkerton, Aa, Godfriedt, Muñoz, Navarrete, Ternaux-Compans, Pacheco, and Icazbalceta. Sixth, periodicals and publications of learned societies. Seventh, the works of the leading modern authors, such as Humboldt, Buschmann, Prescott, Irving, Ternaux, Brasseur de Bourbourg, Alaman, Orozco y Berra, Stephens, and Squier. Eighth, valuable works on the North-west and its early history, as Ribas, Mota Padilla, Alegre, Arricivita, Kino, Salvatierra, Venegas, Clavigero, Baegert, Salmeron, Palou, Fages, Mofras, *Voyage of the Sutil y Mexicana*, Cabrera Bueno, Forbes, Greenhow, and the later writers. Ninth, copies of important manuscript works and documents never printed. Tenth, works on antiquities, by Kingsborough, Waldeck, Dupaix, Del Rio, Cabrera, Stephens and Catherwood, Brasseur de Bourbourg, Nebel, and Charnay. Eleventh, a collection of State legislative documents, reports, laws, and briefs of the Pacific United States. Twelfth, government documents of the United States and Mexican Republic. Thirteenth, several thousand maps territorially arranged and catalogued. Fourteenth, files of over 500 newspapers. Fifteenth, a unique and very valuable collection of original historical matter on California, amounting to some 200 volumes. This includes the Vallejo collection of original documents, in twenty volumes; the Hayes collection of originals, copies, and maps, in fifty volumes; documents from the archives of the Bandini, Castro, and Pico families; the Lar-

kin collection of official papers; manuscript histories of California, written from personal recollections and private memoranda, by General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, Don Juan Bandini, Captain José Fernandez, Colonel Manuel Castro, and Governor Juan B. Alvarado; biographical sketches and historical reminiscences of many pioneers; and all this in addition to the many State, county, and mission archives yet to be copied.

The arrangement and cataloguing of the mass of material thus briefly outlined presented no slight difficulties, or at least called for no trifling labor. The title-page of each book was copied in full on a card three and a half by five inches, headed by the author's name; the same title abridged was written on a smaller thicker card, more conveniently handled. These cards were alphabetically arranged in suitable cases, and the volumes ranged on the library shelves round : room 30 by 180 feet. The position of each volume on the shelves corresponds exactly with that of its card in the case.

The material thus accumulated, the shelves filled and their contents classified and accessible—practically all that has ever been written of our western land gathered under one roof—what use was to be made of the treasure once hid, so long sought, and so successfully brought to light? A rich accumulation of building material sufficient for the erection of a grand structure was on the ground: were the plans prepared? or did the collector even contemplate building? As the late editor of the *OVERLAND* said: "If Mr. Bancroft had done no more than to form this collection of books, and exhaustively list them in a descriptive index, he would have performed a labor of very great and lasting value;" especially as the library, while in no sense public, was yet by the courtesy of the owner always accessible to literary men for purposes of historical research. But the accumulation of books

was to Mr. Bancroft a means, and not an object. He intended to build, plans were drawn, material and workmen were ready. It is not likely that at the start the plan was even outlined in his mind; respecting the process of its gradual development, only himself, who was not communicative on the subject, could speak with authority; but his project, as announced five years ago to a few, was simply to give back to the world the material gathered at the cost of so much time, labor, and money. He conceived the idea that by faithful work all that is practically important or interesting in his 16,000 volumes, the grain freed from the chaff, might be embodied in a series of standard works, and thus be placed on the shelves of public and private libraries throughout the world. Let the modest words of the author in his preface express his own idea of the enterprise:

“Of the importance of the task undertaken, I need not say that I have formed the highest opinion. At present, the few grains of wheat are so hidden by the mountain of chaff as to be of comparatively little benefit to searchers in the various branches of learning; and to sift and select from this mass, to extract from bulky tome and transient journal, from the archives of convent and mission, facts valuable to the scholar, and interesting to the reader; to arrange these facts in a natural order, and to present them in such a manner as to be of practical benefit to inquirers in the various branches of knowledge, is a work of no small import and responsibility. And though mine is the labor of the artisan rather than that of the artist, a forging of weapons for abler hands to wield, a producing of raw materials for skilled mechanics to weave and color at will; yet, in undertaking to bring to the light from sources innumerable essential facts, which, from the very shortness of life, if from no other cause, must other-

wise be left out in the physical and social generalizations which occupy the ablest minds, I feel that I engage in no idle pastime.”

In thus engaging in a life-work which must prove without profit in a pecuniary point of view, Mr. Bancroft probably makes no pretensions to motives of philanthropy. He works for his own ends, his own enjoyment and reputation; but, fortunately for us and for the cause of knowledge, his labors are identified with the best interests of the Pacific States and the improvement of mankind. Having provided for life's ordinary necessities, hard literary work affords him more pleasure than luxury or dissipation; reputation is dearer than money; his self-gratification is our gain. The foundations laid, the building went steadily forward. Yet so quietly has the work been carried on, that very few even among the educated men of San Francisco have had any just idea of its progress. Like the building of the temple, it has employed the gold of Ophir and the cedars of Lebanon; but the edifice has gone up with so little ostentation and noise, that “the sound of the hammer has not been heard upon the walls.”

At the outset, two questions—the first amounting to a serious difficulty—presented themselves. The material was at hand on the library shelves; how could it best be extracted and utilized? Investigators will appreciate the difficulty. The author says: “I soon found that, like Tantalus, while up to my neck in water, I was dying of thirst. The facts which I required were so copiously diluted with trash, that to follow different subjects through this trackless sea of erudition, in the exhaustive manner I had proposed, with but one life-time to devote to the work, was simply impracticable.” After some experiments, a system of indexing was devised by the librarian, “sufficiently general to be practicable, and sufficiently particular to

direct me," the author says, "to all my authorities on any given point." The system was a novel one, and merits the following brief description: Forty or fifty subjects, or headings, were selected, such as Agriculture, Antiquities, Biography, Commerce, Drama, Education, Fisheries, Geology, History, Indians, etc., besides the names of States and localities. The subject-matter of the library is classified according to these subjects by means of cards. Each card, three by five inches, bears one of the general headings on its upper left-hand corner, and the heading is followed on the same line by the name of the State or Territory, and by subdivisions of the subject. The following are specimen top-lines:

Agric.,	Cal.,	Silk-culture,	1867.
Antiq.,	Chiapa,	Palenque,	
Biog.,	Cortés (H.),		
Hist.,	Mexico,		1519.
Ind.,	Nev.,	Shoshonees,	(Dwellings).
Ogn.,	Portland,		1870.

The second line of each card contains the title of the book referred to, with volume and page; while at the foot is given a note which briefly explains the nature of the information to be found on the page mentioned. The cards are arranged alphabetically, and kept in shallow wooden cases standing against the wall, each case divided by wooden partitions into 250 compartments.

The second matter that demanded attention was the choice of the first subject to be treated. The history, the physical features, the mineral wealth, and the native races of the territory suggested themselves; the latter, most judiciously as it seems to me, was chosen. This subject having been fixed upon simultaneously with the commencement of the indexers' labors, their first efforts were directed to books likely to contain information respecting the native races, a class of books that was found to number 1,200. From ten to

fifteen indexers were kept at work for more than a year, and the work went rapidly forward. When it was first determined to embody in the first work of the series all that is known of the indigenuous peoples, familiarly known as Indians, found by Europeans in possession of the country we have taken from them, three volumes were deemed sufficient for the purpose. But as the work advanced, it was found impossible to treat the subject exhaustively in less than five volumes; indeed, to compress the material into these limits has been the chief difficulty encountered.

This great subject of aboriginal peoples is as fascinating to the historical scholar as the physical configuration of the continent is to the geologist and explorer. In the study of the earth's surface, when the chief mountain ranges, valleys, and rivers have been noted, there is yet work for the explorer in studying peak, ravine, and stream; so in aboriginal history, now that certain great facts are already recognized, there is an almost unlimited field for research and reflection in respect to the ways, the talk, the achievements, and thoughts of primitive man in western North America. The study of humanity by scientific methods—the physical, mental, moral, religious, social, and political characteristics of our race in primitive barbarism and advanced culture—fortunately keeps pace with the study of nature. From every part of the globe, from lacustrine villages, obscure caves, buried shell-mounds, from traditions, customs, implements, and language, knowledge is sought which may illustrate the origin of man, the relation of races, the growth of ideas, and the principle of culture. Mr. Bancroft now makes his contribution to the stores which historical science is accumulating. The field he has worked is comparatively new, not yet having occupied the exclusive attention of any writer in its most comprehensive as-

pect; at the same time, it has been explored by hundreds of acute observers whose works are at hand for the illustration of special points and limited districts. The area is vast, and the subject is rich in the contrasts which it presents between the almost brutal life of the Digger Indian and the refinements of civilization in Central America. A theme so fresh, so broad, and so varied, if properly discussed, can not fail to attract the attention of all who hold that "the proper study of mankind is man." Respecting the peoples treated of in this work, the author says: "Differing among themselves in minor particulars only, and bearing a general resemblance to the nations of eastern and southern America; differing again, the whole, in character and cast of features, from every other people in the world, we have here presented hundreds of nations and tongues, with thousands of beliefs and customs, wonderfully dissimilar for so segregated a humanity, yet wonderfully alike for the inhabitants of a land that comprises within its limits nearly every phase of climate on the globe. At the touch of European civilization, whether Latin or Teutonic, these nations vanished; and their unwritten history, reaching back thousands of ages, ended. All this time they had been coming and going, nations swallowing up nations, annihilating and being annihilated, among human convulsions and struggling civilizations. Their strange destiny fulfilled, in an instant they disappear; and all we have of them, besides their material relics, is the glance caught in their hasty flight, which gives us a few customs and traditions, and a little mythological history. To gather and arrange, in systematic, compact form, all that is known of these people; to rescue some facts, perhaps, from oblivion, to bring others from inaccessible works, to render all available to science and to the general reader, is the object of this work."

This first volume, on the wild tribes, opens with an able yet modest preface to the whole work, in which the author makes known his purpose, explains his methods of treatment, and renders full and generous acknowledgment to the four chief assistants by whom he has been aided. Then follows a list of 1,200 authorities quoted in the work, occupying thirty-two pages of fine type, and constituting in itself by far the most complete bibliography extant on the Indian tribes. Truly, a magnificent fund on which to draw for information, a most formidable array of vouchers for the multitudinous and curious statements which fill the book.

Of the seven long chapters into which the volume is divided, the first is devoted to an ethnological introduction, a *résumé* of the science in its present state, the theories held by scientists, and the foundations on which they rest. That the author intrudes no theories of his own, will be recognized as a remarkable feature by those who have read other works on like topics. While the author has avoided speculation, "believing the work of the collector and that of the theorizer to be distinct, and that he who attempts to establish some pet conjecture while imparting general information can hardly be trusted for impartial statements," yet he has thought it well to devote some thirty pages to a concise presentation of the theories of others, as a fitting introduction to 800 pages of facts which may be used hereafter by scientific men in refutation or confirmation of said theories.

The wild tribes of the Pacific States are divided for purposes of description, by geographical lines, into six groups, to each of which a chapter is devoted. These groups, beginning in the north, are the Hyperboreans, extending from the Arctic Sea to latitude 55°; the Columbians, from the fifty-fifth to the forty-third parallel; the Californians next

southward, including the tribes of the Great Basin; the New Mexicans, comprising also the northern peoples of Mexico; and finally the wild tribes of Mexico and of Central America, whose groupal names sufficiently explain their location. Each group is in turn divided, also by geographical rather than by linguistic or other ethnological tests, into from two to ten subdivisions, or families, each family being separately described. This grouping is so arranged as to bring together, for description, tribes and nations whose characteristics are in the main identical, but such differences as exist are always carefully noted. The author begins in each instance with the general features of the territory inhabited by the people under consideration, giving also the names and intertribal relations of the principal nations and tribes; then follow in regular order a delineation of their physical peculiarities, with artificial modifications, dress and ornament, dwellings, food and methods of obtaining it, war customs, weapons, implements, manufactures, arts, boats, trade, government, slavery, family and relations of the sexes, amusements, superstitions, medical practice, burial rites, and character. This routine is repeated with each subdivision, and so systematic is the arrangement of matter that the student may readily trace any particular, as dress, through all the tribes from Alaska to Panama. The thoroughness of the treatment is perhaps best shown by the following account of the method of extracting material:

Suppose for example the author wishes to write of the Chinooks in Washington Territory, beginning with their food and methods of procuring it. He goes to the index cases, follows the alphabetical arrangement of the compartments to the letter I, glances down the I's to Indians, down the compartments so marked to "Ind., Wash.;" down this heading to "Ind., Wash., Chinooks;" and

now he has in his hand a bunch of from fifty to a hundred cards, all exactly alike in their upper lines, of which the following is a sample:

Ind.,	Wash.,	Chinooks,	(Food).
Swan's N. W. Coast: N. Y., 1857. pp. 163-6.			
Methods of taking fish, with cuts.			

He now selects from his long list the leading or standard authorities, which he carefully reads to make himself acquainted with his subject; then he gives the list and the corresponding books to his assistants, who extract in carefully made notes all that the cards call for, using the writer's exact language except in the case of very long or very trashy descriptions. With these extracts—embracing all that his library contains on the topic—spread before him, Mr. Bancroft prepares his text. In foot-notes he gives quotations when they seem to be needed in support of his statements; embodies in other quotations information not included in the text and resting on few or weak authorities; states differences between authors on each point; and finally adds a complete list of references. This course is followed practically with every subdivision of the work.

To each of the six groupal divisions is joined, in finer type than that of the text, a summary of tribal boundaries, consisting of literal quotations, showing the location of every tribe and the territory over which they have roamed, and also affording an opportunity to mention by name thousands of petty tribes whose introduction elsewhere would be impracticable. These summaries furnish material also for the six fine copper-plate maps which are given with the volume, covering the whole territory, and exhibiting to the eye the location of every tribe within its limits.

The preceding statements leave little to be said respecting the merit of the volume. Prepared by such methods and with so much labor, nothing but the

most perverse carelessness and habitual inaccuracy could impair its usefulness. The author has given with his book the means of verifying each statement; he has also submitted his work to men qualified to judge of its accuracy, in many parts of the country, with the most flattering results.

The work is not a compilation in the unfavorable sense that has to some extent become attached to the word. The author writes of the native races without any personal knowledge of Indians, precisely as Prescott wrote of the conquest of Mexico without having been a companion of Cortés. By his system of notes he adds great weight to his conclusions, and deals most justly with the authors quoted; but he also puts himself to a certain extent in the power of literary pirates, who will hereafter discourse learnedly of Indian customs, for-

tifying their statements with accurate quotations in many tongues, and giving full credit to all except Mr. Bancroft's work, which will very likely be the only one consulted.

The author's style as a writer is clear, concise, forcible, and well adapted to the requirements of modern students. Never indulging in overstrained attempts at fine writing, nor losing sight of his fundamental purpose of contributing facts to the man of science, he has at the same time produced a work of interest to the general reader.

Thus far, Hubert H. Bancroft has progressed most successfully in his literary career. His first attempt is California's greatest contribution to the world's literature, and its reception by intelligent men will doubtless be such as to encourage the author in the prosecution of his labors.

JOHN DOBERT.

CHAPTER I.

YES; and so John should be made a minister of, after all. It was so satisfactory to have at last this thing decided, and Mrs. Dobert pushed back her spinning-wheel and rose quite briskly for a gentlewoman of her years.

"John!"

"Yes, mother."

"Come out here, my boy, till I see you. It's almost time you were off; school won't wait for you as we do when you're busy. And Jane——"

But out came John and Jane, brother and sister together, from the inner room, walking up to the hearth of the kitchen; Jane busy still with certain sisterly final touches to the raiment of her brother, now about for the first time to make his entrance into that great learned outside world, of which neither he nor she as

yet knew anything save from such books as had fallen in their way. Then she kissed his cheek with a great sob, the answer to which he choked down manfully; and both stood erect, side by side, before their mother.

"John," she said, "my only son, the last left to me. You are seventeen; your sister is fifteen; I am sixty years old. You are all our hope. Jane and I will sew and spin hard and live hard to make a clergyman of you as your father was. Remember your high calling and our great hopes. Go, and in all your outgoings and incomings, may the God of your father be with you, and His blessing be upon you, even as my blessing is upon you, even as my heart is with you."

The boy fell on his knees on the earthen floor, and his sobs would be no long-

er choked down; so the three knelt while the mother prayed, in her simple, honest fashion of the kirk, for such consolation and support as they all needed. Too sacred a scene, too intense an emotion to be described further. Over the two younger hearts broke as it were fathoms deep this first great wave of sorrow since their father's death. It was their first parting, even for a day.

Then the lad caught up his books, lifted the latch, and was gone, walking fast toward Graypool. Walking fast, for he had four miles to go, and it was a quarter to seven by his father's old silver watch—removed once and forever from his mother's girdle, and now feeling so queerly in the left-side pocket of his vest—and school began at eight. Early spring it was as well as early morning, and the white blossoms of the tall white-thorn hedges, each side of the narrow road, glittered with dew and filled all the air with a familiar sweetness, varied here and there by the languid but powerful odor of great patches of woodbine. From time to time, red or black-billed blackbirds shot out with a familiar clucking whir, flying straight and low for a few perches, and then turning a somersault over the hedge again, as if from some aerial spring-board; while thrushes in the tall ash-trees piped away in the most persistent manner, as if calling attention to the wonderful phenomenon of John Dobert walking off in such a strange fashion, without his sister Jane.

The four miles seemed a mere nothing to John that morning, and he entered the door of the Royal Graypool Grammar-school only two minutes late. His mother had already seen the head-master, Mr. Andrew Roman, or Lame Andy, as he was familiarly though very secretly surnamed by his pupils—and after half a dozen hurried questions, that awful dignitary stationed John at the foot of a large class of boys, whom the lame one was indoctrinating into the mystery

of certain Greek verbs ending in *mi*. Now a course of study of the humanities, begun by his father and earnestly kept up by John until that present moment, had made him, if not as accurately and intimately acquainted with the principal authors of Greek and Latin classics as his teacher, at least a far more widely read and appreciative scholar than that individual. This stood him now in good stead; and whereas the whizzing cane of the redoubtable Andy, as was the fashion of those days, left a mournful wake of weals in its passage down the class, it soon triumphantly beckoned John to the uppermost place there. A flush of pride mounted to our hero's brow, and as the appreciative master pushed farther and farther into his examination, passing from point to point and from difficulty to difficulty of the grammar, invading at last even the sacred mysteries of the digamma, his enthusiasm knew no bounds. "My bairn," he said, laying his left hand warmly on the boy's shoulder, and shaking the awful cane in his right, "you are and will be a credit to my school, while those young idlers are nothing but a vexation and a disgrace"—which vexation and disgrace he then proceeded to wipe out with such a tremendous application of the bamboo as made that day corporally memorable for weeks in the black calendar of the youth of Graypool.

Noon came, almost too swiftly for anybody to notice it, what with pleasure and what with pain; and with it "recess for half an hour." But the delighted pedagogue kept his new scholar in, talking to him, that he might still further assure himself of the accomplishments of his prodigy. The interview was entirely to the satisfaction of both; but when, at half-past twelve, the pupils trooped in again, the black looks that were bent on our poor John somewhat disconcerted him. To the offensive and significant gestures of a certain fair-hair-

ed Samuel Angus, whom John recognized as the son of Laird Angus, owner of the estate to which his mother's little holding belonged, whose house lay half a mile farther from Graypool on the same road he must daily travel, John's attention was specially and unavoidably directed—as also, indeed, in time that of Mr. Roman himself—a discovery which was at once followed by a descent cane in hand upon that pugnacious heir of a noble house. So unmistakable, however, was this young gentleman's determination of vengeance, and so well acquainted with his character was Dominie Roman, that, in pure pity for his *protégé*, he dismissed him half an hour before Angus would be at liberty to take his homeward road.

Vain precaution! Master Sam had a gray Shetland pony, while poor John had to walk, and when within 200 yards of the house of his mother—who, good soul, did not expect him yet, and was busy with Jane preparing dinner—he was aware of a furious galloping behind him, and lo! Sam Angus reined up beside him, and flung himself on the road out of the saddle—to which, indeed, for reasons connected with that morning's discipline, he was far from being in anything like a fit condition to sit as closely as usual; while the pony, all in a lather, trotted on home. The interview that followed was unhampered by any of the formalities usual between persons whose acquaintance is of short standing. Supplementing John's name by several appellations unknown to the ordinary books of baptismal registry, from the indignant height of his sixteen years Sam requested an explanation of that morning's unheard-of proceedings. Swiftly diverging from the subject in hand, he went on in a highly irrelevant manner to demand information concerning various points of the dumbfounded youth's appearance and attire; winding up by a passionate volley of disconnected invective, and an

energetic intimation of his wish that the “mean, dirty, little, old-fashioned sneak” before him should take off his coat, so that he (Samuel) might proceed to “lamm the life and soul out of him,” with as little impediment as might be; emphasizing this last by a kick that sent John's strap of books flying against the hedge, and a blow between the eyes that sent their owner after them. Worn out by unusual exertion and excitement, and by want of food since early morning, the poor boy lay limp and senseless in a dead faint among the thorns; and Sam was thoroughly frightened and confounded. “Why, I didn't get giving him anything to what I had meant to, and there he goes a-throwing up the sponge at the first knock.” But it was evidently a case for exceptional action, so he gathered up his victim as best he could, and carried him with some difficulty on to the Doberts' cottage. Pulling the latch-string with his teeth, he entered. And what a sight he had to show the two hopeful, loving faces inside! Fortunately John just then began to gather his senses again, and the wild cry of his mother and sister made him open his eyes. Sam laid him on a long settle beside the fire, and stood back, offering an apologetic “We've been fighting,” as all the explanation he was just then able to give. It was a pitiful, brutal business he had been engaged in, and his warm heart absolutely sickened with remorse as he saw the old woman and the girl washing the poor, bruised, wan face, white as the hawthorn blossoms entangled in the long curly black hair. Tenderly they took off the new homespun woolen coat, looking sadly at a great rent it had; and the old mother took his head on her lap. In a minute or two, John sat up and asked for his books. Sam eagerly ran out, and soon returned with them and the little straw-hat that lay beside them. Then shamefacedly muttering a hope that “all was right

now," he took his departure, turning in the door-way to impart the only bit of consolation he could think of, in the shape of an opinion that "that right eye wouldn't blacken anything much anyhow, 'cause I hit 'im too much on the other."

CHAPTER II.

We need not go on explaining to anybody what everyone has, doubtless already divined—namely, that John and Sam became and were ever after fast friends, aiding each other through their school-life, the one with his strength and dash, the other with his scholarship and industry. So we skip on over about five years, and find them attending the University of Edinburgh, and well advanced in their respective course of theology and law. A pretty snug room they had there in a new street—John's finances admitting of this, as his magnificent scholarship proved remunerative to him in honors and rewards. Books, boxing-gloves, foils, cricket-bats, golfing tools, and pipes testified to the mingled tastes of the occupants of the apartment, who, one on each side of a blazing fire, seemed to be doing their best to neutralize the effect of a long day in the cold classrooms. Sam seemed to be in a reflective mood, and the puffs were coming fainter and slower from the long clay pipe, whose bowl he was affectionately nursing. "John," he broke in at last, in tones singularly soft for him, "I think you've been going ahead a little too fast of late." "And not exactly in the right direction, eh, Sam?" replied the other. To which John merely nodded sadly. "You mean with Bailie McLean's daughter, or with my professor of theology?" continued Dobert. "With both," Angus muttered, in a more hopeless tone than ever.

"Well, Sam"—and the great black eyes of the young theologian flashed proudly—"Miss McLean has been as good as engaged to me for more than a

year, and last night she settled all, and I am perfectly happy there. O! Sam, she is grand and beautiful as a Juno, yet has so kind and good a heart under it all——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Angus; "and that rich snob of a cavalry officer—I saw him to-night at the club; his troop has just returned to town. You know how she flirts with him; just watch her to-night at our party—that's all I have to say to you. Heart! she a heart!—pooh!"

John's great thoughtful brow gathered itself a little at this last thrust, and his voice was a little hard as he took up the conversation again, after a short pause, without seeming to notice that part referring to his betrothed: "And with regard to my theological professor, what have you to say?"

"O, nothing," Sam said; "nothing, except that it's the common talk of the students of your class that you'll be refused a license, for heresy; and after that last essay you read in our society on the *Encyclopédistes*, I'm well inclined to believe it. Your mother——"

But Sam had thrust true at last—through a joint of the armor, and harder than he meant. Dobert rose with a long cry, and, staggering for a moment, flung himself upon a lounge in the back part of the room, in the shadow. Angus rose also, in some alarm, for he feared one of those fainting-fits that over-study and an intensely emotional nature had made too frequent with his friend, but the white, thin hands motioned him back, and he sat down and waited.

Not for long. In a low, husky tone, as of a man making confession before his judges of some crime that filled a whole land with shuddering and aversion, John spoke from the shadow: "You are right—I fear I never shall receive a license to preach in the Scotch Kirk, or for that matter anywhere. And I think I could make a name and living

for myself without it—but O, my mother! Ah, Sam! I have drifted, drifted, drifted far from all the old harbor-marks you know of—farther, I hope, than you will ever comprehend. Bitterness of death! If this be my soul's death," he wailed, raising his voice, "have I not fought and thought for life as none of those old gray-beards that condemn me ever fought or thought for the truth—if it be truth. And it may be!" he continued, thoughtfully. "Was my father only a superstitious fool his whole life through—is my mother only a dupe? Ah! how they used to pray at home, and sing their glorious old inspired psalms!—how in the long low church did my soul answer again to the sacred words, and cry 'Amen,' while God's visible glory shone about the reverend head, now low in dust and darkness. No! *his* eyes are on me now, full of unutterable sorrow, and his lips move—he would say, 'My son, my son!' but can not. O, *you* talk of the conceit of logic and learning, of the perverse delight with which the atheist treads down all hallowed things, walking in his own evil path! *I* tell you that it is torture—devils, come to torment a man before his time! Is it a delight, tell me, to tear away from where they cling quick in a man's heart, all the sweet, small memories of his childhood's faith, the bright hopes of his friends, the darling sacred trust in him, as in their God, of his mother and his sister?—to overturn with one half-blind pull—for I, at least, can only be half-sure of anything—to bring down in one sickening crash that temple, every stone and pillar of whose walls is glorified with the gold of martyr crowns, and the faith, and endurance, and genius of all the fathers and all the saints from the God-man Christ down to the last gray head of our kin that lies in the old kirk-yard at home?—and stand alone in that horror of desolation, waiting—for what? Nothing! If I am right, nothing—but this:

my father is dead, and the ashes of him lie in the old kirk-yard; I shall die, and my body lie beside him. The dead dog in any ditch is all one with us both. The whirling earth, the marvelous stars, and all things, whirl by themselves, fall to pieces by themselves; recombine, and whirl, and strike out heat and life, and swallow the heat and life—and that is all. Look at it! Think how I, athirst, must gloat on the *delights* of it! Put a mark on me, like a Cain, so that everyone finding me may pass by on the other side;—send me out with the *anathema maranatha* of the kirk on me, so that children may run to their mothers' knee as I pass, and women turn their heads away, shuddering, and men look stony straight on—at least, in Scotland—which is not all the world, as I thank God—or at least—or—Sam, it must be time to go, I think. Have we not talked long enough in this way?" and the young man rose, his face white as death, and his eyes burning hardly after any wholesome fashion of life.

Sam, whose mind was in a confused state of horror and pity at what was to him, for the most part, a new revelation of something apparently near akin to insanity, made an attempt to dissuade his friend from going out that night, but he might as well have talked to the wind. Half an hour after saw them both walking briskly toward the house of the McLeans.

CHAPTER III.

The magnificent drawing-rooms of the bailie were very brilliant that evening, and exceptionally well filled; an unusual number of her majesty's military officers being present, who seemed to have renounced for the time being all other allegiance than that of Miss McLean. Even Sam called her a dazzling Calypso, as he and his friend stood back in a bay-window, while she played and sung until to Dobert's imagination the whole

room swung and throbbed like a sea. Yet, except a grand figure full of supple grace and strength, there was nothing very remarkable about her save the great masses of hair rolled back from the low Greek brow in heavy tawny coils, and, most of all, her eyes—habitually half-closed, but shining when fully stirred by any affectation or emotion, with a deep fulvid light that seemed to match her hair and to gleam up through a fathomless sea that might at times be stirred by strange tides. John, known already to all cultured and polite Edinburgh as the most brilliant scholar and essayist of the University, became gradually, as the music drew to a close, the centre of a knot of friends, and ostensibly engaged in conversation. But his eyes were riveted on the piano and on the performer. As she rose he moved forward to gain her side, but the young officer who had been turning her music was too quick for him, and with only a dreamy glance of recognition she passed on for a long flirtation with his rival. All that followed only went to confirm the suspicions of Sam, who for an hour did his best to get Dobert to leave the house and return home. “Home!” he retorted—“yes, when I have talked with her; when I have discovered which it was that lied last night, her lips or my ears. Stay—there they turn into the cross-passage of the conservatory—I will speak to her.”

It was a long passage, however, passing away down the side of a back garden, and John, followed closely by the bewildered Sam, did not overtake Miss McLean until she and her escort were turning at the very end of the conservatory. Much to Angus’ surprise, the “favor of a conversation,” peremptorily and sarcastically asked for by John, was gracefully granted by the lady; and the bewildered officer dismissed with an apology and a glance of the half-closed eyes, that might have meant either

“What a bore is coming!” or “What a bore is going!” or both.

“Are you—are you—” abruptly began John, in a voice terrible with suppressed passion, “playing with me as you play with these others?”

She was picking a rose to pieces, negligently.

“Do you know, Mr. Dobert, that is just the question which, after the turn our conversation took last night, I have been asking myself? Now, upon my honor, as you gentlemen say, I can not tell. I like you all so well, you see.”

“You can not tell! And supposing you were a man that loved a woman who sometimes told you she loved you, and sometimes that she might be only playing with you, what would you do?”

“I should play the game out for the pleasure of it, and see,” she said, leaning toward him, with parted lips and a full deep look into his white working face.

“And I,” he cried, catching a rail behind him and dragging himself back from the merciless fascination of her eyes, “I will tell you what a *man* would do. To be in doubt would be, with him, to be resolved. To see that the woman’s love and worship were not altogether for him; that her heart went out after gods many and lords many, would be to him such a strange and abominable thing, that he would tear out of his very life the last shred and memorial of his betrayed passion, and hate his betrayer—take away your eyes, I say!—hate her for a whole world dimmed, and twisted, and cracked, and for the hope she had breathed on until it became a living soul, and then stabbed dead with a kiss and a look of eyes like yours. But you shall not have my soul, sorceress!—you shall not have my life—I care not what the doctor says. I will live to care nothing for you, nothing at all—even for those eyes, to which God has given all men’s souls for a prey.” And Dobert turned

from her with a shiver, staggered a few paces, and fell in one of the old fainting-fits.

Sam took him home, and the bailie was very indignant, the scene having attracted some attention, and his daughter being much disturbed by several things, and weeping so passionately that even her majesty's officers could not that night console her. With John, it fared just as his doctor had foreseen. He died in a few days; not, of course, of anything so foolish as love, but of a blood-vessel that had burst internally long before, and now broke forth again, never to be stanchèd finally. "Sam," he said, as he felt the "last of it" coming on, "I have a strange humming in my ears; it is like the sound of my mother's spinning-wheel. You will not forget what I told you, friend: nothing of this affair to her, or of that other—you know all I mean." Lying still for a few minutes, he said, again, "*She* hasn't sent to inquire after me yet, has she?" and, on being informed that Miss McLean had

not, he merely nodded gravely, and set his lips a little. Then Angus spoke:

"You will say something; give me some sign, John—anything before you die—to show you have gone back to the old faith. O! John, the judgment and eternity are before you, and—your father is there."

The dying man rose on his elbow and caught his friend by the hand; his eyes were terrible in their great, wide, hungry eagerness. "Prove it," he whispered, hoarsely—"prove it; give me something to hold by, and through all your eternity I will lie before your feet. Anything—anything!" And he fell back again, choking down the blood in his throat. "All dim—all dim! I can say nothing; I see nothing; I know nothing—nothing, but that my father, even in heaven, would not want me there, a liar and a coward!"

"She has killed him, body and soul!" sobbed the good, kind Angus, as he put back the black heavy curls from the grand white dead brow and kissed it.

A MYTH OF FANTASY AND FIRST LOVE.

Hid in the silence of a forest deep
 Dwelt a fair soul, in flesh that was as fair.
 Over her nimble hands her floating hair
 Made waving shadows, while her eyes did keep
 The winding track of weavery intricate.
 Early at morn, and at the evening late,
 A robe of shimmering silk she wove with care.
 Hour after hour, though might she smile or weep,
 Still ran the golden or the glooming thread.
 Waking, she wove that which she dreamed, asleep,
 Till many a noon had bloomed above her bended head.

Now when the time was full, the robe was done.
 Light she would hold it in her loving hand,
 And with wide eyes of wonder she would stand
 For half the day, and turn it to the sun,
 To see its gold lights shift and melt away
 And grow again, and flash in myriad play.

Or, while it glimmered on each glossy strand,
For half the night she held it to the moon ;
Or, sitting with it sleeked across her knee,
She would bend down above it, and would croon
The strangest bits of broken songs that e'er could be.

Then came the dawn when (so her doom had said)
Out through the shadowy forest she must go,
And follow wheresoever chance might show,
Or whither any sound her footsteps led ;
Taking for wayward guides whatever stirred —
The rustling squirrel, or the startled bird,
Their pathless ways pursuing, fast or slow —
Until the forest's border she should tread.
There, whosoever met her, she must fling
That woven wonder blindly o'er his head,
And see in him her only lord and king.

Dim was the morn, and dew-wet was the way :
Aloft the ancient cedars lifted high
Their jagged crosses on the dawn-streaked sky :
Below, the gossamers were glimmering gray
Along her path, and many a silver thread
Caught glancing lights, in floating curves o'erhead ;
And little dew-showers pattered far and nigh,
Where wakened thrushes stirred the sprinkled spray.
For hours she wandered where her footsteps led,
Till a long lance of open sunlight lay
As red as gold upon her lifted, eager head.

Ah, woe for her, that mortal doom must be !
Just then the prince came spurring, fair and young,
With heart as merry as the song he sung ;
But as she started forward, at her knee
A cringing beggar from the weeds close by
Holds up his cap for alms, with whining cry.
Swift over him the lifted robe was flung :
Henceforth, his slave, forever she must see
All princely beauty in that brutal face —
Heaven send that by some deeper witchery
His swinish soul through her may gain some touch of grace !

ETC.

President White on Governmental Education.

President White, of Cornell University, has just printed in two forms, slightly different from one another, the powerful address on *Governmental Aid to Universities*, which he delivered last spring before the American Social Science Association in New York, and repeated in August before the National Educational Association in Detroit. Considering how clear, bold, and vigorous a writer he is, it is amusing to see how completely his speech has been misrepresented. Somebody caught up a single phrase, or inferred from the title of his speech that he was an advocate of Doctor Hoyt's scheme for a national university, and attacked him for this advocacy. "One voice, many echoes." Half the newspapers in the country have taken up the theme, and, some with praise, but most with censure, have been discussing "President White's idea of a National University."

The text of his paper is now published, and it appears that his only allusion to a national university is an incidental remark, so brief that it is worth quoting. "Although," he says, "I am not here as the advocate of a single national university, yet I may say that should the National Government take a few of the strongest in various parts of the country, and, by greater endowments still, make them national universities; or should it create one or more new ones worthy of the nation, placing one of them at the national capital, where the vast libraries, museums, and laboratories of different sorts now existing may be made of use for advanced instruction, and where the university could act directly and powerfully for good in sending graduates admirably prepared into the very heart and centre of our national civil service, to elevate and strengthen it—I believe, in spite of pessimists and *doctrinaires*, that the result would tell for good upon the whole country."

This is all he says on "a national university." But although he does not advocate,

in this speech, a national university, he does argue manfully for national and State aid to higher institutions of learning. He claims that it is the business of the Government to encourage higher education as much as lower education, and he shows by numerous well-chosen examples, the benefits which have resulted from such public assistance. The colors of his picture are heightened by the shadows, and he exhibits in no very flattering aspects the feebleness of sectarian enterprises. His views are summed up in two conclusions: first, that in the older States, public and private aid should be concentrated upon a small number of the broadest and strongest foundations already laid; and second, that in the newer States, State aid should be regularly given to State institutions for the highest literary, scientific, and industrial instruction to fully equip them, or to keep them free from sectarian control. "I would have Missouri," he says, "strengthen her State University at Columbia, and her Mining School at Rolla; and Iowa strengthen her State College at Ames; and Minnesota, her State University at St. Anthony; and California go on, as she has recently done so liberally, and strengthen her University at Berkeley; and Kentucky, hers at Ashland; and so with the rest."

"Concentration of Educational Forces" is the point at which he aims. Many of the graduates of the strong Eastern colleges which began in religious and denominational energy have done President White the injustice to suppose that he was hostile to such foundations. On the contrary, he recognizes not only the good they have done in the past, but also what they are doing now, and he advocates their enlargement and invigoration. In the older States, he says, build up the old and strong colleges—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Union, and the rest of them. In the newer States he urges favor to the universities founded by the State governments, rather than to the numerous weak and

unpromising efforts which are making for denominational universities. In his view, the time for denominational activity in education, if it is anywhere admissible, is anterior to the college or the university. "There is no such thing as a Presbyterian Homer or an Episcopal Euclid," said a prominent clergyman of New York, in reply to an appeal for aid to a Western denominational college. University instruction affords little scope for denominational zeal, and it is the glory in these days of the great colleges at the East that they are so catholic and comprehensive. It is difficult to define the place for religious influences in a university founded by the State—religious, we mean, in distinction from ecclesiastical. Probably the solution of the problem will be found in the voluntary efforts which will be made by the more liberal and sensible persons in the community to surround State universities with homes, churches, reading-rooms, and other means of moral restraint and culture. Here is a legitimate field for private generosity and zeal.

Those who are interested in this question will find the paper of President White in *Old and New* for October, 1874, and, in slightly different phraseology, in the journal of the American Social Science Association.

One Night.

A moonlight night! and all the stars are out;
A railway stretches through a prairie swamp,
In Indiana, desolate and wild.
A slender, boyish figure, coarsely clad,
With flowing locks of black and silken hair,
Is walking briskly down the endless track,
And softly whistling at *La Marseillaise*.

The youth is thinking of his distant home,
Upon the sunny banks of dear Moselle,
Where he bade Marielle a last adieu.
Their sire had fallen bravely at Sedan,
Speared by an Uhlán at his *mitrailleuse*;
His sire had died for France at Waterloo—
"And Ardennes waved above them her green
leaves."

And when the hated Prussians claimed Lorraine,
He swore to heaven, and to Marielle,
He could not breathe the air of Germany,
That left them fatherless out in the world:
So he had crossed the sea and stoutly toiled,
That he might earn enough to send for her,
When they might live in peace and happiness.

A moonlight night! and all the stars are out;

The shining rails stretch endless through the night;
The wind breathes on the iron telegraph,
And makes a deep and solemn harmony.
An ignis fatuus flits o'er the fen,
And flickers out at last amid the gloom.
His step is brisk and cheerful still, although
He feels a little sad and lonely now,
And wonders if his sister thinks of him,
Or looks up at the multitude of stars
That shine so solemnly in heaven's gulf.

The causeway jars and trembles; and he knows
That miles away upon the endless track,
A monster train is rushing through the night,
Down the long vista of the shining rails,
That stretch away in silver parallels,
A lurid eye comes sweeping from afar,
And sheds a golden flare upon its path.
He steps aside; the Thing comes roaring past
Like a wild, savage demon of the marsh.
The night has swallowed it; and now the jar
And rumble, too, have ceased; and all is still,
But the low ringing of the telegraph.

A moonlight night! The stars shine peacefully;
Æolian chords are swelling from the wires;
The long grass gently waves like waving hair.
And now he idly muses, as he walks,
Upon the shining engine's awful strength,
With all its ponderous machinery;
And the great, cruel, grinding, iron wheels;
And how the bars of light stream far along,
Turning the silver rails to burnished gold.

He looks again up to the quiet sky,
Where clouds of snow float high among the stars;
And one has veiled the splendor of the moon,
That looks down on him nebulous and dim,
Yet beautiful as gentle Peace. . . . A blow,
Sudden and heavy, fells him to the track!
A band is tightly drawn around his throat;
The flat morass—the floating clouds—the stars—
Confusedly and dimly round him reel.
Two *ignes fatui* flit o'er the waste
And flare, and float, and flutter far away.

The night is beautiful! The planets glow;
The wind sighs round the iron telegraph;
The floating clouds are pure as wreaths of snow;
The moon rides high among the crystal stars:
Its light flows o'er an Indiana marsh,
That spreads out wild, and low, and desolate;
It streams down on an upturned human face,
Pallid and bound upon the iron bars
That stretch all endless as eternity—
A ghastly face, half veiled by silken hair.

Gone is the little sum that he had saved,
By many weary months of stint and toil,
To bring dear Marfelle across the sea,
And he is bound by hands more hard than they
Down to the iron bars that he may die.

Vainly, the captive wrenches his slight limbs:
The cords cut deeper in the quivering flesh.

His cheek is pressed against the iron rail,
That sends an icy shudder to his heart.
He thinks upon the savage, grinding wheels ;
The fiery, hissing devil roaring on
With all its horrible machinery ;
It may be far away—it may be near !
And all his soul grows sick, and faint, and wild.

It is a lovely night ! The midnight moon
Is shining peacefully among the stars :
Her mellow radiance falls o'er half the earth,
And rests upon it like the smile of God.
But on the fen—phosphorically faint,
Flaring and swinging in a demon dance,
Like Furies gloating o'er a fallen soul—
Float the fantastic *ignes fatui*.

Hush ! That is not the sounding telegraph !

Faintly at last comes thrilling o'er the rails
The jar of the great, cruel, grinding wheels !
It dies away ; and now it comes again—
Sinking and swelling in successive waves—
Ebbing and flowing like a tide of Death !

Again his heart bounds wildly in his breast,
Choking away each fierce and quick-drawn gasp
That burns into his lungs like molten fire !

The stern jar now comes ringing down the rails ;
The lurid eye again comes sweeping on,
Swift as a comet—horrible as hell !
Still on it rushes, down the iron rails ;
And now the iron rails begin to roar.

The golden flare is shining on his face.

Again his scream rings over the morass—
The awful scream of human agony.
The golden flare is strong upon his face :
The lurid eye burns deep into his soul.
The iron rails begin to heave, and rock,
And surge, and sway, and thunder 'neath the wheels.
He writhes with fierce, wild frenzy ; and his shrieks
Grow hoarse and shrill, and savage as a fiend's ;
And now they sink and gurgle in his throat.
The roaring wheels rush down the rails ; *and now !*

The night-wind whispers round the telegraph.

The night is beautiful ! The engineer
Steps out and walks around his iron steed,
To breathe the lone, wild freedom of the fen—
To feel the mighty rushing of his train ;
And see the milk-white moonbeams bathing all.
His tall form leans out like a figure-head,
Above the iron prow. His eye is caught
By something fluttering and waving there.
He bends and touches it—and staggers back,
Lifting his hand up to the lurid flare.
There is a stain of red upon his hand ;
And from his trembling fingers hangs a tress
Of long, soft, silken hair—as white as snow.

NEWTON S. GREENWOOD.

LOCKPORT, Illinois, September, 1874.

The Standard of Siderial Measurement.

The mile is not the proper unit of measure for astronomical distances. It is quite too short, and is as inappropriate as would be the barleycorn instead of the rod for the measurement of farms. Miles can never convey a clear and comprehensive idea of siderial space. When so used they are mere hair-breadths, and necessitate great exertion of the mind to comprehend the numerous figures employed. Nor is the league, as used in some countries, an appreciable improvement. Were the league a fixed quantity, it would reduce the difficulty only a little ; but, like the mile, it is variable, meaning one thing in one country and something different in another. What is needed is some universal and much larger standard of measure for use in astronomy, as, for example, the earth's diameter. If this were generally adopted, the result would be perfect unanimity in astronomical calculations, and in the expression of astronomical ideas. The diameter of the earth, measured through from pole to pole, would be an exact quantity, about which no dispute could well arise. It would be neither too large nor too small for the purpose, and its fitness otherwise must be obvious, since the earth must continue to be the starting-point for all our celestial calculations. To test the practicability of its use, let it be applied to the shortest distance that will ever be measured by it : the distance to the moon, which is 240,000 miles, or thirty times the diameter of the earth. The distance might well be expressed as thirty terrameters, and the distance to the sun as 11,500 terrameters. It might be said that we sometimes approach within 3,000 terrameters of Venus, or, if preferred, that Venus sometimes comes within that distance of us. The orbits of many of the comets would certainly be brought within the scope of our imagination, and we could even say of the nearest of the fixed stars that it is only 2,500,000,000 terrameters away. The great comet of 1680, which, astronomers tell us, will not be seen by the inhabitants of earth again for 8,000 years, will go off to the distance of 75,000,000,000 of miles, but the distance expressed in terrameters is only 9,375,000, a comparatively comprehensible number.

It must appear that, with the terrameter as

a unit of measure, all astronomical calculations would be much simplified, and particularly those which reach out beyond our solar system.

There is no human contrivance possible that will enable the mind to take in the movements of the "fixed stars," or even their positions relative to each other, for any given period of time; but men may not, on that account, discard any agency that will smooth their calculations, or help to span the enormous spaces of astronomy, as would the adoption of the terrameter for their measurement.

The metre of France, alone of all measures, has a certain definite meaning. It is one ten-millionth of the distance, measured on the surface of the earth, from the equator to the pole; or one forty-millionth part of the polar circumference of the earth. The mile, on the other hand, is entirely arbitrary, meaning one thing here, another thing in England, and something entirely different in almost every country of Europe. In the United States it is measured by 1609.429 metres, in Germany by several times as many metres, and in France by fewer metres than in Germany, but more than in the United States, and so on. The mile has, in fact, about as many different significations as there are civilized governments in the world. Some countries are even favored with more than a single definition of the term, as in Great Britain and America, where we have the common statute mile and at the same time the nautical or geographical mile; and such is the confusion upon the subject that many a student would be pardoned for not knowing in which kind the distance to the moon is represented.

The want of harmony in the standards of measure in different countries, even for small distances, renders their agreement in astronomical calculations next to impossible, and certainly impracticable. Closely as we are allied to Great Britain, the inch in that country means a slightly different length from the inch in this. The French metre is represented by 39.370 inches in England, and in the United States by 39.368 inches. All this tends to show the great necessity for some standard, at least in astronomy.

The convenience of the word terrameter is

obvious enough. The phrase, "The polar diameter of the earth," is much too long an expression of the idea for common use, and the simple word "diameter" is too general in its signification. It means any diameter of the earth, or of any sphere, or circle, or even roundish object. But there need be no doubt whatever about the distance represented by the term terrameter, nor whence either the name or the distance is derived.

A most fitting occasion for the adoption of this reform in astronomical nomenclature would be in connection with the transits of Venus, which are to occur, the one in the present month, and the other in 1882.

Origin of the Name San Quentin.

General M. G. Vallejo, whose intimate acquaintance with the earliest Californian history is so well known—he having himself always played therein a most honorable and distinguished part—writes to us from Sonoma, explaining how our geographical name San Quentin—a name not to be found in any known catalogue of saints—originated:

"The great Indian chief, Marin (after whom Marin County is named), being, in 1824, very closely pursued by Lieutenant Ignacio Martinez and Sub-Lieutenant José Sanchez, who had under their command, besides their troops, the celebrated Marcelo, chief of the tribes of Cholgones and Bolgones (tribes living at Mount Diablo), sought refuge in the little islands lying near the entrance of the creek known under the name of '*Estero de San Rafael de Aguainui*.' These islands were forthwith surrounded by rafts managed by friendly Indians; but the Mexican officers, not having a sufficient force to justify their setting foot on the land, and being apprehensive that Marin's friends and allies might cut off their retreat, raised the siege and repaired to the '*Punta de Quintin*,' where they met with an equally strong resistance from Captain Quintin, Marin's sub-chief, and a brave, daring warrior.

"Lieutenant Martinez, although his force was inferior in number to that of the enemy, joined battle with the forces of Quintin, and, being favored by fortune, captured that chief. The prisoner was taken to San Francisco and detained two years, at the end of which he was set at liberty, there being no longer any doubt that the Whites could rely on his promises.

"Quintin was a good sailor, and during his detention was employed by the missionary fathers in charge of the Mission Dolores as skipper of one of the lighters trading in the bay. Fifteen years later, at the recommendation of Solano and Marcelo, who had given me their guarantee of his good behavior, I

placed him in charge of my best lighter, which was engaged in making trips between Sonoma Creek (*estero de Sonoma*) and the port of Yerba Buena, now known as San Francisco.

"The spot in which the struggle occurred, with such a happy termination for the Whites, between Lieutenant Martinez's troops and Captain Quintin's Indians, was, after the capture of the Red chief, known as the '*Punta de Quintin*' (Quintin's Point); but it was reserved for the North Americans to change the name of that place, and to call it '*Punta de San Quentin*.' I believe that the change may be attributed to the fact that a large number of them arrived in California under the belief that the inhabitants of this country were very zealous Catholics, and, desiring to gain their good-will, added *san* (saint) before the names of towns or villages that they visited. I remember having heard on different occasions *Santa Sonoma*, *San Branciforte*, and *San Monterey*; and, pursuant to this custom, they added *san* to the name Quintin.

M. G. VALLEJO.

"SONOMA, October 30th, 1874."

Scientific Notes.

—William H. Dall, of the U. S. Coast Survey, has recently returned from Alaska, bringing with him many relics of the singular people who formerly inhabited that inhospitable country, but who have now as a race passed away from earth. Among the more interesting remains were several mummies of natives of the Aleutian Islands, twelve specimens of which were obtained in excellent condition, and in addition several skulls, a portion of the latter being somewhat injured by atmospheric changes. Some stone knives, a few carvings, and other objects of interest, were found in association with these human remains, a full description of which will shortly be given to the world by their discoverer.

—Mr. Dall, also, was enabled to make some careful trigonometrical observations upon the country near Mount Saint Elias, which is now stated from actual measurement to be the highest peak on the American continent, and to exceed 19,000 feet in height. Its near neighbor, Mount Fairweather, is said to be over 15,000 feet. In the neighborhood of the former mountain, Mr. Dall observed some grand glaciers, one of which is described as having a flow of from three to six miles in width, and extending inland for at least thirty miles. The ice was clear and blue, and presented a magnificent spectacle. If Alaska be of no further service to the Gov-

ernment, it will at least be worth its purchase money as a field in which the grand operations of nature can be studied in their most sublime form, and as an irresistible attraction to artists and men of science from all portions of the world.

—It may not be generally known that the collection of crustacea (crabs and lobsters) in the possession of the California Academy of Sciences is one of the largest in the United States. The great fire of Chicago destroyed the whole of the types collected by the late William Stimpson, and with them many of the more valuable specimens belonging to the Smithsonian Institution, and the Museum of Zoölogy at Cambridge. The Californian collection is particularly rich in species from Central and South America, and from the islands of the South Seas. The specimens have recently been arranged by Mr. W. N. Lockington, whose knowledge of these creatures is very extensive.

—Considerable interest has of late been excited among scientists as to the shell-mounds of the earlier races of Indians, which are to be found abundantly around the shore of the Bay of San Francisco and elsewhere. Several of these curious relics of a past age exist from Saucelito all around Richardson's Bay; near Oakland; and from Centreville to Alviso; while a few may also be traced from San Mateo up to Hunter's Point. These mounds, when opened, are found to contain mortars, stone and shell ornaments, bone knives, weapons of war, and other curious records of the singular people who once inhabited our shores. It is very desirable that they should be carefully searched, and a few hundred dollars could not be better employed than in the examination of these singular structures. Will some public-spirited individuals aid the cause of human science by inaugurating the exploration hinted at? The objects found are pages of an ancient volume, and full of interest to the generations to come.

—At the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Mr. Henry Edwards presented a description of a new species of butterfly from Santa Barbara, belonging to the group of swallow-tails, of which *Papilio Asterias* and *Papilio Zolicaon* are familiar examples on this continent. The discovery of so large an in-

sect as the present species is an event of considerable importance in entomological science, and exhibits the riches of our coast as regards its insect fauna. The species in question was captured by the late G. R. Crotch, and has been named by its describer *Papilio Pergamus*.

—The Bohemian Club, of this city, which is devoted to social intercourse between artists, actors, musicians, and literati, has adopted as its emblem, the owl—and a happy idea has struck some member of the Club, to procure a collection of owls from all parts of the world. The well-known taxidermist, Mr. Gruber, of San Francisco, has been intrusted with the formation of this collection, and hopes within the space of a year to obtain for the Club every species of the bird of wisdom at present known to science.

—Baron Osten-Sacken, the celebrated authority upon the two-winged flies (*Diptera*), has pronounced the species frequenting the shores of Mono Lake in such countless myriads to belong to the genus *Ephydra*, of which many species are known to exist in North America. One, especially interesting to naturalists on this coast, frequents the borders of the Great Salt Lake. A monograph of the family will shortly be published by the baron.

—The Academy of Sciences recently had the opportunity of listening to a most interesting account by Doctor Harkness of the discovery of a volcano in Plumas County, California, which, according to his observations, had been in active operation within the last twenty years. The doctor described a vast lava-field on which all vegetation had been destroyed; some of the remains of trees, only to be discovered by removing their covering of cinders, being of considerable size. The subject appeared to cause an intense interest in the academy, and a very general request was made to Doctor Harkness to publish a full description of the volcano and its locality, which he kindly promised to do.

—An exquisite account of the recent eclipse of the moon, as viewed from the summit of Mount Davidson, has recently appeared in the columns of the *Virginia Enterprise*. A few bold spirits ascended the

mountain an hour previous to the time of the luminary becoming obscured, and were able to observe the eclipse in all its phases. Certainly, they were rewarded for their long climb, and may congratulate themselves on an unusual experience, as well as on having earned the thanks of the scientific world for a graphic description of a grand and wonderful scene.

—The collections of Natural History at Woodward's Gardens have of late received some valuable acquisitions, and a large case devoted to various species of coral is especially worthy of attention. The birds have undergone considerable changes in their arrangement, and are now to be found carefully classified in their several groups, so that any person desiring to study a particular family finds them all ready to his hand, while the general effect is equally pleasing to the casual visitor. The substitution of glass shelves for wooden ones, is also a great improvement, and gives an air of lightness to the cases to be obtained by no other method. The improvements we have noticed are mainly due to the energy and skill of Mr. C. Stephens, who is Curator of the Museum of the Gardens, and who possesses considerable zoölogical knowledge.

—The second volume of Mr. W. H. Edwards' magnificent work on the *Butterflies of North America* promises to outstrip its predecessor, the plates of the first two numbers being marvels of artistic skill. Certainly, no book has ever been published on these charming insects, so worthy the attention at once of the artist and the man of science as this, and America may well be proud of so grand a contribution to entomological literature.

Art Notes.

—Quite an "activity" in art has prevailed during the past month, there having been three sales of pictures, and one is announced for this month.

—N. Bush has disposed of some sixty of his pictures at public auction, and obtained good prices. In his catalogue he describes them as "all the work of his own hand," an unnecessary explanation, as the merest tyro in art could perceive that, like farthing can-

dles, they were all run from the same mold — though possibly one might have some difficulty in determining which was Maine and which the tropics.

—A combination sale of the works, with few exceptions, of all that handle the brush in San Francisco, took place on the 11th of November. This exceedingly heterogeneous collection numbered among its contributors some whose names are “scarcely known to fame,” and some decidedly unknown, as well as the well-known ones of Hill, Irwin, Hahn, and a few others. We are told that all the pictures admitted to this sale passed through the ordeal of an examining committee. We can only say that either the committee was exceedingly lenient or exceedingly ignorant, for a large proportion of the collection was composed of what are known as “furniture pictures,” and we marvel much that the artists should mar their own interests by permitting the use of an artifice so transparently dishonest. Decidedly the best were those contributed by Hahn, among which a fruit-piece is very good — indeed, the best that has yet been exhibited in this city. We think his *forte* is in fruit-painting. Irwin had a good picture, entitled the “Jugglers;” also, a child’s head, and a portrait of Longfellow. R. J. Bush shows great improvement in handling and color, and has originality. With more practice in a good school he will “make his mark.” Marple is well represented by several large and small pictures, which, however, do not smack very strongly of originality. Deakin had several that merit the witty description of a former editor of this magazine — namely, that they, at least, do not violate a clause of the second commandment, being indeed no likeness of anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath. Thomas Hill had a fine game-piece, and Denny a marine sketch. Edward Hill had several pretty little pieces.

—Keith, who was not represented in this sale, has a collection of his works, numbering nearly a hundred, that he intends disposing of in December. It includes landscapes of California, Sierra, and Eastern scenery, as well as figure, flower, and fruit subjects. Some of the pictures represent charming bits about home, and others picture the stern grandeur of snow-clad ranges, or fairy water-

falls of Yosemite. These are finished in a conscientious manner, after careful studies from nature.

—The custom of disposing of pictures by auction, which seems to have become a favorite one in San Francisco, is, we fear, short-sighted policy on the part of artists. A good picture has a certain fixed value which increases with the rising reputation of the artist, and is now considered, by the shrewd speculators of Europe, an investment as important and valuable as land. The best works are frequently sacrificed at auction. Artists of ability are also by this practice placed on the same footing with ignorant pretenders, who bolster up their worthless names by means of abundant advertisements, the public being incompetent judges. However, the only remedy, perhaps, for this and other evils is the cultivation of public taste. We should repeat this stereotyped phrase with a sort of despair, knowing of how slow growth is this flower of culture, were it not for some facts of progress that bid us hope. Our land has wealth; vulgar wealth it may be now, but it pays for the education of its sons and daughters, and another generation may boast a class capable of appreciating the genius of art.

—An excellent thing would be the purification and elevation of art criticism. In America at present it is simply *art cant*, poured out with the greatest fluency by every scribbler for the press, *ad quantum, ad nauseam*. That a man has written his piece for a newspaper does not qualify him for a critic of art; nay, even a university professor, eminent in science and *belles-lettres*, is, without *special culture*, as ignorant of the principles of color in art as the merest plow-boy. Most difficult of all attainments, it requires patient study and *practical* acquaintance with the methods of translating nature on canvas, as well as extensive opportunities of examining works of art, ancient and modern. How many of our art scribblers possess these requisites, each of which is indispensable, and without which they should not presume to judge of pictures? And were the artists themselves prepared to receive honest and fearless criticism, instead of fulsome adulation, that would be another step toward reform. Most of them are exceedingly thin-

skinned in this respect. It is otherwise in Europe, where the office of critic is frequently filled by artists, and is important and independent, as it needs must be, in a commu-

nity where the subject is perfectly well understood. There the greatest masters, with the humility of genius, submit to censure, and amend and alter accordingly.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE ANCIENT CITY: A Study on the Religion, Laws, and Institutions of Greece and Rome. By Fustel de Coulanges. Translated from the latest French edition by Willard Small. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham.

This work, *La Cité Antique*—which we see, by a reference to it in the introduction of Mr. Edward A. Freeman's *Comparative Politics*, has been already thrown into an English form by Mr. T. C. Barker in his *Aryan Civilization*—is one which has become somewhat famous, in view of the intimate and detailed attention it gives to the growth of ancient society from its rudest early Aryan form up to those marvelous products of human genius, courage, and perseverance—Greece and Rome. Impressed by the necessity of studying the earliest beliefs of the ancients in order to understand their institutions, M. de Coulanges, from what fragments of early hymns, laws, customs, antiquities, and general literature remain, has tried to rebuild the old roads, or more correctly speaking, to mark the old trails, by which the minds of men traveled from a primeval state of Ishmaelism and, as we now view it, babyish superstition, up to the eventual tolerable unity, brotherhood, and philosophic enlightenment of Athens and of Rome.

Following M. de Coulanges back, then, to his religious starting-point in the earliest annals of the Aryan or "Indo-European race, of which the Greeks and Italians are branches, we do not find that this race has ever thought that after this short life all was finished for man. The most ancient generations, long before there were philosophers, believed in a second existence after the present. They looked upon death not as a dissolution of our being, but simply as a change of life."

What the soul was does not seem to have been very clearly decided, but it was supposed, "according to the oldest belief of the Italians and Greeks," that under proper forms of burial ceremonial it became a god, and did not go into a foreign world to pass its second existence; it remained near men, and continued to live underground. They even believed for a very long time that, in this second existence, the soul remained associated with the body; born together, they were not separated by death, and were buried together in the grave.'

From all this came the necessity of a proper burial according to traditional rites. For if these were not observed, the soul, instead of peacefully dreaming away a subterranean existence, prowled around the place where its body lay in the form of a *larva*, or phantom, tormenting the living in strange supernatural ways, infecting their bodies with disease and their crops with blight. Woe, then, to that family among whom respect for the bodies of its ancestors—or *piety* as we still call it, with its yet existing double meaning of respect to parents and respect to heaven—did not exist. The gods and the ancestors of a man were one and the same; he had better never been born who would scorn the worship of these sacred beings—and all the dead were sacred. "Render to the manes what is due to them," says Cicero, even at a late period; "they are the men who have quitted this life; consider them as divine beings."

"It was the custom at the close of a funeral ceremony to call the soul of the deceased three times by the name he had borne. They wished he might live happy under ground. Three times they said to him, 'Fare thee well.' They added, 'May the earth rest lightly upon thee.' Thus firmly did they

believe that the person would continue to live under ground, and that he would still preserve a sense of enjoyment and suffering. They wrote upon the tomb that the man rested there—an expression which survived this belief, and which has come down through so many centuries to our time. . . . In those ancient days they believed so firmly that a man lived there, that they never failed to bury with him the objects of which they supposed he had need—clothing, utensils, and arms. They poured wine upon his tomb to quench his thirst, and placed food there to satisfy his hunger.”

M. de Coulanges goes on to say, that later the idea of the fixedness of the soul to that part of the ground where the bones lay buried was largely given up. Then began to be pictured “a region, also subterranean, but infinitely more vast than the tomb, where all souls far from their bodies lived together, and where rewards and punishments were distributed according to the lives men had led in this world. But the rites of burial, such as we have described them, manifestly disagree with this belief—a certain proof that, at the epoch when these rites were established, men did not yet believe in Tartarus and the Elysian Fields.”

Offerings of food, and drink, and other needful things, had to be made to the dead at stated intervals: this constituted the worship of this old religion. “This worship was the same in India as in Greece and Italy. The Hindu had to supply the manes with the repast, which was called *sraddha*. ‘Let the master of the house make the *sraddha* with rice, milk, roots, and fruits, in order to procure for himself the good-will of the manes.’”

So that, according to our historian, “this religion of the dead appears to be the oldest that has existed among this [Indo-European] race of men. Before men had any notion of Indra or of Zeus, they adored the dead; they feared them, and addressed them prayers. It seems that the religious sentiment commenced in this way. . . . Death was the first mystery, and it placed man on the track of other mysteries. It raised his thoughts from the visible to the invisible, from the transitory to the eternal, from the human to the divine.”

In, or connected with, every Greek and Roman house, in the good old prehistoric days, and for long after, there seems to have burned a fire which, with its hearth, was considered a domestic deity sacred and pure. Day and night that little pile of embers was kept alive: “an extinguished hearth, an extinguished family, were synonymous expressions.”

It to some extent follows from this, that the religion of the hearth-fire and that of the ancestral tomb were near akin. Says our author: “Both are of the same antiquity. They were so closely associated that the belief of the ancients made but one religion of both. Hearth-fire, demons, heroes, Lares—all were confounded. We see, from the two passages of Plautus and Columella, that, in the common language, they said indifferently, hearth or domestic Lares; and we know that, in Cicero’s time, they did not distinguish the hearth-fire from the Penates, nor the Penates from the Lares. In Servius we read: ‘By hearth the ancients understood the Lares;’ and Virgil has written, indifferently, hearth for Penates and Penates for hearth. In a famous passage of the *Æneid*, Hector tells Æneas that he is going to intrust to him the Trojan Penates, and it is the hearth-fire that he commits to his care. In another passage Æneas, invoking these same gods, calls them at the same time Penates, Lares, and Vesta.”

What differentiated most strongly this worship of ancestors from that of saints in the Christian church was, “that it could be offered by each family only to those deceased persons who belonged to it by blood. The funeral obsequies could be religiously performed only by the nearest relative. As to the funeral meal, which was renewed at stated seasons, the family alone had a right to take part in it.” All was private as well as sacred; every hearth-fire (always placed by the Greeks in an inclosure, and by the Romans in the interior of the house), was the providence of a family, represented by the ancestors of it, “and had nothing in common with the fire of a neighboring family, which was another providence.” For this domestic religion there was no common or uniform ritual; every house had its own. In every dwelling the father was the priest, and

as such knew no high-priest; he was also supreme judge, and executioner, even unto death, for many a century. The pontifex of Rome, or the archon of Athens could not modify, suppress, or enlarge by a tittle the ceremonial of the humblest peasant; he could only insist that such religious ceremonies as the father had should be performed. The religion could be propagated only in the line of natural descent and only through males; when a daughter married she did not take with her the religion of her father, but the religion of her husband was adopted by her after certain ceremonies, which constituted marriage. This rite, as celebrated in Greece and in Rome, was almost the same. In both places the bride was first delivered over, fixed sacred forms being observed, at the paternal hearth by her father to her husband: this separated the bonds that bound her to the religion of her birth. Veiled and preceded by a nuptial torch, she was then carried or conducted to her future home amid the singing of certain sacred hymns. Approaching the door of their dwelling, it was necessary that violence should be pretended, and the young Greek or Roman bridegroom seized and after a feigned struggle carried his bride over the sill, without allowing her feet to touch it. "Was it not," says M. de Coulanges, "to mark more strongly that the wife, who was now to sacrifice to this fire, had herself no right there, that she did not approach it of her own free will, and that the master of the place and of the god introduced her by an act of his power?"—a way of explaining the matter which does not seem so good as the theory of Messrs. Lubbock, Tyler, and others, by which this custom is explained as a "survival" from a time when men did by actual force and right of the strongest steal their wives. The final act of the marriage ceremony was the leading of the woman by the man before his hearth, henceforth to be hers also, and her putting herself into communication with the new hearth and gods by certain rites, among which was the sharing and eating of a cake of bread by the husband and wife. The effects of thus making of marriage a solemn ceremony, appealing directly for sanction to the most venerable and holy traditions and ideas of all the parties and witnesses thereto, have been momentous for

good in the history of the race concerned: "The institution of sacred marriage must be as old in the Indo-European race as the domestic religion; for the one could not exist without the other. This religion taught man that the conjugal union was something more than a relation of the sexes and a fleeting affection, and united man and wife by the powerful bond of the same worship and the same belief. The marriage ceremony, too, was so solemn, and produced effects so grave, that it is not surprising that these men did not think it permitted or possible to have more than one wife in each house. Such a religion could not admit of polygamy."

We see now the ancient family, with its fixed hearth and tomb, neither of which, the latter especially, could be easily removed from one place to another—and only in special emergencies and with special religious observances. We see a people fixed to localities, multiplying more or less rapidly, and coming more and more into personal and mental contact. All this brought changes. "A certain number of families formed a group, called, in the Greek language, a *phratry*; in the Latin, a *curia*. Did there exist the tie of birth between the families of the same group? This can not be affirmed. It is clear, however, that this new association was not formed without a certain enlargement of religious ideas. Even at the moment when they united, these families conceived the idea of a divinity superior to that of the household; one who was common to all, and who watched over the entire group." This larger union, with its common worship—modeled after that of the family, and having a special hearth or altar—did not for a long time interfere with or modify the old system of family worship. Every phratry or cury had its head or leader, whose special office it was to preside over its common religious observances. "The phratry had its assemblies and its tribunal, and could pass decrees. In it, as well as in the family, there were a god, a worship, a priesthood, a legal tribunal, and a government. It was a small society that was modeled exactly upon the family."

We are rapidly approaching the epoch of civilization marked by the establishment of what the Greeks and Romans understood by

the term "city." Phratries and curies, by the same laws of attraction and cohesion by which they were formed out of families, ran together into tribes, with their several religions, altars, and protecting divinities. "The god of the tribe was generally of the same nature as that of the phratry, or that of the family. It was a man deified, a *hero*. From him the tribe took its name. The Greeks called him the *eponymous* hero. He had his annual festival day. The principal part of the religious ceremony was a repast, of which the entire tribe partook. The tribe, like the phratry [though without disturbing either it or the family in its special provinces], held assemblies and passed decrees, to which all the members were obliged to submit. It had a chief, *tribunus, phulobasileus*." And the union of tribes was the establishment of the city, with its special sacred fire and common religion.

Farther than this we can not here follow M. de Coulanges, but we have at least indicated to our readers the laborious and skillful manner in which he notes and studies the leaves and branches of dead history to find the foot-prints of some nations of the Aryan race in their passage toward association, government, and civilization on that extended scale, called by him "the ancient city;" and we recommend all students of political and social evolution to study the instructive and interesting work of M. de Coulanges for themselves. They will find in it much that will seem to them somewhat antiquated, in view of the great advances lately made in its department; but they will also find clearly expressed there the results of the patient and detailed labor of a great scholar in a special province of history with which few men are better acquainted.

THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Truly, in these days of sensation and false sentiment, a simple story simply told is a sweet and grateful thing, and especially to one who has fed upon the indigestible reading matter of the present generation until he has become a species of literary dyspeptic, Doctor Holland's *Mistress of the Manse* will

be a soothing dish. There is no striving after grandiloquent language or thrilling situations here. The hero and heroine are plain people; there is nothing strained or improbable from one end of the poem to the other; the versification is graceful, easy, and most happily free from those eccentricities and mannerisms which mar the works of so many of our modern poets.

Philip, a young pastor, as the author says,

— "bred in Northern climes,
Preached the great Word I strive to sing;
And in the grand and golden times—
Aflame with love—he went to bring
His Mildred—subject of my rhymes—

"From her far home on Southern plains;
And what they shared of bale and bliss,
And what their losses, what their gains,
The loving eye that readeth this
May gather, if it take the pains."

He introduces his young wife to her new home, which loving hands have already prepared and made beautiful for her. He says:

"Now mount with me the old oak stair!
This is your chamber—pink and blue!
They asked the color of your hair,
And draped and fitted all for you,
My fine brunette, with tasteful care."

Very considerate, truly, but we have our doubts about that "pink and blue" being exactly the thing for a "fine brunette." Loving and beloved, it would seem that no cloud should cast its shadow over Mildred's happiness now; but "the course," etc. She fancies that the people do not care for or esteem her save as the wife of their dear pastor. For this, she makes her moan:

"The moon came up the summer sky:
'O happy moon!' the lady said;
'Men love thee for thyself, but I
Am loved because my life is wed
To one whose message, pure and high,
Has spread the world's evangel far,
And thrown such radiance through the dark
That men behold him as a star,
And in his gracious coming mark
How beautiful his footsteps are.'"

She resolves, however, to become worthy of him, and prays fervently for strength from above:

"His ladder leans upon the sun:
I can not climb it: give me wings!
Grant that my deeds, divinely done,
May be appraised divinest things,
Though they be little every one.

"His stride is strong; his steps are high:
 May not my deeds be little stairs
 That, counted swift, shall keep me nigh,
 Till at the summit, unawares,
 We stand with equal foot and eye?"

Mildred yearns to win the affection and esteem of her husband's flock, the members of which she first met on leaving the church on the first Sunday spent in her new home, when,

"Half-bows were tendered and returned;
 And welcomes fell from lips and eyes;
 But in her heart she meekly spurned
 The love that came in love's disguise
 Of sympathy—the love unearned."

Her first errand of mercy is to feed and clothe a vagrant child, after which she appears to feel much relieved.

"To Philip, Mildred was a child,
 Or a fair angel, to be kept
 From all things earthly undefiled—
 One who upon his bosom slept,
 And only waked to be beguiled

"From loneliness and homely care
 By love's unfailing ministry.
 No toil of his was she to share,
 No burden hers, that should not be
 Left for his stronger hands to bear."

* * * * *

"The love he bore her lifted him
 Into a bright, sweet atmosphere
 That filled with beauty to the brim
 The world beneath him, far and near,
 And stained the clouds that draped its rim."

* * * * *

"And Mildred, vexed, misunderstood,
 Knew all his love, but might not tell
 How in his thought, so large and good,
 And in his heart there did not dwell
 The measure of her womanhood."

* * * * *

"She must be mate of his; but how?
 And dreaming of a thousand ways

"Her hands would work, her feet would tread,
 She thought to match him as a man
 His books should be her daily bread;
 She would run swiftly where he ran,
 And follow closely where he led."

But on second thought she concludes that,

"To be like Philip was to be
 Another Philip—only less
 To win his wit in full degree
 Would bear to him but nothingness,
 For one no wiser grown than he!"

Wherefore, she wisely determined that

"Where Philip fed, she would not feed;
 Where Philip walked, she would not go;

The book he read she would not read,
 But live her separate life, and so,
 Have sole supplies to meet his need.

"He held his mission and his range;
 His way and work were all his own;
 And she would give him in exchange
 What she could win and she alone,
 Of life and learning, fresh and strange."

* * * * *

"He strengthened her with manly thought
 And learning, gathered from the great;
 And she, whose quicker eye had caught
 The treasures of the broad estate
 Of common life and learning, brought

"Her gleanings from the level field,
 And gave them gladly to his hands,
 Who had not dreamed that they could yield
 Such sheaves, or hold within their bands
 Such wealth of lovely flowers concealed."

* * * * *

"He gave her food for heart and mind,
 And raised her toward his higher plane;
 She showed him that his eyes were blind;
 She proved his lofty wisdom vain,
 And held him humbly with his kind."

This will suffice to give the reader a general idea of the style of the poem. The other incidents of the story must be omitted here.

BRIC-A-BRAC SERIES. Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This second volume of the *Bric-a-brac Series* is just as pleasant in its broken chatty fashion as the first. We might wish perhaps that the editor were a little more of a purist in English idiom than to allow such slips to occur in his preface as "I think we *would* discover," or "I have indicated what *seems* to me some of its defects;" but Mr. Stoddard is, on the whole, so appreciative and so careful in his literary summary, that we owe him nothing but thanks. Both Thackeray and Dickens were many-sided men, one side in many respects marvelously unlike another, and it is only under the various lights thrown on them by works like this now in our hands that any appropriately complete idea of their mental and social characteristics can be arrived at.

Thackeray was a man of the world in a wider sense than Dickens was, and, as such, laid himself open to fewer slurs from Mrs.

Grundy; but they were both great and uncommon men, and consequently a perpetual stone of stumbling and rock of offense to all petty and commonplace persons, their whole life through. Their grand heads and calm eyes saw and understood farther and deeper than is granted to the multitude; their love for the good and beautiful was passing that of women, and the lash of their scorn was upon base and evil things like the sting of a scorpion—and of all this Philistia is suspicious in a high degree. No man is great to a valet, as Carlyle puts it, and these men were everywhere haunted by flunkies, friendly and otherwise, through whose blinking eyes and scribbling fingers such a multitude of distorted and belittling sketches of the great originals have come down to us as was never possible before this age of “paragraphs” and “interviewers.” Yet when God had made all things, he looked upon them, including “everything that creepeth upon the earth: and God saw that it was good.” Even so; and among all the calumniations and hard interpretations the purling or malicious among petty biographers have given to the world regarding Thackeray and Dickens, we find data enough left to assure us that our love and respect for them have not been misplaced or unfounded; and in this sense the worst of these biographies has been good, and not without use for something.

The selection of *mémoires pour servir* just now before us, is certainly one among the best of the kind that we have seen. There are papers and sketches taking all sides of the various questions as to the characters of Thackeray and Dickens, and giving charming glimpses of their likes, dislikes, and inner life, with pictures, bright also in the light of later events, of the necessarily long and severe apprenticeship they served before becoming masters of their craft—a craft, furthermore, whatever amateurs may think, demanding to the last the severest labor and attention. As Sir Arthur Helps, himself high in the author-guild, says of Dickens: “This brings me to another part of his character which was very remarkable. He was one of the most precise and accurate men in the world; and he grudged no labor in his work. Those who have seen his manuscripts

well recollect what elaborate notes, and comments, and plans (some adopted, many rejected) went to form the basis of his works. To see those manuscripts would cure anybody of the idle and presumptuous notion that men of genius require no forethought or preparation for their greatest efforts, but that these are dashed [off?] by the aid of a mysterious something which is comprehended in the mysterious word ‘genius.’ It was one of Mr. Dickens’ theories, and, I believe, a true one, that men differ in hardly anything so much as in their power of attention, and he certainly, whatever he did, attended to it with all his might.”

The poetic selections of the volume are specially good in their kind, and we conclude this review with an extract from one of them, applicable, we think, to either Thackeray or Dickens:

“This was our general. Many a year,
Unswayed, free from rents or flaws,
Our standard did he o’er us rear,
And gathered glory for our cause.
He never showed the wounds he bore—
None knew how deep—within his breast,
And now, the long, fierce battle o’er,
His gallant spirit is at rest.
O! brother soldiers of the pen,
Whose words are faint, whose eyes are dim,
Vow by his grave to be true men,
And in life’s warfare copy him.”

THE PROPHET: A Tragedy. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Bayard Taylor is too well known to the American people—and to none more than to Californians—to require any introduction from us. As a linguist, a writer of travels, and a lecturer, he holds, we take it, an undisputedly high position among English-speaking people—but as a poet—well, there one can not be quite so certain. His *Masque of the Gods* is perhaps a production which, so far as form and style are concerned, need rank second to nothing published in America of late, but it savors strongly of manufacture by some mechanical process. Not so the *Prophet*. There is a pleasing and satisfying naturalness about most of the dialogues and situations of this tragedy that grows upon and impresses the reader, and that entitles the work to a high place in the literature of the century.

The first act of the five into which this tragedy is divided opens with a quiet country scene in a New England State. David Starr, the future prophet, appears as a farmer's son occupied with the duties of his position. A moody, dreamy, religiously inclined youth, perhaps; but still nothing very uncommon about him strikes us till he attends a camp-meeting in his neighborhood. There a fanatical preacher, of a type always too common among an earnest but imperfectly educated populace, storms denunciations and exhortations on the congregation:

"Come up, ye publicans and sinners! kneel,
Pray hard, mourn with the mourners, and be saved!
Strike off the crusted brimstone from your feet,
And swap away the Devil's fire for water!

* * * * *

Come up, choose sides!

The Lord means business."

But so also, unfortunately for the untutored divine, did David, a greater and more thorough-going fanatic than the exhorter himself, whom he faced and outfaced before the congregation, demanding for himself in the name of "the promises," "the power of miracle and prophecy, and gift of tongues."

Then, of course, ensued a sort of religious riot, and David was forced to withdraw from the conventicle; not, however, until his enthusiasm and sincerity had favorably affected a number of persons, who afterward formed the germ of the sect that acknowledged him as an inspired teacher.

Events sweep on rapidly to a climax. David goes rhapsodizing through the woods in the silliest and most guileless manner possible. He is secretly supplied with food by his betrothed, a poor loving girl called Rhoda, and he imagines he is fed by angels; he addresses a multitude that comes out to hear him, attracted by his strange actions and sayings, and while he preaches he calls for a sign. He is answered: a huge piece of rock near where he stands falls as he points his finger at it; and he and several hundred witnesses are convinced that he is verily "a prophet; yea, a prophet!"

It is two years after this that we next see David; married to the affectionate and trusty Rhoda, he leads some hundreds of his adherents out toward the West, to a home where the scoffing of the Gentiles should be heard

no longer, but only the tuneful songs of the saints of the new church. Forerunners had gone before to establish the settlement and erect the necessary buildings—prominent among which were a temple for worship and a house for the prophet. About this time, also, there begins to appear before us another convert to the faith—a rich and beautiful widow, as it would appear; and when the prophet was received into his new Zion, her song and her face were very sweet and very comfortable to the soul of David. Of an eminently sentimental and dreamy nature, and feeling himself but ill comprehended by his simple wife, the eloquent young fanatic felt strangely drawn toward this wondrous-eyed, all-comprehending woman; and she—Livia, as she was called—who had only joined the sect for love of him, soon found a thaumaturgic means to bring him closer. Speedily, David is found sitting often in her house. He cries:

"Livia! What are you? What triumphant force
Flows out from you, and knits my blood with yours?
How is it that the liquid dark of eyes
I gaze on grows a broadening sphere of light,
Inclosing me forever?—touching so
Your hand, that suddenly a warmer world
Beckons and woos as if it might be mine?
That in your cheek the blossom-tender flesh,
As it were spirit, sanctifies my lips?"

And with that kiss, the shadow of the end falls over the lips so strangely sanctified; the fire that burned upon them was, alas! not from the altar of God. David lends no unwilling ear, as may be imagined, to the proposals of some of his elders and counselors that polygamy should be established among them as in the patriarchal times.

At last, plots in Zion itself, and an attack from without by disgusted or distrustful Gentiles in the neighborhood, bring David, much against his judgment, into a battle, or rather skirmish. He is shot in the breast, and falls into the arms of Rhoda and Livia, who had both accompanied him to the front. He dies as he has lived, a wholly well-meaning and honest, but fanatical and semi-insane man, his head upon the breast of his first love, Rhoda, who cries, as she sinks slowly with him:

"Nay, he is dead!

Leave us! You have no more a part in him:
He is all mine at last!"

FIELD, COVER, AND TRAP SHOOTING. By Adam H. Bogardus. Edited by Charles J. Foster. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

AMERICAN WILD-FOWL SHOOTING. By Joseph W. Long. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

These two works cover somewhat different grounds, as indicated by their titles; the first dealing with such birds as habitually live, feed, and are shot on land; the other with such birds as live and are shot on water—on *inland* waters, in this case, as should have been added by the title. The book of Mr. Bogardus is (as might be imagined, indeed, from the fact that its author is the “champion wing-shot of America,” and that its editor was for many years “sporting editor” of Wilkes’ *Spirit of the Times*) much the better and fuller of the two; both, however, being plainly put, trustworthy statements of almost all matters directly useful to American gunning sportsmen—of whom we wish the number was larger. We have read, we hope, almost all the able attacks that have been made upon game and wild-fowl shooting, on the score of cruelty, and have little to reply, except that it seems a matter of conscience—of a morbid conscience, many would say. We do not feel called upon here either to attack or defend pigeon-shooting from the trap; but it does not appear very sinful to cultivate a sure and quick eye in the use of fire-arms, a good wind and limb strengthening exercise pursued over all sorts and conditions of country and scenery, together with the art of killing game for food in a sportsman-like, that is to say, in a swift and certain, manner.

The great battle between breech-loaders and muzzle-loaders is we imagine now pretty nearly decided in favor of the former—in spite of the resolute stand still making in certain corners of the battle-field by advocates of the old system in rifles and fowling-pieces. The last international rifle-match at Creedmoor, in which the Sharp and the Remington in the hands of the American team defeated the Rigby in the hands of the Irish marksmen, shows that the last stronghold of the old weapon has been carried, and that in addition to the incontestable, unapproachable superiority of the breech-loading rifle as an arm of rapidity and certainty of fire, it can henceforth compete on equal if not su-

perior terms with its muzzle-loading brother as an arm of precision for the finest long-range shooting. And it is with the fowling-piece as with the rifle. Mr. Bogardus, whose fame and fortune depended for many years on his gun, and who began by using a muzzle-loader, laid it aside for the modern weapon. He says: “Then came the breech-loader, an invention of enormous value, and so much improved upon since its first discovery and application, that upon this principle, with various details of construction for opening, shutting, and securing the piece at the breech, the most convenient, the safest, and the best guns in the world are now made. A few years ago, many good sportsmen would have disputed this statement, and there are some who will do so now. It is, however, founded upon large experience and many trials of the breech-loader in my own hands, against the most vaunted muzzle-loaders in those of other good marksmen and sportsmen. I was, for some time after breech-loading guns came out, of a contrary opinion; but results convinced me of my error. Results always convince reasonable men—that is to say, a great preponderance of results. . . . “My opinion of breech-loaders now is, that they excel muzzle-loaders in three or four particulars of the very greatest importance. Of course, I speak of good guns. In the first place, they put the shot closer and distribute them more evenly than muzzle-loaders do. . . . A breech-loader will also shoot as hard as a muzzle-loader, provided you use a little more powder. My breech-loading guns have shot harder than any muzzle-loading gun I ever tested against them, but I used a dram more powder, and of fine quality at that.”

The author of *American Wild-Fowl Shooting*, Mr. Long, has still something to say in favor of the old gun; chiefly that the cost of ammunition is less, and that, when loading with loose powder instead of with the shell-cartridge, the size of one’s charges can be altered to suit the various distances at which wild fowl are found. But, he concludes, decidedly enough: “I have not finished yet. I intend to give the claims of the breech-loader an equal showing, and, I think, can still find advantages enough to overcome most of its deficiencies. And first (I will be

as brief as possible), they have [it has?] the advantage of rapidity in loading, whereby in wild-fowl shooting, besides the advantage of being always ready for new-comers, cripples may be more readily secured. Second, ease and quickness of exchanging loads in a gun [which the reviewer thinks ought just as well to meet the changes in the load of powder, mentioned above among Mr. Long's objections], as in the case of the approach of geese or swan when awaiting ducks. Third, facility of cleaning. Fourth, less liability to miss fire. Fifth, safety—no getting two loads into one barrel, no need of having heads or hands over the muzzle, or leaving a gun loaded when not in use or when riding in a wagon or other vehicle."

Both our authors recommend for general use rather heavier and larger-bored guns than our old English dictator in such matters, Colonel Hawkins, would have thought necessary; and, as American game is generally stronger and larger than that of England or of European countries, we have no doubt they are right. It seems agreed among the best shots on land and water in this country that a double-barreled shoulder-gun should weigh from eight to nine pounds, and be of 10 or 12-bore, according to the strength or endurance of the shooter. Comparatively heavy charges of powder and light of shot are also recommended, with great care in having a thick and very tight-fitting wad (two sizes larger than the bore, say both Bogardus and Long), evenly placed on the powder, and a thinner though equally tight and well-placed wad on the shot, which should be shaken down close-sitting and even in the cartridge, or the barrel, as the case may be, not rammed too hard. Shooting constantly with one barrel, as many do, will, however, start the tightest wad that ever pressed a charge, so it is best to use one's barrels alternately as nearly as may be.

The size and sort of powder and shot have always been matters of dispute among experts. There seems to be little to choose between coarse and fine powder, provided it be of the best quality procurable, and that plenty of it be used, never less than four drams, and five if the gun burns it conveniently; but the cardinal error of young gunners, on slaughter intent, is to use too large

shot and too much of it. An ounce of shot is generally much more efficacious than an ounce and a half, and the former is for a 10-gauge gun, as nearly as may be, the correct charge. Large shot is another mistake. Mr. Long (with most wild-fowl gunners, who are accustomed to fire into large flocks where undue scattering of shot is not so much an object as with land-shooters) seems, to the experience of the reviewer, to err mischievously in that direction—so far as general shooting is concerned. Colonel Hawkins would agree enthusiastically with the sentiments of the veteran American fowler, Bogardus: "In loading a gun of 10-gauge for grouse, I put into my cartridges four and a half or five drams of powder and an ounce of No. 9 shot, in the early part of the season. Later on I use No. 8 shot, and still later No. 7. In November and December, for the shooting of grouse and duck, I charge with No. 6. Some use larger shot for ducks, but a charge of No. 6 from a good gun, well held, will stop a duck as far off as seventy yards sometimes. With a strong charge of powder and shot of moderate size there is greater penetration, and a better chance of hitting besides. When I go out expressly for brant and geese, I load my cartridges with No. 2; but when out for general shooting, I have killed many brant and some geese with No. 6. For quail-shooting I use No. 8 or No. 9; for plover, No. 8; for snipe, No. 10. For wild turkeys I once preferred shooting with a rifle, but I now use the breech-loading shot-gun with No. 1 shot in the cartridges. . . . It will be seen that I believe in the necessity of large charges of good strong powder, more than in the efficacy of very large shot. The smaller shot, as I believe, are driven at higher velocities, and have greater penetration, than larger ones. Besides, the number of pellets to the weight of the charge is a very material thing. The more there are, the more will, in all probability, be put into the bird shot at." All these things appertain, it is true, to the very rudiments of shooting; yet, as they are matters to be decided by experience and experiment, no sportsman can well afford to overlook the conclusions arrived at after a life's work, by old and able gunners like Bogardus and Long.

The remainder of both their books consists of careful and detailed descriptions of the haunts, habits, and best manner of killing the various game and wild birds of our continent, and have greatly interested us. We think both gentlemen have fulfilled the different promises of their title-pages in a conscientious and trustworthy manner, and have given valuable assistance to the votaries of an invigorating and useful sport; for the cultivation of which, California, in abundance of game and absence of obstacles to its pursuit, is at this day without a rival in the world.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- MODERN CHRISTIANITY, A CIVILIZED HEATHENISM. Boston: W. F. Gill & Co.
 NORWOOD; OR, VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.
 TOINETTE. A NOVEL. By Henry Churton. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.
 IDOLATRY. By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 FIELD, COVER, AND TRAP SHOOTING. By A. H. Bogardus. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.
 ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE. The Inaugural Address of Prof. John Tyndall, D. C. L. New York: A. K. Butts & Co.
 YALE LECTURES ON PREACHING. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.
 THE BUILDING OF A BRAIN. By E. H. Clarke, M. D. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 AMERICAN WILD-FOWL SHOOTING. By Joseph W. Long. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.
 SONGS OF MANY SEASONS. 1862-1874. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 HAZEL-BLOSSOMS. By John G. Whittier. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

- ANTONY BRADE. By Robert Lowell. Boston: Roberts Bros.
 SUNNY SHORES; OR, YOUNG AMERICA IN ITALY AND AUSTRIA. By Wm. T. Adams. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 OPENING A CHESTNUT BURR. By Rev. E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd & Mead.
 HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS. By W. M. L. Jay. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
 PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM. Vol. I. By Eugene Crowell, M. D. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.
 THE TRIAL OF THE REV. DAVID SWING BEFORE THE PRESBYTERY OF CHICAGO. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.
 FOR BETTER OR WORSE. By Jennie C. Croly. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 THE PUDDLEFORD PAPERS; OR, HUMORS OF THE WEST. By H. H. Riley. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York:

- THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE. By J. G. Holland. New York; Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From Matthias Gray, San Francisco:

- SING, LITTLE MAIDEN. Written by Tom Hood. Composed by James L. Molloy.
 OH, DON'T WE CUT A DASH? Schottische. By Louis Bodecker.
 WHEN THE CLOCK IS STRIKING EIGHT. Song and Dance, as sung by Annie Higgs.
 LA FILLE DE MME. ANGOT. Fantasia brillante pour Piano, par J. Leybach.
 THE MILLS HAVE CLOSED TO-DAY. By P. Arkwright. Composed by L. von der Mehden.
 GOLDEN WINE POLKA. Written for Gustave Mahé by George T. Evans.
 WHEN THE STARS BEGIN TO PEEP. Schottische. Composed by Charles Schultz.
 YOU'LL NEVER MISS THE WATER TILL THE WELL RUNS DRY. Sung by Cal. Mandeville.
 A SONG OF THE WAVES. Music by Miss A. Ransom.



